

# MARY KING WADDINGTON

LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S  
WIFE, 1883-1900

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# Mary King Waddington Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, 1883-1900

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

### BY THE COLLECTOR OF THE LETTERS

Mary Alsop King Waddington is a daughter of the late Charles King, President of Columbia College in the City of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second Minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Henry Waddington.

M. Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalised French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated first in a Paris *lycée*, then at Rugby, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge.

As an undergraduate he rowed in the Cambridge boat in the University race of 1849. Soon after leaving the University, M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative from the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became Minister of Public Instruction. In December, 1877, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Waddington was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin in 1878. On February 4, 1879, he became President of the Council (Premier), retiring the following December. In the winter of 1879-1880 he refused the offer of the London Embassy. In May, 1883, he was sent as Ambassador-Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Czar Alexander III at Moscow, and upon his return from Russia was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James to succeed M. Tissot. He held this post until 1893, and died in Paris in the following year.

Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband on his missions to both England and Russia. The letters collected in this volume were written during the period of her husband's diplomatic service to describe to her sisters the personages and incidents of her official life. About a fourth part of their number have lately been published in *Scribner's Magazine*; with this exception, the

letters are now given to the public for the first time.

*Tompkins McIlvaine.*

New York, April 1, 1903.

# PART I

## THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR

To G. K. S

*Paris,*

*31, Rue Dumont d'Urville,*

*March 15, 1883.*

Our breakfast at the English Embassy was most interesting. I began by refusing on account of my mourning, but Lord Lyons wrote me a nice note saying that there would be no one but the Léon Says and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, so I accepted. I was very anxious to see Mr. Gladstone.

We had a pretty little breakfast upstairs in the small dining-room, and the talk at table was most interesting. I thought Mrs. Gladstone looked older than her husband. He of course did most of the talking. He has a fine voice, bright, keen, dark eyes, holds himself very erect, and apparently knows everything about everything. When the men were smoking after breakfast I had quite a talk with Mrs. Gladstone, who told me about the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish. She said her husband heard it at a big London party, and had to go and tell Lady Frederick. Mr.

Gladstone was more upset by the whole thing (and the having to tell the unfortunate wife) than she had ever seen him. Il y avait de quoi, for even here in Paris, where *outside* questions don't trouble them very much, there was great excitement when the news came.

I had a nice talk with Plunkett, who congratulated me on W.'s<sup>1</sup> appointment as Ambassador to Vienna. I told him there was no truth in the report (they had offered it to W., but he won't hear of it), and I think he is quite right. He has no particular *attaches* at Vienna. He knows German well, but doesn't speak it absolutely perfectly, and hasn't really the social talents that one needs in Vienna. They ought to send a dashing general, or a courtier, not a serious savant.

We certainly are leading different lives. I am wrapped in my fur coat, and driving in a shut carriage. Your tea in the garden sends a shiver through me. It sounds quite romantic having the son of the "Roi des Montagnes" to breakfast. I wonder if I shall ever see Athens; W. says when I do that I will never care again for Rome; that colouring and ruins are far superior in Greece. I almost think in that case I would rather remain under my present impression of dear, beautiful Rome, not quite like our American friend, who thought "the Colosseum was pretty, but she liked the

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<sup>1</sup> A: W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Henry Waddington, "G. K. S.," "H. L. K.," "A. J. K." and "J. K.," to whom the letters are addressed, refer to Mme. Waddington's sisters, Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, Miss Henrietta L. King, and the late Miss Anne J. King, and to her sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Cornelius L. King.

Court-House at St. Louis better."

*Paris,*

*Sunday, March 18, 1883.*

I will write a little this morning, Dear—I am just back from l'Étoile. I have had rather an agitated week, and here is my news, good—bad—I don't know myself. W. is going as Ambassador Extraordinary to Moscow to represent France at the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander. It was a "bolt from the blue" to us. I will tell you from the beginning. We went to ride as usual Thursday morning, but rather earlier than usual (9.30). When we came home Mdme. Hubert told us we hadn't been gone ten minutes, when le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères (Challemel-Lacour) came to see W., was much discomposed at not finding him, and told Mdme. H. he would come back at 11. He didn't reappear, but one of the young attachés did, with a note from Challemel begging W. to come and see him directly after breakfast. We couldn't think what he wanted, but we both made up our minds it was to insist on the Vienna Embassy. I protested, and I think W. would not have taken it.

I went out in the afternoon with Anne to try on a dress at Redfern's, and just as we were coming away W. appeared. He had seen the carriage at the door and knew he would find us. He looked rather preoccupied, so I said, "You are not surely going to Vienna?"

"No, not to Vienna, probably to Russia, for the Coronation."

I was too bewildered at first to take it in, and I must frankly

say I was wretched. Of course he asked 24 hours to think it over, though the Minister urged him very much to accept at once. Challemel also wishes me to go, says a woman gives more éclat to an Embassy. Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous (I am not usually such a coward, but Russian Nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go.

Of course it is a great honour and compliment to W.'s personal position, and I have given no opinion, but I don't feel happy at all. I have always said that I would never try to influence my husband's actions (public) in any way, and I suppose I have kept to that as well as most women do who marry public men, but I should like to put a decided veto now. I will keep you au courant of the decision.

*March 20th.*

Well, Dear, it is quite decided. W. accepts to go to Moscow, and takes me with him. He consulted his brother and his friends and all told him he could not refuse. As long as they didn't send a soldier (W. himself would have asked Maréchal MacMahon to go, if he had been at the Foreign Office), he was "tout indiqué."<sup>2</sup> It seems all the other Powers are going to send Princes—Spain,

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<sup>2</sup> After the Berlin Congress and the Foreign Office.

the Duc de Montpensier; England, the Duke of Edinburgh; Italy, the Duc d'Aoste, etc.

We are to start somewhere about the 8th or 10th of May. W. is busy now composing his Mission. Of course everybody wants to go. It seems such an undertaking. We had a nice ride this morning—various people riding with us, and all talking about the Coronation. I overheard one timid old gentleman saying to W., "Vous emmenez votre femme? Vous avez tort; on ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver"—not very reassuring.

*April 1st.*

My Dear, my letters will now become monotonous, as I have only one idea—the Mission. All the arrangements are being made, such an affair. W. has sent off a man to Moscow to see about a house big enough to hold all the party, with ballroom, and large dining-room. We are 9 people—W. and I; Comte de Pontécoulant, Ministre Plénipotentiaire (W.'s ancien Chef de Cabinet); Général Pittié (Général de Division, chef de la maison militaire du Président de la République); Colonel Comte de Sesmaisons, commandant les 6ème hussards; François de Corcelle, Secrétaire d'Ambassade; Commandant Fayet (de la maison du Président—Jules Grévy); Richard Waddington, Député, Capitaine dans l'armée territoriale; Robert Calmon, lieutenant dans l'armée territoriale. L'uniforme est absolument nécessaire en Russie.

We have three servants—W.'s valet Joseph and my two maids Adelaïde and Mdme. Hubert. All the gentlemen have

their servants. Then there is Pierson, the huissier from the Quai d'Orsay (you know whom I mean, the big man who wears a gilt chain, announces the people, and writes down names, etc.), two cooks with one or two garçons de cuisine; 3 coachmen, Hubert of course, and two Englishmen. One, Mr. Leroy, such a magnificent person, came this morning to see W. He has already représenté on several occasions, and driven gala carriages, etc. He seems graciously inclined to go with us (with very high wages, and making his conditions—will drive only the Ambassador and Ambadress in the gala carriage, etc.). That will necessitate very delicate negotiations with Hubert, who also wishes to drive only the Ambassador and me. However, as he has never driven a gala carriage, and they are very heavy, unwieldy vehicles to manage, I think he must waive his claim.

*April 10th.*

There has also been a long consultation about horses, how many for the gala carriage. When Maréchal MacMahon went as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor of Germany's Coronation he had six horses and running footmen (it seems there must be six or two—four are not allowed. Four would be too sporting—not serious enough). We have four enormous footmen, and one ordinary sized one for every-day use—2 gala carriages, and a coupé d'Orsay, which must be painted dark blue with white stripes, our colours.

*April 12th.*

We are getting on slowly. The horse question is settled—no one has more than two, so we take 9 enormous carrossiers. Hawes is commissioned to get them. They could not be found anywhere in France. I forget the exact height (as big as they make them), but he promises to get them from England, or the Luxembourg, where it seems they have a special breed of enormous, heavy coach horses.

We had a most satisfactory interview this morning with M. Lhermite, the head man of the great restaurant, Potel & Chabot. W. had been rather bothered about a head man, or major domo, who could take charge of the whole household. Our Joseph is not very brilliant—he does W.'s service, and can look after an ordinary household, but would not be at all up to the mark in this case. Lhermite heard that W. was looking for someone, so he came and volunteered to go with us, and superintend everything. He was so well dressed and had such good manners that W. rather demurred, and thought he was above the place; however Lhermite pressed it very much, and wound up by saying, "J'ai été cuisinier moi-même, Monsieur, personne ne vous servira mieux que moi." So it was settled, and he has full powers to engage cooks, scullions, etc.

The man who went to Moscow has just sent us the plan of the house which he has found. It seems large and handsome, a good entrance, marble staircase, large ballroom and dining-room, and sufficient bedrooms. It calls itself "Maison Klein," not a palace; and is evidently the house of a rich Jew.

*Sunday, May 6th.*

I am glad to have a day of rest, Dear. I didn't even get up for church. The standing at the dressmaker's is something awful. Yesterday I tried 12 dresses (finished), 6 at Delannoy's before breakfast, and 6 at Philippe's afterwards. They are all handsome—I think the Court dresses will be handsome. The principal one for the day of the Coronation is sapphire blue satin embroidered all round the train (3 mètres long), with a beautiful wreath of flowers in chenille, and silk, and gold and silver leaves; very showy, in fact rather clinquant (not at all like me), but they said I must have "des toilettes à effet qui seraient remarquées." The under-dress is salmon pink satin, the front all covered with flowers to match the embroidery. I shall wear blue feathers (short ones) in my hair. I am happy to say that the regulation white waving plumes of the English Court are not de rigueur in Russia. The other train is a pale pink satin with raised dark red flowers and velvet leaves, all the front my old point de Venise flounces which look handsome. I suppose I shall take about 18 dresses in all.

I have just had a nice visit from Prince Orloff, Russian Ambassador here, who is a great friend of ours, and who was very anxious from the first that I should go. I confided to him that I was very nervous and uncomfortable. I don't mind so much in the day time when I am seeing quantities of people, and interested in the preparations; but I don't sleep, and have visions of the

Kremlin being blown up, and all sorts of horrors. As Richard<sup>3</sup> goes with us too, I have made W. appoint a guardian for Francis, as Henrietta and Anne could hardly bring up a Frenchman, and after all we may none of us ever come back.

Henrietta was reduced to tears this morning when W. gave her the key of his secrétaire, and said his will and last directions were there, in case anything happened to him—cheerful preparations for a festive journey.

*Tuesday, May 8, 1883.*

Our boxes and cases are being packed, and the house is a curiosity—crowded with every conceivable thing. My two maids (I take Mdme. Hubert too, as Adelaïde is not very strong, and if she gave out I should be in a bad way) are much taken up with their outfit. They each have two sets of new things, a blue serge costume and coat for travelling, and a black silk for their gala occasions. Pontécoulant is always teasing Mdme. Hubert, and asking if "ses toilettes sont prêtes."

This morning I saw the 9 gigantic horses which were paraded under the windows. They started to-night, as they must rest at Berlin. M. Lhermite is a treasure. He also starts to-night with his cooks and provisions of all kinds. W. and Pontécoulant gave him all their instructions, and then he came for mine. I told him I must have my maids in the room next to me, and as we had a plan of the house, it is quite easy. I have a fair-sized bedroom

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<sup>3</sup> Richard Waddington, Mme. Waddington's brother-in-law, now Senator of the Seine Inférieure.

and dressing-room (which he will arrange as a sort of boudoir) on the court (no living rooms are on the street), and the maids a large room opening out of the dressing-room. He is eminently practical; takes charge of the whole personnel, will arrange a sort of dormitory for all the men servants; will see that they are ready in time, clean and well turned out.

Pontécoulant, who is also very practical, overlooks that part of the business; also the stables, and Mr. Leroy and Lhermite will report to him every morning. Leroy has also just been in, much pleased with his gala carriage and liveries. Hubert is beaming, and most particular about his lace jabot and ruffles. I wonder how they will all ever settle down to our quiet life again.

*Thursday, 10th.*

I will finish this afternoon, Dear. I am ready to start, dressed in my travelling dress, dark blue cloth, with a long coat lined with red satin, and a black hat with blue feathers (I haven't got on the coat and hat yet). There has been such a procession of people all day, and great vans to carry off the luggage. I have been rather bothered about my jewels—how to carry them. I have taken everything the family own. Anne's necklace, with some extra stones I had, has been converted into a tiara. All the Russian women wear their National coiffure at the Coronation, the Kakoshnik. As that is very high, studded with jewels, any ordinary arrangement of stars and feathers would look insignificant. Freddy, who is an authority on such matters, advised me to concentrate all my efforts on the tiara—he also

suggested ropes of pearls (artificial) but I couldn't make up my mind to that. Chemin, the jeweller, was very anxious I should "louer" a sort of breastplate of diamonds—but on the whole I preferred taking less—merely mine and the sisters'. What I shall do if they are stolen or lost I am sure I don't know. I don't care to carry them myself in a bag, as I never by any chance carry my bag, I should certainly leave it somewhere; and I don't like to give it to the maids either, so I have put all the jewels in two trunks, scattered about the fond, wrapped up with silk stockings, etc.

I have given my last instructions to Nounou, and a nice young coachman who comes to replace Hubert in our absence, and also provided a surprise for baby in the shape of a large train, which will distract him the first days. We saw also this morning the detective who goes with us. He is one of those who always accompany the foreign Princes who pass through Paris, and is said to know well all the great nihilist leaders (all of whom he says will be at the Coronation). He has two ordinary policemen with him. They go of course on the train with us, and never lose sight of us. I shall feel rather like a distinguished criminal being tracked across Europe.

Pontécoulant is very funny over Philippe the coiffeur, who presented himself at the Quai d'Orsay, and insisted upon being included in the suite (consequently travelling free of expense on the special trains, etc., with us). He really isn't my coiffeur—I never have anyone except Georges from time to time, but I daresay I shall be glad to have him. He said to Pontécoulant,

"Monsieur le Comte comprend bien qu'il faut que je pose le diadème de Madame l'Ambassadrice le jour du Couronnement;" however he has gained his point, and Madame l'Ambassadrice takes her own coiffeur with her, as well as her two maids.

Well, Dear, we are going in an hour, and I must try and reason with myself, and not be the arrant coward I really feel like.

# To G. K. S

*Kaiserhof, Berlin,  
Saturday, May 12th, 1883.*

Here we are, having accomplished our journey so far most comfortably. We arrived last night about 9, and this morning I am unpacking a little, and settling myself, as we shall stay four or five days. Our departure from the Gare du Nord Thursday night was a curiosity. We got rather early to the station, as W. was preoccupied with the baggage, and besides there were last words to say to all the people who came to see us off. Henrietta, rather tearful, came with us to the station—Francis was so engrossed with his new railway train that was careering round on beautiful green rails in his father's study, that he was quite indifferent. The whole quai was filled with boxes and trunks labelled "Waddington, Moscow," and when you think that all the soldiers took their saddles and trappings of all kinds, and what the stable alone represented, 2 enormous gala carriages, one coupé d'Orsay, and all the heavy harness and servants' liveries, you can imagine what an excitement there was until everything was put on board.

We started, however, fairly punctually—W. and I had a lit-salon, with cabinet de toilette; the two maids and W.'s man next door, and Sesmaisons and François de Corcelle (the only two who came with us, the rest of the Mission joins us Tuesday at

Berlin), had their coupé next to ours. There were all sorts of last directions to be given to Pontécoulant, and to poor Henrietta, who remains in charge of Francis.

I slept pretty well all night, as you know I am a good traveller, and about 7 Adelaïde came in to arrange me a little, as we were to breakfast at Cologne (where we were due at 8 o'clock) with our consul there, and also the consul at Düsseldorf, who is rather a friend of W.'s. We had a very good little breakfast in the private room, and when we started again, the Chef-de-Gare coming at the last moment to conduct us to our coupé, there was much bowing and scraping to Monsieur l'Ambassadeur and M<sup>me</sup>. l'Ambassadrice. We made quite an excitement at the station, and all the people who were coming and going in the numerous trains that passed through had their heads out of the windows to see what was going on. They had filled our coupé with papers of all kinds (German), illustrated and political, also a large bouquet for me.

