

DOROTHÉE DINO

MEMOIRS OF THE
DUCHESS DE DINO
(AFTERWARDS
DUCHESS DE
TALLEYRAND ET DE
SAGAN), 1831-1835

Dino Dorothée
Memoirs of the Duchesse de
Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de
Talleyrand et de Sagan), 1831-1835

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*Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de
Sagan), 1831-1835:*

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duchesse de Dorothee Dino Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan), 1831-1835

PREFACE

This history is composed of notes made in England during the Embassy of the Prince de Talleyrand and of fragments of letters addressed by my grandmother, the Duchesse de Dino (afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan), during a period of thirty years, to M. Adolphe de Bacourt, who gave them to me by her desire.

Some months before her death in 1862 my grandmother, who was then fully aware of her condition, herself told me of the precious legacy which would be transmitted to me when she was gone by M. de Bacourt, her executor, and added her final instructions and advice.

A just judgment on conspicuous ideas and persons is possible only after the lapse of many years, and so I should willingly have

postponed the publication of these Memoirs. But some years since, my niece, the Comtesse Jean de Castellane, published the story of the early years of the Duchesse de Dino, and as many readers desire to have the continuation, I have decided not to withhold it any longer, and it will be found in the following pages.

The book throws more light on the last years of the Prince de Talleyrand than any previous publication, and it speaks so well for itself that I need say nothing for it. The place which the Duchess occupied in the European Society of the first half of last century is also too well known to need to be recalled here. Her personal charm, like her intellectual distinction, has rarely been equalled, but the moral fascination which she exercised on all who knew her is less well known. Intellect is a great source of strength, but nobility of soul is a greater; and it was assuredly this which helped the Duchess in many difficult passages in her history.

It is this sense of nobility and distinction which, in my opinion, is the chief characteristic of her Memoirs.

CASTELLANE, PRINCESSE RADZIWILL

CHAPTER I

1831

Paris, May 9, 1831.— I am bewildered by the tumult of Paris. There is such a babel of words, such a crowd of faces, that I hardly recognise myself, and have the greatest difficulty in collecting my thoughts so as to discover where I am, where others are, whether the country is doing well or ill, whether the physicians are skilful enough, or whether the malady is beyond their art.

Twenty times I have stopped to think of Madeira; sometimes, too, my thoughts are of Valençay; but I can find no fixed resting-place, and it seems to me quite futile to prejudge anything before the great electoral crisis which preoccupies everybody. *A propos* of everything, people here say "after the elections," just as the gay world of London used to say "after Easter."

There was a little article in the *Moniteur* of yesterday; the attitude of the Ministry and that of the general public are both just and flattering to M. de Talleyrand, but reason is not the fashion nowadays, and less so in this country than elsewhere. In fact, if I were to let my thoughts wander over the thousand and one small complications which spoil and embarrass everything, the only conclusion I could arrive at would be that the country is very ill but that the doctor is excellent!..

London, September 10, 1831.— From Paris letters it appears that the indestructible Bailli de Ferette has at length taken his departure; likewise Madame Visconti, another extraordinary relic of the past.

I hear there have been *émeutes* of women; fifteen hundred of these horrible creatures made a commotion, and because of their sex the Garde Nationale would not use force. Fortunately, the rain settled the matter.

Yesterday came an express with a rigmarole about Belgium asking that the Dutch should retire still further, that Maestricht should be garrisoned by Dutch alone, expressing impatience at General Baudrand having had direct conversations in private with the English Ministers, and recalling him forthwith. He will not go, however, till after the Drawing-room.

Nothing new about Poland.

The *Times* tells of the ill-starred attempt in Portugal. A malison on Dom Miguel! What a shame it is that he should have triumphed!

The only news in London is that on the occasion of the coronation,¹ the King allowed the Bishops to lay aside their ugly wigs. This has made them quite unrecognisable for the last week, for they were in such a hurry to avail themselves of the permission that they did not allow time for their hair to grow again. The result was that they cut a very odd figure, and were the delight of all the guests at the King's dinner.

¹ Of King William IV.

London, September 11, 1831.—Everybody is still talking of nothing but the coronation; the Duke of Devonshire's return on foot all splashed with mud; the acts, words, and appearance of everyone are discussed, embellished, distorted, and reviewed with more or less charity: that is to say, with no charity at all. The Queen alone is left untouched; everyone says that she was perfect, and they are quite right.

I saw the Duke of Gloucester yesterday, and could get nothing out of him except that they had been trying to avoid having Van de Weyer (who makes the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar swoon) at the great diplomatic dinner to-day at Saint James's. They, therefore, hit on the plan of asking, besides ambassadors, only such ministers as are married; I thought this rather stupid.

All the venerable survivals are disappearing; there is Lady Mornington, mother of the Duke of Wellington, who died yesterday at the age of ninety. This event can make little difference to her son.

The Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen left yesterday by the steamer for Rotterdam; the Duchess of Cambridge leaves to-day for the Hague *viâ* Bruges. The great preoccupation of them all is to avoid Brussels.

Lady Belfast describes very amusingly the visit of the English yachts to Cherbourg and the welcome they had there. They were received by the authorities, who could not in the least understand what a Gentleman's Yacht Club in which the Government had no concern could be; in fact, they were near taking the members

for pirates. However, they gave them a dinner and a ball. Lord Yarborough wished to return their hospitality on board his yacht, but all the provincial fair ladies declared that nothing would induce them to dance on the sea, that they would be certain to be horribly sick, and that the proposal was altogether barbarous. Finally, Lord Yarborough was obliged to yield, and gave his ball in a Cherbourg tavern, where, however, he managed to spend ten thousand francs in a single evening.

London, September 13, 1831.— Yesterday's Drawing-room was more crowded than ever, and consequently so long and fatiguing that Mexico, Spain, and Naples were successively placed *hors de combat*. The diplomatic ranks were so much thinned by these ladies fainting one after the other that one had to exert oneself more than usual.

Madame de Lieven boldly seated herself on the steps of the throne, whence she passed into the King's room, where she had lunch. She came back and told us that she was neither tired nor hungry. She all but added that our legs should be rested because hers were, and our stomachs satisfied because hers had been stayed.

The peeresses, as a rule, looked well in their robes. One unhappy creature paid dearly for the pleasure of exercising her right as a peeress to be received by the King whether he will or no. Lady Ferrers had been practically kept by her husband as his mistress before he married her, so Lord Howe told Lord Ferrers that the Queen would not receive his wife. Lord Ferrers

replied, however, that peeresses had the *entrée*, and that could not be denied. He was warned, however, that the Queen would turn away as Lady Ferrers passed, and this is what happened. I must observe that even in this the Queen showed her kindness of heart, for she pretended to begin a conversation with the Princess Augusta just before Lady Ferrers came opposite to her. She did not interrupt her conversation, and it was possible to think that the poor woman had passed unperceived and not insulted. I thought it was very nice of the Queen.

The dinner was magnificent, and the exuberance of the King's good humour was really comic; he made several remarkable speeches in French, and I hear that, when the ladies had gone, the grossness of his conversation was beyond belief. I have never seen him so gay. I think that certain despatches from Paris which arrived a little before dinner, and brought to Lord Palmerston and M. de Talleyrand the news that the French troops would begin the evacuation of Belgium on the 27th and would all be back in France by the 30th, had something to do with the Royal hilarity. Lord Grey was radiant about it.

The news of the cholera is bad; it has got to Sweden *viâ* Finland, and at Berlin in three days thirty out of the sixty sick have died. There has been enough ado about it in Paris for M. Perier to make his appearance there on horseback in his ministerial uniform; his presence had a good effect.

It seems that the Belgian business is definitely settled, and M. de Talleyrand was saying yesterday that he would be in France

at the end of October. But I have already seen so many ups and downs in these affairs that I no longer profess to predict anything a week ahead.

Tunbridge Wells, September 16, 1831.— I have just been visiting Eridge Castle,² which belongs to a rich and misanthropic octogenarian much persecuted by misfortune. His title is Earl of Abergavenny, but his family name is Neville. He is a cousin of Lord Warwick; the celebrated "King maker" was a Neville, and Eridge Castle was his. At a later date Queen Elizabeth was feasted there.

The foundations of the castle are ancient, and it has been restored in the ancient style, with great care, by the present owner. The effect of the whole is perfectly harmonious, and every detail is rich and elegant. The perfection of the carving and the beauty of the stained glass are wonderful. Lord Abergavenny's own apartments are extremely dismal. The castle occupies a very high point on the top of a hill, with a lake twenty acres in extent at the foot. But the low ground is surrounded by hills which are even higher than the one in the centre, on which the castle stands, and which are all covered with trees so splendid, so numerous, and stretching for so many miles, that they form a veritable forest. I have never seen a prospect so romantically wooded and at the same time so profoundly melancholy. It is not English, still less is it French; it is the Black Forest, it is

² Eridge Castle is in the county of Sussex, and still belongs to the Abergavenny family.

Bohemia. I have never seen ivy like that which covers the towers, the balconies, and indeed the whole building. In short, I rave about it.

In the park, in the heart of a clump of tall and very sombre fir-trees, there is a mineral spring exactly like that at Tunbridge, and the park itself is not only full of deer but has also stags, any number of cows and sheep, and a fine herd of buffaloes.

Lord Abergavenny is very charitable. A hundred and twenty workmen are constantly in his employment; but since the visitors from Tunbridge came and damaged his garden he allows no one to see either his park or his house. Some time ago he refused admittance even to the Princesse de Lieven. Pleading notes from Countess Bathyány and from me touched his heart. He was out when we came, but had left orders for the servants to show us everything; we were guided through the woods by a man on horseback. His people are very fond of him; they have much to say of his goodness, and recount very impressively the story of the misfortunes which have afflicted their unhappy old master.

London, September 17, 1831.— On my way back from Tunbridge yesterday I visited Knole, one of the most ancient castles in England, built by King John. The oldest part of the existing building dates from this time. Knole was for long in the possession of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but Cranmer, finding that his magnificence excited popular discontent, restored it to the Crown. Elizabeth gave it to the Sackvilles, the eldest of whom she made Earl of Dorset; and

it has remained in that family until the present day. It has just come into the hands of Lady Plymouth, sister of the Duke of Dorset, who was killed in the hunting-field, and left no children. The present Duke of Dorset, an old man, is the uncle of his predecessor; he has inherited the title without the estate.

When I choose I can be as meticulous as anybody! I condescended to read up the guide-book, and put myself in the hands of the housekeeper. This ancient fairy-godmother is very good at showing off the venerable and lugubrious house of Knole, which for melancholy has no rival. Even the part which has been fitted up for the present occupants is no exception to this; much more profound, therefore, is the gloom of that which is given up to memories of the past. Everything there is genuine antique; there are five or six bedrooms, the hall, three galleries, and a saloon full of Jacobean furniture. Panelling, furniture, and pictures all date authentically from this period. The rooms occupied by James I. when he visited the first Earl of Dorset are magnificent; they are decorated with Venetian mirrors; there is a state bed of gold and silver brocade, a filigree toilet-set, ivory and ebony cabinets, and many other curious and beautiful things. There are portraits here of all England, and among a vast quantity of rubbish some dozen splendid examples of Van Dyck and Sir Robert Leslie. The park is large, but in no way remarkable; a rapid visit is quite sufficient.

London, September, 1831.—I am always unlucky in my return to London. I got back the day before yesterday, in time to learn

of the capture of Warsaw;³ and to-day I arrived from Stoke⁴ to hear of the new and serious disorders which had taken place in Paris on the occasion of the defeat of the Poles. The condition of the city was grave at the time of writing, from the details given in this morning's *Times*. I may add that M. Casimir Perier bravely saved Sébastiani from the gravest peril by taking him into his carriage. When they got to the Place Vendôme they were forced to take refuge in the Hôtel de l'État Major; there were loud cries of "*à bas Louis-Philippe!*"

To-day the fate of the Ministry will probably be decided in the Chamber. I know that M. de Rigny was very anxious, the previous sitting having been very unfavourable.

I have also received a very sad letter from M. Pasquin.

Our forebodings are turning out only too true.

London, September 20, 1831.— Count Paul Medem arrived yesterday and spent much of the day with me.

He left Paris on Saturday evening. I had plenty of time to question him, and found his judgment sound and cold as usual; he thinks that in France nothing as yet is either lost or saved. It is all, he thinks, a matter of chance; and one can depend on nothing. He brings ill news of the unpopularity of the King

³ Warsaw, capital of the Duchy of the same name, had been ceded to the Russians in 1815. In November 1830 a terrible insurrection broke out there, which liberated Poland for several months; but, in spite of a glorious campaign against Diebitsch, Warsaw was finally retaken by Parkéwitch on September 8, 1831.

⁴ Stoke is situate in the county of Stafford, and has a great porcelain manufactory founded by Wedgwood.

and of the ignorance and presumption of everybody. He thinks nothing of anyone but Casimir Perier, and even he makes no secret of his disgust at the little help he gets. I had a sad account of the social and commercial condition of Paris. Everything there is unrecognisable; dress, manners, tone, morals and language – all is changed. The men spend their whole lives in the cafés, and the women have vanished. New expressions have become the fashion. The Chamber of Deputies is termed *La Reine Législative*; the Chamber of Peers, *L'Ancienne Chambre*. The latter, as a power in the land, has ceased to exist. It is said that the King was more ready than anyone to abandon the hereditary principle in the peerage, hoping in this way to gain popularity and get a better civil list. No one supposes, however, that it will exceed twelve millions, and in the meantime he is drawing fifteen hundred thousand francs a month.

Several theatres are closed; the Opera and the Italiens still draw, but if the stars continue to appear on the stage it is only the seamy side of society that is seen in the boxes.

It is understood that the Czar Nicolas will only put to death such Poles as murdered Russian prisoners in the course of the sanguinary scenes enacted at the clubs. Siberia will receive the others. What a host of miserable creatures we shall see invading Europe, and more especially France! It is natural to want to shelter them, but it must be admitted that in the present state of France they can only be a new element of disorder. They say that when an émeute occurs the refugees from all countries always

play a leading part.

The news from Rio de Janeiro is bad for the children⁵ left by Dom Pedro. A revolt of the negroes has led to much disorder.

The scenes in Switzerland⁶ are deplorable.

Things have been happening at Bordeaux.

Miaulis⁷ has blown up his fleet rather than obey Capo d'Istria.

London, September 21, 1831. ⁸— The rioting began again in Paris on Sunday evening, and lasted all Monday morning. There were ominous symptoms of all kinds, and the aspect of the city was very serious. The interpellations announced by Mauguin and Laurence were postponed for twenty-four hours, because it was thought that a partial, if not a complete, dislocation of the Ministry was imminent. Heavenly powers! Where have we got to and whither are we tending!

In this connection it is confidently asserted that the troops at Madeira are ready to submit to Doña Maria. The name of Madeira pronounced (thrown out one might say) six months ago without much thought will turn out to have been prophetic. It is

⁵ (1) Doña Jennaria, born 1819; (2) Doña Paula, born 1823; (3) Doña Francisca, born 1824; (4) Dom Pedro, born 1825, who in 1831 became Emperor of Brazil under a regency.

⁶ On the occasion of the Revolution in France in 1830, new agitations arose in Switzerland. Bâle divided itself in 1831 into Bâle-Ville and Bâle-Campagne.

⁷ Miaulis had retired to Paros, and had put himself at the head of the rebellious Hydriotes.

⁸ From March to September 1831 insurrection, or at least agitation and tumult, was almost continual in the streets of Paris.

there that we will betake ourselves for refuge!

Jules Chodron⁹ is appointed Second Secretary of Legation at Brussels.

London, September 23, 1831.— There was a splendid day yesterday for the ceremony at Woolwich at which I was present. It was very impressive to see the launch of a great ship of war, and to see it towed afterwards into the dock where it is to be rigged.

We were on a platform near the King's; there were crowds and crowds of people, a multitude of steamers and rowing boats, bands, bells and salvoes of cannon without end. It was almost sunshine. The uniforms and dresses were brilliant; in fact, there was everything which contributes to produce an air of high festivity.

The King took a small detachment of the diplomatic corps, which I accompanied, to see a miniature frigate, a present to the King of Prussia. It is a charming little thing made entirely of copper and mahogany. Then he took us to lunch on board the *Royal Sovereign*, an old yacht of the time of George III., much gilded and bedizened. His Majesty addressed himself to me in drinking the health of the King of the French, and to Bülow in proposing the toast of His Prussian Majesty. He forgot Madame Falk, on which the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who was much annoyed, could not refrain from tears, and the King had to apologise to Madame Falk, and drink the health of the King

⁹ M. de Courcel.

of Holland.

I dined with the Duke of Wellington, who was in very good spirits. He hopes that the Reform Bill will be thrown out by the House of Lords on the Second Reading, which will take place on October 3. Lord Winchelsea, having declared that he would vote against it, was requested by the Ministry to resign his place at Court, but the King would not accept his resignation.

Yesterday evening came an express from Paris, dated the 20th, announcing that the riots are at an end, and that the Ministry has prevailed in the Chamber of Deputies; but, on the other hand, it is said that what has been passed proves that the Belgian treaty must be on the basis proposed in the despatch of the 12th.

London, September 25, 1831.— We have got the details of the sitting of the Chamber at which the Ministry triumphed. The victory was won on an order of the day; worded in a manner honourable to the Government, and carried by a majority of 85. There voted 357 – 221 for M. Perier, 136 against. Things, therefore, have for the moment resumed some sort of equilibrium, but I have little confidence in the event. The new Chamber has still to show what it means to do about hereditary peerages, about the civil list and the budget, and it does not seem to me to be prepared either to say or to do any good thing.

People are still writing to me praising the high courage of M. Perier, and representing the country as being in a critical condition, and Pozzo as very nervous in spite of his nephew's marriage, with which he is delighted.

Three gentlemen from Arras, introduced by the Baron de Talleyrand, have been dining with us. They belong to the French middle class, and are very proud of the fact. One of the three was a little man of seventeen in the rhetoric class of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, who is here for his holidays, and is already as talkative and as positive as could be wished. He gives every promise of one day bellowing most conspicuously in the Chamber.