We dined at Hanover, not in a private room this time, but at a round table at one end of the large room. Who do you think came to see me? Mr. Joy; he had seen in the papers that we were to pass through, so he took himself down to the station to see if he could see us. I introduced him to W.—we had only time for a little talk, as he came rather late. He also brought papers and a magazine or two, so we are well supplied with literature for the present.

When we arrived here at the station we found M. de Courcel,

our Ambassador in Berlin, waiting for us with all his staff. He drove us at once in his carriage to the hotel, and said he would come in again an hour later and tell W. about his audiences, etc. We have beautiful rooms, a large salon looking on the street, dining-room, two good-sized bedrooms and a very good ante-room (where by the way Pierson, with his chain and sword and dress clothes, is already installed. When I came out of the salon just now he was there, and I rather felt as if I was back at the Quai d'Orsay, and he was announcing my visitors).

While we were talking to Courcel last night one of the hotel servants came in to say—would I go for one moment to speak to the maids, he couldn't make out what they wanted. I did go, but merely to tell these ladies that I would thank them to get along as well as they could, and to find a polygot waiter, or someone to translate for them; that I certainly was not going to look out for them, and they had better try and learn a little German.

Courcel says the Emperor, Prince Imperial, and Bismarck all want to see W.—he also warns him that Bismarck is in an execrable humor. I don't think W. minds that very much. He is a very cool gentleman himself, and I imagine he will say all he wants to to the great man.

*10-30.*

W. and I went for a walk before breakfast to the Pariser Platz to see the outside of the French Embassy; it looks big and imposing. We came home through "Unter den Linden." Berlin has much improved, and has much more the air of a capital than

when I first saw it a great many years ago. Of course I was much struck with the quantities of soldiers one sees in the streets. The officers are a fine lot of men, but, like ramrods, so stiff; and when they are walking two or three together take up the whole pavement.

Sesmaisons and Corcelle breakfasted with us—Sesmaisons is delighted to be back in Berlin. He was military attaché there at the time of the Berlin Congress, when St. Vallier was Ambassador, and has many friends. M. de Courcel came in just as we were finishing, with a long list for W., his audience cards, invitations, etc. Then came George de Bunsen with his wife and daughters. I had never seen the ladies of the family, and was glad to make their acquaintance. They were very friendly, and we made various engagements with them. M. de Bunsen I had seen before in France—he is quite charming, very good-looking, and not at all Prussian, so cosmopolitan, which is always most attractive.

W. and I went out together and paid several visits, to the Embassy first, where we found Mdme. de Courcel. The rooms are large and handsome, with good pictures and splendid tapestries. We took a turn in the Thiergarten, and the Jardin Zoölogique (where we saw an enormous yellow lion—a terrible beast, handsome, too). W. then went to see Hatzfeldt (Foreign Minister), who was very amiable, but said nothing in particular—none of Bismarck's people ever do.

We dined early at the Embassy with all the personnel. The

dinner was good and handsome, plenty of servants, lights, flowers—everything in very good style. While the men were smoking Mdme. de Courcel and I talked. She told me some of her Berlin experiences, and how difficult her beginnings were, but I suppose they always must be until one has had time to look around a little. We have just come home, and after talking a little with the gentlemen I have left them to their cigars and papers, and am glad to be in my own quarters.

The maids have had a delightful afternoon. They have found a gérant who speaks French, and who has taken them a little about Berlin, which they find "très gentil." W. has his audience from the Emperor at one o'clock to-morrow in uniform. None of the ladies, Empress nor Princesses, are here, so I have nothing to do.

*Sunday, May 13th.*

I didn't go out this morning, but wrote and read. The two gentlemen breakfasted with us as usual, and a little before one W. went off for his audience with the Emperor in full uniform, which is very becoming to him. (He hates it as it is so heavy, with all the thick gold embroidery, and he is very hot and uncomfortable.) The audience lasted about three-quarters of an hour. W. was astounded at the Emperor's appearance and conversation, said he was au courant of everything—he said among other things—"Ah, vous emmenez Mme. Waddington à Moscow? eh bien! moi, je n'envoie pas mon héritier," adding though immediately he didn't think there was any danger from the Nihilists this time.

He had barely time to get home and out of his uniform when

Lord and Lady Ampthill arrived. They were quite charming, both of them. He and I plunged into the old Roman days, where we knew him so well as Odo Russell. They are great favourites here, both at court and with their colleagues. He spoke a great deal about St. Vallier, said he was the best colleague he had ever had.

At four W. started again to see Bismarck (not in uniform this time), and I drove out to the George Bunsens' to have tea. They have a pretty house. Theodore was also there, and we had a pleasant hour. They asked us to come in to-morrow after our dinner at the Embassy. When I got back I found W. smoking in a big arm-chair, quite pleased with his talk with Bismarck, who was most amiable, had at least no "crise de nerfs" while he was there. He said he was very frank, almost brutal, in his appreciations of other countries, and particularly of different public men whose views didn't coincide directly with his, but on the whole not too offensive. He kept him until his dinner was announced (at 5 o'clock), and asked him to come and see him on his way back from Moscow, and give him his impressions; so apparently it is only from his own agents that he doesn't wish impressions. Do you remember C. writing to him, from the Hague, I think, the account of some manifestation or political crisis, and naturally saying what he thought about the matter; and the very curt answer he received from the Minister, saying he had asked for facts, and not for "personal appreciations." One would think that the opinion of the most ordinary agent on the spot would have a certain importance.

*Tuesday, 15th.*

It is very warm—I have been out with Adelaïde trying to get a light blouse, my cloth body is unbearable. Everything was shut yesterday, as it was Whit Monday. W. dined at the Palace at 5, Sesmaisons also. I went to the races with Mdme. de Courcel and some of the young men. It was rather amusing, a lovely day, about three quarters of an hour by train from Berlin. The public was not nearly so élégant as on a Paris race-course, but there were more pretty women, and quantities of stiff, arrogant officers (always en tenue).

When we got back to the hotel at 7.30 we found W. at the door, just back from his dinner, so François de Corcelle and I dined tête-à-tête, and W. talked to us—said the dinner was good, small and easy. The Prince Imperial and Grand Duchess of Baden were both there. The Grand Duchess told W. that in a telegram received that morning from her mother (the Empress Augusta) she had said how much she regretted not seeing him, that she had always watched his career with great interest, and was very glad to see him coming to the front again.

The Emperor talked about everything—France; England; the religious question in France; he believed French women of all classes were clerical, and under the influence of the priests, so naturally they could have no sympathy with a liberal government, "which is a pity, it is a mistake to have the women against you." We had an audience with the Prince Imperial after dinner, which was pleasant, but absolutely commonplace. He and all the

Princes were in uniform, petite tenue.

We finished our evening at the Bunsens', which was pleasant. W. was very glad to have a quiet talk with M. de Bunsen, who is most attractive, such a charming manner. This evening we have dined as usual at the French Embassy with quite a party, including Bleichroeder, an Israelite banker, bras droit of Bismarck, and therefore interesting. We came early, as all the rest of our Mission arrived to-night at 9 o'clock, and we wanted to see them. They all came up after supper, looking most cheerful, had had a very pleasant journey, rather warm in the middle of the day, and were quite game to see all they can of Berlin to-morrow, as we go on to Warsaw to-morrow night.

*Wednesday, May 16th.*

We are starting this evening, Dear, so I will scratch a few lines to finish this very long epistle, and will send it from here. It is still very warm. I went out to see some of the pictures (how beautiful the Velasquez are) and the marbles of Pergamos, and Pontécoulant and I breakfasted together at the hotel; W. and Richard at the George Bunsens', who really have been as friendly and hospitable as possible. After breakfast we had various visits, and then Pontécoulant, Corcelle and I went for a last drive in the Thier-Garten. I hoped we should meet either the Emperor (I have never seen him) or the Prince Imperial, but we didn't. There were plenty of people riding and driving, as it was the fashionable day "Corso." We saw the Princess Frederick Charles in an open carriage with four horses, and a piqueur in front.

The Court liveries are handsome, but sombre, black and silver. Everybody bowed and curtsied, the officers saluting de front.

We went round by the Zoo to show Pontécoulant the big lion. Pontécoulant was most amusing over their journey, and said he was nearly driven out of his mind the day before they started with all the people who came to see him. He says Philippe, the coiffeur, has never left him, that it won't be his fault if my diadem is not perfectly posé, and that he plied him with beer all along the route. He is here supping and living at the hotel with all our suite, and sent word to me this morning that he was at my disposition to make me a "coiffure de circonstance" for the night journey. What do you suppose it would have been?

Pontécoulant had seen Henrietta and Francis the day he left, and had left orders at the Foreign Office that the Havas telegrams which will keep her au courant of our movements shall always be sent to her. All the personnel except W. and me dine at the Embassy to-night. I am not sorry to have a quiet evening. We leave at 11 to-night, and get to Alexandrownow about 7.30 tomorrow. That is the Russian frontier, and there we shall have some sort of official reception.

W. has been riding these last two days with Sancy, the military attaché, and that always does him good. I couldn't find any sort of silk blouse, so I trust it won't be very warm travelling to-night. When we cross the frontier I shall feel as if our journey had begun. Here we have lived so with the Embassy that I hardly feel as if I was abroad, only the cadre is different, and the Prussian

uniforms a disagreeable reminder. I don't think it is an easy post to be Ambassador here, and I should think M. de Courcel's succession would be a very difficult one. He knows German well, and has always lived with diplomatists, but if they send a political man, I think he will have a hard time; though as Bismarck said to W. when they were talking about any possible war in Europe—"Je désire la paix, je suis un homme satisfait," which wasn't very pleasant for the French Ambassador to hear, as I suppose what has largely contributed to his satisfaction is the possession of Alsace-Lorraine.

We have had our dinner, and W. smoked on the balcony, and we saw all the gentleman-servants, omnibuses and baggage start. We shall only go just in time to have 5 minutes talk on the platform with M. de Courcel, who is coming to say good-by. The *gérant* of the hotel has just been up to hope we were satisfied—would we telegraph when we came back, as of course he would give us the same rooms, and presented me with a large bouquet.

Did I say that the Malagache Embassy was at the hotel, on the same floor with us. Every time I go down the corridor I see two or three tall, dark men, dressed in white flowing garments and white turbans, who make me low salaams. They are not going to the "Kronung," as they call it here.

My next letter will be from Warsaw, where we should arrive at 4 to-morrow afternoon.

## To H. L. K

*Hôtel de l'Europe, Varsovie,*

*Thursday, May 17th, 1883.*

Here we are, Dear, having arrived from Berlin at 3.30 this afternoon. We started at 11—it was very hot even at that hour of the night, and the coupé-lit stuffy and uncomfortable. M. de Courcel and all his staff were at the station to see us off, and the two Embassies united made quite a gathering. I had a little talk with Princess Guillaume Radziwill, who is starting for the Coronation. It seems she has splendid jewels, and was rather bothered to know how to carry them. She has got them all on, in little leather bags around her waist, and she thinks she won't be very comfortable all night, with pins, brooches, etc., running into her. She was horrified when I told her where mine were.

The night was long, we were not very comfortable, and the gentlemen were decidedly squeezed in one little carriage. We stopped somewhere, I don't remember the name, about 6. The men all got out and had coffee. I didn't move, but they sent me in a cup. We got to Alexandrownow, the Russian frontier, about 8. The station had a decidedly festive appearance—flags, greens, soldiers, music, etc. They were evidently preparing a salute and a national anthem of some kind. We all thought it was for us, and were proceeding to emerge to the strains of the "Marseillaise," when we heard the "Wacht-am-Rhein." It seems there was a

Hessian Prince, nephew of the Emperor, on board, who was also going to the Coronation, so we reëntred our heads, and remained quietly in our carriages until they had disposed of him.

Then came our turn. We were received with all ceremony—a tall Russian officer took charge of me, saying, in very good French, he was sure I would like to brush off the dust, and have some tea, etc. He took me upstairs to a very nice room, where a little maid was waiting with hot water, towels, brushes, tea, and little rolls. I took off my dress to have it brushed, and while I was standing in my petticoats several gentlemen came to the door (which wouldn't shut), and made various perfectly unintelligible remarks to me. The little maid laughed and made signs, and carried off my dress, which I thought was dangerous—however I couldn't say anything, so I put myself behind the door, and Adelaide arranged my hair; and I was just thinking of having a cup of tea when the maid reappeared with my dress, accompanied by another officer, who told me in French, from the other side of the door, that his Royal Highness of Hesse hoped I would do him the honour of breakfasting with him. I said I would come with pleasure, but begged they wouldn't wait, as I was not quite ready. As soon as I was dressed I sallied out, found my officer waiting, who conducted me to a private room, where were the Prince and his party, including W. and a Russian general, who had been sent from Varsovie to meet the Hessian Prince.

They were all at table—the Prince put me next to him, introduced the Russian general and all his suite, and we had

rather a pleasant hour. We had excellent tea in glasses (the first time I ever saw it), delicious little rolls, eggs, and cold meat. The Prince is a tall, broad-shouldered, good-natured German, speaking French quite well.

We had the same ceremony at starting, first the "Wacht-am-Rhein" for the Germans, then the "Marseillaise" for us. The journey was not particularly interesting from the frontier here, but Varsovie itself most curious. We found the same bustle and preparation at the station here—the Governor of Varsovie, and Préfet de Police en tenue, and our Consul, M. Bérard.

We drove at once to the hotel, looked at our rooms, which are comfortable, and started again for a little drive through the town before dinner. Anything so unlike the cities one has been accustomed to see can't be imagined, long, straggling streets, enormous spaces, many houses tumbling down, and abominable pavement, deep holes, and paving stones as big as ordinary rocks—why the carriage ever got along was a mystery to us all. The Russian coachman, a perfect type with his long caftan and flat cap. Why the horses remain attached to the carriage is a problem, as they apparently have no harness of any description. I used to think we didn't use much in America. Will you ever forget Coligny's face at Oyster Bay when we started trotting down hill without any breeching?

There were quantities of dirty Polish Jews in every direction, all with their long caftans, greasy, black curls, and ear-rings. I had time to rest a little before dinner. We all dined together, also

Bérard the Consul, all the men in their dress clothes, and I in my grey moiré with white lace, and a big, black velvet bow, one string of pearls which I had on under my corsage. Pontécoulant, who is the next man to W., took me in, and I had General Pittié on the other side. The dinner was handsome and well served. Pontécoulant had attended to that while we were driving about.

After dinner the men all went off to the theatre in the Governor's box to see a famous ballet. I was rather tired, and as we start again to-morrow, and have two nights in the train, I sha'n't mind going to bed early. I was interrupted, as we have had a visit, pleasant enough, from Mavrocordato (Greek), who is also on his way to Moscow to represent his country, and now I am going to bed. We leave to-morrow at 4, and I will try and write a little en route. They say I can probably, as the Russian roads (railroads) are smooth, and they go very slowly.

*Friday, 2 o'clock.*

I will go on a little and send this letter also from here. We had an expedition this morning to one of the châteaux belonging to some member of the Sobieski family, or rather belonging to a Potocki quelconque, where there are many souvenirs of Sobieski. I never was on such a villainous pavement (they tell me Moscow is worse), and the road long and straight through flat country, not very interesting. The château was full of pictures and bibelots of all kinds, and every possible souvenir of Sobieski, flags, swords, snuff-boxes, etc., and quite worth seeing. I enjoyed the outing, as everything was absolutely unique, carriages, costumes, carts,

people, language, houses, a poor tumble-down little hovel next to a great palace with gates and courts and gardens.

We lunched again with all the Embassy, and then I went to see what was happening to the maids. I had left them in such a dejected condition on the landing when I went out. They couldn't get hold of any servant (couldn't make them understand when they did), couldn't get my boots or travelling skirt, or hot water, or anything, in fact. The hotel is full of people, all starting this afternoon, and there is a fine confusion, but they really must learn to get along without all modern conveniences.

*Entre Varsovie et Moscou,  
en wagon, Samedi soir, 19.*

I will try and write a little, Dear, while we are stopping at Smolensk for tea. It is rather difficult when we are moving (though we go slowly) as you will see by the writing, as the train shakes a great deal. As soon as it stops we all tumble out, are received by railway officials in uniform, and conveyed to a private room decorated with greens and flags, where most elaborate repasts are provided. We got off from Varsovie yesterday most comfortably about 4 o'clock. Various officials, our Consul Bérard, were at the station to see us off, and an engineer of the company, who goes with us to Moscow to interpret and look after us generally. The train is most luxurious—for W. and me one long saloon carriage lined with grey satin, and with every variety of easy chair, sofa, table, writing-table, lamp, etc. Flowers on one of the tables and maps of the

route on another. Communicating with it and directly behind are two bedrooms for us—mine is capitonné in blue satin, a very good-sized bed, glass, chairs, table, etc., also a dressing-room with every modern convenience. W.'s is grey satin, equally comfortable, with dressing-room, bath, etc.—behind these again a coupé for the maids—then a long carriage for the rest of the Mission with chairs, tables, etc, and small coupés. The engineer showed us all the arrangements, hoped we were satisfied, and also told us that two employés would be stationed at each end of our carriage always for whatever we might want.