London, September 27, 1831.— Yesterday the Conference agreed on a protocol, and heaven knows what will be the result! The Dutch and the Belgians could not come to any agreement, or even within sight of one. So the Conference, in order to prevent the resumption of hostilities to settle finally this difficult, delicate and dangerous question, and to avert the conflagration which is always imminent, constituted itself arbitrator, and will protect the results of its arbitration which is to proceed forthwith. How will this be received at Paris? M. de Talleyrand thinks they will be annoyed at first and will then give way, especially as there was nothing else to be done. "It is," he says, "the one and only way of settling the business."

London, September 29, 1831.— M. de Montrond came yesterday. He speaks with the utmost contempt of Paris, and all that is going on there. He tells me that the King is going to live at the Tuilleries, after a severe battle with his ministers, who on this occasion also have forced his hand. They had a hard task to overcome the Queen's unwillingness, but they have overcome all obstacles and the thing is to be.

It is said that at the Palais Royal the King cannot stir without being greeted with the most cruel epithets. He is received with cries of "*Bavard!*" "*Avare!*" &c. They thrust knives through the inside railings and threaten him. The situation, in short, is horrible.

CHAPTER II

1832

London, May 23, 1832.— The Duke of Wellington paid me a long visit yesterday. He told me that he was sorry that M. de Talleyrand's personal circumstances had led him to decide to leave England even for a time. No substitute, however excellent, could maintain things at the point to which M. de Talleyrand had brought them. He had the leading position here and a preponderating influence not merely among his fellow diplomats, but also among his English colleagues. He was, moreover, highly respected throughout the country, where the fact that he stood aloof from all intrigue was much appreciated. He was the only man who, "under any ministry," was capable of preserving the solidarity of England and France. He himself feared that the other members of the Conference might take a high tone with M. de Talleyrand's substitute, and when he came back he might find a new situation and ground lost which it might be difficult to recover. Finally, if M. de Talleyrand did not return to London, we could not even be certain that peace would be preserved.

He added that the aspect of things in both countries was very grave, that all the provision which had been made was inadequate, and that no one could predict the result either of Reform or of the revolutionary means which had been taken to

obtain it. Who again could say what the Royal caprice might bring forth once the Reform Bill was passed?

The Duke was, as always, very simple and natural, full of common sense, and, in his way, which is certainly not gushing, very friendly.

London, May 24, 1832.— M. de Rémusat is here with a letter from General Sébastiani to M. de Talleyrand which he has not yet delivered. He sent me one from the Duc de Broglie, written on the point of his leaving for the country, and, as I think, in much anxiety about the precarious condition of everything in France. He refers me to M. de Rémusat, but I know only too well what he will say. He is clever, but it is a scornful type of cleverness. He is a captious person hide bound in his doctrinaire formulas; even when I used to see a great deal of his set I used to think him particularly disagreeable, and I don't expect that he will do or say anything to make me change my opinion.

London, May 25, 1832.— M. de Rémusat, whom I saw last night, announced that he would call this morning, when he would "tell me what to think of Paris." These doctrinaires always want to teach one something! He has just gone. It takes a long time to learn about France; he has been teaching me for more than two hours!

What I chiefly remember of my lesson is that M. de Rémusat's journey is a kind of mission entrusted to him by the worthy persons who favour a *via media*, such as MM. Royer-Collard, Guizot, Broglie, Bertin de Veaux, and even Sébastiani who is at

open war with Rigny. The object of the mission is to persuade M. de Talleyrand to accept the Presidency of the Council, or, if that cannot be, to be the patron of a new ministry in which Sébastiani would keep his place, and which would be strengthened by the accession of Guizot, Thiers and Dupin. The Ministry in its present dilapidated and distracted condition cannot last, but the King must be made to choose stronger men, who will resolutely carry out M. Perier's system, and who have enough talent to impose it on the Chamber. They want M. de Talleyrand to go to Paris and make the King feel the danger of his position so keenly that he will be willing to take this course. This is what M. de Rémusat has been sent to propose to M. de Talleyrand, and what he took the trouble to give me a lecture about. M. de Talleyrand is too much determined not to take part in any administration to give way on this point. He has, of course, always meant to speak to the King as his conscience prompts him. But what will he gain by that? Probably very little.

London, May 29, 1832.—What a day we had yesterday! The Drawing-room went on till past five! It was the King's birthday, and His Majesty having learned that the Princesse de Lieven and I were not dining with Lord Palmerston, chose us to represent the Corps Diplomatique at his own party.

There was no one at this dinner, apart from the legitimate and the illegitimate family, besides the suite and a few old friends of the King, such as the Duke of Dorset and Lord Mount Edgcumbe.

The King did not stint his toasts. First he addressed himself to Madame de Lieven, and said that after the many years that she had represented in London a Court always friendly to Great Britain, he had come to regard her as a personal friend. Then to me, "I have not known you for so long, Madame, but the memory which you leave behind you makes us all wish for your return with the restored health which you go to seek at the waters. The delicate and difficult circumstances of your uncle's mission here, in which he has displayed so much integrity and skill, are such that I attach great importance to his returning among us, and I beg you tell him so." Then he turned to Madame Woronzoff and told her how, through her husband, she was as much English as Russian.

Madame de Lieven thanked His Majesty in a word and so did I, but poor Madame de Woronzoff in trying to express her sentiments got so mixed that the King began again, and I thought that the dialogue would never end.

When the Queen's health had been drunk, the King returned thanks for her in English, adding that no princess more deserved the respect and affection of those that knew her, for no one better discharged the duties of her position than she. He then gave us the signal to rise and immediately afterwards to sit down again, and, addressing the Duchess of Kent, he drank the health of the Princess Victoria as his sole heir under Providence and according to the law of the land. To her he hoped to leave the three kingdoms with their rights, privileges and constitution

intact as he himself had received them. With all this he said, and frequently repeated, that his health was excellent and his strength abundant, that he had no idea of dying, and that in these difficult times it was most necessary that there should not be a minority. So that everybody fell to wondering whether he meant to be agreeable or disagreeable to the Duchess of Kent, who was as pale as death, or whether, owing to the princely pretensions of the Fitzclarences, he wished to make it clear that he recognised no other heir than the young princess as possible. Others assert that it was all aimed at the Duke of Sussex, who was absent because he has been forbidden to come to Court. It appears that the popular party would like to see him on the throne, or, at least, that the King imagines that they would, and that this was the motive of his very lengthy speech.

Before the end of the evening the King twice came up to me to say that M. de Talleyrand must not be away long, that the peace of the world depended on his presence in London, and so on, with many eulogistic and pretty speeches. The number of polite regrets, sincere enough to all appearance, which are being expressed at our departure is really wonderful.

London, May 30, 1832.—M. de Talleyrand has received letters from the King and from Sébastiani, written on the eve of leaving for Compiègne. Both say that they will use all their credit with King Leopold to persuade him to leave everything to the Conference, and so to throw on the Dutch all the odium of a refusal. They wish M. de Talleyrand, however, to secure here the

evacuation of Antwerp of which the Dutch won't hear till all the other questions are settled. So far as one can see, the obstinacy of the Dutch does not diminish, and a bad spirit is again abroad in Belgium.

M. de Talleyrand will leave immediately after the arrival of M. de Mareuil, and hopes before that to have succeeded in establishing an armed force which would be called the combined Anglo-French army, and would be entrusted with the duty of cutting the Gordian knot.

Paris, June 20, 1832.— I expect M. de Talleyrand on the evening of the day after to-morrow.

I am seeing a great many people just now; in fact they are boring me to death. What absurdities, what mistakes, what misguided passions! Poor M. de Talleyrand; he is going to fall into a pretty mess of intrigue!

The present state of affairs, which is condemned by everybody, must necessarily change, at least so far as the Ministry is concerned. The outcry against ministers is general, and alarm is growing. La Vendée, however, is about over, and people believe that the Duchesse de Berry has fled; that, if true, is a great thing. But the state of the Cabinet is pitiable. Its jerky, hesitating conduct of affairs, no less than the innumerable blunders which it makes, foreshadow its downfall. M. de Talleyrand is expected to do great things, poor man!

The real difficulty lies in the character of the head of affairs. How ugly all this is! Sébastiani is day by day failing more;

yesterday I was really grieved about him; he is quite aware of his condition, and it makes him very unhappy. To-night I am going with him to Saint Cloud, and I tremble lest he may fall dead by my side in the carriage.

Wessenberg writes to me from London that the Ministry there is cast down, anxious and embarrassed by its triumph, and fears that it may soon fall. I see that in England they are disquieted about the state of Germany. Here the Corps Diplomatique are complaining of Sébastiani's double game in respect of events on the Rhine. In a word, no one is pleased, no one is at ease. We live in strange times!

Paris, September 6, 1832.— M. de Talleyrand has letters which say that the coquetry at St. Petersburg was intended to detach England from her alliance with us, and that they had even gone so far as to propose to place Antwerp in the hands of the English. All this has miscarried and coldness has succeeded to civilities. All the difficulties about the Conference now come from Brussels, where the marriage¹⁰ has turned everybody's head, and where they now think themselves able to force France's hand.

Paris, September 21, 1832.— It seems that M. de Montrond hopes to get Pondichery, and is very anxious to go there. Sébastiani's friends say he is quite restored to health since Bourbonne, and is steering adroitly among the difficulties of his ministerial career.

¹⁰ Leopold I., elected King of the Belgians in 1831, married in 1832 Louise, Princess of Orléans, daughter of Louis-Philippe, King of the French.

The King of the Netherlands is in an evil mood, and the King of the Belgians is no better. The Conference is flagging, and, they say, has much need of M. de Talleyrand to help it to recover its cohesion.

All the Cabinets are said to be much on edge about what is passing between Egypt and the Porte. Every one shrinks from the consequences which are imminent in the North, South, East and West. They are clearly foreseen everywhere, but no one has the courage to meddle with them.

Paris, September 23, 1832.— The horizon is gloomy all round. Strange events are happening in the East. The condition of Germany and Italy is precarious. The French Cabinet is disunited, there are complications in Portugal, and Holland is growing more and more obstinate. To all this must now be added the sudden death of Ferdinand VII., a civil war of succession between the partisans of Don Carlos and those of the little Infanta, the possibility of Spain interfering in Portugal, and consequently the appearance of France and England in the Peninsula.

Further, there is the change of ministry at Brussels, and the sudden departures of the Duc d'Orléans, Marshal Gérard, and M. le Hon for Belgium. Pandemonium reigns more than ever!

M. de Talleyrand is receiving many letters both from London and from Paris urging him to hasten his departure.

Paris, September 27, 1832.— The resurrection¹¹ of Ferdinand

¹¹ In 1832 King Ferdinand VII. became so seriously ill that he was thought to be

VII. is very mysterious. It is also very fortunate, for when there are so many complications, the disappearance of even one is something to be thankful for!

dead. Calomarde then joined the Carlists, and forced the dying monarch to sign a decree cancelling the declaration of 1830 abolishing the Salic Law in Spain.

CHAPTER III

1833

Valençay, ¹² *October 12, 1833.*— M. Royer-Collard passed part of the morning here. He was at once original and witty, serious and vivacious, showed much affection for me, and made himself very pleasant to M. de Talleyrand. He does not openly carp at the present situation, but it is not pleasing to him, and he speaks ill of it in his solitude.

M. de Saint-Aulaire writes from Vienna: "My summer holiday which I have been spending at Baden has not been disturbed by the meetings at Téplitz and Münchengraetz,¹³ because I was not

¹² Valençay, where the Duchesse de Dino had just gone, is situate in the Department of the Indre. The château and the park are magnificent, and the ornamental water is very fine. The house was built in the sixteenth century by the d'Étampes family, from the designs of Philibert Delorme. In 1808 and 1814 it served as the prison of Ferdinand VII. and the Spanish Princes when they were detained by Napoleon I. The Prince de Talleyrand, who had bought the property at the end of the eighteenth century, was very fond of the place and lived there a great deal.

¹³ The three great allied powers – Austria, Prussia and Russia – held meetings in three successive years either at Téplitz or at Münchengraetz for joint deliberation on the European situation. There by a new secret compact they guaranteed to each other their respective possessions in Poland, whether against external aggression or internal revolution. They also considered the affairs of France and Italy, and the constant activities of Italian societies and refugees in French territory, which were then causing serious anxiety about the tranquillity of the Peninsula. It was finally decided that the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia and Russia should each send a separate note to

given anything to do, and because, for my part, I feel no anxiety about them. But M. de Metternich has just got back to Vienna; we must put our affairs in order, and my holiday is near an end. The measures considered advisable for Germany are apparently very sharp; were they otherwise the attempt would be futile. Will France be content to look on and do nothing? I think so, unless some independent sovereign cries for help in maintaining his independence. The King of Hanover would be a good leader in a movement of this kind, but if he will not come forward, I have no confidence in Prince Lichtenstein. I know that in England they think M. de Metternich has tricked us, and that he went shares with Russia in the Treaty of Constantinople of the 8th of July last. But I persist in maintaining that he was the dupe, not the accomplice. I hope I am right, not so much for my own self-satisfaction as because the game to play must vary according as the good understanding of Austria and Russia is apparent or real. Frederick Lamb told me yesterday in detail of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's campaign in Belgium. I had heard something of it from the rumours of the town, but not a word from the Cabinet, which has the bad habit of keeping us the worst informed of the diplomatists of any country."

Valençay, October 23, 1833.—The Duchesse de Montmorency is quite fresh on the subject of Prague, her eldest daughter having told her much about it. Charles X. himself took his two grand-

the Government of King Louis-Philippe, urging a more careful surveillance of the revolutionary propaganda.

children to their mother at Leoben with the precise object of preventing the Duchesse de Berry from coming to Prague; from Leoben it is said she will return to Italy. M. le Dauphin¹⁴ and Mme. la Dauphine refused to go.

They say that Charles X. is much broken, and the Dauphine is aged and very thin and nervous, always in tears. Certainly, however strong her character may be, her misfortunes have been such as to break the highest courage and the most masculine spirit. Beyond doubt she has been more persecuted by destiny than any character in history.

M. de Blacas is in supreme command of the little Court, and is more opposed than any one to the proposal that the Duchesse de Berry should settle there.

I have seen a letter from M. Thiers, who says, referring to his marriage: "The great moment is at hand. I am agitated, as is proper; and I am fonder of my young wife than is fitting at my age. This shows I was right to make up my mind at thirty-five rather than at forty, for then I should have been even more absurd. In any case it matters little; I can banish false shame, but there is one thing which I find insupportable, and that is to expose those who are dear to me to the insults and the malice of the world. For myself I am inured, but (great as is the necessity) I shall never

¹⁴ Louis-Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême (1773-1844), eldest son of King Charles X., married during the emigration in 1799 his cousin Marie Thérèse Charlotte, daughter of King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, but had no children. After 1830 the Duc d'Angoulême ceded his rights to his nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux (Comte de Chambord), and retired into private life.

become inured to the sufferings of those I love. The world must work its will; it would be foolish to wish that so huge a machine should alter its eternal motion to suit one's convenience."

I sincerely hope that his philosophy will not be tried too severely; but, as the proverb has it, "the sin brings its own punishment."

Valençay, November 3, 1833.— I am greatly surprised that the Duc de Broglie has not once written to M. de Talleyrand. He has written three times to me on private affairs, and each time promised a letter for M. de Talleyrand, which has never come.

Mme. Adélaïde has written twice, very kindly expressing her desire that M. de Talleyrand may go back to London, but without any definite inquiry on the subject. I think, however, that she and the King wish it much more than the Duc de Broglie does; and I believe that it is owing to some intrigue between Lord Granville and Lord Palmerston that the King's wishes have not so far been more clearly expressed.

M. de Talleyrand has come to no decision. There are so many real inconveniences in entering on active political life. On the other hand, there are so many real inconveniences in staying in France that even if I wished to advise I do not know what advice it would be best, in the interests of M. de Talleyrand, to give him. He fears – and I think with reason – the isolation, the *ennui* of the provinces, and the slackness of country life. Paris he thinks impossible, as he would there be invested in the eyes of the people with political responsibilities which it would not be

either in his interest or in his power to discharge. On the other hand, he is under no illusions as to the gravity and the difficulty of the situation which he would find on his return to London, and which would be aggravated by the character of the people with whom he would have to deal on both sides of the Channel. Finally, he knows quite well how easily he might lose, on the turn of a single card, all that he has so miraculously gained during the past three years.

All this agitates him greatly; and me, on his account, even more. We have every reason to apply to ourselves what M. Royer-Collard said in 1830 of the struggle between the Polignac Ministry and the country: "An end there will surely be, but I see no issue."

Valençay, November 10, 1833.— M. de Talleyrand has just heard from the Duc de Broglie and from King Leopold. The former says that the King of the Netherlands is making overtures at Frankfort, that the Germanic Confederation and the Duke of Nassau are on the point of giving way, and that in less than a fortnight Dedel will receive instructions to resume active participation in the Conference. The Duke, and the King also, are most anxious that M. de Talleyrand should come to Paris to settle everything, hear the details of the Conference at Münchengraetz on the affairs of Spain, and then return to London.

King Leopold writes to say that Belgium will pay Holland nothing; this quasi-manifesto being enveloped in a mass of honeyed compliments.

Valençay, November 11, 1833.— The following is the general sense of M. de Talleyrand's answer to the Duc de Broglie: "My dear Duke, — You overrate the goodness of my health, but you will never overrate the warmth of my friendship for you or of my devotion to the King. I cannot give you a better proof of this than by dragging my eighty-two years out of their idleness and retirement in midwinter and getting to Paris by December 4, as I promise you I shall. As to going to London, is it really necessary? I am very old, and another would now do as well, perhaps better, than I.

"We shall discuss matters at Paris, and out of my 'long experience,' which you are so good as to consult, I will tell you frankly what I think of all you have to tell me of political affairs. That is all I am good for nowadays. If by any chance you so far flatter my vanity as to make me believe that I am still indispensable for a time in this business, I shall, of course, feel it my duty to do what you ask. But once it is over I shall at once return to my den to resume the torpor which is alone appropriate to my present condition.