We got off fairly punctually. I wonder if I shall ever see Varsovie again. We stopped somewhere about 5.30, and found a charming little tea waiting for us in a private room, served of course in glasses with pieces of lemon, and excellent rolls and cakes. There we fraternized with the Dutch Mission, who are also on the train. M. Schimmelpenninck, a tall, stylish-looking man, with his son and gendre. The young men had recognized W., having seen him at the Congrès de Berlin; so they recalled themselves, and we made friends. We agreed to take all our meals together, and as apparently we shall have about 6 in the day we shall probably see a good deal of each other.

We had rather a pleasant evening, dined (very well) at Brest, always the same ceremonial; and after dinner some of the gentlemen came and paid us visits. We talked of course about "La Grande Armée" and Napoleon's campaigns, as we are passing over the same ground that they followed. The two moujiks at the

doors are most attentive and intelligent; as soon as they hear any noise in our carriage, opening or shutting a window, or anything falling (some of the heavy books slipped off a table just now), they seem to divine it, and appear instantly and ask, I suppose, what we want. We have no means of communication, but they evidently understand.

I was very comfortable last night in my little blue room, and had been sleeping quietly, when I seemed to divine that someone had come in. I didn't stir, and half opened my eyes, and for a moment was rather startled. The lamp, shaded, was burning, and in came one of the moujiks quite quietly. He moved very softly about the room, rather an appalling figure, with his high boots, fur cap, and curious half-savage face (gentle too), touched door and windows, fussed over the lamp, drew the curtain of the dressing-room a little closer to keep out any draught (didn't come up to the bed), and went out again just as quietly. It was a curious experience, flying through the darkness of the night, and wakening to see that strange figure prowling about.

About 7, I think, in the morning he reappeared, this time standing at the door, and making many perfectly unintelligible remarks. It was so evident I didn't understand that he smiled, made a despairing gesture with his hand, and disappeared. As I was quite sure he would come back I got up and fastened the door. In a few moments I heard a colloquy outside, and then the voice of the engineer asking when I would like my maid and my tea—also saying they would stop in about an hour for early

breakfast, and that mine and the Ambassador's would be brought to our carriage.

I asked to have the maid at once—so Adelaïde appeared with hot water and a cup of tea, and I dressed as comfortably as if I was in my dressing-room at the Rue Dumont d'Urville. As soon as I was ready I went into the big carriage, which looked very nice and clean, had been swept and dusted, window-panes washed (Adelaïde saw the men doing it); a very nice little breakfast tray was brought, tea, every variety of good little rolls, and some fish. We contented ourselves with the rolls, didn't experiment upon the fish. The table was close to the window—all the gentlemen came up and talked to us, and as usual there were quantities of people about.

We have passed through most desolate country, miles of plains, with scarcely any traces of human habitation. The cottages are very few and far between—generally a collection of little wood hovels, or "isbas," as they are called. We go long distances without seeing houses, fences, gates, or even a road. At all the stations there are people—the big ones crowded—and at the smaller ones, where we hardly stop, merely slacken, peasants—and such objects, one can hardly tell the men from the women; long, unkempt hair, all barefooted, and all wearing a sort of fur garment with a hole in the middle to pass the head through, and which falls low down to their knees.

We have just had tea at Smolensk, which is very Russian looking, with gilded domes and pink and green painted roofs.

The gentlemen are smoking and walking up and down the platform, always exciting great attention. There are two rather pretty girls, with fair hair and red blouses, who are giggling and looking, and evidently wish to be remarked.

We have gone on again now and are settled for the evening. The carriage looks so comfortable, curtains drawn, lamps lighted, flowers on the tables, and quantities of books and maps. Sesmaisons and Corcelle have just been in with their maps and Napoleon's Memoirs. It is most interesting to follow it all. They read out bits here and there as we passed through some well-known locality. At the Beresina, I think, where the passage of the river was so awful—some of the men quite exhausted, and yet not wanting to lie down on the snow, made themselves seats out of the dead bodies of their comrades. What an awful retreat!

We have crossed the Beresina, where we saw a long procession of wood rafts. They are of the most primitive description—long logs lashed together, and in the middle a sort of cabin or hovel, where the women and children live. They were floating slowly down with the tide as we passed, and singing a sort of sad, monotonous chaunt, which sounded weird and pathetic, but impressionnant. They say all the Russian National songs have that undercurrent of sadness.

Our dinner to-night was very gay. Schimmelpenninck is most attractive. We have become great friends—I have even confided to him where my jewels are, as he thought I had left a bag in one of the stations, and was convinced it held my diamonds. I told

him what dress I was going to wear at the Coronation, also my difficulty in finding out what the French Court dress was. The Empress never wore a regular Court train—her presentations in the Tuileries were always in the evening, in ordinary ball dress. I didn't think Queen Marie Amélie's would have been very pretty, so we concocted a Court dress from pictures, other people's souvenirs, etc.

I was glad to walk up and down a little—one gets cramped sitting so long, even with our outings for food, which are frequent. The tea is extremely good always, a sort of greenish flavour, but very delicate, and I should think very strong. Pontécoulant showed me Monsieur Philippe in the distance, talking and gesticulating, evidently considering himself a most important feature of the Mission—also the detective, who looks like an amiable well-to-do bourgeois travelling for his pleasure, until you meet his eyes, and there is a quick, keen look which tells you he is very much on the alert. He has again just given W. the pleasing piece of information that all the well-known Nihilist leaders will be at Moscow.

Hubert came up and says the horses are quite well—their rest at Berlin did them good. He is very much impressed with the absolute solitude of the country—"pas de villages—pas de barrières, pas même de chemins." We have also a telegram from M. Lhermite saying the house is quite in order, he and his cooks and attendants installed, and he will have breakfast ready for us to-morrow morning. We arrive about 8. We must be ready early,

as they say the approach to Moscow is very fine. It stands low in a plain, but one sees the gilt domes and coloured steeples from a great distance.

Our engineer tells us the railway officials are out of their minds. He says the special envoys—Princes particularly—change their minds and their routes all the time. They all have special trains, and the confusion will be something awful. The Hessian Prince is just ahead of us. We haven't crossed many trains, and yet there must be frequent communication between Varsovie and Moscow.

I still feel rather in a dream, but not tired. I must stop now as it is nearly eleven—my next letter will be from Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska, Moscow. Richard came in just now, and we have been talking over our future—Russia is a "terra incognita" to all of us. It has been certainly most novel and interesting so far. Just now we stopped for a few moments at a little station, quite alive with people and lights, as of course trains are going all night. The people look so different—generally fair, with flat features, and a repressed look, as if they had always been kept down.

This long effusion will go early to-morrow morning, as they send off a valise at once from Moscow.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France, Moscow,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Monday, May 21st, 1883.*

We arrived quite safely and comfortably yesterday morning—34 people, counting servants, policemen, etc. I hadn't time to write, but you will have had the Havas telegram announcing our arrival. I am writing in my little boudoir, which looks on a large, square, light courtyard, and I wish you could see the wild confusion that reigns there. Quantities of boxes and "ballots" of every description. Mdme. Hubert, with a veil tied over her head, struggling to get at some of my trunks, which are all marked with an enormous M. K. W. in white letters (a private mark, so as not to confound them with the general mark of the Mission). Leroy, Hubert, and Pontécoulant trying to get the big carriage cases opened (they look like small houses). Sesmaisons and Calmon fussing over their saddles, which they apparently had got without much difficulty—quantities of Russian helpers working, talking, but *not* loud, nor yelling to each other. How anything will ever come out of all that chaos I don't know.

However, I must begin at the beginning. We got here about 8.30 yesterday morning. We were all up early, as the country grew more interesting as we approached Moscow. We had a

confused vision of gilt domes, high coloured steeples, etc., but nothing stood out very distinctly. There was a fine confusion at the station—quantities of officials, all in uniform, detachments of soldiers, red carpets, etc. We were *not* received officially, not being Princes. The Mission only exists here *after* they have presented their lettres de créance. We found our consul, Lagrené, waiting for us, several members of the French Colony, and Lhermite. We drove off at once to our Ambassade. The main street, Tverskaya, looked very gay with quantities of flags and draperies in every direction, and even at that time in the morning a great many people. Our house looks well—the entrance isn't bad, and the staircase marble, handsome. I hardly looked at the reception-rooms, as I was anxious to get to mine. Lhermite had done them very well, quite as I wanted, and a nice-looking woman, Russian of course, the femme de charge left in the house, was there to see if everything was right.

I washed off a little dust, got a cup of tea, and then went with W. and Pontécoulant to inspect the house. The ballroom, "serre," and 3 drawing-rooms are nice; the dining-room small in comparison and low. Not a breath of air anywhere, double windows, hermetically sealed, with *one* pane opening in each; so the very first thing we did was to send for someone to take down the extra window, and open everything wide—the close smell was something awful. The femme de charge was astounded, and most unwilling. I think she thought we wished to demolish the whole establishment. W. has a large room opening out of the

drawing-room. Pontécoulant took charge of the distribution of the gentlemen's rooms (which wasn't easy, as they were generally small, and not particularly comfortable, but I must say they were all easy going, and not at all inclined to make difficulties). He chose a room down-stairs for himself next the Chancellerie, which he has arranged at once very well. The ballroom is handsome, a parquet floor, and yellow satin furniture; the other drawing-rooms too are well furnished in silk and satin. The dining-room is small, but the serre will make a very good fumoir where the gentlemen can sit and smoke. It has nice cane arm-chairs and tables, and will be a resource.

I went back to my own rooms and arranged my affairs with the maids. There is a large room, half lingerie, half débarras, upstairs, with good placards and closets where I can put my dresses if I ever get hold of them. They must be unpacked at once, particularly the velvet dresses. Of course I am always at the window. My Dear, how it would amuse you, so absolutely unlike anything you have ever seen.

The men seem to work well enough—they all wear red flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and high boots—at the present moment they are all gaping at the horses, who certainly do look enormous (the Russian horses are all small). It seems ours stand the cannon, and shouting, and waving flags and draperies very well (so the lessons in the *École Militaire*, where they were taken several times after they arrived in Paris to have cannons and guns fired close to their heads, and flags waved about, did them good).

A little Russian maid, in a red petticoat, and a blue handkerchief tied over her head, has just appeared, and I suppose will be a sort of *fille de chambre*. She smiles every time I speak to the maids, and watches every movement I make. I moved a *fauteuil* just now, and in an instant she had possession of it, and stood over it looking at me hard to see where I wanted it put. I daresay we shall get on very well. We breakfasted at 12.30 all together—a very good breakfast, flowers on the table, and everything most correct. The gentlemen were amusing, all giving their experiences. Just as we were finishing we heard someone coming, with the clank of sabre, and those long, heavy spurs the Russians wear; and a good-looking officer, Colonel Benckendorff, who was attached to our Embassy, appeared. He will never lose sight of us now until the ceremonies are over.

We adjourned to the *serre*, and he put us *au courant* of everything. He told us the crowd and confusion at the Kremlin was indescribable (all the foreign Princes are lodged there). He had all sorts of papers, invitations, audiences, *cartes de circulation*, etc. W. is to present his *lettres de créance* and all the *Mission en grande tenue* at 10.30 to-day. (I am waiting now to see them start.) W. has just been in, looking very well, as he always does in full uniform. He wears the Danish Grand Cordon, he hasn't the *Légion d'Honneur* nor any Russian decoration. Two *Maîtres des Cérémonies*, covered with gold lace and embroideries, have arrived in an ordinary Russian Court *coupé*—they have also an Imperial gala carriage for the

Ambassador, and two ordinary Court carriages, and they have just started, quite a crowd of people before the house to see them depart. First went two *Maîtres des Cérémonies*, their coats covered with gold embroidery; then W. alone in a gala carriage with four horses, two footmen standing behind, two mounted, and an *écuyer*. The rest of the Mission followed in two ordinary Court carriages, all with the Imperial liveries, which are not very handsome, long red cloaks, with a sort of cocked hat. Benckendorff followed alone in his private carriage.

Our big footmen figured for the first time—the four in their blue and silver livery were at the door when the *Maîtres des Cérémonies* arrived, and Pierson with his chain in the anteroom. They looked very well; Lhermite and our coachman saw the whole thing, and were not at all impressed with carriages, liveries, or horses. They said the carriages were absolutely shabby, the liveries neither well made nor well put on, and the horses beneath criticism. They do look extraordinarily small before those great heavy state carriages, rather like rats, as Hubert says—"Quand on verra les nôtres ce sera une surprise," for they are enormous.

What do you think I did as soon as they had all gone? I had rather an inspiration—I told the maids to bring me my blue court train (they have unpacked some of the boxes, the jewels are all right, and locked up in a *coffre-fort* in W.'s room, but can't find one of Delannoy's *caisses*; I suppose it will turn up though, as Pontécoulant says the *compte* was quite right when

we arrived yesterday, all the boxes here). I then locked the door of the ballroom, stationed Pierson outside, with strict orders not to let anyone in, put on my train over my brown cloth dress, put Adelaïde and Mdme. Hubert at one end of the room, and whisked backwards and forwards, making them low curtseys (they were rather embarrassed). I have never worn a train in my life, as you know, and I wanted to see how it would go. It seems perfectly cut, and follows every movement, and doesn't get twisted around my ankles. The maids were quite satisfied, and told me it worked beautifully, particularly when I backed across the room. Madame Jaurès, wife of Admiral Jaurès, permanent French Ambassador to Russia, told me such hideous tales yesterday, when she came to see me, of women getting nervous and entangled in their trains when they backed away from the Emperor, that I thought I had better take some precautions. I indulged in those antics for about twenty minutes, then unlocked the door, released Pierson, and went upstairs to the lingerie to see how my unpacking was getting on. The missing trunk had just arrived, and my two women, with the little Russian maid, whose eyes opened wide when she saw the quantity of dresses being produced, and W.'s man were putting things to rights.

The gentlemen got back to a late breakfast, much pleased with their reception. They were received in a small palace outside of Moscow,<sup>4</sup> as the Emperor makes his formal entrée into the town to-morrow only. They found the Emperor very amiable,

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<sup>4</sup> A: Petrofski.

talking quite easily, saying something to everyone. He had on the Grand Cordon of the Légion d'Honneur. They were all presented also to the Empress. W. said she was very gracious and charming; remembered quite well having seen us in Paris. We were presented to her by the Prince of Wales, Exhibition year. He said she recalled the Princess of Wales, not so tall, and had splendid eyes.

Benckendorff stayed to breakfast, and we told him his place would be always ready for him at breakfast and dinner. The hours of standing apparently will be something awful. About 3.30 Mdme. Jaurès came for me, and we went to see Lady Thornton, who is Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, but didn't find her. The Jaurès have just arrived themselves with all the Corps Diplomatique from Petersburg. They said the starting from there was frightfully mismanaged, not nearly carriages enough for the people and their luggage. The Ambassadors furious, railway officials distracted, a second train had to be prepared which made a long delay, and a general uproar. The only man who was quite quiet and happy was Mr. Mackay (Silver King from California). He formed part of the United States Mission, had his own private car attached to the train, in which were Mrs. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt (U. S. Minister and his wife), and was absolutely independent.

After leaving our cards we drove through the Tverskaya, the main street. There were quantities of people, and vehicles of every description, from the Ambassadors' carriages (all with

small, black Russian horses, a Russian coachman in caftan and flat cap, and a gorgeous chasseur, all gold braid, and hat with feathers, beside him), to the most ordinary little drosky or fiacre. Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed us going very quickly with the regular Russian attelage—3 horses, one scarcely harnessed, galloping almost free on one side.

All the houses are dressed with red and gold draperies, and immense tribunes put up all along the street, as the procession passes through it from one end to the other when the Emperor makes his formal entrance to-morrow. There are crowds of peasants and country people, all the men in flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and the women with a handkerchief or little shawl over their heads. They don't look the least gay, or excited, or enthusiastic; on the contrary, it is generally a sad face, principally fair, and blue eyes. They stand, apparently a compact mass, in the middle of the street, close up to the carriages, which can scarcely get on—then comes a little detachment of Cossacks (most curious looking, quite wild, on very small horses, and enormous long lances), rides into the crowd and over them. They make no resistance, don't say anything, and close up again, as soon as the carriage passes—and so it goes on all day.

I was quite excited when we drove into the Kremlin—it is enormous, really a city, surrounded by a great crenellated wall, with high towers at intervals, quantities of squares, courts, churches, palaces, barracks, terraces, etc. The view of the town from one of the terraces overlooking the river is splendid, but

the great interest is the Kremlin itself. Numbers of gilt domes, pink and green roofs, and steeples. It seemed to me that pink predominated, or was it merely the rose flush of the sunset which gave a beautiful colour to everything. We saw of course the great bell, and the tower of Ivan the Terrible (from where they told us he surveyed massacres of hundreds of his soldiers), everywhere a hurrying, busy crowd (though always quiet).

Thanks to our "Carte de Circulation" we pass everywhere, though stopped at every moment. We crossed, among other things, a procession of servants, and minor court officials, with quantities of silver dishes, flagons, etc., some great swell's dinner being sent from the Imperial Palace. We went from one great square to another, stopping at the Palace where all the fêtes are to be. There we found one or two Court officials whom M<sup>de</sup>. Jaurès knew, and they showed us as much as they could, but everybody is "sur les dents," and nothing ready; and in spite of all the precautions one feels that there is a strong undercurrent of nervousness. We went to the Church de l'Assomption, where the Coronation is to take place. There too we found officials, who showed us our places, and exactly where the Court would be. The church is small, with a great deal of gilding and painting. All the tribunes are ready, and what we shall feel like when the ceremony is over I am sure I don't know. It will last about three hours and a half, and we stand all the time. There is not a vestige of a seat in the Tribune Diplomatique—merely a sort of rail or "barre d'appui" where one can lean back a little.

We lingered a little on the terrace overlooking the river where there is a fine view of the town, and came out by the Porte St. Sauveur, where everyone, Emperor and peasant, uncovers. I was glad to get home and rest a little before dinner, but I have had a delightful afternoon.

I will finish this evening, as the bag goes to-morrow. We had a pleasant dinner, our personnel only, and Colonel Benckendorff, who told us all we had to do these days. The day of the Coronation we meet at the German Embassy (General Schweinitz, who married Anna Jay, is Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique), and go all together to the Kremlin. The hour of rendezvous is 8 there, and as it is quite far off, and the gala carriages go on a walk, we must leave here at 7, and get up at Heaven knows what hour. What do you think we will look like in full Court dress at that hour in the morning? Our dinner was very good—wines, fruit, etc. W. complimented Lhermite.

To-morrow we start at 11 for the Palace of Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, from where we see the Emperor pass on his way to the Kremlin. It is not far away, but the streets are so barricaded and shut up that we must make a long détour. The most stringent measures are taken, all windows closed, no canes nor umbrellas allowed, and a triple line of troops all along the route. The maids are much excited. They have places in one of the Tribunes, and M. Lhermite is going to escort them. In some marvellous way they have been able to communicate with the Russian maids, and have given me various

pieces of information. I have left the gentlemen all smoking in the serre, except W., who retired to his own quarters, as he had some despatches to write. He has had a long talk with Jaurès this afternoon, and has also seen Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador. The house is quite quiet—the court-yard asleep, as no carriages or horses have been out to-night. We have two ordinary Russian landaus, with those fast little horses, for our every-day outings, as the big coupé d'Orsay only goes out on state occasions.

The detective has made his report, and says the Nihilists will do nothing to-morrow—*perhaps* the night of the gala at the Opéra. It is curious to live in such a highly charged atmosphere, and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why—the excitement I suppose of the whole thing. Well, Good-night, Dear; I would say it in Russian if I could, but so far all I have learnt is "Tchai," which means tea, and "Karosch," which seems to be an exclamation of delighted admiration. The little maid says it every time I appear in a new garment.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France à Moscou,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Mardi, May 22d, 1883.*

How shall I ever begin to describe to you, Dear, the wonderful life we are leading. Everything is unlike anything I have ever seen. I suppose it is the beginning of the real far-off East. This morning I am sitting at the window reading and writing, and looking out into the court-yard, which is a never-failing interest—such quantities of people always there. The first thing I hear in the morning is Pontécoulant's voice. He is there every day at eight o'clock, conferring with Leroy and Hubert, examining the horses and carriages, deciding which ones are to be used, and giving orders for the day.

Then arrive the two Russian landaus which go all day, and very different they look from our beautiful equipages and big important servants. Then comes Lhermite, rattling off, in a low pony cart, with the boy from the Consulate along-side of him. He goes to market every day, and nearly has a fit because he can't talk himself, and he knows they are all lying, and stealing, and imposing upon him generally. In one corner there is a group of little Russian horses tied to the stable doors, with Russian soldiers fussing over them. They have been sent from one of the cavalry

barracks for the gentlemen to ride.

In every direction men are cleaning carriages, saddles, harness, liveries; and with such little noise—they are extraordinarily quiet.

*May 22d, 5.30.*

We have just got back from the Governor's palace; and tonight the Emperor is safe in the Kremlin.

It was a marvellous day. We started (the whole Mission) at 10.30 this morning, W. and I alone in the d'Orsay, which looked very handsome. It is dark blue with white stripes, like all our carriages, and lined with blue satin of rather a lighter shade. The men were in demi-gala, blue plush breeches, white silk stockings, and high hats (not tricorues), with silver bands and cords. Thornton, the English coachman, looked very smart, and handled his big black horses perfectly. The gentlemen told us he used very strong language when he got back to the stables over the abomination of the Moscow pavement. We were preceded as usual by Richard and Benckendorff in a light carriage. I wore one of Philippe's dresses, brown gauze embroidered in velvet flowers, all the front écreu lace, and an ecru straw bonnet, with a vieux rose velvet crown.

I was much amused while I was dressing to hear various members of the party in the lingerie, "Madame, voulez-vous me coudre un bouton," "les plumes de mon chapeau ne tiennent pas," etc., even Thornton came in to have his lace cravate tied. We were a long time getting to Prince Dolgourouky's palace;

not that it is far away, but the streets are barricaded in every direction, however I didn't mind—the crowd was so interesting, packed tight; they had been standing for hours, they told us, such pale, patient faces, but so *unjoyous*; no jokes, nor bits of songs, nor good-natured scuffling; so unlike our Paris crowd on a great fête day, laughing and chaffing, and commenting freely on everything; and certainly very much unlike the American-Irish crowd at home in New York, on the 4th of July or St. Patrick's day. I remember quite well putting boxes of fire-crackers in a tin pail to frighten the horses, and throwing numerous little petards under people's feet, but no one seemed to mind. Fancy the effect of a pailful of fire-crackers exploding in any part of Moscow to-day. The tribunes covered with red cloth, or red and gold, crammed; and armies of soldiers, mounted and on foot, in every direction; and yet we were only in the side streets. The real crowd was in the Tverskaya where the cortége was to pass.

When we finally arrived we were received by the Governor's two nieces, Madame Mansouroff and Princess Obolenski. The Prince, like all the other Russian noblemen, took part in the cortége. All our colleagues were there, but the Duc de Montpensier was the only special envoy. All the other foreign Princes were riding with the Emperor's suite. It was almost a female gathering, though of course all the men of the Corps Diplomatique were there. We waited some little time in the large drawing-room, where many presentations were made; and then had a very handsome breakfast, people talking easily, but the

Russians visibly nervous and preoccupied. As soon as it was over we went out on the balconies, where we remained until the cortége had passed. They brought us tea at intervals, but I never stirred from my chair until the end.

It was a beautiful sight as we looked down—as far as one could see, right and left, flags, draperies, principally red and gold, green wreaths, flowers and uniforms—the crowd of people well kept back behind a triple row of soldiers, the middle of the street perfectly clear, always a distant sound of bells, trumpets, and music. A salute of cannon was to let us know when the Emperor left Petrofski, the small palace just outside the walls where he has been all these days. As the time drew near one felt the anxiety of the Russians, and when the first coup sounded, all of them in the Palace and in the street crossed themselves. As the procession drew near the tension was intense. The Governor's Palace is about half way between the gate by which the Emperor entered and the Kremlin. He had all that long street to follow at a foot's pace. As soon as he entered the Kremlin another cannon would tell his people he was safe inside.

At last the head of the gorgeous procession appeared. It was magnificent, but I can't begin to tell you the details. I don't even remember all I saw, but you will read it all in the papers, as of course all their correspondents are here. There were quantities of troops of all descriptions, the splendid chevaliers-gardes looked very imposing with their white tunics and silver cuirasses; both horses and men enormous. What I liked best were the red

Cossacks (even their long lances red). They look perfectly wild and uncivilized and their little horses equally so, prancing and plunging all the time.

The most interesting thing to me was the deputations from all the provinces of this vast Empire—Kirghis, Moguls, Tartars, Kalmucks, etc. There was a magnificent chief from the Caucase, all in white, with jewelled sword and high cap (even from where we were, so high above the crowd, we saw the flash of the diamonds); the Khan of Khiva, and the Emir of Bokhara, both with high fur caps, also with jewels on cap and belt. A young fellow, cousin I think of Prince Dolgourouky, came and stood near me, and told me as well as he could who the most important people were. Bells going all the time (and the Moscow bells have a deep, beautiful sound), music, the steady tramp of soldiers, and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people.

Then a break in the troops, and a long procession of gala court carriages passed, with six horses and six runners, a man to each horse, with all the grands-maitres and high officials of the Court, each man covered with gold lace and embroidery, and holding his staff of office, white with a jewel at the top. After that more troops, the Emperor's body-guard, and then the Emperor himself. He was in full uniform, riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign. He looked quite composed and smiling, not a trace of nervousness (perhaps a little pale), returned all the salutations most graciously, and looked up, bowed and smiled to

our balcony. A little distance behind him rode his two sons, and close up to him on the left rode the Duke of Edinburgh in red; any bomb thrown at the Emperor must have killed the English Prince.

Then followed a long suite of Princes—some of their uniforms, Austrian, Greek, and Montenegrin standing out well. From that moment there was almost silence on the balcony; as the Emperor disappeared again all crossed themselves, and everyone waited for the welcome sound from the Kremlin.

After a long interval, always troops passing, came the Empress. She was with her daughter, the little Grand Duchess Xenia, both in Russian dress. The carriage was shut, a coupé, but half glass, so we saw them perfectly, and the high head-dress (Kakoshnik) and white veil, spangled with silver was very becoming. The carriage was very handsome, all gold and paintings; six white horses led, and running footmen. The Empress and her daughter were seated side by side, and on a curious sort of *outside* seat, on one side of the coupé, was a page, dressed in red and yellow, a sort of cloth of gold, with high feathers in his cap. The Empress looked grave and very pale, but she smiled and bowed all the time. It must have been an awful day for her, for she was so far behind the Emperor, and such masses of troops in between, that he might have been assassinated easily, she knowing nothing of it.

There was again a great sound of bells and music when the Empress passed, all the people crossing themselves, but the great

interest of course was far ahead with the Emperor. A great procession of Court carriages followed with all the Princesses, Grandes-Maîtresses, etc., and endless troops still, but no one paid much attention; every ear was strained to hear the first sound from the Kremlin. When the cannon boomed out the effect was indescribable. All the Russians embraced each other, some with tears running down their cheeks, everybody shook hands with everybody, and for a moment the emotion was contagious—I felt rather a choke in my throat. The extraordinary reaction showed what the tension had been.

After rather a whirl of felicitations we went into the drawing-room for a few minutes, had tea (of course), and I talked to some of the people whom I had not seen before. Montpensier came up, and was very civil and nice. He is here as a Spanish Prince. He told me he had been frightfully nervous for the Emperor. They all knew that so many Nihilists were about—he added, "Il était superbe, leur Empereur, si crâne!"

We had to wait a few moments for the carriage and got home about 5, having been standing a long time. We were almost as long getting back to the Embassy as we were coming. There was a dense crowd everywhere, and the same little detachments of Cossacks galloping hard into the midst of the people, and apparently doing no harm to anyone.

I will finish now before going to bed—happily all our dissipations finish early. We dined quietly with only our own Embassy and Benckendorff, and then drove about for an hour or

so looking at the illuminations, which were not very wonderful. We met all our colleagues doing the same thing. W. has just had his report from the detective. He said all the Nihilists were scattered along the route to-day, but evidently had no intention of doing anything. It seems curious they should be allowed to remain, as of course the Russian police know them quite as well as our man does.

I have just had a notice that the Empress will receive me to-morrow. I will try and write a few lines always late before going to bed, and while the whole thing is still fresh in my memory. If this letter is slightly incoherent it is because I have had so many interruptions. The maids can hardly undress me, they are so anxious to tell me all they have seen. It certainly was a magnificent sight to-day, and the fears for the Emperor gave such a dramatic note to the whole thing. My eyes are rather tired, looking so hard, I suppose.

*Wednesday, May 23d.*

Well, Dear, I have had my audience. It was most interesting. I started at 11 o'clock in the gala carriage, Hubert driving me, as he wanted to go once to the Kremlin with the carriage before the day of the Coronation. It seems there is a slight rise in the road just as one gets to the gate, which is also narrow. I wore the blue brocade with bunches of cherries, the front of moussé velvet, and a light blue crêpe bonnet, neither gloves nor veil. Benckendorff and Richard, as "officer de service," went ahead in a small carriage. Benckendorff said I must have one of my own

Embassy, and Richard thought it would amuse him to come. W. rather demurred—was afraid we wouldn't be serious enough, but we promised him to be absolutely dignes. Do you remember at the first official reception at the Instruction Publique he never would let you and Pauline stand behind me—he was afraid we would make unseemly jokes, or laugh at some of the dresses.

Our progress to the Kremlin was slow. The carriage is heavy, goes always at a foot's pace, and has a swinging motion which is very disagreeable. I felt rather shy, sitting up there alone, as of course there is a great deal of glass, so that I was much "en évidence." Everybody looked, and the people in the street crowded close up to the carriage. We found grand preparations when we got to the Palace—the great staircase covered with a red cloth, and every variety of chamberlain, page, usher, and officer on the stairs and at the door. Benckendorff and Richard helped me out of my carriage, and Richard's impulse was to give me his arm to go upstairs, but he was waved back imperatively, and a magnificent gentleman in a velvet coat, all lace and embroidery, advanced, and conducted me up the grand staircase, always a little behind me. I passed through a hedge of uniforms and costumes. When we came to the landing where there was a piquet of soldiers my attendant said—"La France," and they presented arms.

At the top of the staircase, at the door of the first of a long enfilade of salons, I was handed over, with a very low bow, from my first gentleman to another of the same description, equally all

gold lace, and embroidery; and so I passed through all the rooms, always meeting a new chamberlain in each one. The rooms are large and high, with vaulted roofs like a cathedral, little or no furniture (I believe the Russian Court never sits down except at meals). We made a halt in one of the salons, where we found several maids of honour of the Empress, who were presented to me. They were all dressed much alike in long, light dresses, and wore their badge—the Empress's chiffre in diamonds on a blue ribbon. While I was talking to them a procession of diplomats and special envoys passed through the room. They had just been received by the Empress.

Presently appeared Prince Galitzin—Grand Maître des Cérémonies, attired in red velvet and lace, and embroidery, who said, "Sa Majesté sera bientôt prête." I continued my progress with the same ceremonial, passed through the *salle du trône*, which is handsome, white and gold; and came to a standstill in the next salon, evidently the ante-chamber of the room where I was to be received, as the two colossal negroes who always accompany the Emperor and Empress were standing at the door. They were dressed in a sort of Asiatic costume, cashmeres, turbans, scimitars, etc. I was received by the Princess Kotchoubey and Count Pahlen, Arch Grand Maître des Cérémonies. The Princess K. is the mother of Princess Lise Troubetzkoi (whom you will remember in Paris as having a salon the first days of the Republic where political men of all opinions assembled—Thiers was her great friend). She was a little old

lady, dressed entirely in white, with a jewel low on her forehead. Count Pahlen was dressed in blue velvet and embroidery, and carried his staff of office, white, with a large sapphire on the top.