"In any case, no harm will be done by leaving things for a week or two in the hands of M. de Bacourt, who, I am sure, is justifying more and more, by his energy and sagacity, all the good that I have said to you of him. Adieu!"

Valençay, November 12, 1833.— People are beginning to be anxious about the situation in Spain. The Northern provinces are all for Don Carlos. Madrid, Barcelona, Cadiz, and almost all the

South are for the Queen, on condition that the revolution takes its course. This is what is chiefly agitating the French Government.

The anticipation of the attitude of the Chambers is making the Ministry rather nervous. It will present itself just as it is, but not without fear, for there is a certain difficulty in facing a Chamber which must wish to court popularity if it hopes to be re-elected. The huge expenditure of Marshal Soult, the very slight reduction (in some cases none at all) in other Departments, are difficulties which may become serious embarrassments.

Paris, December 9, 1833.— Our return to London is settled. When I arrived here yesterday I found M. de Montrond on the steps, M. Raullin on the stairs, and Pozzo in the cabinet. I am to dine with him to-morrow. He has a careworn look, and fulminates against Lord Palmerston, who is said to be out of favour everywhere. M. de Talleyrand does not think that the Duc de Broglie lets himself be carried away by Lord Granville as much as his Lordship would like, and he has expressed himself in clear terms about this.

M. de Talleyrand does not believe in the possibility of war except between England and Russia, and will make every effort in his power to prevent it. He seems to me on the best possible terms with Pozzo, and to stand extremely well with the King and Madame Adélaïde, who are beginning to distrust Palmerston and Lord Granville and to consider that Broglie is wanting in insight; and, moreover, that he treats them without sufficient consideration and respect. He is certainly behaving with great

lack of frankness and confidence towards M. de Talleyrand, but one's financial position must be revealed to those who are to invest one's money.

Lady Jersey has been to the Tuileries; the Duc d'Orléans has been in all things her humble servant. At the palace, indeed, where they are rather badly off for society, everyone was charmed by the arrival of the fair aristocrat from the other side of the Channel, which has been quite an event.

The Faubourg Saint-Germain is more irreconcilable than ever. Napoleon had places which he could bestow, estates which he might restore: he could threaten confiscations. There is nothing of that sort nowadays; and so they all sulk with an easy insolence which is quite indescribable. The fact is that if one is not compelled to go there the Court is too mixed to be attractive. I am sorry about it for the sake of the Queen, whom I both love and honour.

It seems that Baron de Werther is much annoyed with Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. Certainly there is a great deal of ill-humour in the air, but M. de Talleyrand still says that it will not find its outlet in shot and shell.

Paris, December 11, 1833.—Yesterday I dined, along with M. de Talleyrand, at the Thiers'. There was no one but himself, his wife, his father and mother-in-law; Mignet, who talked platitudes about Spain, and Bertin de Veaux, who talked of nothing but the bull-fights he saw at Saint Sebastian.

Madame Thiers, who is only sixteen, looks nineteen. She has

a fine colour, pretty hair, a good shape, large eyes which have as yet nothing to express, a disagreeable mouth, an unpleasing smile, and a too prominent forehead. She says nothing herself, hardly answers when she is spoken to, and she seemed thoroughly bored with us all. She has no presence, and no idea of how to behave in society, but no doubt she may acquire all this. Perhaps she will take only too much trouble for other people than her little husband, who is very much in love and very jealous – ashamed of it too, I gather, from what he told me. The looks his young wife bestows on him are very cold; she is not shy, but inclined to be sulky, and not at all inclined to make herself pleasant.

I used to think Madame Dosne had the remains of beauty, but I thought on this occasion that she never could have been good looking. She has an unpleasing laugh, which is ironical without being gay. Her conversation is witty and animated, but her dress was pink and girlish, and affectedly simple to a degree which quite astonished me.

Paris, December 15, 1833.—Yesterday I dined with the King. M. de Talleyrand was dining with the Prince Royal. During dinner the King spoke of nothing but traditions and memories of the past and ancient castles. I was quite at home. First we exhausted the topic of Touraine: he promised stained glass and portraits of Louis XI. and Louis XII. for Amboise. He will buy back the remains of Montrichard, and will prevent the ruin of the Château de Langeais. If he does all this my dinner will not have been in vain! He then told me about the restorations he

is having done at Fontainebleau, and ended by explaining to me his great plan for Versailles, which is really great and worthy of a great-grandson of Louis XIV. But will it come to pass? The conversation then turned on the new work which he has had done at the Tuileries themselves. He gave orders for the whole palace to be lit up, and after dinner he took me all through it.

Everything is really fine, very fine; and if the staircase, which is rich and elegant, were only a little broader, it would be quite perfect. This promenade took us from the Pavillon de Flore to the Pavillon de Marsan. Here the King asked me if I would like to pay a visit to his son, and I said, of course, that I would follow the King anywhere. We found the Duc d'Orléans playing whist with M. de Talleyrand, whose friends the Prince had invited to meet him.

The Prince's apartments are too beautifully furnished for a man's; that is the only criticism one can make, for they are full of lovely things found in the Royal garde-meuble, where all the fine pieces of the time of Louis XIV. were placed at the Revolution, and it did not occur to anyone at the time of the Restoration to take them out. The Duc d'Orléans has put a great many of them in his rooms. It is curious how often I have been at the Tuileries without ever suspecting the presence of the interesting things collected there. Thus, on this occasion in the King's room, among other things with which I was unfamiliar, I saw a portrait of Louis XIV. as a baby represented as a sleeping Cupid, and another of Anne of Austria as Minerva. I also saw some allegorical

wood-carving of the time of Catherine de Medici, who built the Tuileries.

The King is an admirable guide to his palaces. I wondered during all our conversation how a man could know the traditions of his family so well and be so proud of them, and yet – . However!

I leave the day after to-morrow for London.

CHAPTER IV

1834

London, January 27, 1834.— Sir Henry Halford has just been telling me that the late King George IV., whose senior physician he was, asked him two days before his death to say on his word of honour whether the case was desperate. Sir Henry, with a significantly grave face, answered that his Majesty's condition was very serious; whereupon the King thanked him with a movement of his head, desired the Sacrament and communicated very devoutly, inviting Sir Henry to communicate along with him. Lady Conyngham was in the adjoining room. So no human interest was absent from the deathbed of the Royal charlatan while he partook of the Sacrament for the last time.

London, February 7, 1834.— Yesterday I was at Lady Holland's, who finished some story or other which she was telling me by saying, "I didn't get this from Lady Keith (Mme. de Flahaut), for she hasn't written to me for more than two months." Then she added, "Did you know that she hated the present Ministry in France?" "Of course," I answered; "it was you who told M. de Talleyrand all the nasty things she was saying here about the French Cabinet at the time when it was formed." "True," replied Lady Holland, "all the same, the Cabinet must be preserved. Lord Granville has written to Lord Holland to say

that we must not believe everything Lady Keith says about the precariousness of the Duc de Broglie's position, for she is a bitter enemy of his and longs for his downfall." I said nothing, and the subject dropped. But, after this, don't speak to me of the friendships of this world!

Anyhow, they write rather amusingly of M. and Mme. de Flahaut from Paris, saying that their favour at the Tuileries is declining, he being considered a superannuated coquette, and she a foxy old intriguer.

Warwick Castle, February 10, 1834.— I left London the day before yesterday, and got as far as Stony Stratford, where I advise no one to pass the night. The beds are bad even for England, and I never experienced anything more like a trappist's couch. I left yesterday morning in the midst of a bitterly cold and extremely thick fog. It was impossible to get any idea of the country, which, however, from certain occasional glimpses, I believe to be rather pretty, especially about Iston Hall, a beautiful place owned by Lord Porchester. You pass a superb gate, from which there stretches a vast park, beyond which there is a view of a valley which seemed to me charming. Leamington, a few miles further on, is well built and cheerful.

As to Warwick itself, where I arrived yesterday morning, one enters by a fortress gate. Its aspect is the most severe, its courtyard the most sombre, its hall the most enormous, its furniture the most Gothic, and its style the most perfect that you can possibly imagine. Everything suggests the feudal system.

A large and rapid river bathes the foot of the great dark old battlemented towers. The monotonous noise of the water is interrupted by the crackling of the great trees which burn in the gigantic fireplaces. In the hall huge logs are piled upon the dogs which stand on slabs of polished marble, and each log requires two men to put it on the fire.

I have only just glanced rapidly at the stained glass in the great broad windows, which are on the same scale as the fireplaces, at the armour and the antlers and the other curiosities of the hall, at the fine family portraits in the three great drawing-rooms. As yet I am only familiar with my own room, which is completely furnished with Boulle and carved walnut, and, in addition to these antique splendours, is full of all the modern comforts.

Lady Warwick's boudoir is also full of interesting things. She came to my room yesterday to fetch me, and after showing me the boudoir she took me to the little drawing-room, where we found Lord Monson, the son of her first marriage, a little man, or rather boy, shy and silent, and much embarrassed by the exiguity and weakness of his person. Lady Monson was also there. She is a striking contrast to her husband, being a tall blonde Englishwoman, stiff and bony, with long features and large hands, a great broad flat chest, angular in her movements, and rather like an old maid, but pretty and kindly. Here, too, was Lady Eastnor, the sister of Lady Stuart of Rothesay; ugly, like all her family, but well-bred, like all Lady Hardwicke's daughters. Lord Eastnor, a mighty hunter and a great eater and drinker, was

also of the party; and his brother, a parson, who, I believe, has not shaved since Christmas, and who never opened his mouth except to eat. Lord Brooke, the son of the house, is fifteen and very nice looking; his tutor was with him, and was silent and respectful, as tutors should be. Finally, there was the striking figure of Lady Catherine Neeld, a sister of the Ashleys and a daughter of Lord Shaftesbury. She is celebrated for the suit she brought against her husband, of which all the papers were full last year. She is a friend of Lady Warwick's who protects, shelters, and defends her. She is a bold, rather loud person, with a malicious tongue and familiar and somewhat audacious manners. She is well made, has a white skin and beautiful fair hair, but neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. Her face is long and narrow; her eyes have no special merit, and her nose and mouth remind you of what Madame de Sévigné said of Madame de Sforze when she described her as being like "a parrot eating a cherry."

Lord Warwick had a touch of rheumatic gout, and kept his room. No one seemed to miss him.

The lady of the house is far from being in harmony with the splendid pile which she inhabits. She has been pretty without being beautiful; she is naturally witty, but has not improved her gifts by study. She knows nothing of the traditions of her castle. Her disposition is all towards fun and informality; her bodily habits are nonchalant, and altogether this plump, lazy, idle little woman seems anything but the natural mistress of her vast, sombre, and almost terrifying house. Moreover, every one seems

to me a pigmy in these rooms, to fill which you would require superhuman creatures like the King-maker. Our generation is too meanly proportioned for such an abode.

The dining-room is fine, but less grandiose than the rest of the house. On leaving table a long time before the men we went to the great drawing-room, which is flanked by two smaller ones. In this huge room there are some splendid Van Dycks, and the panelling is entirely of cedar in its natural colour. The perfume of this wood is very agreeable. The furniture is covered in velvet damask, the prevailing tone of which is deep red. There are many really magnificent pieces of Boulle, and several marbles brought back from Italy. The two enormous windows form deep recesses and have no curtains, being simply framed in cedar wood. In this huge area there were only about a score of candles, which reminded me of will-o'-the-wisps, which deceived the eye rather than illuminated the room. I have never seen anything more chilling and depressing than this drawing-room, in which the ladies' conversation was very languid indeed. I kept thinking that the portrait of Charles the First and the bust of the Black Prince would come and join us at coffee before the fire. At last the men came, and after them the tea, and at ten o'clock a sort of supper. At eleven a general move was made to bed, which seemed to be a relief for every one.

During this long evening I thought many times of the description given by Corinne of her mother-in-law's château. At dinner nothing was talked of but county balls and Leamington

Spa, and other petty gossip of the neighbourhood. Feature by feature it recalled Madame de Staël's description.

In the morning Lady Warwick took me over the Castle, which I should have got to know better if I had been left to myself, or had been put in charge of one of the two housekeepers, the elder of whom is ninety-three. To look at her you would think she was going to tell you all about the Wars of the Roses. The châtelaine cares nothing whatever about all the curiosities with which her domain is stored, and took me through them at breakneck speed.

I did, however, manage to stop for a moment before the saddle and caparison of Queen Elizabeth, which she used on her progress from Kenilworth to Warwick, and I took up the lute presented by Lord Leicester to her Majesty, a wonderfully carved instrument, with the Queen's arms in raised copper on the wood, and close by them the favourite's own, which seemed to me a trifle impertinent. I noticed a curious portrait of the Queen in her coronation robes which showed a terrible resemblance to her terrible father. *A propos* of this portrait Lord Monson told me a thing I did not know, viz., that Elizabeth, who always affected a youthful appearance, never allowed herself to be painted except in full face and so lighted as to avoid any shadow on her features which might accentuate the lines, and so indicate the number of her years. It is said that this idea was so constantly in her mind that she always faced the light when she gave audience.

The library at Warwick is not particularly remarkable, and did not appear to me to be much used. Queen Anne's bed-chamber

with the bed of the period is a fine room.

At ten Lady Warwick and I entered a carriage, Lady Monson and Lord Brooke escorting us on horseback, and we drove through an interesting landscape to the celebrated ruins of Kenilworth. There I was really disappointed, not because the ruins do not give the idea of a vast and noble building, but because the country is so flat, and the absence of trees is so complete, that there is nothing which you could call picturesque. It is true that there is a superb coat of ivy over all, which is good as far as it goes, but is not enough to make a picture.

Lady Monson is less ignorant of the locality than her mother-in-law, and she pointed out to me the banqueting-hall, Queen Elizabeth's room, the buildings constructed by Leicester which, though more modern, are more ruinous than the rest, and the gate-house through which the Queen's procession passed, and which was built specially for the occasion. This erection is still in a good state of preservation, and is inhabited by one of the tenants of Lord Clarendon, the owner of the ruins. In the interior there is a chimney-piece with the initials and the crest of Leicester. The wing in which Sir Walter Scott lodges Amy Robsart owes its celebrity to romance and not to history.

I was not allowed to ascend the towers, as the stability of the ruins is doubtful, and only last year Lady Sefton's niece had an accident here. Besides I was assured that the view was in no way remarkable.

We made a *détour* on the return journey and passed right

through Leamington. The whole town, and especially the bathing establishment, seemed to me quite pretty. Just now it is gay with hunting men, who live here much as they do at Melton Mowbray.

When we got back it was not yet dark, and Lady Warwick took me to see a pretty view of the River Avon at the bottom of the park, which is beautifully planted. I was also shown some glass-houses, which are neither very well kept nor very full of flowers, but in which is kept the Warwick Vase – a huge vessel of white marble beautifully shaped and carved. It was brought back from the Garden of Trajan by the father of the present Lord Warwick.

To-morrow I return to London.

London, February 12, 1834.— M. de Talleyrand told me that yesterday evening, while playing whist with Madame de Lieven, who had Lord Sefton for a partner, the Princess, with her habitual absence of mind, revoked twice, whereupon Lord Sefton quietly remarked that it was quite natural that these abominable Dardanelles should often cause Madame de Lieven to revoke. This caused much merriment to the company.

I have a letter from M. Royer-Collard in which occurs the following sentence: "I like M. de Bacourt very much indeed. His clear, simple and intelligent conversation is charming, and I find no one here who talks so well. Our mutual understanding is complete."

London, February 15, 1834.— The Duchess-Countess of Sutherland called for me yesterday and took Pauline and me to the *Panorama of the North Pole* in which Captain Ross plays

a prominent part. Both painting and perspective are beyond anything I have seen of its kind; but everything which relates to adventures so terrible and sufferings so prolonged is intensely interesting.

One of Captain Parry's crew in the *Fury* who had afterwards been with Captain Ross, happened by chance to be there. He gave Pauline a little piece of the fur with which he had covered himself when among the Esquimaux, and presented me with a fragment of granite taken from the most northerly point reached by the expedition. We asked him many questions, and he often recurred to the moment when they sighted the *Isabella*, which rescued them and brought them home. This was on the 26th of August, and he told us that as long as he lived he would drink to the memory of that happy moment on every anniversary.

Last night we had a rout, at which there was nothing remarkable either in the way of dresses or of beauties or of absurdities. The Marquis of Douglas is extraordinarily handsome, and Miss Emily Hardy seemed to me rather smitten with him.

The Ministry was represented by Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Melbourne. The Cabinet is much embarrassed, for every day incidents are happening in the House of Commons which show up vividly the serious divisions in its ranks. Last night Lord Grey's face showed visible traces of this.

London, February 20, 1834.— A new and very ugly story is afloat concerning Count Alfred d'Orsay which is as follows: Sir

Willoughby Cotton, writing from Brighton at the same time to Count d'Orsay and to Lady Fitzroy Somerset, cross-directed the letters so that M. d'Orsay on opening the letter which he received, instead of seeing the mistake and stopping at the first line, which ran "Dear Lady Fitzroy," read it through and found, among other Brighton gossip, some pleasantries about Lady Tullemore and one of her lovers, and a sharp saying about himself. What did he do but go to the club, read out the letter before every one, and finally put it under cover and send it to Lord Tullemore! The result very nearly was a crop of duels. Lady Tullemore is very ill, and the guilty lover has fled to Paris. Friends intervened, however, and the thing was hushed up for the sake of the ladies, but M. d'Orsay cut (and cuts) an odious figure.

London, February 27, 1834.— The latest joke is to spread rumours of Lord Palmerston's marriage with Miss Jerningham. She was at the Russian Embassy yesterday overdressed and bedizened as usual. Madame de Lieven made her a target for her wit, but couldn't quite get out of inviting her. No doubt, in order to avenge this constraint, she said quite loudly that Miss Jerningham reminded her of the usual advertisement in the *Times*: "A housemaid wants a situation in a family where a footman is kept." Clever and only too true, but most uncharitable! She was good enough to add that the comic papers had christened Lord Palmerston "the venerable cupid."