We talked a few minutes, when apparently there came a signal from the Empress. The doors flew open, and the Princess advanced to the threshold, making a beautiful curtsy (I am sure mine was not half so good), she seemed to go straight down to the ground, said—"J'ai l'honneur d'annoncer l'Ambassadrice de France." She then withdrew to one side—I made a curtsy at the door, which was instantly shut, another, a little farther on (the regulation is 3), but hadn't time for my third, as the Empress, who was standing in the middle of the room, advanced a few steps, shook hands and begged me to sit down. I hadn't seen her for some years, since she came to Paris with her husband, then Grand Duke Héritier (his father was still alive), and I didn't find her changed. She recalls the Princess of Wales, but is not so tall; has beautiful dark eyes, and a very gracious manner. She was dressed almost as I was, but in a different color, yellow brocade with bunches of plums, splendid lace in front, and a beautiful pearl necklace, three rows of large stones (my one row of fairly large ones was nowhere). I think I stayed about 20 minutes.

We talked easily enough. She said the long day yesterday had been very fatiguing, the going at a foot's pace all that long distance with the peculiar swinging motion of the heavy gala carriage had tired her very much; also the constant bowing right and left, and the quantities of flags and draperies waving

under her eyes. She didn't say anything about being nervous, so of course I didn't. She gave me the impression of having extraordinary self-control. I asked her what the little Grand Duchess thought of it all. She said that she really didn't know—that she didn't speak, but looked at everything and bowed to all the people exactly as she did.

She said the day of the sacre would be very long and tiring, particularly beginning so early in the morning; that she was very *matinale*, quite accustomed to getting up early—was I? "Fairly—but I hadn't often been up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning." "You would prefer a ceremony by candle-light." "I think we should all look better at 9 o'clock in the evening." She laughed, and then we talked a little; Paris, chiffons, etc. She said some of her dresses had come from Philippe. We talked a little about Moscow and the Kremlin. She asked me what I had seen. When I spoke of the church and the tribunes for the Corps Diplomatique with *no* seats, and a very long ceremony, she was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is.

When she *congédié* me the door flew open (she evidently had a bell under her chair which she touched with her feet); she shook hands, and walked immediately to a door at the other end of the room; so I didn't have to back out all the way. Princess Kotchoubey and Count Pahlen were waiting for me. The Princess said, "Sa Majesté vous a gardé bien longtemps, Madame

l'Ambassadrice. J'espère que vous avez été contente." Pahlen also made me a polite phrase. They both accompanied me across the room, and then the door opened, and another chamberlain took possession of me. Just as we got to the door the Princess was saying something about her daughter "devenue absolument une Parisienne," when it opened; she stopped short in the middle of her phrase, and made me a little curtsey—her function was over once I passed into the other room. It was too funny.

I was conducted through all the rooms and down the great staircase with the same ceremony. I found Richard waiting in one of the big rooms, with the "Dames du portrait," but this time he didn't venture to offer his arm to the Ambassadors, and followed with Benckendorff at a respectful distance.

I found my carriage surrounded by an admiring crowd. The horses are handsome and enormous, particularly here where the race is small, also the French gala liveries are unlike anything else. Hubert, my own coachman, sits up so straight and pompous on his box, and looks so correct I hardly know him. The movement of the gala carriage is something awful, makes me really ill.

*May 23d, 10 o'clock.*

We have had a quiet evening—some of the gentlemen have gone off to hear the famous Bohémiennes in one of the public gardens. They have been leaving cards all day on the special envoys, Princes, etc. W. and Pontécoulant are having a conference, and I have got into my tea-gown, and am reading a

little, writing a little, and being generally lazy. W. and I also did a round of visits this afternoon.

As naturally none of our servants know either a word of Russian, or the streets of Moscow, we took with us the little polygot youth from the Consulate, who knows equally well French, Russian, and German. We gave him our list, and he went ahead in a drosky.

We found no one but the Princess Obolenski, who spoke at once about the Emperor's entrée; said no one could imagine the relief it was to all of them to know that he was actually safe in the Kremlin. They had evidently all dreaded that day, and of course notwithstanding all the precautions a bomb *could* have been thrown. The thrower, par exemple, would have been torn to pieces by the crowd; but what makes the strength of the Nihilists is that they all count their lives as nothing in what they consider the great cause.

How hideous the life of the Emperor and the Empress must be. They say they find letters on their tables, in their carriages, coming from no one knows where, telling them of all the horrors in store for them and their children.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France, à Moscou,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Thursday, 24 Mai, 1883.*

I am having a quiet morning. We have no particular function to-day. Madame Jaurès is coming to get me after breakfast, and we are going to do a little sightseeing. The first thing I hear in the morning always is Pontécoulant's voice in the court talking to Leroy and Hubert, and examining the horses. The pair we had in the gala carriage yesterday went beautifully. Hubert was rather nervous, as there is a steep little bit just as one passes through the gates of the Kremlin—it is also narrow, and those big, unwieldy carriages are not easily handled. The pavement is so rough that I was actually a little sick yesterday after I came in.

I was called off by a visit from Prince Orloff (Russian Ambassador in France). He comes almost every day, and is much interested in all our doings—said the carriage and general style of everything was much admired yesterday. About two Madame Jaurès came, and we started off sight-seeing. The admiral, Jaurès, and one or two of the young men met us at the Kremlin, and we went over the two palaces—new and old. The old one is most curious; small, dark, low rooms, vaulted ceilings, all most elaborately ornamented in Byzantine style; a small steep, twisting

staircase; large porcelain stoves, and absolutely uncomfortable. We saw the dining-room where the Emperor and Empress will dine in state the day of the Coronation. The new palace is quite different—high, light, large rooms, white, which must look beautiful at night lighted by thousands of wax candles. In the great ballroom the two Throne chairs are on a gold dais with great curtains of purple velvet and ermine—very royal looking.

(I wonder if the sight of all this splendour will destroy my mental equilibrium—I assure you I felt rather like a queen myself yesterday, seated up alone in the great gala carriage, with everybody bowing and gaping.) There is a splendid view over the Kremlin, the river and the town from all the palace windows. We went again to the church of the Assumption, where we found Count Pahlen superintending. He showed us some of the famous paintings—among others a Madonna with a *black* face, a splendid diamond necklace, and large sapphires and emeralds disposed about her person. There are jewels about everywhere; on pictures, brackets, etc. Pahlen told me, when I was noticing them, that the Russian Court was famous for coloured stones, particularly emeralds and sapphires—told me to notice the Grand Duchess Constantine's emeralds, and the Empress's sapphires. I will, if ever I get time to go into details, but everything is on such an enormous scale here.

He also asked me if I was accustomed to *standing* three or four hours, and if not he would suggest a *pliant* "dissimulé sous les plis de la traine," and showed me with pride the rails, covered

with red velvet, in our tribune, which he had had put there so we should be comfortable! It will really be an awful day, particularly as we have to begin it so early, but I suppose we shan't die of it.

I came back about 4, changed my dress for something more elegant (the blue silk with long blue redingote and white lace), and started off again in the d'Orsay for some visits (the little boy in the drosky going in front). I found the Princess Radziwill in two small rooms (she received me in her bedroom), all she could find for herself and her husband in Moscow—and that at an awful price (and she is Russian born). I also found Countess Pahlen, wife of the Grand Master, who was very smiling, and suggested that we should have an evening reception, which would be much appreciated. Of course we shall be delighted, and had even thought of a ball, but all those things had been settled in Russia before we left Paris. The Russian Court wished to have *one* ball only, as the Coronation functions were numerous and fatiguing, and that is to be at General Schweinitz's (Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique).

After leaving Countess Pahlen I went again to the Kremlin, the d'Orsay always exciting much attention. I had the greatest difficulty in finding out the Duchesse d'Edimbourg, for whom I had to write myself down, and could find no servant who spoke either German, French, or English. The crowd and confusion was something awful; apparently the whole of Moscow was going wherever I was—Ambassadors, Generals, Chamberlains, maids-of-honour, servants with tea, crowding in all the corridors. You

never saw such a sight, and just as many more in the court-yards—carriages, soldiers, work-people, carpenters, bales of stuffs, and planks for stands, and all in that beautiful cadre—the old gray walls looked so soft, and the marvellous effects of colour everywhere. I was well shaken up, such a pavement. I met the Duc de Montpensier at every turn, sight-seeing too. We had a quiet dinner, the personnel only with Benckendorff. The gentlemen had been going all around too all the afternoon leaving cards. They all say the pavement is most trying.

W. and Pontécoulant have come in late as usual for a last little talk. I told them what Countess Pahlen had said about an evening reception. W. had had the same idea. I think the house is large enough—the ballroom ought to light well, all white with yellow satin furniture. We must have a talk with Lhermite about flowers; he says there are none here, his come from Paris.

*Friday, 25th.*

The men of the Embassy went off early, as they had no end of audiences with all the Grand Dukes; uncles and brothers of the Emperor. I walked about a little with Adelaïde, but I didn't find that very pleasant. It is curious I never see a lady of any kind walking, and we always attract attention. It is very warm, the sun really powerful. I breakfasted alone in the big dining-room, an elaborate meal, one maître d'hôtel and two tall footmen waiting upon me—I was rather sorry I hadn't asked for tea and cold chicken in my dressing-room.

At 3.30 the gentlemen all reappeared, put on their Austrian

decorations, and we started for the reception of the Arch Duke and Arch Duchess Albert of Austria. We found quantities of people, as all the Corps Diplomatique had been convoked. W. and I went as usual in the d'Orsay. I wore my crème voile with lace and embroidery, straw bonnet with crème feathers, lined with dark blue velvet. We waited some little time in a large hall or anteroom where was Count Wolkenstein, Austrian Ambassador, who presented all the suite of the Arch Duke. Then appeared the Arch Duke alone—said his wife was coming in a few moments. We had known him in Paris—he had dined with us at the Quai d'Orsay when W. was Foreign Minister, our Exhibition year. He is a tall, distinguished looking man. It was when he was dining at the Elysée one night with Maréchal MacMahon that such a funny contre-temps occurred. Their dinners were always very good and soignés, but evidently they had not thought about the names of the dishes, and when we were well on with the dinner we suddenly realized that something was wrong. My neighbour said to me "Look at your menu," and what did I see—"Glace à la Magenta"—"Gateau Solférino," and I forget the third thing—all battles where the Austrians had been beaten. I spoke to one of the household about it afterwards who said "J'ai froid dans le dos en pensant à ce que le Maréchal me dira." It seems that when he was angry the Maréchal didn't mince matters, and used most *emphatic* expressions. You can imagine how carefully we studied the menu of our dinner which came two days after—"Glace à la Régence," "Gâteau Moka," etc., nothing compromising.

While the Arch Duke was talking there was suddenly a move, and he went to meet the Arch Duchess who came in, crossed the room quickly, and asked us to follow. We did, into a smaller room, W. and I alone. She is very handsome, younger than he is, tall and slight, dressed in a black dress with a great deal of lace, a very long train, a handsome pearl necklace, and a high comb of diamonds. She said she would like to make a stay in Paris. After they had congédié us W. asked if he might present the rest of the Mission, so I returned to the large salon and saw various people to talk to, including Count Apponyi, whom I had known in Paris, where his father was Ambassador for years.

We dined at home and went in the evening to a reception at M. de Giers'—Foreign Minister. The rooms were not large, and there were a great many people, I should think more foreigners and diplomatists than Russians. Princess Kotchoubey and Countess Pahlen did the honours. Quantities of people were presented to me—I shall never remember their names or their faces. I wore fraise-écrasé velvet, the front covered with white "point à l'aiguille." General Wolseley, who is here with the Duke of Edinburgh, was presented. He is not at all the real British type, small and dark, but very bright eyes. I also had quite a talk with my Dutch friend Schimmelpenninck, who assured me my toilettes were très réussies, particularly the white one, this afternoon. I had quite a talk too with the Hunts, who are very nice. Both are tall and fine-looking, she always very well dressed. The U.S. Mission is very distinguished—they have Mr. and Mrs.

Mackay with them, both very natural and quiet; she of course has splendid jewels (they tell me her sapphires are beautiful), but she wears them quite simply, without any ostentation. There is also Admiral Baldwin, who has his ship at Cronstadt, and two charming young aides-de-camp, Rogers and Paul.

## To H. L. K

*Saturday, May 26, 1883.*

Well, Dear, I am just alive, but nothing more, having performed 5 Grand Duchesses. The gentlemen all went off in full uniform at 11 to begin their audiences. I followed later alone (they always go en bande) with Richard going in the small carriage in front as officier de service (which amuses us both perfectly). I wore the white soft silk with Valenciennes that you liked, and the flower hat. Benckendorff complimented me on my toilette. It was a long affair getting to our different Princesses. They are all lodged in the Kremlin, and the various palaces connect with all sorts of passages and staircases, but the corridors are narrow and the block something awful. My first audience was with the Grand Duchess Michel. Her husband is an uncle of the Emperor, and was for a long time Governor of the Caucasus. When we finally got to the door of the apartments I was received by 2 Chamberlains (all gold and embroidery), who never left me until they deposited me in the carriage at 5 o'clock—I had started at 1.30. The ceremonial was always exactly the same, one or two ladies-in-waiting were in the room communicating with the one in which the Grand Duchess was waiting. They announced "L'Ambassadrice de France," I got through as many of my three regulation curtseys as I could—I never really had time to make

the third, as they all advanced a few steps and shook hands. The Grand Duchess Michel is a Baden Princess, tall, slight, very intelligent, simply dressed in black velvet, and of course a pearl necklace. She spoke to me in English, French, and German, but the conversation was mostly in French. She seemed well up in French literature, and asked me what I thought of Zola's "L'Assommoir," was really surprised when I said I hadn't read it, nor in fact scarcely anything he wrote. She considered it a marvel, and couldn't understand any French woman not reading every word that came from "un des plus puissants cerveaux du siècle." She knew too all the pieces de théâtre, and when I expressed surprise that she had had time to read so much, said her life in the Caucasus was so lonely—no society of any kind, and no resources outside of her own palace. I should think she was a maîtresse femme.

After leaving her I was taken in hand again by my two chamberlains, and walked some distance across one or two courts, always meeting more chamberlains escorting colleagues, principally men, all in uniform and orders, doing the same thing, and trying to get on as fast as they could. My next visit was to the Grand Duchess Constantine. When we got to the anteroom and small salon we found them full of gentlemen, who proved to be our Mission, who had arrived a few minutes before. That made a slight change of programme, as the Grand Duke decided to receive W. and me together with the Duchess—accordingly we were received first, alone, in a small room. The Grand Duke

was standing close to the door; the Grand Duchess in the centre of the room. He is a sailor, looks very intelligent. She has been very handsome, carries herself beautifully, and has a splendid figure. He was in uniform—she in red velvet (she *didn't* have on her emeralds—I suppose we shall see them all to-morrow). They both talked very easily about all sorts of things; Greece of course and the Schuylers, of whom she spoke very warmly. Her daughter is the Queen of Greece—I hope we shall see her, as I have heard Gert talk so much about her. The Grand Duchess said she was tired already, and the Ceremonies haven't begun yet. She had received yesterday 100 ladies of Moscow. They came in groups of 10, and she had to find something to say to each one.

As soon as the audience was over W. asked permission, as usual, to present the rest of the Mission. I remained in the outer salon talking to the ladies-in-waiting. The apartment is high, with a splendid view over Moscow. They pointed me out several churches and curious roofs—were much interested in all my visits and my clothes, supposed I had quantities of trunks.

After that I departed again alone, and saw the Grand Duchess Catherine, who was very amiable, but kept me a few minutes only, as she had so many people to receive. Then I took another long walk, and up several flights of narrow, turning stairs (the chamberlains in front and Richard behind) to the Duchesse d'Oldenburg. The Belgian Mission was being received, so I waited in the outer salon, and again W. and the gentlemen arrived, and he and I were received together. Evidently they like

it better when we can go together, as it saves time for them—and if we are tired, think what they must be. I went off again alone, and was received by the Grand Duchess Wladimir, who is charming—a German Princess. She is young, a pretty figure, very well dressed in white. She looked rather delicate, having just got over a rather bad attack of measles. She dreads the fatigue very much to-morrow, and had asked the Empress if she might have a folding-chair, a pliant of some kind, but her "demande n'a pas été accueillie favorablement. L'Imperatrice elle-même sera debout tout le temps. Il faudrait absolument que nous fassions comme elle." I didn't mention my pliant, as I am quite sure no one will notice to-morrow anything *I* do.

That finished my audience, and I had been standing or walking since I left the Embassy, so I was glad to find the carriage, which was by no means easy. There were quantities at the Kremlin, and as we never by any chance came out at the same door by which we went in, and the coachman was told to follow, he naturally had some difficulty in getting it. Also it is raining hard, which complicates matters. There are carpets down to the doors, but so many people have passed over them that they are just as wet and muddy as the streets. We met all the rest of the Mission at the Embassy door, and then there was a general détente, the men all calling for their servants to get them out of their uniforms, and to bring beer and cigars.

W. came in to tea. He looked really done up—he had been at it steadily since 12. There are so many Princes and Grand

Dukes without any wives. I am writing in bits, but will finish as usual the last thing. We have had a small dinner—the other French Embassy (permanent), Lagrené, Consul, and Orloff. Benckendorff of course. They all went away early, as our day to-morrow is an awful one.

It is pouring still, and we are rather melancholy at the thought of our gala carriages, and blue and silver liveries in a heavy rain. Just before dinner I had a visit from Philippe, and he made various essays with my diadem and feathers. He is to be here at six to-morrow morning to coiffer me. He also requested that he might see my dress so as to make his coiffure "harmoniser avec l'ensemble." I wanted to see it too, so as to be sure that everything was right, and the flowers well sewn on. It is now reposing on one of the big arm-chairs in the dressing-room, covered up with a sheet.

My eyes are shutting of themselves, so I will stop. Please send all my letters on to America, as I never can write *two* accounts of our life here.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France à Moscou,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Dimanche, 27 Mai, 1883.*

I am perfectly exhausted, Dear, after the most beautiful, bewildering, exhausting day I have ever gone through. We got home at 4.30. I rested a little, had tea as usual in my boudoir with W. and Richard, and will write as much as I can while I am still under the impression of all I have seen.

I was up at 5.30, as we had to leave here at 7. Philippe was very punctual—put on diadem and feathers very well. Happily it was all blue, rather dark (as my dress too was blue), and he remarked pleasantly, to put me at my ease I think, and make me feel as comfortable as I could at that hour of the morning, "Le bleu c'est le fard de Madame." He couldn't understand that I wouldn't let him maquiller my face—said all the Princesses were painted—but I really couldn't go that.

When I appeared in the drawing-room, the men of the Embassy were very complimentary about my dress. We went in our three carriages (I had the white moiré cloak, trimmed with dark feathers over me), W. and I and Pontécoulant in the first gala carriage driven by Leroy (I wish you could have seen him, as much taken up with *his dress* as I was with mine). He stood giving

directions to a quantity of understrappers, but never touching harness, nor even whip, until we appeared, then got on his box as we got into the carriage, settled himself in a fine pose, and we started.

The second gala carriage driven by Hubert (who looked very well) came next, and then the d'Orsay. It really was a very pretty cortège, and we were much looked at and admired, as we drove very slowly, and jolting very much, to the German Embassy. All our colleagues came up about the same time. Some of the gala carriages were good, the Austrian, but ours out and out the best. No one else had three.

We assembled in one of the large rooms of the palace, and then walked through numerous rooms, galleries, and finally through an open court, entirely covered with a red carpet, and lined with soldiers and officers—every description of uniform. The Chevalier-Gardes, magnificent in their white tunics, silver cuirasses and helmets. Happily it was fine—I don't know what we should have done in the rain, and also so early in the morning the sun was not gênant (as it was later in the day). The long procession, the men in uniform and decorations; the women in full dress, feathers and diadems, was most effective.

I left my cloak in the carriage, and didn't feel chilly, but some of the women were uncomfortable, and had little lace and fur tippetts. We filed into the church (which is small), and into the Diplomatic Tribune, and settled ourselves quite easily—there was plenty of room. The effect inside was dazzling:

tapers, flowers, pictures, jewels, quantities of women already seated, all in the Kakoshnik, and a general impression of red and gold in their costumes. All the Empress's ladies wear red velvet trains, embroidered in gold. People seemed to be coming in all the time. Deputations from the provinces, officials of Moscow, officers, chamberlains, a moving mass of colour. The costume of the Popes was gorgeous—cloth of gold with very high jewelled mitres.

We waited some time before the ceremony began, but there was so much to see that we didn't mind, and from time to time one of the officials came and stood with us a little, explaining who all the people were. The whole church was hung with red, and red carpets everywhere. Just in the middle there was a high estrade, covered with red velvet, and a great gold baldaquin with Imperial eagles embroidered on it. It was all surrounded by a gold balustrade, and on it were the two thrones. A little lower on the same estrade were the places of the Princes of the family, and the Foreign Princes.

A little before 9 the Imperial family began to arrive. Almost all the Grand Duchesses in trains of drap d'argent, bordered with sable, and magnificent jewels. Then there was a great sound of trumpets, and cheering outside (those curious, suppressed Russian cheers), and they told us the Emperor and Empress were coming. They were preceded by an officer of the Chevalier-Gardes, with sabre-à-nu. The Emperor was in full uniform, with the blue ribbon of St. André. The Empress quite simple in white

and silver, the Imperial eagles embroidered on the front of her dress; no diadem, no veil, nor jewels; her train carried by 4 pages, her hair quite simply done—she looked so young, quite like a school-girl. Then followed a glittering suite of Princes, officers, etc.

The service was very long, the chanting quite fine; the men have beautiful, deep voices—I cared less for the intoning, they all end on such a peculiar high note. I didn't like the looks of the Popes either—the long beards worried me. Of course the real interest was when the Emperor took the crown from the hands of the Pope (kneeling before him) and put it on his own head. He looked a magnificent figure, towering over everybody, as he stood there in his Imperial robes, cloth of gold lined with ermine, and a splendid jewelled collar. The crown looked high and heavy—made entirely of jewels.

His two brothers, Grand Dukes Wladimir and Alexis, put on his robes. The Grand Duke Wladimir always stands close behind his brother. He has a stern, keen face. He would be the Regent if anything should happen to the Emperor, and I think his would be an iron rule.

As soon as the Emperor was crowned the Empress left her seat, came to the middle of the platform, made a deep curtsey to the Emperor, and knelt. Her court ladies then gathered around her, and put on the Imperial mantle, also in cloth of gold lined with ermine, and the same jewelled collar like the Emperor's. When she was dressed, the Emperor, stooping low over her, put

on her crown, a small one made entirely in diamonds, raised her and kissed her. As she stood a moment she almost staggered back under the weight of the mantle—the 4 pages could hardly hold it.

Then the long procession of Princes and Princesses left their seats on the estrade, and passed before the Sovereigns. First came his two brothers, Wladimir and Alexis. They kissed the Emperor, then bent low before the Empress, kissing her hand. She kissed them each on the forehead. Next came the two young Princes, in uniform like their father, wearing also the blue ribbon of St. André, and the little Grand Duchess (aged 10) in a short white dress, but the Kakoshnik.

It was a pretty sight to see the children bowing and curtsying low to their parents. Some of the ladies' curtsseys were wonderful—the Arch Duchess Charles Louis extraordinarily graceful (I wonder how I ever shall get through mine—I am certainly much less souple than these ladies). When they had all passed the Emperor went alone into the chapel to communier, and receive the sacred oil—the Empress remained kneeling outside.

We had various incidents in our tribune—one or two ladies fainted, but couldn't get out, they had to be propped up against the rail, and brought round with fans, salts, etc. We stood for three hours and a half.

The Emperor and Empress left the church with the same ceremony (we all following), and then there was a curious function. Under a dais, still in their court robes, their trains carried by six or eight officers, they walked around the enceinte,

going into three or four churches to make their devotions, all of us and all the other Princes following, all their suites, and an accompaniment of bells, cannon, music, and cheers. (I forgot to say that when the Emperor put his crown on his head in the church, the cannon announced to his people that their sovereign was crowned.)

We had a few drops of rain, then the sun came out strong, and I was rather wretched—however Général Pittié came to my rescue, and shaded me with his hat (all the men were bareheaded). There were tribunes all along the route for the people who hadn't been able to get into the church; in one of them all the younger members of the Embassies, as of course *all* couldn't be got inside. These two were all gold and red, filled with women, mostly in white, and men in uniform. You can't imagine what a gorgeous sight it was, and the crowd below packed tight, all gaping at the spectacle.

We didn't dirty our dresses (the trains of course we carried in our arms), I don't know why, as the red carpet was decidedly damp and muddyish in places. We finally arrived at the Vieux Palais, where we were to breakfast, and the Emperor and Empress were also to have a little respite before dining in state with their people.

We had a handsome breakfast, quantities of gold and silver plate, and many Russian dishes. I didn't much like the looks of the soup, which was clear, but had various things floating about on it—uncooked fish, little black balls, which I thought might be

caviar, which I don't ever like; and I was rather wondering what I should eat (I was very hungry), when my neighbor, Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, suggested I should share his meal. He didn't like Russian cookery either, so he had intrigued with a friendly official, who was going to bring him a cold chicken and a bottle of good red wine. I accepted joyfully, and we had a very good breakfast.

I think we were about three-quarters of an hour at table, and it was very pleasant to sit down after those hours of standing. When the breakfast was over, a little after two, we were conducted to the Imperial dining-room, a square, low room in the old Kremlin with a vaulted ceiling, and heavy Byzantine decorations; quantities of paintings on a gold ground, bright coloured frescoes, most elaborate. There were great buffets and tables covered with splendid gold and silver plates, flagons, vases, etc. At the end of the room was a square, raised platform covered with red, and a splendid dais, all purple velvet, ermine, and gold embroidery where the Imperial couple were to dine with their faithful subjects.

We strangers were merely admitted for a few minutes to see the beginning of the meal, and then we retired, and the Emperor remained alone with his people. Of course officers and officials of all descriptions were standing close round the platform. There was a large table to the left as we came in, where almost all the Russians were already assembled—all the women in the national dress, high Kakoshnik, long white lace spangled veil, and a sort

of loose hanging sleeve which was very effective. The ensemble was striking.

Presently we heard a sound of music and trumpets, which told us the Royalties were approaching, and as they came near we heard the familiar strains of the Polonaise from Glinka's opera "La Vie pour le Czar," which is always played when the Emperor and Empress appear. They came with the usual escort of officers and chamberlains, smiling and bowing graciously to all of us. They seated themselves (always in their cloth of gold mantles, and crowns on their heads) on the two throne chairs; a small table was placed in front of them, and then the dinner began.

The soupière was preceded by a chamberlain in gold lace; held by a Master of Ceremonies, and flanked on each side by a gigantic Chevalier-garde, sabre-à-nu. There was always a collection of officials, chamberlains, pages, etc., bringing up the rear of the cortège, so that at each entrée a little procession appeared. We saw three dishes brought in with the same ceremony—the fish was so large on a large silver dish that *two* Masters of Ceremonies held that.

It was really a wonderful sight, like a picture in some old history of the Moyen Age. As soon as the Sovereigns had taken their places on the thrones all the Russians at their table sat down too. We couldn't, because we had nothing to sit upon, so we remained standing at the end of the room, facing the estrade. They told us that when the Emperor raised his glass and asked for wine that was the signal for us to retire; and that it would be

after the roast. (All our instructions were most carefully given to us by Benckendorff, who felt his responsibility.) Think what his position would have been if any member of *his* Embassy had made a "gaffe." Accordingly as soon as the roast made its appearance all our eyes were riveted upon the Emperor. He raised his glass slowly (very high) to give us time. General Schweinitz, as Doyen, stepped well forward, and made a very low bow. We all bowed and curtseyed low (my knees are becoming more supple) and got ourselves out backwards. It wasn't very difficult, as we had our trains over our arms.

I don't think we shall see anything more curious than that state banquet. I certainly shall never see again a soup tureen guarded by soldiers with drawn swords.

*10 o'clock.*

We dined quietly, everyone giving his experiences—of course the younger members of the Embassy, who had no places in the church, had a better impression of the ensemble than we had. They said the excitement and emotion of the crowd in the square before the church was extraordinary. All crossed themselves, and many cried, when the cannon told them that the Emperor was crowned. They seem to be an emotional, superstitious race. They also said the procession around the courts, when the Emperor and Empress were going to the various churches, was wonderful—a moving mass of feathers, jewels, banners, bright helmets, and cuirasses, all glittering in the sun.

After dinner we drove about a little, seeing the illuminations,

but the crowd was so dense we could hardly move, though the soldiers did all they could, and battered the people about. Then it began to rain a little, so I begged to come home. It is raining quite hard now—I hear it on the marquise. Heavens how tired I am.

Of course I can't write half of what I have seen, but the papers will keep you quite au courant. Some of the newspaper correspondents were in the church, and of course plenty in the tribunes outside. Our carriages certainly made a great effect, and we were cheered various times on our way home.

Madame Hubert talks so much she can hardly get me my things. She is as much pleased with her husband's appearance as I am with mine. What an experience for them, when you think that she had never been out of Villers-Cotterets and Bourneville when she came to us, and Paris seemed a Paradise.

*Ambassade de France à Moscou,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Monday, May 28th, 1883.*

We were all again in Court dress at 11 this morning to go to the Palace and present our felicitations to the Imperial couple. I wore the same blue dress, as my pink one goes on to-night for the "courtag" at the Palace. It seems there was some misunderstanding about our being received this morning, so some of our colleagues had come, and gone, rather put out at the vagueness of the instructions. We decided to remain, as we had arrived there in all our finery, particularly as one of the

chamberlains told us it would be most interesting. Deputations from the provinces were to present addresses of felicitation and we would see all the national costumes.

As we had some time to wait, the Greek chamberlain suggested that we should take advantage of that opportunity to be presented to the Queen of Greece. He thought he could arrange it, so he went off to her rooms, and presently reappeared with the maid of honour, Mlle. Colocotroni (a friend of Gertrude's), and we were taken at once to the Queen, who was standing in a small salon overlooking the river. She is young and handsome, fair, stoutish, but tall enough to carry it off well, and was chatty and sympathetic—said she supposed I was quite tired after yesterday, that it was certainly very trying; that the person who was the least tired was the Empress. She had met her in one of the corridors in the interval between the ceremony at the church, or rather the churches (as she went to three after leaving the Assumption). She had taken off her Imperial mantle and crown, and was going to see one of her numerous relations before beginning again.

As soon as our audience was over we returned to the large audience hall, where we found Benckendorff tearing his hair, in a wild state, because we were late—all our colleagues had taken their places. However we were in time, and ranged ourselves, the ladies all together on the right, the men opposite. I was the Doyenne, and stood at the head of the column (as neither Lady Thornton nor Mdme. Schweinitz was there). All about the room were groups of people from the provinces waiting their turn, but

there was such a crowd of uniforms and costumes that one could hardly distinguish anything.

Presently the Court appeared—the Emperor always in uniform, the Empress in a very handsome train, blue velvet, embroidered in gold, and a splendid tiara, necklace and front of sapphires. They had the usual train of Princes, chamberlains, aides-de-camp, etc. As soon as they had taken their places on the platform all the Missions (men) advanced according to their rank. The Ambassador made a few steps forward, said a few words of felicitation to the Emperor (the Mission remaining at a respectful distance behind), then made a low bow, and all retired à reculons.

The Austrian Embassy looked very well—the Hungarian uniforms are so handsome. The Americans also very well, though they have no uniform, wear ordinary black evening clothes. The Admiral and his two aides-de-camp of course wore theirs, but it is so quiet, dark blue with little lace, and no orders, that one would hardly have remarked it except for the epaulettes and aiguillettes.

As soon as all the men of the Corps Diplomatique had passed the Empress left her place and came to us. Her train was carried by 4 pages, a high official, red velvet and gold lace, carrying the extreme end. She passed down the line of ladies, saying something to each one. I heard her speak three languages—English, French, and German—quite easily.

We waited until the Court retired, and then there was the

usual stampede for the carriages. I have not been out again this afternoon. We start for our Court ball at 8.45, and of course dine early. I was interrupted by Philippe, who came to coiffer me, having as usual stopped in the lingerie to inspect my dress, the pink one this time. He tells me he began to dress some of the heads for to-night at 12 this morning.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France à Moscou,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Mardi, 29 Mai, 1883.*

I will begin my letter while I am waiting to go with some of the gentlemen and Benckendorff to see the preparations for the great people's fête. I couldn't write last night, I was so tired out. Two court dresses and functions, and hours of standing is a good deal for one day. We started early, at a quarter to 9. We assembled in the same room in the old Kremlin where the Imperial couple had dined this afternoon. Almost all our colleagues and some of the swell Russians were already there, and everyone moved about, talking and looking until the welcome strains of the march told us the Emperor and Empress were coming.

One of the chamberlains showed me some of the most curious old bowls and flagons. The work is rather rough, and the stones enormous—not well cut—but the effect is good, half barbaric. The Court appeared always with the same brilliant suite—the Empress looked charming in a pink velvet train, embroidered in silver. All the Grand Duchesses in drap d'argent, bordered with beautiful black sable.