London, May 1, 1834.— Mr. Salomon Dedel arrived this morning from the Hague, bringing me a letter from General

Fagel, which contained the following: "Someone has found out that Dedel had expressed the hope that he might reappear in London armed with instructions to bring the affair to a conclusion." Dedel mentioned the matter to the King, who replied: "The purpose of your absence was to see your relatives and friends of whom you can give news if anybody asks you." Further on the same letter runs: "We wish to be forced by the five powers, and will take no account of a partial coercion like that of 1832. If the powers are not unanimous we shall continue to refuse any definite arrangement. At the worst we prefer the road to Silesia to recognising Leopold."

Madame de Jaucourt, referring to the insane party spirit now in the ascendant in France, writes to M. de Talleyrand that her brother M. de Thiard said at her house the other day: "I would give my right arm to have Charles X. back in the place from which we deposed him."

Is it not curious that young Baillot, who has just been assassinated during the late troubles in Paris, should have often boasted of having killed several people during the days of July 1830 in exactly the same way as he was killed himself?

I have just heard of an amusing thing said by the old Marchioness of Salisbury. Last Sunday she was at church, a rare thing with her, and the preacher, speaking of the Fall, observed that Adam excusing himself had cried out, "Lord the woman tempted me." At this quotation Lady Salisbury, who appeared not to have heard of the incident before, jumped up in her seat

saying, "Shabby fellow indeed!"

I have just been paying a morning call on the Queen, whom I found much agitated, anxious, and yet pleased, about her impending journey to Germany. The King arranged it without her knowledge and superintended the smallest details. It is he who has chosen the suite, engaged the servants, and selected the carriages. It has all been done in such a hurry that the Queen has not yet recovered from the shock. She doesn't know whether to be glad at the prospect of seeing her mother, who is aged and infirm, or to be worried about leaving the King alone for six weeks. She told me that the King wanted to invite M. de Talleyrand and me to Windsor during our stay at Salt Hill, but that she herself had dissuaded him as it would have led to other invitations, and they would have had to ask, among other people, the Princesse de Lieven, for whom the King does not care.

The Queen coughs and thinks herself quite ill, but she hopes to be restored by her native air.

It is impossible not to be struck, every time one sees her, with the perfect simplicity, truth and uprightness of her Majesty's character. I have rarely seen a person more devoted to duty or more self-consistent in all that she says and does. She is both kind and cheerful, and, though not beautiful, she is perfectly graceful. The tones of her voice are unfortunately nasal, but what she says is so full of good sense and real kindness that it is a pleasure to listen to her. The satisfaction she feels in speaking German is very natural, and I feel this every time she does so. I wish,

however, that she indulged herself in this way more sparingly in the presence of English people. In her own interest it would be better for her if she had more of the Englishwoman in her; no one could have remained more characteristically German than she has, and I fear that this sometimes gives offence. How is a monarch to escape doing so nowadays? They are made responsible for everything and are always threatened with punishment merited or unmerited. The poor Queen has already a sad experience of the bitterness of unpopularity and of calumny. She has always faced attack with dignity and valour, and I am sure she has courage enough to confront any danger.

This is St. Philip's day; the Lievens and Lady Cowper dined with us, and Prince Esterhazy came in afterwards. I have noticed for some time a certain sharpness in his manner to the Lievens which is unusual in him. The pleasantries which he addresses to the Princess soon turn to irony. I suspect that on her side she will not regret his departure. She has never managed to subdue him; he slips through her fingers, and his jests, always subtle and sometimes malicious, embarrass her and put her out. They are constantly on their guard with one another, and they make up for the resulting constraint by frequent interchanges of pin pricks.

The Queen told me that Esterhazy, when lately at Windsor, spoke to her of M. de Talleyrand with the greatest enthusiasm, saying that one of his greatest pleasures was to listen to his conversation. He added, that when he got home he often made a note of what he had heard from M. de Talleyrand. It seems

that Esterhazy keeps a journal in great detail. He told the Queen so, and explained that this habit was of such long standing that the journal already filled several large volumes, which he was fond of re-reading. The Queen was surprised, not unnaturally, to discover such a sedentary habit so consistently maintained by one whose manners were so restless and whose ideas were so often scattered.

Lord Palmerston since our return from France has never accepted an invitation to dinner with us, and has never come to a single one of our receptions. However, we invited him again to-night, and thought that the presence of Lady Cowper might attract him, but he sent excuses at the last moment.

London, Friday, May 2, 1834.—Alva writes that he hears from his nephew, the Marquis de Miraflores the Spanish Minister in London, that Lord Palmerston never ceases praising the brilliancy of his diplomatic *début* here. The marquis, being a fool, does not perceive the cause of this eulogium, which is, of course, the treaty of quadruple alliance proposed by him at Lord Palmerston's own instigation, the results of which, though by no means apparent as yet, may be more embarrassing than pleasing to its author and to France.

M. de Montrond writes to M. de Talleyrand to say that he has caused his desire to come to London to be intimated to M. de Rigny, who, before allowing him to go, desires him to make sure whether M. de Talleyrand would like it. M. de Montrond is much annoyed at this obstacle, but I am grateful to M. de Rigny for

having raised it. As a matter of fact, last year M. de Montrond professed to be charged with a secret diplomatic mission, and was simply a nuisance. The bad temper he felt and showed when he was not admitted to the secret concerns of the Embassy often made him forget his manners, annoyed M. de Talleyrand and was most unpleasant for everybody. For the last eighteen months M. de Montrond has had the management of a thousand Louis of the Foreign Affairs Secret Service money: I doubt if he ever gives them back the change!

In London all the workmen are in rebellion; the tailors have stopped work for want of hands. It is said that on the cards for Lady Lansdowne's ball there was inscribed: "The gentlemen to appear in their old coats." Now the laundries have caught the infection, and soon we shall have to wash our own linen like the princesses in the *Odyssey*.

London, May 3, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand speaks with as much truth as wit of the "dangerous benevolence" of Lord Holland. With the most perfect geniality, the most equable temper, the gayest pleasantries, and the most obliging manner in the world, his Lordship is always ready to set light to the revolutionary train, and he feels the greatest annoyance of which he is capable when he is unsuccessful.

Yesterday I dined with Sir Stratford Canning. His house is curious, beautiful, admirably planned and full of souvenirs of Constantinople and of Spain. He himself is full of courtesy and learning; his conversation is witty, and if it were not for a certain

contraction of the lips which spoils an otherwise fine face, and for the oppressed air of his wife, one could hardly understand the bad accounts of him which one hears almost everywhere. This, at least, was the pretext on which the Czar refused to receive him last winter as Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

London, May 4, 1834.—Koreff is a braggadocious creature with a vein of indiscreet curiosity which I have sometimes noticed on the Continent, and which here inspires me with the most profound mistrust. His wit and his learning are lost among the bad features of his character, which often make him quite impossible. He lives on gossip of all kinds, public and private, and when he can get nothing else to talk about he talks about medicine. Then he assumes the physician and deifies his art. You hear of patients saved by him when all hope was gone; of his marvellous discoveries, of magnetism, homeopathy true and false, of things natural and supernatural, possible and impossible. Everything serves to magnify his importance, to surround the poor creature with an atmosphere of the marvellous, which covers his want of real dignity.

We had him to dinner with Sir Henry Halford, and I don't think they took to each other. What, indeed, could they have in common? Science perhaps, if by science they both understood the same thing. Sir Henry is a suave and polished person — measured, discreet, supple, and deferential; a perfect courtier, a man of fortune, highly respected, and a great practitioner. He has never sought to be anything to the great but their doctor,

and consequently, without seeking it, he has found himself in all family and State secrets. Koreff, on the other hand, poses as a man of letters and a statesman, and has thus made persons in great places chary of having him as their doctor. This was how he came to grief at Berlin; he will find it difficult to regain his ground at Paris, and he won't, in my opinion, be a success in London.

A propos of gossip and indiscreet curiosity, I cannot forget a very true reflection which the Duke of Wellington has just imparted to me on the subject of Alava. "Whoever aims at being in everybody's confidence," said his Grace, "must necessarily give his own confidence to more than one person, and this he usually does at some one else's expense." The Duke's honest commonsense is admirable. I had a long talk with him to-day at dinner, and I should like to remember everything he said. Truth and simplicity are becoming so rare that one is anxious to gather up the crumbs.

The Duke of Wellington's memory is very sure. He never quotes inexactly; he forgets nothing and never exaggerates; and if there is something a trifle abrupt, a little dry and military in his conversation, what he says is nevertheless attractive owing to its naturalness, its fairness, and the perfect good manners with which he says it. His manners are indeed excellent, and a woman has never to be on her guard against a conversation taking an awkward turn. In this respect he is much more reserved than Lord Grey, though in many ways the latter's education is more

elaborate and his intelligence more cultivated than the Duke's.

The Duke of Wellington made a rather striking remark to me about the English character, to the effect that no people have a greater hatred of crimes of violence. In England a murder is discovered with the greatest promptitude. Every one helps to discover the assassin; tracks him out and denounces him, and is eager that justice should be done. He assured me that the English soldier is the least cruel in the world, and that once a battle is over he hardly ever commits deeds of violence. He is a great robber, no doubt, but not a murderer.

The excessive and *naïve* vanity of Lady Jersey, which amuses the Duke, led us to talk of Madame de Staël, with whom he was well acquainted, and whose absurd pretensions struck him as much as her wit and eloquence dazzled him. Madame de Staël, who wished to appear to his Grace in every character – even in the most feminine – observed one day that what she liked most in the world to hear was a declaration of love. She was so elderly and so ugly that the Duke could not help replying, "Yes, when you can be sure that it is genuine."

Lady Londonderry, who is celebrated for her eccentricities, being near her time, and certain she would have a son, has ordered a little hussar costume – the uniform of her husband's regiment. When she was ordering it she told the tailor that it was for a child six days old. "Your ladyship means six years?" replied the tailor. "No, indeed," answered Lady Londonderry; "six days; it is for his baptism!"

In the last years of George IV. the Duke of Cumberland enjoyed a good deal of his favour. Yet it was then that the King said, in reply to the Duke of Wellington's inquiry why H.R.H. was so universally unpopular: "It is because there are no lovers, no brothers and sisters, no friends, whom the Duke of Cumberland would not set by the ears if he came among them." It is said, however, that the Duke is no fool, but so cross-grained that he spoils everything he touches.

The Queen's approaching departure for Germany is causing anxiety to the King's best friends. It appears that his Majesty, who is the best of men, is subject to occasional attacks of strange excitement, that he takes extraordinary ideas into his head, and that his condition is sometimes so abnormal that he threatens to lose his balance altogether. The Queen, with her watchful kindness and her excellent good sense, watches over him at these crises, cuts them short, exercises a calming and moderating influence, and brings him back to a proper frame of mind.

At the present moment the King is very angry with Dom Pedro about the last commercial decree, which was published in Portugal the very day before the signature of the treaty of quadruple alliance in London. His annoyance will probably not carry him so far as to refuse to ratify the treaty, for with all his goodness the poor King is not very "consistent," as they say here.

I am told that Lord Durham was so uplifted by the reception prepared for him two years ago at St. Petersburg by the efforts of Madame de Lieven, and by that which he obtained recently at

Paris (thanks to M. de Talleyrand's letters), that he doesn't think that a private situation is any longer worthy of him. His plan, of which he makes no secret, is to turn out Lord Grey, his father-in-law, and to put himself in his place, or at least to get into the Cabinet, the result of which would be the resignation of all the other members. He would, perhaps, consent to be satisfied with the Viceroyalty of Ireland, or as a last resort to take the Embassy at Paris; but if all these fail, he declares that he will put himself openly at the head of the Radicals and declare a war to the knife on all existing institutions.

I know that Pozzo is writing hymns in honour of the King of the French, reminiscences of which occur in the speech he has just made on the occasion of the Feast of St. Philip. He doesn't mind M. de Rigny, for, as a matter of fact, it is the King who is now his own Minister of Foreign Affairs. Above all, he seems much pleased to be rid of M. de Broglie, whose passion for argument, scornful manners, and exclusive devotion to Lord Granville did not smooth or sweeten his relations with the rest of the diplomatic corps.

Pozzo, like many others, does not think that France has got through her revolutionary troubles. He seems anxious about the future, and I think this feeling is shared by all who are not blinded by preposterous over-confidence.

London, May 5, 1834.— I have just heard a piece of very sad news, my excellent friend the Abbé Girollet is very ill. I shall soon have no one left to love, no one in whose affection I can trust.

The dear Abbé was so happy at Rochecotte in his pretty house among his books, his flowers, his poor, and his neighbours. It was a touching picture which I had few opportunities of enjoying, and which I shall probably never see again. It will remain to me as a dream cut short by my absence, but pleasant to remember while life lasts, for it will be consecrated to the purest and most faithful of God's servants, to the most faithful of friends, to the most tolerant of men.

The Duchess of Kent gave a reception last night in honour of her brother, Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. There was such a crowd that it was like one of the Queen's drawing-rooms. The young Princess Victoria struck me the moment I saw her as having grown a little and as being paler and thinner. By this she is much improved, though still too small for the fifteen years which she will complete in three weeks time. The little queen that is to be has a fine complexion and magnificent chestnut hair. In spite of her small stature she is well made; she will have pretty shoulders and fine arms, her expression and her manners are sweet and kindly, she speaks several languages fluently, and it is said that she is being very carefully educated. Her mother and the Baroness Lehzen, a German lady, take complete charge of the Princess. The Duchess of Northumberland only fulfils her functions as Governess on State occasions. I have heard the Duchess of Kent reproached for surrounding her daughter so much with Germans that her English accent is defective.

London, May 6, 1834.— Last night I dined at Lord Sefton's; he

was just back from the House of Lords, where Lord Londonderry had been renewing his attack of a few years ago, and accusing the Government of being managed and duped by "that wily politician" M. de Talleyrand. His expressions are as unalterable as his opinions, for they are the very ones he used three years ago. On that occasion he was sharply taken up by the Duke of Wellington, who, though belonging to the same party as Lord Londonderry, made the rude speech of the latter the occasion for a most flattering reference to M. de Talleyrand. It seems that Lord Grey did the same yesterday. To him it came much easier, for it was his own cause that he was defending; still I am obliged to him, though I do not class what he did with the conduct of the Duke of Wellington.

I went with Lady Sefton to the opera of *Othello*. It used to be my favourite opera, but yesterday it did not impress me so favourably. Rubini, with all the grace and expressiveness of his singing, lacks the ringing force which made Garcia incomparable in the part of Othello. The orchestra was meagre, and the concerted pieces were not worked up enough. Mlle. Grisi acted and sang well; I thought her better than Mme. Malibran, but she fell short of the sublime simplicity and greatness of Mme. Pasta. There are more beautiful voices than hers and more beautiful women than she, but Mme. Pasta and no other is the true Tragic Muse, and no one can replace her in my admiration or in my recollection. When she was making her *début* at Paris, Talma, who was still alive, was transported by her words, her poses, and

her gestures, and exclaimed: "That woman has discovered in a day what I have been seeking for thirty years."

London, May 8, 1834.— I have already spoken of the good action performed three years ago by the Duke of Wellington in answering Lord Londonderry's attack on M. de Talleyrand. He completed it the day before yesterday by showing openly by repeated exclamations of *Hear! Hear!* how thoroughly he agreed with the high opinion which Lord Grey expressed of M. de Talleyrand. Several people have been kind enough to seize the opportunity of expressing their regard for M. de Talleyrand. Prince de Lieven and Prince Esterhazy, at the King's levee yesterday, both thanked Lord Grey for doing justice to their veteran colleague.

M. de Rigny writes confidentially to M. de Talleyrand that the marriage of Princess Marie of Orléans to the second brother of the King of Naples has been decided, and that the contract will be prepared with Prince Butera, who has just arrived in Paris. The admiral seems to think that certain questions of interest will delay the conclusion of this affair. I should be sorry, for the Orléans Princesses – pleasant, well-mannered, well-dowered great ladies as they are, are none the less difficult to marry. There is about them a faint aroma of usurpation which deters certain princely families from an alliance with them. It is curious that King Louis-Philippe, who has for his children the sort of affection which it is the fashion to call bourgeois, is so stiff about helping the Princesses, his daughters, out of their difficult position by the

large dowries to which they are entitled. Princess Marie would be better in Italy than anywhere else. She has any amount of imagination and vivacity, but her deportment is defective, and in spite of an education which should have assured her principles, she has a freedom of manner and conversation which might produce an idea (utterly mistaken as it would be) that they were not very solid in their foundations.

Yesterday we carried out our plan, formed more than a year ago, of visiting Eltham, a barn which once was a banqueting-hall of the Kings of England. From the days of Henry III. down to the time of Cromwell, they frequently occupied the palace of which this hall was a part. Its proportions are fine, but it is no longer possible to judge of its decoration. Several pieces of wall, the moat, now planted and watered by a pretty brook, and a Gothic bridge covered with ivy and very picturesque, show the former extent of the Royal manor.

Yesterday we dined with the Duchess of Kent. The strong scent of the flowers with which her small and low rooms were crowded, made them unwholesome without making them pleasant. Everything was stiff and sombre at this party to which a few of the nobility and the more important of the diplomatic corps were invited to meet the Royal family. The Princes present were on far from good terms. The King was cross with the Duchess of Kent. The Duke of Cumberland was absent for the good reason that he wasn't invited, not having called on his sister-in-law since his return from Berlin. Everything down to the

arrangement of the chairs, which made conversation impossible, emphasised the weariness of the evening. The proceedings were interminable, the room was very hot, our hostess was visibly ill at ease. She is not uncivil, but has an unnatural sort of air, awkward and pedantic at the same time. The Duke of Somerset took the most sensible course and went to sleep, leaning against a pilaster, immediately after dinner.

Everybody was disposed to criticise, and hardly concealed their desire to do so. The Queen complained of the heat, and at dessert said to the Duchess that if she had eaten enough it would be a mercy if she might leave the table. The King said to his neighbours that the dinner was *à l'entreprise*, and pretended not to understand a word of what Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was saying. His Highness, who is the Duchess of Kent's brother, is ugly, awkward, and embarrassed; he has made no great impression here, especially not with the King, to whom he showed no great anxiety to be introduced. His Majesty, on the other hand, kept him waiting for a long time before receiving him, which made the Duchess of Kent very cross.

Madame de Lieven pointed out to me the familiarity with which Esterhazy addresses and treats the Royal Family. She professed to be much scandalised, and said that the fact that he was a relation (to which I referred) was no excuse at all. They are always rivals, and this, they say, was very marked in the late reign. The Princesse de Lieven by cultivating first Lady Hertford and then Lady Conyngham, and by reason of her thinness, which

kept the favourite from fearing her as a rival, managed to get into the King's intimate circle, and thus she contrived to get even with the Esterhazys, whose pleasant manners, great position, and family connection, naturally brought them nearer to the throne.

The absence of Lord Palmerston, who should have been asked to meet the ambassadors, was much noticed. It is said that he is in the Duchess of Kent's black books, and that when he bows to her at Drawing-rooms she never says a word to him. It was a surprise, also, not to see the Saxon Minister, a sort of family envoy for the Queen, for the Duchess herself and, above all, for Duke Ferdinand, to whose person he is officially attached.

The Duchess of Gloucester could not deny herself the pleasure of ending a civil and apologetic phrase by a charitable remark on the innate awkwardness of the Duchess of Kent, and the Princesse de Lieven was bold enough to recall the fact that George IV. used to speak of his sister-in-law as "the Swiss Governess." Whatever be the faults of the Duchess of Kent, it must be admitted that her political conduct shows much prudence. As she will, no doubt, be called upon to act as Regent, this is not unimportant. No one knows what her political opinions are, or to what party she leans. She invites them all, mixes them well at her parties, and keeps everyone in a state of perfect balance. Her obstinate conduct towards the Fitzclarences is small-minded of her, and to explain it she affects a ridiculous prudery. I know that in answer to the remonstrances of Lord Grey on the subject, she said, stupidly enough: "But, my lord, you

would not have me expose my daughter to hear people talking of bastards and have her asking me what it meant." "In that case, madam," replied Lord Grey, "do not allow the Princess to read the history of the country which she is destined to rule, for the first page will teach her that William of Normandy was called the Bastard before he was called the Conqueror." It is said that the Duchess was much annoyed with Lord Grey.

London, May 9, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand learns by telegraphic despatch from Paris that a Secretary of Embassy coming from Spain brings news that Don Carlos has left the Peninsula, and is embarking for England, which he wishes to choose as arbitrator in his family quarrel about the Crown. This seems very improbable, and before believing it everybody is awaiting confirmation.

The curiosity and interest aroused by M. de Talleyrand in England are as great as ever. As we were leaving our carriage at Kensington the other day, we saw women being lifted up by their husbands in order to see him better. Scheffer's portrait of him is now with Colnaghi, the print-seller, for the purpose of being engraved. It attracts many interested spectators, and the shops in front of which M. de Talleyrand's carriage stops are immediately surrounded by a crowd. The portrait at Colnaghi's is placed next to that of Mr. Pitt. "There is a man who made great events," said someone, pointing to the latter, "he" (indicating M. de Talleyrand) "was clever enough to foresee them and profit by them."

M. de Talleyrand told me yesterday that when he got rid of his priest's orders he felt an extraordinary desire to fight a duel. He spent two whole months diligently looking for a quarrel, and fixed on the Duc de Castries, who was both narrow-minded and hot-tempered, as the man most likely to gratify him. They were both members of the Club des Echees, and one day when they were both there M. de Castries began to read aloud a pamphlet against the minority of the nobility. M. de Talleyrand thought he saw his chance, and requested M. de Castries to stop reading what was personally offensive to him. M. de Castries replied that at a club everybody might read or do what he pleased. "Very well!" said M. de Talleyrand, and placing himself at a tric-trac table near M. de Castries, he scattered the pieces lying on it with so much noise as to drown entirely the voice of the reader. A quarrel seemed inevitable, and M. de Talleyrand was delighted, but M. de Castries only flushed and frowned, finished his reading, and left the club without saying anything. Probably for him M. de Talleyrand could not cease to be a priest.

London, May 10, 1834.— Yesterday I read very hurriedly M. de Lamennais' book the *Paroles d'un Croyant*; it is the Apocalypse according to a Jacobin. It is, moreover, very tedious, which surprises me, as M. de Lamennais is a man of much intelligence and undeniably has talent. He has just reconciled himself with Rome, but this will break the peace, for his sworn enmity to all temporal power must be displeasing as much to the Pope as to any autocrat.

It was much whispered yesterday that the King of England was feeling more keenly than usual the influence of the spring season, during which every year his physical and mental equilibrium is markedly disturbed. When one thinks of the family history of the House of Brunswick one finds reason to be alarmed.

I never heard on the Continent of the malady known here as "Hay Fever," which shows itself at the time when the hay is cut. At this time many people, the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Grosvenor among the number, suffer from fever, insomnia, and much nervous trouble. Those who suffer from this disorder come back to town and avoid all meadows and the scent of hay.

The King's physical malaise, however, is accompanied by a curious mental agitation and a strange loquacity. If this unpleasant state of matters is not ended by July, I am convinced that the Queen will disregard his wishes, and will not go to Germany. She alone has any salutary and moderating influence on him at such times.

I hear from Paris of the marriage of Elisabeth de Béranger to Charles de Vogüé, one of my cousins, who is both well bred and well endowed. She was much sought after, for, besides her birth and fortune, she has both beauty and talent. I knew her well when she was a child – a charming creature, with much vivacity and a strong will of her own – a characteristic which has probably become more marked since her mother's death, as she is an only child and worshipped by her father.

Another marriage is also announced – that of my niece *à la*

mode de Bretagne, the Princesse Biron, whose *fiancé* is Colonel Lazareff, an Armenian in the Russian service. He is said to be fabulously rich, and to possess palaces in the East, and gems and treasures of all kinds. I don't know what brought him to Dresden, where he made my niece's acquaintance while she was staying with her sister, the Comtesse de Hohenthal. She is said to be very much in love, but I confess that this Armenian origin, this splendour in the manner of the Arabian Nights, make me rather anxious. Sorcerers and swindlers often come from unknown countries; their jewels often turn to coal-dust; they can rarely face the light of day. In a word, I should have preferred for my niece a man who was rather better born, rather less wealthy, and rather less oriental.

London, May 12, 1834.— The febrile and nervous condition of the King of England becomes more and more marked; he really says the most bizarre things. At the State Ball he said to Madame de Lieven that people's minds had been rather unbalanced lately, and pointing to his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, he added: "Now, for instance, *he* believes in the transmigration of souls, and he thinks that the souls of Alexander the Great and Charles the First have passed into his." The Princess replied rather flippantly: "The dear departed must be much astonished to find themselves there!" The King looked at her with an uncertain air and went on, "Fortunately he is not clever enough to bring his head to the block;" which for His Majesty is really not so bad.

What is more serious than these absurd speeches is that he

sleeps ill, has frequent fits of anger, and has a childish military mania. Thus he goes to the barracks, gives the most preposterous orders without consulting the officers, reduces the regiments to disorder, and makes himself the laughing-stock of the troops. The Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Gloucester, both Field Marshals, and Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, thought it their duty to make joint representations in respectful but serious terms. They were very ill received, Lord Hill being especially mishandled by his Majesty, who frightened him very much. If the poor King's mind were to give way they say it would certainly be on the subject of the army, for he thinks he has great military talent, or about women, with whom he thinks he is irresistible. They say that his only reason for hastening the Queen's departure is his desire to be a bachelor for six weeks.

He has already taken time by the forelock in handing to the Queen all the presents that she will find it necessary to give while on the Continent. The Royal Family is very anxious; they would like to prevent the King from exposing himself so much to the sun, from drinking so much sherry, from seeing so many people. They want him, in fact, to lead a more retired life till the present crisis, which is so much worse than its predecessors, has quite passed off, but he is very hard to manage.

Among his strangest remarks I must quote his inquiry addressed to Prince Esterhazy, "whether people married in Greece?" "I ask," he added, noticing that the Prince was rather astonished, "because, as of course you know, there are no

marriages in Russia."

The good Duke of Gloucester, who is much attached to the King, is sincerely grieved. As to the Duke of Cumberland, he doesn't hesitate to proclaim in the clubs that the King is mad, and that it is his father's case over again. This is neither brotherly nor filial. Some people are already beginning to consider who would get the Regency if this sad state of matters should persist or become acute; it is still rather a feverish condition than absolute insanity. The Duchess of Kent doesn't count so long as the King lives and may have children. The Princess Victoria, heiress-presumptive, is not of age, and the question would therefore be between the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland, both of whom are almost equally unfavourable to the present Cabinet. Thus things will be allowed to go pretty far before the existence of the evil is admitted. Yesterday Lord Grey was saying with a great affectation of emphasis, that the King was never better in his life.

When it became known here that Jerome Bonaparte intended to come, the Court of Würtemberg was warned that it would be undesirable that he should bring the Princess, his wife, along with him, as, in spite of the near relationship, she could not be received. Jerome, therefore, came alone, and in spite of the hint he had received he sought an audience with the King which M. de Mendelsloh, the Würtemberg minister, was foolish enough to request. The moment the King heard of it, he said: "He may go to the Devil." He is so touchy about the Bonapartes that he very nearly forbade the Duke of Sussex to come to Court for having

received Lucien, and took it very ill that the Lord Chancellor exposed the Duke of Gloucester to the chance of meeting the Prince de Canino at one of Lady Brougham's parties.

Lord Durham dined with us yesterday for the first time, and I had my first opportunity of a direct conversation with him. I watched the movements of his face, which is praised highly, and with reason; but I noticed that it does not improve when he is speaking, and his smile suits him ill. His lips express bitterness more than anything else, and all that comes from within seems to diminish his good looks. A face may remain beautiful even when it ceases to express kindness, but a laugh which is not genial impresses me most unfavourably.

Lord Durham passes for a wit. He is ambitious, irascible, a spoilt child of fortune; the most susceptible and the vainest of men. For all his pretensions to a nobility dating from the Saxons, while his father-in-law, Lord Grey, is content to trace his descent back to the Conquest, Lord Durham professes all the most Radical doctrines. This, they say, is only a device to obtain power. Heaven grant that it may not be his ruin.

London, May 13, 1834. Charles X. said to Madame de Gontaut on April 25: "Louise's education is finished. I should be glad if you would go the day after to-morrow – the 27th." Mademoiselle who is much attached to Madame de Gontaut was in despair.¹⁵

¹⁵ The little Court of Charles X. was the scene of two factions, one being the partisans of inertia, though not of resignation; the other, being all in favour of action. Mme. de

The Duchesse de Gontaut behaved with great courage, and spent the 26th in vain attempts to console Mademoiselle, whose new governess is said to be, provisionally, the Vicomtesse d'Agoult. This is to replace a clever woman by a Saint. All this happened before the Duchesse de Berry arrived; she did not get back till May 7.

I hear that Jerome Bonaparte played the King as much as he could. At the Opera he sits alone at the front of his box, and the gentlemen who accompany him stand behind his chair.

I spent an hour or more yesterday with the Princess Sophia of England. She is well read, a good talker and very animated, and yet on the plea of bad health she lives a very retired life. She is said to possess in a high degree the talent (if it can be so called) of mimicry in which she resembles his late Majesty George IV. I am told that they used to amuse each other very much and mutually drew each other out. Yesterday, indeed, the conversation turned on Mme. d'Ompeda, a good sort of woman, but, to say the least, eccentric, and the Princess was pleased to repeat for my benefit a complaint which Mme. d'Ompeda had made to her of someone at Court. It was the most comic imitation I have ever seen, and I was so convulsed with laughter that I had to beg the Princess's pardon. She did not appear, however, to be very much shocked at my unconventional behaviour.

Gontaut fell a victim to the former, a letter in which she expressed disapproval of the situation to her daughter, Mme. de Rohan, having been intercepted. The King, whom she accused of weakness, reproached her violently, and after the interview she finally left Prague and the Court.

London, May 14, 1834.— M. Dupin, the elder, has written to M. de Talleyrand to announce his arrival, and signs himself "*votre affectionné Dupin*." M. Dupin has often taken M. de Talleyrand's part, and I believe to good purpose, but his letters did not use to be so Royal in their terms.

It appears that the Quadruple Alliance Treaty has reached Lisbon and has been approved. The ratification is expected at any moment in spite of the violent anger of Dom Pedro, who is much incensed because France, England, and Spain thought fit to give the title Infante to Dom Miguel in spite of Dom Pedro's decree depriving him of it.

London, May 15, 1834.— It is asserted that M. Dupin is coming to London to show himself, wishing to accustom Europe to his greatness, for it seems that he hopes next session to combine the Presidency of the Council with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In a time like the present it is no longer safe to describe the most extravagant ideas as chimerical! This is not the first time that M. Dupin has aspired to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Two years ago he tried to take it by force, and when the King tried to make him see that he was perhaps not quite fit for this department, M. Dupin had a violent fit of temper, and taking one of his feet in both hands he showed the sole of his shoe to the King, saying, "Ah! Ah! is it because I have nails in my shoes that I am not considered fit to treat with *Monsieur Lord Granville*!" The King, in spite of his habitual indulgence, grew so angry at the increasing insolence of M. Dupin that he seized him by the

collar and, pressing his closed fist against his chest, forced him out of the room. This I have from an eye-witness. They were soon reconciled however, and met again on friendly terms. The Parisians have thick skins.

The *Quotidienne* at first praised M. de la Mennais's textbook, but after some hesitation the Faubourg St. – Germain decided to dislike it. They even asked M. de Chateaubriand to undertake a refutation, but he replied that he admired every page and every line of it, and that if he said anything publicly about it at all he would give it the praise which it deserves. M. de Chateaubriand becomes, or affects to become, more and more Republican, and is saying that any form of monarchy has become impossible in France.

The Carlists are going to take part in the elections, and to send as many Republicans to the Chamber as they can when they can't succeed themselves. The words Republic and Republican are now current everywhere and no one is shocked. People's ears have got used to them.

London, May 16, 1834.— This is the most charming time at which to see London. The squares are green and full of flowers; the vegetation in the parks is extraordinarily rich; all the balconies of the houses are packed with plants. All this, with the creepers which cover many of the houses up to the second storey, makes such a pretty picture that one is the less inclined to regret the sun, which would soon put an end to all its freshness.

The same sort of reflection occurred to me yesterday morning

at the Queen's Drawing-room, where the brilliancy of these splendid English complexions, the beautiful blonde hair falling in long ringlets on the rosiest cheeks and the whitest necks in the world, almost prevented one from lamenting the absence of expression and movement which accompanies these beauties. It is the fashion to criticise Englishwomen for their want of style. They walk badly, it is true, but in repose their nonchalance is not ungraceful. They are usually well made and less pinched in their toilettes than Frenchwomen. Their proportions are finer and more developed. They sometimes dress without much taste, but at least each pleases herself and there is a diversity in their dresses which brings out each one very well. The bare shoulders, the flat coiffures, and the long locks of the young girls here, would be very unsuitable in France, where very young girls are almost all small, dark and thin.

I am tempted to apply to Englishmen morally what I say of English gardens and of the beauty of Englishwomen. Their conversation is cold, reserved and unimaginative to a degree which, for a long time, is very tedious. But this feeling gives way to one of real pleasure if one takes the trouble to look for the good sense, the goodness, the learning, and the cleverness which are concealed under the shyness and embarrassment of their exterior. One has hardly ever any reason to regret having encouraged their timidity, for they never become either familiar or indiscreet, and they are so grateful to one for having divined them and for coming to the rescue of their *mauvaise honte* that

this alone is a reward in itself. I only wish that they would not expose those miserable orange blossoms to the thick fogs of their atmosphere, that the women would not take the *Paris Journal des Modes* as a model of dress, and the men would not attempt the freer and more animated style of conversation which is current on the Continent. Detestable caricatures when they are copying others, the English are admirable when they are themselves; they are well fitted to their own territory, and they should be judged only on their own ground. An Englishman on the Continent is so much out of his element that he runs the risk of being taken either for an idiot or a coxcomb.

London, May 17, 1834.— The Swedish Minister, M. de Bjoerstjerna, who is always singing the praises of his sovereign even in the most trifling matters, was boasting to M. de Talleyrand the other day of the strength, the grace, and the youthfulness which King Charles-John has retained at his advanced age. He was particularly enthusiastic about the thickness of his Majesty's hair, which he asserted was all "as black as jet." "That seems indeed wonderful," said M. de Talleyrand, "but is it not possible that the King dyes his hair?" "No, I assure you," replied the Swede. "Then it is indeed extraordinary," said M. de Talleyrand. "Yes, indeed," continued M. de Bjoerstjerna, "the man who every morning pulls out the white hairs from his Majesty's head must have sharp eyes." This is worthy of the popular reputation of Sweden as the Gascony of the North.

Samuel Rogers the poet is, no doubt, a great wit; but he has a turn for malice and even brutality. Someone once asked him why he never opened his mouth except to speak evil of his neighbours. He replied, "I have a very weak voice, and if I did not say malicious things I should never be heard." He lives with Lady Holland, and amuses himself by exacerbating her fears of illness and death. During the cholera epidemic Lady Holland was a prey to indescribable terrors. She could think of nothing but precautionary measures, and on one occasion was describing to Rogers all that she had done. She numerated the remedies she had placed in the next room – the baths, the apparatus for fumigation, the blankets, the mustard plasters, the drugs of every sort. "You have forgotten the only thing that would be of any use," observed Mr. Rogers. "And what is that?" "A coffin," replied the poet. Lady Holland fainted.

Count Pahlen has returned from Paris. He saw the King privately one evening, not having with him the uniform necessary for a formal presentation. The King said he should like to see him at one of the great balls at the Palace, and, the Count having excused himself on the score of having no uniform, the King replied, "Never mind, come in an evening coat *as a member of the opposition!*" As a matter of fact, M. de Pahlen went to the ball, which was splendid in a material sense, and found himself and a group of opposition deputies in plain clothes among the Diplomatic Corps, and what is called the Court who were all in uniform.