As soon as the Court arrived the polonaise began; the Emperor making the first with Queen of Greece, the Empress with

Schweinitz. It was a charming sight. All the trains were étalées their full length. The gentleman takes his partner's hand, holding it very high, and they make a stately progress through the rooms. I didn't dance the first one. We had a very good view of the whole thing. It was a beautiful sight—the men all in uniform, with orders, and broad ribbons; and the women with their trains down the full length. The Russian trains, of white and silver bordered with fur, made a great effect.

The Emperor danced (which is a *façon de parler* only, as one walked through the rooms) with the Queen of Greece, Arch Duchess Charles Louis, and the Ambassadors Lady Thornton, Mdme. Jaurès, Countess Dudzele, and me—the Empress with the 6 Ambassadors. I danced the second polonaise with the Grand Duke Wladimir, who is handsome and spirited looking. He told me who many of the people were. In one of the rooms were all the Russian women, not in costume, but in ordinary ball dress, all, however, wearing the Kakoshnik studded with jewels, and most becoming it was.

I was much interested (before my turn came) to see how the ladies got back to their places after having been deposited by the Emperor in the middle of the room. He doesn't conduct his partner back as all the others do. He goes back to his own place, the lady makes a curtsy, and gets back to hers across the room backwards as well as she can. They seemed to get through all right. I rather enjoyed my polonaise with the Emperor. He showed me quantities of people—a splendid man from some part

of Asia dressed in white, with jewels, coloured stones mostly, all down the front of his coat, and pistols in his belt with jewelled hilts. Also the Khan of Khiva, with all the front of his high fur cap covered with jewels, also his belt, which seemed made entirely of diamonds and rubies.

The music was always the march from Glinka's opera; each band in turn taking it up as the cortége passed through the rooms. The last Polonaise finished about 11.30, and the Court immediately retired. We had no refreshments of any kind, and made the same rush for the carriages.

Our *rentrée* to the Embassy is most amusing—the whole Mission precedes us, and when we arrive we find them ranged in a semicircle at the foot of the staircase, waiting to receive us. Richard says he never understood the gulf that separates an Ambassador Extraordinary from ordinary mortals until he accompanied his brother to Moscow.

*5 o'clock.*

We had rather an interesting afternoon. We met one of the committee at the place, sort of great plain, or meadow, where the *Fête Populaire* is to be, near the Petrofski Palace, where the Emperor stayed before he made his public *entrée* into Moscow, who showed us everything. There are quantities of little sheds or baraques, where everybody (and there will be thousands, he tells us) will receive a basket with a meat *pâté*, a *pâté* of confitures, a cake, and a package of *bonbons*. There are also great barrels of beer, where everyone can go with a mug and drink as much

as he can hold.

We asked M. (I forget his name) how it was possible to take precautions with such a crowd of people, but he said they anticipated no danger, it was the "people's day," which sounded to us rather optimistic. It was rather nice driving about.

Now I have just been, at the request of Lhermite, to look at his table, as we have our first big dinner to-night (all Russians); all the flowers, "Roses de France," have just arrived from Paris—three nights on the road; they look quite fresh and beautiful,—were packed alone in large hampers. I shall wear my blue tulle ball-dress to-night, as we go to the ball at the Governor's Palace after dinner.

*Wednesday, 30th.*

Our dinner was pleasant last night. As it was entirely Russian we had the curious meal they all take just before dinner. A table was spread in the small salon opening into the dining-room, with smoked and salted fish, caviare, cucumbers, anchovies, etc. They all partook, and then we passed into the dining-room, where the real business began. I sat between M. de Giers, Foreign Minister, and Count Worontzoff, *Ministre de la Cour*. They were very pleasant, and rather amusing over the exigencies of the suites of the foreign Princes; the smaller the Power the more important the chamberlains, equerries, etc.—rather like our own experience the year of the Exhibition in Paris, where a Baden equerry, I think, was forgotten (which of course was most improper at the *Quai d'Orsay*), and most delicate negotiations

were necessary. Both gentlemen were very complimentary over the dinner and the flowers—asked where in Moscow we had been able to find them, and could hardly believe they had arrived this morning, three nights and three days on the road. They were beautiful, those lovely pink "Roses de France," which looked quite charming with the dark blue Sèvres china.

The guests went off about 10; and we half an hour later to the great ball. I wore my light blue tulle with silver braid; and I will add that I left the greater part of the tulle at the Palace. Happily the silk under-skirt was strong, or else I should have stood in my petticoats. The crowd and heat was something awful—the staircase was a regular bousculade, and I was thankful those big Russian spurs merely tore my flounces, and didn't penetrate any further. We finally arrived, struggling and already exhausted, in the ballroom, where we found all the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses already assembled to receive the Emperor.

We had some little time to wait, so they all came over and talked to us. The Queen of Greece is most attractive—so simple. She noticed that my dress was torn and flowers crushed, but said, what was quite true, that no one would remark it in the crowd. We soon heard the sound of the March, and then there was such a rush towards the door by which the Emperor and Empress were to enter that we quickly withdrew into the embrasure of the window, and let the torrent pass. They tried to make a circle, but it was impossible. The crowd was dense. W. and I made our way quickly to the head of the stairs and waited there, as they had

told us the Emperor would not stay long—merely make a tour through the rooms.

They appeared very soon, shook hands with us both, and seemed very glad to get away. The Empress was in light blue, with a beautiful diamond tiara. It is rather pretty to see the Grand Duke Wladimir *always* close to his brother, to shield him from any danger. We were all rather cross when we got home.

This morning I have been shopping with W., Richard, and Pontécoulant. It is rather an unsatisfactory performance, as we can't either speak or understand Russian. In the bazaars and real Moscow shops they know nothing but Russian. We take the little polygot boy with us (always ahead in his little droshky) but as he invariably announces "la grande Ambassade" we *see* the prices go up. Some of the enamel and gold and silver work is beautiful. Richard was quite fascinated with the Madonnas, with their black faces and wands, set in a handsome frame of gold, with light blue enamel. He bought two, one for Louise and one for me, which I am delighted to have. We bought various little boxes, some of lacquer, others in silver, rather prettily worked, and a variety of fancy spoons, buckles, etc.

I must stop now and dress. We dine at 6, so as to be at the Opéra at 9. We shall go "en gala," our three carriages, as it is a fine warm night. The detective is a little anxious for to-night (it would be such a good opportunity to get rid of all the Russian Princes, to say nothing of the foreigners). He and Pontécoulant suggested to W. that I should be left at home, but I protested

vigorously. If they all go, I am going too. I don't feel very nervous, I wonder why; for it really is a little uncomfortable—unusual to hesitate about going to the Opéra because one might be blown up.

## To H. L. K

*Jeudi, May 31st, 1883.*

I was too tired to write last night, though the opera was over fairly early. It was a beautiful sight, the house brilliantly lighted and crowded, nothing but uniforms, orders, and jewels. There was one dark box, which of course attracted much attention; the Americans—all the men in black, except the three naval officers—(we were acclamés all along the route, and I must say Leroy and Hubert looked very well in their tricorns and powdered wigs). I wore the crème embroidered velvet with blue satin front, tiara, and blue feathers in my hair. I fancy Philippe had made a sort of tower on the top of my head, but he again assured me I must have a "coiffure de circonstance."

The square before the Opéra was brilliantly lighted (they certainly light most beautifully in Russia—thousands of candles everywhere), a red carpet down, and quantities of palms and flowers—always also quantities of gilded gentlemen. We didn't wait very long for the Court to appear—about a quarter of an hour—and were much taken up looking at everything, and everybody, and trying to recognize our friends. A large box at one end of the house, opposite the stage, was reserved for the Royalties, all draped of course in red and gold.

Everyone rose when the Emperor and Empress arrived, always

with their brilliant cortège of Princes. One of the most striking uniforms was the Prince of Montenegro's, but they all made a fine show, and a most effective background for the women—the orchestra playing the Russian Hymn, the chorus singing it, all the house applauding, and all eyes fixed on the Royal box.

It was really magnificent, and the Emperor looked pleased. They gave the first act of Glinka's opera "La Vie pour le Czar." When the curtain fell the whole house rose again; when the Emperor and Empress left their box there was a general movement among the people, and some of our colleagues had come to pay us a visit when Count Worontzoff (Ministre de la Cour) appeared and said, "Sa Majesté" hoped we would come and have tea with her, and he would have the honour of showing us the way; so he gave me his arm and took me to the foyer, which was very well arranged with flowers, plants, and red carpets.

There were several round tables. He took me to the Empress' table, where were the Queen of Greece, Grand Duchesses Constantine and Wladimir, Lady Thornton, and Madame Jaurès; also Nigra, Schweinitz, and a brother of the Shah de Perse. The Empress looked so young, in white, with a broad red ribbon, and splendid diamonds. The Queen of Greece was charming, asked me if I ever found time to write to Francis. The Emperor didn't sit down—he walked about between the tables, and talked to everybody.

We stayed, I should think, about half an hour at the tea-table, and then went back to the theatre. The ballet was

long, but interesting, all the mazurkas of the Empire were danced in costume. We got our carriages easily enough, and the arrangements were good. The younger members of the Mission who didn't go for tea with the Empress found the entr'acte long.

*Saturday, June 2d.*

I couldn't write yesterday, Dear, for I was in bed until dinner-time, thoroughly tired out. Neither W. nor I went to the ball on Thursday night given by the "Noblesse de Moscou." I hoped to be able to go to the ball of the German Embassy last night, but I couldn't do that either. I felt rather better about 6 o'clock, and sent for my dress, as W. particularly wanted me to go, but the minute I stood up and tried to dress I was half fainting, so there was no use persisting.

The fatigue has been something awful, and the hours of standing have made it impossible to put on my Paris shoes, and I have been obliged to buy white satin *boots* at one of the Moscow shoemakers. The bootmakers will make his fortune, as it seems everybody is in the same state. The Empress even can't wear her usual shoes, and all the women have left off coquettish little shoes that match their dresses, and taken to these rather primitive *chaussures*.

W. and all the gentlemen went to the ball, and said it was very handsome—everything, silver, supper, servants, etc., had been sent from Berlin. Madame Schweinitz, who has a young baby, arrived from Petersburg the morning of the ball. Count Eulenburg—one of the German Emperor's *Maîtres des*

Cérémonies—had also arrived to decide about the questions of precedence, place, etc. The Court remained to supper, so of course the Ambassadors were obliged to stay. W. got home at 2 o'clock, very late for this country, where everything begins early.

Richard and Pontécoulant are getting great friends. Pontécoulant blagues<sup>5</sup> him all the time—says he is getting a perfect courtier, and that his electors in the Seine Inférieure would be scandalized if they could see him. I must dress now for the "Fête Populaire," and will write more when I get back.

*9 o'clock.*

I have retired to my own quarters. W. dines with Nigra, so I have remained in my dressing-room, as I have still a "fond de fatigue." The Fête Populaire was interesting. The day has been beautiful, and there was not a hitch of any kind. The drive out was interesting, on account of the people, a steady stream of peasants of all ages going the same way. We went at once to the Loge Impériale, a large pavilion erected at the entrance facing the great plain. The space was so enormous that one hardly distinguished anything. The booths and towers looked like little spots, and they were very far off. The Emperor and Empress never left the Loge. He certainly didn't go down and walk about among the people, as some enthusiastic gentlemen had told us he would. Of course all the same people were assembled in the Loge—Diplomatists, Court officials, officers, etc. There was a cold lunch always going

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<sup>5</sup> Teases.

on.

There were many white dresses—all Russian women wear white a great deal at any age. The Princess Kotchoubey—78 years old—who put the Imperial mantle on the Empress the day of the sacre, and who had done the same thing for the late Empress, was dressed entirely in white, bonnet, mantle, everything.

The Court remained about an hour, and we left as soon as they did. There was some little delay getting our carriages, but on the whole the thing was well managed. Already some people were coming away looking very smiling, and carrying their baskets most carefully. I will bring you one of the mugs they gave me with the chiffre of the Emperor and Empress, and the date.

*Sunday, June 3d.*

I stayed at home all the morning, quite pleased to have nothing to do. This afternoon W., Pontécoulant, and I went for a little turn. We got out of the carriage at the Kremlin, and walked about, having a quiet look at everything. The view from the terrace was enchanting, the afternoon sun lighting up all the curious old buildings, and bringing out the colours of everything.

This evening we have had a diplomatic dinner. I was between Schweinitz and Sir Edward Thornton. Both of them talked a great deal. After dinner I talked some time to Hunt, whom I like very much. He says many people, Russians particularly, couldn't understand why he didn't wear his uniform—"ce n'est pas très poli pour nous." They can't conceive that the representative of

a great Power shouldn't be attired in velvet and gold like all the rest of the Embassies.

The table was again covered with pink roses. They just last through the dinner, and fall to pieces as soon as they are taken out of the vases. Some of them looked so fresh, not even in full bloom, that I thought I could send some French roses to Countess Pahlen, and the moment we left the dining-room Lhermite took them off the table, but they fell to pieces in his hands, covering the floor with their petals.

*Monday, June 4th.*

This morning we have been photographed in the courtyard—the whole establishment, gala carriages, servants, horses, moujiks, maids, cooks, etc. First there was the "classic" group of the Mission, W. and I seated in front, with all the gentlemen standing around us. It was very long getting the poses all right so as to show everybody in an advantageous light; and as it is (judging from the cliché) François de Corcelle looks as if he was throttling me. Then came the group of the whole party, and it was amusing to see how eager the Russian maids and the stablemen were to be well placed. They stood as still as rocks. We waited a little to see the gala carriages and horses taken, but that was too long. The horses were nervous, and never were quiet an instant. Now someone has gone to get a drum—they think the sudden noise may make them all look in the same direction for a moment.

W. and I have been out for a turn—to the Kremlin of course,

which is really the most interesting part of Moscow. There is always the same crowd hurrying and jostling each other. We went all over St. Basile. The inside is curious, with a succession of rooms and dark recesses, but the outside is unique; such an agglomeration of domes, steeples, bell-towers; all absolutely different in shape and colour—perfectly barbarous, but very striking.

W. enjoys our quiet afternoon drives, the perpetual representation, seeing always the same people, and saying and hearing the same things, is beginning to tire him. It is a curious life. We see nothing but the Court and the people—no haute bourgeoisie nor intermediate class, and yet they exist, people in finance and commercial affairs. They certainly have had no part in the show—I should think there must be great discontent. The young generation certainly will never be satisfied to be kept entirely out of everything. Some of them have travelled, been educated in England, have handsome houses, English horses, etc., but apparently they don't exist—at least we have never seen any.

I must stop, as we dress and dine early for the Palace Ball. My Dear, my dress is frightfully green (Delannoy's green velvet coat over pink tulle). Of course we chose it by candle-light, when it looked charming; but as we dress and start by daylight I am rather anxious. I consulted Pontécoulant, who came in just as the maids were bringing it in. He said, "C'est bien vert, Madame." Let us hope that the light of thousands of wax candles may have

a subduing effect.

# To G. K. S

*Ambassade de France, Moscow,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*June 5, 1883.*

The Palace ball was quite beautiful last night. I had some misgivings as to my dress until we got to the Palace, as the gentlemen of the Embassy had evidently found me *very green* when we assembled in the great hall before starting; however as soon as we arrived in the big room of the Palace where we were all marshalled, Countess Linden (an American born) said to me at once "Oh, Mdme. Waddington, how lovely your pink roses look on the *dark blue* velvet," so I knew it was all right. I wore that dress of Delannoy's which she was sure would be most effective—pink tulle skirts—with a green velvet habit (chosen of course by candle-light) so that it did look very green by daylight, and a wreath of pink roses round the décolleté. I remember both Henrietta and Pauline were a little doubtful—but it certainly made more effect than any dress I wore except the blue manteau de cour. I will tell Delannoy. We always go in by a special side entrance to these Palace functions, which is a pity, as we miss the grand staircase, which they told us was splendid with red carpets, soldiers, and gold-laced gentlemen to-night. We waited some time, an hour certainly, before the Court came, but as all

the Corps Diplomatique were assembled there it was pleasant enough, and we all compared our experiences and our fatigue, for everybody was dead tired—the men more than the women.

The rooms are magnificent—very high, and entirely lighted by wax candles—thousands; one of the chamberlains told me how many, but I would scarcely dare to say. The Court arrived with the usual ceremony and always the same brilliant suite of officers and foreign Princes. The Emperor and Empress looked very smiling, and not at all tired. She was in white, with splendid diamonds and the broad blue ribbon of St. André. He always in uniform. As soon as they appeared the polonaises began, this time three only, which the Emperor danced with the ladies of the family. I danced the first with the Grand Duke Wladimir. He is charming and amiable, but has a stern face when he isn't smiling. I think if the Russians ever feel his hand it will be a heavy one. I danced the second with the Grand Duke Alexis, and looked on at the third. It was not nearly so fine a sight as the Court ball at the old palace. *There* the mixture of modern life and dress and half barbaric costumes and ornamentations was so striking; also the trains made such an effect, being all étaléd one was obliged to keep a certain distance, and that gave a stately air to the whole thing which was wanting last night when all the women were in ordinary ball dress, not particularly long, so that the cortége was rather crowded and one saw merely a mass of jewelled heads (the dress was lost). Also they merely walked around the ballroom, not going through all the rooms as we did at the old palace.