Prince Esterhazy came to say good-bye yesterday. He was visibly moved on leaving M. de Talleyrand, who, on his side, was hardly less so. One cannot part from anyone so old as M. de Talleyrand without a feeling of anxiety, and when an old man says farewell he does so with a kind of self-consciousness which is unmistakable.

Prince Esterhazy is generally popular here, and will be justly regretted. Everybody wishes him very much to come back. The subtlety of his wit does not affect the uprightness of his character. The sureness of his manners is beyond praise, and in spite of a certain informality in his bearing, and his ways of behaving, he never ceases to be a great nobleman.

London, May 18, 1834.— This week the King of England seems better. The weather is not so hot, and his excitement has given place to a kind of exhaustion. He has often been seen with tears in his eyes. This, too, is a sign of want of balance, but it is less alarming than the irritability of last week.

Woburn Abbey, May 19, 1834.— This house is certainly one of the finest, the most magnificent, and the greatest in England. The exterior is without interest; the site is low and, I think, rather damp. English people, however, hate to be seen, and, to secure privacy, are quite willing to dispense with an extended view. It is rare that a great house in England has any prospect but that of its immediate surroundings, and you need not hope to amuse yourself by watching the movements of the passers by, the travellers, the peasants working in the fields, the villages or the

surrounding country. Green lawns, the flowers round about the house, and splendid trees which block all the vistas – these are what they love and what you find almost everywhere. Warwick and Windsor are the only exceptions that I know at present.

The party at present at Woburn are almost the same as those I met on my first visit. There are Lord and Lady Grey with their daughter Lady Georgina, Lord and Lady Sefton, Mr. Ellice, Lord Ossulston, the Duke and Duchess, three of their sons, one of their daughters, M. de Talleyrand and I.

All these people are clever, well educated and well mannered, but, as I observed before, English reserve is pushed further at Woburn than anywhere else, and this in spite of the almost audacious freedom of speech affected by the Duchess of Bedford, who is a striking contrast to the silence and shyness of the Duke and the rest of the family. Moreover, in the splendour, the magnificence, and the size of the house, there is something which makes the company cold and stiff, and Sunday, though it was not kept very strictly, and they made M. de Talleyrand sit down to cards, is always rather more serious than any other day in the week.

Woburn Abbey, May 20, 1834.— Our party has been increased by the arrival of the Lord Chancellor. He talked to me of the great aristocrats of the country, and said that *previous to Reform* the Duke of Devonshire with his £440,000 sterling a year, his castles, and his eight boroughs, was as powerful as the King himself. This expression "*previous to Reform*" well expresses the blow

which has been struck at the ancient constitution. I made Lord Brougham admit as much. He maintained that it was necessary, and though he began by saying that he had only clipped wings which had become rather too long, he ended by claiming that a *complete* revolution had been effected without bloodshed. "The great moment of our Revolution," he added with evident satisfaction, "was in 1831, when we dissolved the parliament which had dared to reject our Bill. The people is as imperishable as the soil, and all changes must in the end work for their benefit. An aristocracy which has lasted for five centuries has lasted as long as it can last!" This was the point in his conversation which chiefly struck me, the more so as he commenced with a sort of hypocrisy which evaporated sooner than mine. He began by sparing my aristocratic prejudices to some extent, and I returned the compliment by sparing his passion for levelling. Five minutes more of our *tête-à-tête* and he would have got to 1640 and I to 1660.

London, May 21, 1834.— They showed us a corner of the park at Woburn which I had forgotten. It is called the Thornery, because of the number of hawthorns which the enclosure contains. The blossom is very charming just now, and there is a cottage in the middle which is quite pretty.

Lord Holland told the Duke of Bedford that he should take us to Ampthill, which belongs to him and which lies only seven miles from Woburn. Lady Holland wanted us very much to see a fine portrait of herself as a Virgin of the Sun which is there, and

which is, in fact, very pleasing; it must have been very like her.

The house at Ampthill is gloomy, damp, ill-furnished, and ill-kept – a sad contrast with one of the most delightful parks you could see anywhere. It is not, however, without some associations of interest. Katherine of Aragon retired here after her divorce, but there is no trace of the ancient castle which was on the mountains, and not at the bottom of the valley like the present house. A Gothic cross is placed on the site of the ancient building, and on the base are inscribed some bad verses, which have not even the merit of being contemporary, commemorating the cruelties of Henry VIII. Another of the curiosities of the place is a number of trees so old that, in the time of Cromwell, they were already past being used for shipbuilding. They have quite lost their beauty, and will soon be like what in Touraine are called "*truisses*."

Lord Sefton said yesterday in the presence of Lord Brougham that all Queen Caroline's defenders had risen to the highest positions in the State, and instanced Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, and others. On this, I said to the Chancellor that I supposed he would now be ready to admit that his cause was a very bad one. But he would not admit it, and tried to convince us that if the Queen did have lovers, Bergami was not among the number. He wished us to believe that he at least was convinced of this, and in support of this assertion, which neither he nor anyone else took seriously, he told us that during the last three hours of the Queen's life, when she was quite delirious, she spoke much of

Prince Louis of Prussia, of Victorine Bergami's child, and of several other people, but never once mentioned Bergami himself. I thought that for a great lawyer, this style of proof was much too negative and inconclusive.

London, May 22, 1834.— On our return to town yesterday, we heard the news of the Prince de Lieven's recall. This is a political event of some importance; it is a very serious matter for London society. M. de Lieven's excellent character, his cleverness and perfect manners won him friendship and esteem everywhere, and Mme. de Lieven of all women is the most feared, respected, sought after, and courted. Her political importance, which was due to her wit and knowledge of the world, went side by side with an authority in society which no one dreamed of questioning. There were complaints sometimes of her tyranny, of her exclusiveness, but she maintained in this way a useful barrier between really good society and society of the second class. Her house was the most select in London, and the one the *entrée* to which was the most valued. Her grand air, which was perhaps a trifle stiff, was most appropriate on great occasions, and I can hardly imagine a Drawing-room without her. Except Lord Palmerston, who has brought it about by his obstinate arrogance, in the matter of Sir Stratford Canning, I am sure that no one is glad at the departure of M. and Madame de Lieven. M. de Bülow, however, is perhaps also rather relieved to be freed from the surveillance of the Princesse. The part he had to play before her was never a simple or an easy one.

M. de Lieven's appointment as Governor of the young Grand Duke may flatter and console him, but it can hardly give her much pleasure, and she will not care much for the frigidity and emptiness of St. Petersburg after twenty-two years spent in England amid political excitements of all kinds.

It would appear that the three Northern Courts, in opposition to the Southern Quadruple Alliance are disposed to conclude a separate engagement with Holland. Little is being said, but arms are being sharpened in silence.

The Cortes is summoned for July 24. The telegraphic news from Spain, which arrived the other day, only caused a flutter on 'Change and evaporated pitifully enough. I hear from Paris that General Harispe has been requested not to telegraph in future anything that is doubtful, and that the President of the Council has been made to promise not to spread news of this kind before it is confirmed.

Admiral Roussin has refused the Ministry of Marine. There was some question of appointing Admiral Jacob. M. de Rigny left the Council quite free to appoint him either Minister of Marine or Minister of Foreign Affairs. The decision is not yet known.

A propos of the departure of the Lievens, the Princesse tells me that some weeks ago when Lord Heytesbury came back from St. Petersburg, Lord Palmerston said to M. de Lieven that he intended to appoint Sir Stratford Canning as Ambassador. The Prince de Lieven wrote to his Government, and M. de Nesselrode replied in the name of the Emperor that the violent

temper and unaccommodating disposition, and, indeed, the whole character of Sir Stratford, were personally disagreeable to him and that he desired that someone else might be sent – anyone but Sir Stratford. Lord Palmerston then explained his reasons for wishing to overcome this opposition, and M. de Lieven promised to lay them before the Emperor. The next day he sent a courier with despatches to this effect to St. Petersburg, but the courier had hardly embarked before the nomination of Sir Stratford Canning as Ambassador at St. Petersburg appeared in the *London Gazette*. This piece of discourtesy confirmed the Russian opposition on the one hand, and the obstinacy of Lord Palmerston on the other. The English Cabinet claimed to nominate whom it pleased to diplomatic positions, and the Emperor Nicolas, without contesting its right to do so, claimed an equal right on his part to receive only whom he pleased. The breach widens, and the opposition of the two political systems, coupled with the antagonism of individuals, makes one fear that in the present complicated state of international politics peace is neither well established nor likely to last for long.

London, May 23, 1834.— I believe the Cabinet is embarrassed by M. de Lieven's departure, and that Lord Grey is personally very sorry. Lord Brougham also seems to feel how regrettable it all is. I have long letters on the subject from them both, which are very interesting and which I shall carefully preserve.

M. de la Fayette is dead. Though he had all his life never given M. de Talleyrand cause to like him, his death has not been

indifferent to the Prince. At eighty-four and upwards it must seem that all one's contemporaries are one's friends.

London, May 24, 1834.— Lord Grey has just paid me a long and very friendly visit. He was much grieved at the departure of the Lievens, but was at pains to refute the opinion that the rudeness of Lord Palmerston was the cause. I could see that he was most anxious that the germs of controversy between M. de Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston should not develop. He could not have shown more personal goodwill to us than he did.

We dined at Richmond with the poor Princesse de Lieven, who is really much to be pitied. I fear that things are really much worse for her than they seem. I think that she flatters herself that she will be able to keep up with things both by reason of the confidence of the Emperor and the friendship of M. de Nesselrode, as also through the favour enjoyed by her brother, General de Benckendorff. I fear, however, that she will soon lose touch with the map of Europe, or that she will only be able to look at it through some very small spy-hole, which would certainly be for her a living death. Her hopes and her regrets are all expressed with naturalness and vivacity, and she seemed to me even nicer than usual, for she was keeping nothing back, and was quite simple and unconstrained. Such communicativeness in persons usually reserved always produces a specially striking impression.

The abominable article about her in the *Times*, which is really a disgrace to the country, made her weep at first. She confessed that she was deeply hurt to think that these were the farewell

words addressed to her by the people of a country which she was leaving with so much regret. But she soon felt that nothing could be more despicable or more generally despised. In the end she recovered her equanimity so completely that she described in her best manner (which is very good indeed) a ridiculous scene in which the Marquis de Miraflores played a prominent part. This little creature, whom I have always considered an insupportable idiot, but whose face pleased Mme. de Lieven as it certainly did not please me, came and sat beside her at a Ball at Almacks. The Princess having asked him whether he were not struck with the beauty of the English girls, he replied with a sentimental air, a voice full of emotion, and a long and significant look, that he did not like women too young, and preferred those who had ceased to be so and whom people called *passée*.

The Duchess of Kent has a really remarkable talent for giving offence whenever it is possible to do so. To-day is her daughter's birthday, and she was to have taken her for the first time on this occasion to Windsor, where there was to be a family party in honour of the occasion. Owing to the death of the little Belgian Prince, who was less than a year old, and whom neither his aunt nor his cousin had ever even seen, the Duchess decided not to grace this mild festivity with her presence. Nothing could have annoyed the King more.

London, May 25, 1834.—King Leopold seems disposed to call his nephews to the succession to the Belgian Throne. Does this mean that he has ceased to count on direct descendants? They

are annoyed about it at the Tuileries, but I fancy that no one minds very much anywhere else, as the new kingdom and the new dynasty are not taken very seriously as yet.

The exhibition of pictures at Somerset House is very mediocre, even worse than last year's. The sculpture is worse still. The English excel in the arts of imitation, but are behind everybody in those which require imagination. This is one of the most conspicuous results of the absence of sun. Surrounded as they are by masterpieces from the Continent British artists produce nothing which can be compared with these! All colour is lost in the fog which envelops them.

London, May 26, 1834.—Lord Grey's Ministry is on the verge of breaking up, owing to the resignations of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham, which are threatened if he makes further concessions to the Irish Catholics at the expense of the Anglican Church. If he refuses these concessions in order to keep Mr. Stanley, whose parliamentary talents are of the first order, the Cabinet will probably find themselves in a minority in the House of Commons, and the fall of the whole Ministry will be the result. This, at least, is what was being said and believed yesterday, and Lord Grey's careworn face at Lord Durham's dinner-party, and some remarks which Lady Tankerville, with *naïve* silliness, let fall, gave ample confirmation to the rumour. The question will be settled to-morrow (Tuesday the 27th) on the occasion of Mr. Ward's motion.

Madame de Lieven has not concealed from me her hope that,

if the Cabinet changes, either wholly or in part, and if Lord Palmerston is among those who go out, there may be a chance of her staying here. She flatters herself that the first act of the new Foreign Secretary would be to ask the Russian Government that M. de Lieven might not be removed. In these circumstances, she added, she would count on the influence of M. de Talleyrand with the new Minister, whoever he might be, to persuade him to take this step.

London, May 27, 1834.— It is a curious thing that Marshal Ney's son, who is in London, should wish to be presented at the Court of England who abandoned his father when they might have saved him. It is also curious that he should wish to get himself presented by M. de Talleyrand, who was Minister when the Marshal was arrested and tried, and that his presentation should take place on the same day as that of M. Dupin, who was his father's defender, and that all this should happen in the presence, as it were, of the Duke of Wellington who, without departing in the least from the terms of the capitulation of Paris, might have protected the prisoner, but did not think fit to do so. The young Prince de la Morkowa doubtless failed to make these reflections, but M. de Talleyrand knew very well that others would make them for him, that they would be unpleasant for everyone concerned, and by no means least for the young man himself. He, therefore, declined to make the presentation on the ground that the interval between his receiving the request and the date of the presentation was too short to fulfil the necessary

formalities.

Yesterday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I received an interesting note from a confidential friend of the Prime Minister: "Nothing has changed since yesterday, and there is no improvement in the situation. We shall spend to-night in trying to keep the question open, that is to say, to keep it from being regarded as a Cabinet question, and to leave everyone free to vote as he likes. The Lord Chancellor is trying hard to secure the adoption of this expedient, but Lord Grey, who is evidently anxious to resign, may very likely wreck the plan."

London, May 27, 1834.—After much agitation and uncertainty Lord Grey has decided to let Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham leave the Ministry; their example will probably be followed by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Ripon. Lord Grey remains, taking the side of Mr. Ward's motion. For a moment his better instincts suggested that he should resign, but Mr. Ellice, under whose influence he is at present, pushed him in the other direction, and the Chancellor was urgent with the King, who begged Lord Grey to remain.

Yesterday Ministers were singing the King's praises with tears in their eyes. The poor King, in spite of his scruples of conscience, has supported Reform, so the Lord Chancellor says he is a great King and joyfully adds, with that verbose intoxication which is so characteristic of him, that yesterday was the second great day in the annals of the beneficent English Revolution. This strange, undignified, unconventional

Chancellor dined with us yesterday. He is dirty, cynical and coarse, drunk both with wine and with words, vulgar in his talk and ill-bred in his habits. He came to dine with us yesterday in a morning coat, ate with his fingers, tapped me on the shoulder and conversed most foully. Without his extraordinary gifts of memory, learning, eloquence and activity no one would be more anxious to have done with him than Lord Grey. I do not know any two characters more diametrically opposed. Lord Brougham who was wonderful in the House of Commons is a constant source of scandal in the Lords where he turns everything upside down. He, the Chancellor, is often called to order! He is always embarrassing Lord Grey by his eccentricities; in short he is wholly out of his element, and I believe that he would be only too glad to bury the whole Peerage with his own hands.

Yesterday we had M. Dupin at dinner to meet him, another of the coarser products of the age. He is loud and sententious as becomes a public prosecutor, and he has a heavy plebeian vanity which is always in evidence. The first thing he said to the Chancellor, who remembered meeting him some years before, was, "Oh yes, when we were both at the bar."

Lord Althorp, in the House of Commons yesterday, asked that Mr. Ward's motion might be adjourned in order that the Government might have time to fill the gaps left by the resignation of several members of the Cabinet. This was agreed to.

No one can understand what inspires the Duchess of Kent's

continued ill-feeling against the Queen. In spite of the Duchess's refusal to take the Princess Victoria to Windsor, the Queen wished to go to Kensington to see her the day before yesterday evening. The Duchess of Kent refused, on some trifling pretext, to receive Her Majesty, who was much hurt. Nobody can understand what motive there can be for such conduct. Lord Grey yesterday attributed it to Sir John Conroy, the Duchess's Gentleman-in-Waiting, who is said to be very ambitious, very narrow-minded, and very powerful with the Duchess. He thinks that if the Duchess became Regent he will be called upon to fill a great position, which he is even now anticipating. He imagines that he has been insulted in some way or other by the Court of St. James's, and his revenge is to sow discord in the Royal family. I heard of the latest scene at Kensington from Dr. Küper, the Queen's German Chaplain, who, on leaving Her Majesty yesterday morning, came to tell me how unhappy the good woman is about it. Lord Grey, to whom I was talking about it at dinner, told me that King Leopold, when he left England, had told him that he was very sorry to leave his sister under such a bad influence as that of Sir John Conroy, but that, as the Princess Victoria was fifteen and would be of age at eighteen, the Duchess would either not be Regent at all or would be so only for a very short time.

London, May 29, 1834.— Princess Victoria as yet only appears at the two Drawing-Rooms which celebrate the respective birthdays of the King and Queen. I thought at yesterday's (which,

by the way, lasted more than three hours, and at which more than eighteen hundred people passed the Presence) that this young Princess had made great progress in the last three months. Her manners are perfect, and she will one day be agreeable enough to be almost pretty. Like all Royalties, she will have acquired the art of standing for a long time without fatigue or impatience. Yesterday we all collapsed in turn, except the wife of the new Greek Minister, whose religion accustoms her to remain standing for long periods. She stood the ordeal very well, being further supported by curiosity and by the novelty of her surroundings. She is astonished at everything, asks the strangest questions, and makes naïve observations and mistakes. Thus, seeing the Lord Chancellor pass in his State robes and full-bottomed wig, and carrying the embroidered purse containing the Great Seal, she took him for a bishop carrying the Gospels, an error which, in the case of Lord Brougham, was particularly comic.

Yesterday the Princesse de Lieven, for the first time, appeared in the Russian national dress which has just been adopted at St. Petersburg for State occasions. This costume is so noble, so rich, and so graceful that it suits any woman, or rather it suits no woman ill. The Princess's dress was particularly well planned and showed her off well, as the veil concealed the thinness of her neck.

Nothing else was talked of yesterday at Court and elsewhere but the resignation of four members of the Ministry, which deprives it of much of its moral force. This is particularly so in

the case of Mr. Stanley because of his great talents, and in the case of the Duke of Richmond because of his great position. The Conservatives are much pleased, their ranks being increased and those of their adversaries, if not numerically diminished, at least very ill-filled. Lord Mulgrave, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Abercromby, and Mr. Spring Rice are spoken of for the Cabinet, but nothing is settled yet.

At the big Diplomatic dinner for the birthday, which took place at the house of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston had for the first time invited ladies, and sat between the Princesse de Lieven and myself. He was chilly on the right and breezy on the left, and obviously ill at ease, though his embarrassment was not at all increased by the fact that he was not in his drawing-room ready to receive the ladies as they arrived, but came in afterwards without making the slightest excuse.

M. Dupin is being very well treated here by all that is brilliant and exalted in society, and likes it so much that he is quite out of conceit with Paris. He considers that the Court at the Tuileries is wanting in dignity, that the women are not well enough dressed there, that the company is too much mixed, and that King Louis-Philippe is not *Royal* enough! What with dinners and drawing-rooms, receptions at Court, routs, concerts, the Opera, races, &c., M. Dupin is launched on a course of dissipation which will make a grotesque dandy of him; and the result, if I am not mistaken, will astonish Paris.

Madame de Lieven is fond of talking about the late King

George IV. She tells me that he hated common people so much that he never showed the least civility to M. Decazes, whom he saw only on one occasion – when he presented his credentials. As to Madame Decazes, as he held no drawing-room while she was in London, he avoided receiving her at all, and he could not be persuaded to grant her a private audience or to ask her to Carlton House. He behaved with almost equal incivility to the Princesse de Polignac, the obscurity of whose English origin was an offence to him. As to Madame Falk, the reason why she never saw the late King is even more curious. Madame Falk's exuberant Flemish charms are so well developed that they alarmed Lady Conyngham as being likely to be too much to the King's liking, and she always succeeded in preventing her from being received.

M. Dupin was so much struck by the magnificent apparel of the ladies of the English Court that he made a remark to me on the subject, which is really amusing. "The Queen of the French should lay down a rule about Court dress; this would impose on the *bourgeois* vanity, which in our country is always wishing to show itself at Court, the tax of an expensive dress."

London, May 30, 1834.— The Portuguese ratifications of the treaty of Quadruple Alliance have come in at last. They are however inexact and incomplete. The whole preamble of the Treaty is passed over in silence. It is difficult to believe that this is not due rather to malignity than inadvertence. The Attorney General was summoned to the Foreign Office to discover some device which would make the exchange possible. Nothing could

be found to which there was not some objection, but Lord Palmerston was inclined to carry out the exchange leaving the preamble on one side. This would deprive the Treaty of its moral force – perhaps the only kind of force which it possesses. The decision on this point will not be reached until this morning.

I have often heard it said that there is no one more astute than a madman; something I have just heard makes me think that this is true. Replying to the congratulations of the Bishops on the occasion of his birthday, the King assured them with tears in his eyes that as he felt himself an old man and near the time when he must render up his soul to God, he did not wish to charge his soul with the guilt of wronging the Church and would support with all his strength the rights and privileges of the Anglican Clergy. This remark was made the very day that His Majesty pressed Lord Grey to remain and to allow Mr. Stanley to resign.

Last night the rearrangement of the Ministry was not completed. What seems to me certain is that no one wants Lord Durham. They say he is in an indescribable state of fury. Lady Durham, whom he has treated with great cruelty as he does every time he is angry with Lord Grey, fainted yesterday while dining with her mother, and her husband did not even turn his head to look at her.

The Marquis of Lansdowne who has quite lately spoken in Parliament in favour of the Church, may very well also retire from the Cabinet. It depends on what happens next Monday in the House of Commons. When she heard this, Lady Holland

went in all haste to Lord Brougham's to tell him that she should consider Lord Lansdowne's resignation a great misfortune which should be avoided at all costs. The Chancellor who has no liking for Lord Lansdowne's moderation replied that for his part he thought it would be a very good thing and that he would do all he could to bring it about. Thereupon Lady Holland got angry and enumerating the merits of her friend asked Lord Brougham if he had considered all that Lord Lansdowne represented. "Oh yes," was the answer, "I know that he represents all the old women in England."

London, May 31, 1834.— The English Ministry is rearranged, but none of its characteristics are any more distinct than they were before.

By means of declarations and reservations it has been found possible to proceed with the exchange of ratifications with Portugal.

I think that this week's work is a poor performance indeed and that its results in the future will be no better.

London, June 1, 1834.— Yesterday I met the Ministers who were leaving office and those who were coming in. The former seemed to me happier than the latter and I think they had reason.

Lady Cowper in spite of her subtle and delicate wit is both nonchalant and naïve. This makes her say things which are startling in their excessive frankness. Thus she said to Madame de Lieven yesterday morning, "I assure you that Lord Palmerston regards you as an old and pleasant acquaintance whom he is

very sorry to lose, that he is quite aware of all your husband's excellent qualities, and that he knows that Russia could not be more worthily represented than by him. But you see that that is the very reason why England must profit by your departure." Madame de Lieven was no less struck by the sincerity of the avowal than annoyed by its implication.

Lady Cowper rather thoughtlessly also showed her a letter from Madame de Flahaut in which, after expressing some polite regret at the recall of M. de Lieven, she lamented the choice which had been made of a *chargé d'affaires*. He was, she said, a venomous and wicked little wasp, fiercely Russian in sentiment, a savage enemy of Poland, and to sum all up in one word a cousin german of Madame de Dino, which she added is very much against the interest of England whose one object must be to keep Russia and France apart.

For the rest it is said that Pozzo is delighted that my cousin Medem is leaving Paris. He has always praised him and treated him well, but perhaps Paul's direct and intimate relations with M. de Nesselrode had begun to embarrass Pozzo. I don't believe it however.

Yesterday, while dining with Lord Holland, M. Dupin showed rather too much of the legislator. Poor Lord Melbourne, especially, who was half absent and half asleep, was bored with a long dissertation on divorce which was all the more out of place as his wife, who had for long been a source of great trouble to him, has just died insane and under restraint. Lord Holland,

who makes friends easily with all those whom he does not wish to hang for their political opinions, told me that he disliked M. Dupin very much, and that he had all the bad points of Lord Brougham with none of his extraordinary ability and versatility.

A propos of the Chancellor I hear bad accounts of his character. For instance it was Lord Holland who forced the Duke of Bedford's hand and so got him into Parliament. For four years thereafter Lord Brougham never set foot in Lord Holland's house. When he did call he did so for no apparent reason, without embarrassment and without excuses. The Chancellor's leading gift is his ready memory and presence of mind which enable him to have at hand at a moment's notice all the facts and arguments relevant to the subject of his speech. Thus Mr. Allen says of him that he has always a legion of devils of all colours ready to obey him, and that of these he is himself the chief. Lord Holland says that no scruple can stop him. Lady Sefton told me in confidence the other day that as a friend he was neither sincere nor faithful. Lady Grey says outright that he is a monster and it is in this way that every one talks who is intimate with him or belongs to the same party.

Hylands, June 2, 1834.— The Republicans are annoyed with M. de la Fayette for choosing as his burying-place the aristocratic cemetery of Picpus. They are also angry because there were so many priests at the mortuary chapel to receive the body. A hogshead of earth from the United States was placed in the grave. *A propos* of M. de Lafayette, I have several times heard M. de

Talleyrand tell how he went to his house with the Marquis de Castellane, another member of the Constituant Assembly, early on October 7, 1789, to propose some arrangements for the safety of Louis XVI., who had been taken to the Tuileries the night before. They found Lafayette, after the terrible two days which had passed, calmly having his hair done!

Here at Hylands we are with M. Labouchere, an old and kind friend. The place is very cheerful, and distinguished for its wonderful flowers and vegetables. M. Labouchere, who is a cosmopolitan sort of person, has collected about him many souvenirs of travel, but Holland is the most conspicuous; and he takes most pains with his flower-beds, on which he spends a great deal of money.

Hylands, June 3, 1834.— A note from Lord Sefton, written yesterday from the House of Lords before the end of the sitting, the result of which we do not yet know, informs me that the Commission of Inquiry on the Church of Ireland, which Lord Althorp has proposed, will not satisfy the demands of Mr. Ward and his party. Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham scoff at the Commission, and intend to move the previous question. Sir Robert Peel holds back; Lord Grey is very low, and the King is quite ready either to support him or to send for another Minister. Pressed by the difficulties of the situation, he has neither principles nor affections, and in this he shares what I believe to be the position common to all Kings.

London, June 4, 1834.— It seems that Dom Miguel is *hors*

de combat, and is on the point of giving in and quitting the Peninsula. I gather that the signatories of the Quadruple Alliance attribute his submission to the news of the signing of their treaty. If this be so, the moral effect is all the more satisfactory, as the material result would probably not have been great.

In the English Parliament Mr. Ward declined to be satisfied with the Commission of Inquiry. Lord Althorp moved the previous question, supported by Mr. Stanley – who made an admirable speech on the inviolability of Church property – and by all the Tories. The previous question was adopted by a large majority. It cannot be pleasant for the Ministry that this vote is due only to their enemies, for whom it is a triumph, and to the four Ministers who have resigned. The real opinion of the Cabinet, the different combinations which have divided it and ruled its actions – all this is so confused and complicated that it is difficult to understand what really is the idea which governs its jerky and inconsequent mode of progression.

In the Commons Lord Palmerston has denounced the principle upheld by Lord Lansdowne in the Upper House, where every one was surprised to see a known Socinian¹⁶ like him speak in favour of the clergy. In this matter all is contradictory. Lord Grey has wavered hesitatingly among all the combatants, not exalting one party, not urging on the others. He is shouldered, jostled, and pushed about by everybody, and he emerges in a battered condition from the *mêlée*. If in his friends' eyes he is still

¹⁶ A follower of Socinus, who disbelieved in the Trinity and in the Divinity of Christ.

a decent, honest sort of person, in the eyes of the public he is now only a feeble old man – an exhausted Minister.

Lady Holland usually does everything that other people avoid. She went to a window in Downing Street to observe the Members of Parliament who went to Lord Althorp's meeting two days ago in order that she might speculate with more accuracy about each. Her speculations are rarely charitable. She thinks that she palliates her inconceivable egotism by flaunting it without shame; she exploits other people without mercy for her own benefit, and treats them well or ill according to calculations more or less personal. She never allows any one else's convenience to stand in her way. The most one can do is to credit her with a few good qualities, and even these are based on some interested motive. When her caprices and her *exigence* has worn out the patience of her friends, she tries to regain their favour by the most abject condescension. She abuses the false position she holds in society – with which well-bred people are careful not to reproach her – in order to conquer and oppress them. The position she has is, it must be admitted, the best proof of her ability. In her time she has done the most unheard-of things, and she has been forgiven everything. For instance, she gave out that her eldest daughter was dead in order not to be forced to surrender her to her first husband, and when she had ceased to care for this child she brought her back to life again, and to prove that she was not buried she had the grave opened, and the skeleton of a goat was found in the coffin. This is going a little too far! However, she

is a social despot in her own numerous circle. The reason of this is, perhaps, that she does not try to force herself on any one, and that she may be said rather to rise superior to prejudice than to struggle against it. M. de Talleyrand keeps her very well in hand, and is becoming the avenger of all her acquaintance. Every one is delighted when Lady Holland is a little mishandled, and no one comes to her assistance, Lord Holland and Mr. Allen as little as any one.

Lady Aldborough came one day to Lady Lyndhurst and asked her to be so kind as to find out from her husband, who was then Chancellor, what steps she should take in an important case. Lady Lyndhurst refused, in the rude and vulgar manner which is characteristic of her, to undertake to obtain the required information, adding that she never interfered in such tedious matters. "Very true, my Lady," answered Lady Aldborough, "I quite forgot that you are not in the civil line." Lady Aldborough is witty, and what she says is brilliant, even when she speaks French. She is often a trifle too bold and free-spoken. Thus, when she heard how the *Princesse de Léon* had been burned to death, and when some one said that the Prince had been more of a brother to his wife than a husband, Lady Aldborough exclaimed, "What! Virgin as well as Martyr! Ah! that is too much."

The condition of the English Cabinet is very curious. Sir Robert Peel said in the House that he couldn't understand it at all; and this being so, every one else's ignorance may well be excused. What is clear to everybody is that if no member of the Cabinet

is absolutely destroyed they are all wounded, some say mortally. That they are enervated is evident. I am sorry for it for Lord Grey's sake, for I am really attached to him; in the rest I have not the slightest interest. Lord Palmerston will not restore their credit. M. de Talleyrand may say what he likes. He may have a gift for the despatch of business; he may speak and write French well; but he is a rude and presumptuous person, his behaviour is arrogant, and his character not upright. Each day some new and more or less clear proof of his duplicity comes to light. For instance, how is it that, while Lord Grey is arguing loudly against King Leopold's plan for choosing himself a successor, and while Lord Palmerston seems to be of the same mind, the latter is writing privately to Lord Granville in support of the King's idea? This constantly embarrasses the Ambassadors in their relations with him, and above all puts M. de Talleyrand in a very painful position.

London, June 5, 1834.— The Duc d'Orléans writes to me, without any prompting on my part and without any obvious motive, a letter of which the point seems to lie in the following phrase, which appears to be intended to show that he does not approve of the conduct of his father's ministers: "I consider there is already a reassuring sign in this disposition to limit party quarrels to an electoral college and to wage war by manifesto alone. May this tendency in time eliminate the system of brute force, which I regret to see nowadays in all parties, and which is the favourite argument not only of the opposition but also of

those in power!" I think there is good sense and good feeling in this reflection.

If the Duc d'Orléans had good counsellors I should have confidence in his future. He is intelligent, brave, graceful, well-educated, and energetic. These are excellent gifts in a Prince, and, matured by age, they might make him a good king. But those about him, both men and women, are so commonplace and small-minded! Since the death of Madame de Vaudémont there is no one of any distinction or nobility of mind or character.

Lady Granville has given a ball in Paris in honour of the birthday of the King of England. She had the gallery filled with orange-trees, and the company waltzed round them. Lamps were placed behind the flowers, so that there was very little light in the room. Nothing could be more favourable to private conversation. Eight thieves dressed to perfection came in through the garden, but such a large number of unknown men attracted attention, and notice was taken of it too soon. They saw that they had been observed, and made good their escape. Their intention seems to have been to snatch the women's diamonds when they had gone into the garden, which was to be illuminated.

London, June 6, 1834.— The English Cabinet, so feebly reorganised, does not hold its head very high; all the honours are with the seceding Ministers. Lord Grey is under no illusions, and is by no means proud of the great majority of last Monday; for, as one of his friends said to me: "This majority is not the result of affection for Ministers; it is due merely to fear that the Tories will

come in and dissolve Parliament." Nothing, I think, can be truer. For the rest, the Cabinet already feels the need of strengthening. They say that Lord Radnor, a friend of the Chancellor's and a Radical big gun, will be made Lord Privy Seal.

It seems certain that Dom Miguel and Don Carlos are really leaving the Peninsula, the one for England, the other for Holland.

The Prince de la Moskowa having persisted in his desire to be presented, was presented yesterday, along with the Prince d'Eckmühl. Their desire was so strong that they tried to get Mr. Ellice to present them in the absence of M. de Talleyrand, as if that were possible, apart from its being objectionable! Really, young Frenchmen have no idea how to behave, and Mr. Ellice, whose gentility is of recent growth, had lent himself to this pretty scheme!

Lord Durham and Mr. Ellice are called here, comically enough, "the Bear" and "the Pasha."

London, June 7, 1834.— Lucien Bonaparte has at last reappeared here, and is addressing the French electors from London. After his manifesto to the Deputies last year he disappeared for several months, and is said to have visited France secretly during the recent troubles at Lyons and Paris. His new letter is more turgid than ever, and even more full of literary affectations than the first; is in other ways a most abject production and in very bad taste.

Lucien, whom I had never seen before his arrival in England, as he was in disgrace with the Emperor, was said to be at least

as able as his brother, and to have more decision of character. I have heard it said that it was he who saved Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire, and, in fact, I had heard him greatly praised. My actual meeting with him, as often happens, did not come up to my expectations. He seemed to me cringing in his manners and false in his look. He is like Napoleon in the outward shape of his features – not at all in expression. I saw him last year, at a concert at the Duchesse de Canizzaro's, beg her to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, who was present. I saw him cross the room, and come up bowing and scraping to be presented to the victor of Waterloo, whose reception was as cold as such baseness deserved.