When the polonaises were over there were one or two waltzes. The Empress made several turns, but with the Princes only, and we stood and looked on.

While we were waiting there until someone should come and get us for some new function I heard a sort of scuffle behind me and a woman's impatient voice saying in English "I can't bear it another moment," and a sound of something falling or rolling across the floor. I turned round and saw Mdme. A— (a secretary's wife, also an American) apparently struggling with something, and very flushed and excited. I said, "What is the matter?" "I am kicking off my shoes." "But you can never put them on again." "I don't care if I never see them again—I can't stand them another minute." "But you have to walk in a cortége to supper with the Imperial party." "I don't care at all, I shall walk in my stockings," then came another little kick, and the slipper disappeared, rolling underneath a heavy damask curtain. I quite sympathized with her, as my beautiful white slippers (Moscow manufacture) were not altogether comfortable, but I think I should not have had the strength of mind to discard them entirely. When I was dressing, Adelaide tried to persuade me that I had better put on the pink satin slippers that matched my dress; but my experience of the hours of standing at all Russian Court functions had at least taught me not to start with anything that was at all tight.

While we were looking at the dancing the Grand Duke Michel came over and asked me if I wouldn't come and stand a little with the Grand Duchesses. He took me to a little group where were

the Grand Duchesses Michel and Constantine and the Queen of Greece (she is always so gay and natural). They at once asked me who had made my dress, and what color it was. They had been talking about it, and couldn't agree. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on her emeralds, and beautiful they were—blocks of stone, rather difficult to wear. She must have been very handsome, has still a beautiful figure, and holds herself splendidly.

We talked music a little—she said I ought to hear some of the people's songs. I should like to very much, but there doesn't seem any place where one can hear the national songs. The men of the Embassy went one night to the "Hermitage," where there was a little of everything, and did hear some of the peasants singing their national airs, but they didn't seem to think I could go. While we were still talking there was a move, and they said the Empress (who had been dancing all the time in a small circle made for her at her end of the ballroom and very strictly kept) was going to have tea. All the Court and suite followed, and I was rather wondering how to get back to my place and my colleagues when a tall aide-de-camp came up and said he would have the honour of conducting me to Her Majesty's tea—so we started off across several rooms and corridors, which were crowded, and arrived at a door where the two gigantic negroes were standing. He said something—the doors flew open—he made me a low bow and retired (as he couldn't come any farther), and I found myself standing alone in a large room with four or five tables

—everyone seated. For a moment I didn't know quite what to do, and felt rather shy, but the Princess Kotchoubey, Grande Maîtresse, who was standing in the middle of the room, came forward at once and took me to the Duchesse d'Edimbourg's table, where there were also the Arch-Duchess Charles Louis, the Duchess of Oldenburg, a young Hessian Prince, and my two colleagues, Lady Thornton and Madame Jaurès.

We had tea and ices—didn't talk much, except the Duchess of Edinburgh, who seems clever and ready to talk—but I wasn't near her. I didn't see all the Ambassadors, mine certainly wasn't there, and of course very few comparatively of our colleagues, as only Ambassadors and their wives were invited to Her Majesty's tea (no small fry, like Ministers).

I had the explanation of W.'s absence later. When the Court moved off to tea General Wolseley suggested that W. should come and smoke a cigar in his room. He was lodged at the Kremlin with his Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh. He, like a true Briton, had enough of bowing and standing. W. was naturally quite of the same opinion, so they picked up Admiral Seymour (also with the Duke of Edinburgh) and had a very pleasant hour smoking and talking until they were summoned for supper. *That* they couldn't get out of, as we made a fine procession directly behind the Court through all the rooms to St. George's Hall—a great white high room magnificently lighted, with tablets all around the walls with the names of the Knights of the Order of St. George who had died in battle, and a souper assis for 800

people. Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, took me. As we were parading through the rooms between two hedges of gaping people looking at the cortége, dresses, diamonds, etc., I thought of Mdme. A— and her stockings, and wondered how she was getting on. I daresay quite well; as she had a yellow satin dress and yellow silk stockings perhaps no one noticed anything, and as long as she didn't step on a needle or anything sharp she was all right. Someone will find a nice little pair of yellow satin shoes under the window-curtains in the ballroom when the cleaning up is done after the fêtes.

The hall was a blaze of light and jewels—a long table across the end for the Imperial party, and all of us at two long tables running the whole length of the room. The gold and silver plate was very handsome, particularly the massive flambeaux and high ornaments for the middle of the table. The supper was good, hot, and quickly served. There was music all the time—singers, men and women, in a gallery singing all sorts of Russian airs which nobody listened to. The Emperor did not sit down to supper. He remained standing in the middle of the room talking to his gentlemen, and a few words to the diplomatists when supper was over and one loitered a little before going back to the ballroom. He certainly doesn't care to talk to strangers—seeks them out very little, and when he does talk it is absolutely banal. Is it "paresse d'esprit" or great reserve?—one hardly knows. I should think all this parade and function bored him extremely. They say he is very domestic in his tastes, and what he likes best is the

country with his wife and children.

After supper we went back to the ballroom for about half an hour. Then the Court retired and we followed them at once. We got our carriages fairly quickly. There are always crowds in the streets waiting to see the grand-monde pass. The Kremlin looks fairy-like as we drive through—lights everywhere, some high, high up in a queer little octagon green tower—then a great doorway and staircase all lighted, with quantities of servants and soldiers standing about; then a bit of rough pavement in a half dark court and under a little low dark gate with a shrine and Madonna at one end—all so perfectly unmodern, and unlike anything else.

I began my letter this morning before breakfast, but didn't finish, as I was called off by some visits, and now I will try and send this off by to-night's courier. We have had a nice afternoon looking at the Trésor. Of course it was very hurried—it would take weeks to see everything. The collection of state carriages and sleighs is interesting. Almost all the carriages are French—either given to the various Russian Sovereigns by French Kings, or ordered in France by the Sovereigns themselves. The great sledge in which Catharine II. made all her long voyages is comfortable enough, and not unlike the "wagons impériaux" in which we travelled from Varsovie to Moscow.

Then we saw all the Coronation robes, crowns, sapphires, swords, jewelled belts and collars, furs, etc., of all the old Emperors from Ivan the Terrible down to the late Emperor.

Some of the crowns of the first Ivans and Peters are extraordinary—a sort of high fur cap covered with jewels, but heavy and roughly made—the jewels always beautiful, such large stones, particularly sapphires and rubies. There were vitrines full of splendid gold and silver cups and dishes, presents to the Emperor from all the different provinces.

They tell us the present Emperor has had magnificent things given to him, but we have not seen them yet. We met various people also going through the Museum, and I had quite a talk with Radziwill (you know which one I mean, who married Countess Malatesta's daughter). It seemed funny to go back to the old Roman days, and the evenings (*prima-sera*) in the Malatesta Palace. He says everybody is worn out with the ceremonies and the standing—however, to-night is the end, with our dinner at the Palace.

I have again been interrupted—this time by a visit from the Duc d'Aoste, whom I always find charming. He is not at all expansive and very shy, but when one breaks the ice he is interesting. He doesn't look like anybody else, nor as if he belonged to this century. It is quite the face one would see in any old Spanish picture—a soldier-monk of Velasquez. He talked about the Exhibition of '78, when W. was at the Foreign Office, and I was almost tempted to tell him how embarrassed we all were on the opening day when there were so many Ex-Spanish Sovereigns—King François d'Assises, Queen Isabella, and King Amédée. There was a big reception in the evening at

the Elysée, and the Maréchal<sup>6</sup> was rather bothered with all his Spanish Royalties. However, Queen Isabella and the Duc d'Aoste were evidently on the best of terms. I saw them talking together, and I believe all the Spaniards liked d'Aoste, though naturally they wanted a King of their own race.

Here is Monsieur Philippe for his last coiffure, as he says somewhat sadly. To-night's dinner is our last function. We have then the revue, by daylight, of course, and leave on Sunday for Petersburg.

*Wednesday, June 6th.*

The gala dinner was handsome and *short* last night. W. and I went off alone (none but chefs de mission were invited) in the coupé d'Orsay, always with Benckendorff in his carriage in front—W. in uniform, I in my white and silver brocade, white feathers and diamonds in my hair, no colour anywhere, not even on my cheeks, which reduces Philippe to a state of prostrate stupefaction—"Madame qui pourrait être si bien."

We were received at the foot of the staircase and at the doors by all the Chamberlains as usual and taken at once to the same Salle St. George where we were to dine—all at the Imperial table this time—about 500 couverts. We were shown at once our seats—all the places were marked, and we stood waiting behind our chairs (like the footmen) for the Court to appear. I found myself seated between the Duc d'Aoste and the young Crown Prince of

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<sup>6</sup> MacMahon, President at that time of the French Republic.

Sweden, so I was quite satisfied. One of my colleagues was very anxious I should change the papers—give her my Duke and take her's, who was never civil to her, but would be perhaps to me, but I demurred, as I knew mine would be nice, and I didn't know her's at all. I don't think he was very nice to her, certainly didn't talk much, but perhaps he never does.

We didn't wait very long. The Court was fairly punctual—the Empress looked very nice, all in white with diamonds. She had on her right the Duc d'Edimbourg (who always had the place of honour), and on her left the Prince Waldemar de Danemark, her brother. The Emperor had the Queen of Greece on his right, the Arch Duchess Charles Louis on his left. The dinner wasn't bad, and was quickly served. The fish were enormous, served on large silver dishes as big as boats. There was always that curious Russian soup with all sorts of nondescript things floating about on the surface. The Duc d'Aoste was as nice as possible—said the Court officials would be enchanted when everything was over, and all the foreign Princes safely back in their own countries, that the question of etiquette was something awful. As soon as the Russian Court decided anything all the others immediately protested—used all sorts of precedents, and complicated matters in every way. I suggested that he himself was difficult to place on account of the Duc de Montpensier, who was here as a Spanish Prince, husband of the Infanta. He replied "Absolument pas—je suis ici comme prince italien, frère du roi," declining any sort of Spanish souvenir.

When dinner was over we passed into the *salle St. André* for coffee, and that was funny too. As soon as the Emperor and Empress made the move all our Dukes and Princes got up at once, and joined the Imperial procession, and we followed all in a heap. There we had a pleasant half hour, the Empress and the Grand Duchesses came over and talked to us, hoped we were not tired, that we had been interested, etc. I said to the Grand Duchess Constantine that they must be enchanted to be at the end of their functions, and to get rid of us all—but she said not at all. She herself was much less tired than when she began. She asked me what I had found the most striking in all the ceremonies. I said certainly the Coronation—first the moment when the Emperor crowned himself—the only figure standing on the dais, and afterwards when he crowned the Empress, she kneeling before him.

The Empress asked me if I was going straight back to France, but she didn't say, as so many of the others did, "*Ce n'est pas adieu pour vous, Mdme. Waddington, mais au revoir, car vous reviendrez certainement.*" Admiral Jaurès having already resigned many people think W. will be the next Ambassador, but he certainly won't come.

About 9 the Court retired. We had dined at 7, so the whole thing took about two hours. It was quite light when we came out of the Palace, and when we got back to the *Maison Klein* we found the Embassy just finishing dinner, still in the dining-room. We sat a few minutes with them telling our experiences.

W. had been next to the Grand Duchess Michel, who was very animated and intelligent, and extremely well posted in all literary and political matters, and fairly just for a Princess speaking about a Republic.

Poor Pontécoulant has had a telegram telling him of his brother's death. He is very much upset, and goes off to-night. W. will miss him extremely—he was his right-hand man. I have been out this morning shopping with François de Courcelle. It isn't easy, as our Russian is not fluent, but still we managed to find a few things.

This afternoon I have been with Lagrené (Consul), Sesmaisons, Corcelle, and Calmon to the great institution of the "Enfants Trouvés" fondée par l'Impératrice Cathérine II. There we found Admiral Jaurès and all his staff, and a director who showed us all over the establishment—of course everything was in perfect order, and perfectly clean (and I believe it always is), but I should have preferred not having our visit announced, so as to see the every-day working of the thing. We went through quantities of rooms. In all, the Russian nurses with their high head-dress (kakoshnik), the colour of the room, were standing, and showed us most smilingly their babies. The rooms are all known by their colours and the nurses dressed to correspond. All pink kakoshniks, for instance, in the pink room, blue in the blue room, etc. It was rather effective when all the women were standing in groups. The nurses were decidedly young, some rather pretty faces, almost all fair. The surveillante is a nice,

kindly looking woman. We saw the whole ceremony. In one of the rooms of the rez-de-chaussée we saw several women waiting to take the children. The operation is always the same—one writes down at once the name and age of the child (which is generally written on a piece of paper pinned on to the clothes), they are always very young, 5 or 6 days old. Then they are undressed, weighed, and carried off by one of the nurses, wrapped up in a blanket, to a bath. After the bath they are dressed in quite clean, nice garments, and the nurse gives them the breast at once. All the rooms, dortoirs, salles-debain, laundries, kitchens, are as clean as possible, plenty of light and air, and no smells. We met Countess Pahlen going out as we came in, also the Arch Duke Charles Louis.

As we still had time before dinner we went to see the new church of St. Sauveur, where there is to be a great ceremony of consecration to-morrow; but as it is principally to celebrate the retreat of the French Army from Moscow the two French Embassies abstain from that function. We met there Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, who did the honours, and showed us the marbles, which are very varied and handsome, all from the provinces of the Empire. The place was full of workmen putting up tribunes, red and gold draperies, etc., but the Prince, with much tact, made no allusion to to-morrow's function—so we apparently didn't notice anything unusual in the church, and concentrated our attention on the beautiful Russian marble.

*11 o'clock.*

I will finish to-night. We have had our second diplomatic dinner, and I found it pleasant, I hope the guests did. I had Mgr.<sup>7</sup> Vannutelli, the Nonce, next to me. He is charming—such an easy talker. He arrived after the sacre, as of course he could take no part in the ceremony. He told me the dream of his life was to come to Paris, and I think he would have a great success. He and Prince Orloff talked very easily together, and Orloff told him he ought to come to Paris. Orloff also says that W. ought to come back here as Ambassador, that he would be decidedly a "persona grata," but that isn't W.'s impression. He has talked to a good many men who are about the Court and the Emperor, and he thinks a soldier, not a political man, would be a much better appointment. We shall miss Pontécoulant awfully. He is so easy-going and looks after everything, always smoothing things over—very necessary in a temporary Embassy like this where all pull apart a little, and there is a sort of dull friction and rivalry between the soldiers and the diplomatists. It is funny to live entirely with a quantity of men, but they are all charming to me.

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<sup>7</sup> Now cardinal.

# To H. L. K

*Ambassade de France, Moscow,*

*Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,*

*Thursday, June 7th, 1883.*

W. and I have had such a quiet conjugal day that we can hardly believe we are still "Ambassadeur Extraordinaire." We breakfasted tête-à-tête, as all the gentlemen have gone off to the Convent of St. Serge, which is one of the things to see here. They have a very fine trésor. The Emperor and Empress made retraite there before the sacre. After breakfast W. looked over his despatches, and I played a little some Russian music which Benckendorff had given me.

About three we started off for "les Moineaux," a hill near Moscow from which Napoleon had his first view of the city. There was no sun, which was a pity, as all the colour of Moscow makes it so original and different from everything else—however the city looked mysterious and poetical in a sort of pink brume. We met various colleagues going the same way—Nigra always in his "Troika" (Russian attelage) and the Hunts. Nigra came and joined us on the terrace, and we had tea together. They offered us a great many things, but we declined experiments, and kept on saying "Tchai" (which means tea), until they brought it. Nigra told W. he should taste the peculiar brandy of the country which

all drink—prince and peasant—but I think W. did not like it much. Nigra was most agreeable. He is Italian Ambassador to Petersburg, and knows everybody. He says Russian Society is rather fermée, unless you take their ways and hours. All the ladies receive late, after the theatres, every evening. It is quite informal—a cup of tea, very often music, and really interesting talk. He says the women are remarkably intelligent and cultivated—en masse cleverer than the men. I wonder if he would go as far about them as Lord Lyons did about American women. When he came back from America he said he had *never*

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