As I live in a London house¹⁷ celebrated for the great robbery suffered by the old Marchioness of Devonshire, who is its owner, and for a ghost which appeared to Lord Grey and his daughter during their tenancy, I will relate here what Lord Grey and Lady Georgiana have often told me in the presence of witnesses – Lord Grey quite seriously and circumstantially, Lady Georgiana with repugnance and hesitation. It seems, then, that Lord Grey was crossing the dining-room on the ground floor, whose windows look into the square, to go to his own room. He had a light in his hand, and he saw behind one of the pillars by which the room is divided a pale face, which appeared to be that of an old man, though the eyes and hair were very black. Lord Grey at first started back, but on raising his eyes he again saw the same

¹⁷ No. 21 Hanover Square, the French Embassy of the period.

face staring at him fixedly, while the body seemed to be hidden behind the pillar. It disappeared as soon as he moved forward. He searched, but found nothing. There are two small doors behind the pillars and a large mirror between them, so there may well be some natural explanation of the apparition. Lord Grey, however, denies that it was either a burglar or the reflection of his own face in the glass. As a matter of fact, at that time his hair was fair and his eyes are blue. However that may be, he told his family next morning at breakfast what he had seen the night before when he was going to bed. Lady Grey and her daughter thereupon exchanged glances with a meaning look, and Lord Grey asked what they meant. They told him that they had concealed the thing from him till then for fear of being laughed at, but that one night Lady Georgiana had been awakened by feeling some one breathe on her face. She opened her eyes, and saw the face of a man bending over her. She shut them, thinking she was dreaming, but when she opened them again the face was still there. She screamed, and the face disappeared. She then jumped out of bed and rushed into the next room, locking the door behind her, and threw herself half dead with fright on the bed of her sister, Lady Elizabeth. Lady Elizabeth wanted to go and examine the haunted room, but Lady Georgiana would not allow her. Next day the windows, doors, and bolts were found in good order, and what she had seen was pronounced to be a ghost, though the fact that a flat piece of roof comes close up under one of the windows might suggest even to the credulous that some footman in love

with one of the maids was the hero of this nocturnal adventure.

Nevertheless, the house has a very bad reputation. I sleep in the room from which Lady Devonshire's diamonds were stolen, and my daughter in that in which Lady Georgiana's ghost appeared. When we came to the house there were actually people who thought us astonishingly brave! At first the servants were afraid to go about the house at night except in couples. To be quite frank, the conviction with which Lord Grey and his daughter described their experiences made me also a little uncomfortable – a feeling which did not wear off for some time.

We have been here nearly three years, and nothing has been stolen and there has been no apparition. Yet once, when we were away in France, and when the door of my room was locked, the housemaid, the porter, and the maids swore that they heard a violent ringing of a bell, the cord of which is at the foot of my bed. They said that they went to the room and found the door locked as it should have been, and when they opened it they could find no explanation of the noise. They tried to make me believe that the bell rang on July 27, 1832, at the very time of my accident at Baden-Baden. A mouse was probably the real cause of this incident.

It is said that Lord Grey's father had a similar and very curious experience; and that Lord Grey himself, besides the Hanover Square ghost, saw one at Howick, which was even more remarkable, but of which he does not care to speak. Of course, this being so, I have not asked any questions about it, but several

versions of what happened are in circulation, and the thing has lent itself to caricature.

London, June 8, 1834.— Lord Radnor's extravagant pretensions have put an end to the idea of admitting him to the Ministry. They are now said to be thinking of Lord Dacre, whose appointment would, it is believed, be satisfactory to the Dissenters. The Privy Seal, which is held provisionally by Lord Carlisle, is destined for the newcomer.

When I called yesterday on Madame de Lieven she had just received letters from St. Petersburg which have at last made clear what her new position in Russia is to be. It seems to me to promise well. Instead of being a puppet at Court and groaning under the burden of perpetual ceremonial, the Princess is to have a house of her own. The Emperor wishes that his son shall learn there to know society and how to converse and conduct himself in the world.

This plan is set forth with infinite tact and kindness in a letter from the Empress, which is very happily expressed, perfectly natural, and full of cleverness and affection. Of course it has become a great interest and a great consolation to Madame de Lieven. She sees herself possessed of a direct influence on affairs, and in a position as independent as is possible in Russia. Her imagination is busy developing and improving this new sphere for her energies, and I must say in justice to her that her projects have not a trace of childishness or small-mindedness. She knows exactly what she wants to do, and the lines of her

scheme are broad and well thought out. The pleasure she derives from the importance of her prospective position was evident, but anything else would have been hypocritical, and I was pleased that she did not think it necessary to pretend to sentiments she did not feel before me. Her great desire is to render the young Grand Duke the immense service of accustoming him to great and exalted company, to make her house sufficiently distinguished and sufficiently agreeable to accustom every one, including the Emperor and Empress, to enjoy there the pleasures of conversation rather than amusements for which they are perhaps growing too old. Her ambition is to restore to the Russian Court the splendour and the intellectual culture which were its glory under the Great Catherine. She hopes in this way to attract foreigners by exciting their curiosity and providing it with a worthy object. All this fully occupies the Princess, who has it in her to play this part well, though it would be difficult anywhere, and is doubly so in Russia, where thought is as much fettered as speech.

There was a reasonableness and a delicacy in the letters both of the Empress and M. de Nesselrode which accords with all I hear of the Czar Nicolas and which augurs well for the result of this second education of the heir to the throne of ice. I was particularly glad to see that the frankness with which Madame de Lieven had expressed her regret at leaving England had been well received. She said to me *à propos* of this, "It proves to me that one can be sincere in our country without breaking one's

neck." I hope that she may find more and more reason to think so, but it will be necessary to keep this sincerity in cotton wool for some time to come.

She spoke to me with great admiration of the Emperor as a man with great gifts who is destined to become the greatest figure in contemporary history. On this I repeated to her a remark made by M. de Talleyrand with which she was much pleased. This is what he said: "The only Cabinet which has not made a single mistake during the last four years is the Russian Cabinet, and do you know why that is so? The Russian Cabinet is never in a hurry."

The Queen of England has shewn Madame de Lieven on the occasion of her recall much of the kindness which is natural to her, though it must be difficult for her Majesty to forget how little respect the Princess showed her during the life of George IV. and that of the Duke of York, and above all how discourteous the patronesses of Almack's with Madame de Lieven at their head were to her on the only occasion she was there when she was still Duchess of Clarence. I have even on one occasion heard the Queen remind Madame de Lieven of this incident in such a way as greatly to embarrass her. However all these old quarrels are forgotten, and when the leave-taking came the Queen's conduct was perfect. As to the King it is different; he has never even said either to M. or Madame de Lieven that he was aware that they had been recalled. They blame Lord Palmerston and I don't think they are far wrong.

London, June 9, 1834.— Yesterday I found the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland very busy getting together twenty ladies to join in offering Madame de Lieven some tangible token of the regret felt at her departure by the ladies of her particular acquaintance. This idea is particularly English, for the spirit of association is everywhere in this country and enters even into matters of compliment and civility. I thought that the Princess could not but be pleased and flattered, and I was delighted to add my name to the list. Ten guineas is the subscription and I believe the testimonial will take the shape of a fine bracelet inside which our names will, if possible, be inscribed.

M. de Montrond has returned from Paris. His wit is as ready and as cutting as ever, and, though he is certainly anything but a bore, I again feel with him the uneasiness which one has in the presence of a venomous creature with a poisonous sting. The charm which used for a long time to fascinate M. de Talleyrand is gone and has left behind a sense of fatigue and oppression which is the more felt as their long standing friendship and the remembrance of their past intimacy hardly permit them to make an end of it.

I don't think there is anything new in what M. de Montrond tells me of Paris. He speaks of the King's ability; no one contests it. It is equally well known that the King is always talking, and always of himself. M. de Montrond complains of the complete destruction of Parisian Society, of the spirit of division which is breaking up everything and which does not decrease. He gives

amusing accounts of the embarrassments of the Thiers family, of the high diplomatic ambitions of Marshal Soult for his son, of the alarm of Rigny and others at the kind of effect produced here by M. Dupin. They think that it is ominous of a future premiership and are almost angry with M. de Talleyrand for showing him attention. They do not see that M. Dupin's reception here is only a compliment to us, he being a man who is less fitted than any one in the world to shine in good English society, and that our object is merely to turn the turgid stream of M. Dupin's eloquence in favour of the English alliance of which he is a bitter opponent.

I found Lord Grey yesterday in a state of depression which he did not attempt to disguise. It is a contagious malady, and seems to have attacked all his adherents. Lord Grey's lassitude and weariness is to my thinking the most alarming symptom of the weakness of the Cabinet as now constituted. Lord Durham's attacks on Lord Grey in the *Times* wound him deeply. Conservatives and Radicals are alike speculating on the succession of the Whigs, and it is impossible to disguise the fact that this is a critical moment for every one.

While talking yesterday to a friend I remembered that when I was seventeen, I, like many other women of the period in Paris, was romantic or silly enough to consult Mlle. Lenormand who was then much in vogue, taking what I thought sufficient precautions not to be recognised by her. One had to fix the day and the hour beforehand and this I arranged through my maid giving a false name and address. She gave me an appointment

and on the day named I went with my maid in a cab, taken at a distance from my abode, to the Rue de Tournon where the sorceress lived. The house was of good appearance and the rooms clean and even rather pretty. We had to wait till a gentleman with moustaches had left the chamber where the Sibyl delivered her oracles. I made my maid go in first and my turn came next. After some questions about the month, day and hour of my birth, and about my favourite animal, flower and colour, and about the animals, flowers and colours which I particularly disliked, she asked whether she should make the great or the little cabala for me, the price being different. At last she came to my fortune and told me what follows. I may have forgotten some insignificant details but I give the main part of what she predicted, and I have since repeated it to several persons, my mother and M. de Talleyrand among the number.

She said that I was married, that I had a spiritual bond with an exalted personage (my explanation of this is that the Emperor was my eldest son's godfather), that after much pain and trouble I should be separated from my husband, that my troubles would not cease till nine years after this separation, and that during these nine years I should experience all manner of trials and calamities. She also said that I should become a widow when no longer young but not too old to marry again which I should do. She saw me for many years closely allied with a person whose position and influence would impose on me a kind of political position and would make me powerful enough to save some one

from imprisonment and death. She said also that I should live through very difficult and stormy times, during which I should have very exciting experiences, and that one day even I should be awakened at five o'clock in the morning by men armed with pikes and axes who would surround my house and try to kill me. This danger would be the consequence of my opinions and the part I was destined to take in politics and I should escape in disguise. I should still be alive, she said, at sixty-three. When I asked whether that was the destined end of my days she answered, "I don't say you will die at sixty-three, I only mean that I see you still alive at that age. I know nothing of you or your destiny after that."

The leading circumstances of this prediction seemed to me then too much out of the probable course of events to cause me any anxiety. I told my friends about it as a sort of joke, and, though the most improbable parts of it have come true, such as my separation from my husband, my prolonged troubles, the interest in public affairs which M. de Talleyrand's concern with them has imposed on me, I confess that unless some one has mentioned some similar matter, I think very rarely about what Mlle. Lenormand told me, and very little of herself though she was a remarkable person. She seemed to be over fifty when I saw her. She was rather tall and wore a loose, black, trailing gown. Her complexion was ugly and confused, her eyes were small, bright and wild; her countenance, coarse and yet uncanny, was crowned with a mass of untidy grey hair. The whole effect was

unpleasant, and I was glad when the interview was over.

I thought of her prophecies in July 1830, when I was alone at Rochecotte surrounded by conflagrations, and was receiving the news of what was happening in Paris, and when I saw General Donnadieu's regiments marching past my windows on La Vendée where it was thought Charles X. would go. I heard some denouncing the Jesuits whom they were silly enough to accuse of setting fire to their houses and fields, and others crying out against "malignants" such as I. The Curé came to my house for refuge and the Mayor asked whether I did not think that the soutane, which according to him reeked of brimstone, should be turned out of the commune. Already I saw myself surrounded by pikes and axes, and escaping as best I could disguised as a peasant. I escaped then, but I have sometimes said to myself that it was only a postponement and that I should not get off in the end.

London, June 10, 1834.—Lord Dacre, who was to have joined the Ministry, has had a fit and fallen from his horse which puts him out of the question. They are now thinking of Mr. Abercromby for the Mint with a seat in the Cabinet.

Yesterday we had at dinner M. Dupin, the young Ney and Davoust, M. Bignon and General Munier de la Converserie. If to speak ill of every one is to praise one's self M. Dupin did it to perfection. He treated with the utmost scorn the King and his Ministers and every man and woman in Paris. Some are mean, dowdy chatterboxes, others are robbers, smugglers, I know

not what. Immorality was castigated and justice brandished her flaming sword. M. Piron, the cicerone and the very humble servant of M. Dupin, multiplied his formulæ of adulation. What he chiefly praised was the lucid and detailed manner in which the great man had explained to the English Ministers the embarrassment and danger of their position. I think they would have been equally obliged if he had not crossed the sea to tell them what they know only too well already.

After dinner I had to endure the honeyed insincerity of M. Bignon. He reminded me of Vitrolles' cloying and inferior manner, he is rather like him in face, distinctly like him in his talk and above all in his bearing. I think however, that M. de Vitrolles' conversation is more vivacious, and his imagination more brilliant. As yesterday was the first time I have spoken to M. Bignon it would be wrong to judge him on one conversation, but one cannot fail to be struck with his calm and submissive manner which at once puts one on one's guard.

London, June 11, 1834.—Mr. Abercromby's appointment was in last night's *Globe*. We shall see if this will mollify the tone of the *Times* which ill-treated poor Lord Grey shamefully yesterday morning.

Among the many sayings of M. de Talleyrand here is one which is very good and not much known. M. de Montrond was saying to him last year that Thiers was a good sort of man and not so impertinent as you would expect from a parvenu. "I will tell you the reason," replied M. de Talleyrand: "c'est que Thiers n'est

pas parvenu, il est *arrivé*." I fear that this remark is too subtle to be altogether true, but that is the fault of M. Thiers. Impertinence is becoming a familiar method with him. Since his marriage he has been living in a kind of solidarity with the smallest sort of people, ill reputed pretensions, *parvenus* assuredly and not *arrivés*. It is impossible, in spite of the floods of wit with which he deluges the mud which surrounds him, that he should not be bespattered if not smothered. It is really a great pity.

London, June 12, 1834.— At Holland House yesterday I heard a story of how the Abbé Morellet complained to the Marquis of Lansdowne that at the Revolution he lost his pensions and his benefices though he had written and spoken so much on the Revolutionary side, and of how the Marquis answered: "My dear sir, how can you be surprised, there are always a few wounded in the victorious armies."

London, June 13, 1834.— There is a rumour that Dom Miguel has escaped and that a conspiracy has broken out at Lisbon against Dom Pedro; all kinds of sinister details are added. This, it seems, is nothing but a Stock Exchange trick, the truth being that there were some unpleasant demonstrations against Dom Pedro when he showed himself at the play. The simultaneous expulsion of both the rivals would be the most satisfactory conclusion of the great drama.

There is some surprise that Dom Miguel has not yet disembarked in England. Don Carlos arrived yesterday at Portsmouth in the *Donegal*.

Spain is annoyed, and with reason, because the Duke of Terceira and the English Commissioner who made Dom Miguel sign an undertaking not to return did not exact a similar promise from Don Carlos. They now wish England and France to take measures against Don Carlos so as to make him an outlaw in Europe. This however is not admissible, in spite of the notes of the Marquis de Miraflores and the diatribes of Lord Holland.

The conversation at Holland House is very curious. Little Charles Barrington was there the other day and said he had been prevented from riding a donkey because it was Sunday and because religious people didn't ride donkeys on Sunday. Mr. Allen grunted in reply, "Never mind: the religion is only for the donkeys themselves."

Mr. Spring Rice has just been elected at Cambridge, but by a small majority, which is by no means pleasant for the Ministry.

Sir Henry Halford, M. Dedel and the Princesse de Lieven came back from Oxford yesterday, moved, enchanted, intoxicated by the festivities on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University. This occasion is really in its way unique. The Duke's character and his past career – it is only four years since he would have been stoned at Oxford for having passed Catholic emancipation – the magnificence of the ceremony, the number and the quality of the company, the immemorial traditions of the scene, the excitement of everybody, the unanimous applause – everything in fact was wonderful and the like will never be seen again. Even the Duke

of Cumberland, universally unpopular as he is, was well received there. The Anglican spirit was in the ascendant, all personal animosities vanished in the presence of the dangers with which the Church is threatened, and this secured a favourable reception for every one who is believed to be ready to rally to her defence. In the Duke of Wellington it was less the great Captain whom they were cheering than the Defender of the Faith.

It is annoying to record that the undergraduates used the licence granted to them on such occasions to hoot the names of Lord Grey and others, which they called out loudly in order to have the pleasure of hissing them. The Duke of Wellington, on every occasion of their occurrence, showed that these demonstrations displeased him, but in spite of these signs of his disapproval they were several times repeated.

They say that when the Duke shook hands with Lord Winchelsea, on whom he had just conferred the Doctor's degree, every one recollected the duel which had once taken place between the two, and that this gave rise to a storm of cheering. The applause, however, was not less when Lord Fitzroy Somerset approached the Duke, his faithful friend and comrade, and being unable to give him his right hand, which he lost at Waterloo, extended his left. But what excited the greatest and most prolonged enthusiasm was an ode addressed to the Duke, the two final lines of which were as follows:

Till the dark soul a world could not subdue

Bowed to thy genius, chief of Waterloo.

At this point the whole audience rose spontaneously; the cries, the tears, the acclamations were thrilling; and, as Madame de Lieven said: "The Duke of Wellington may die to-day, and I may depart in peace to-morrow, for I have been present at the most marvellous scene that there has been during the twenty-two years that I have spent in England."

London, June 14, 1834.— A German *improvisatore* named Langsward has been recommended to me by Madame de Dolomieu. I had to gather together in his honour all the people here (few enough) who know a little German. The entertainment was not bad. There were *bouts rimés*, which he filled up very creditably; some verses about Inez de Castro; and, later on, a prose piece — a scene of lower-class Viennese life — which showed real verve and talent. The talent for poetic improvisation almost always indicates faculties of an unusual order. This is the case even with Southern people, whose language is naturally very harmonious. Poetic inspiration is a proportionately greater achievement in the less flexible accents of Northern countries. Still *improvisatori*, even Sgricci, have always seemed to me more or less frigid or more or less absurd. Their enthusiasm is overdone and false; the close rooms in which they are confined inspire neither the poet nor his audience. Nothing in them or their surroundings is in the key of poetry. I think that if you are to produce an enthusiasm which will really gain every one you must

have a landscape for your stage, the sun to light you, a rock for seat, a lyre for accompaniment, for your subject great and immediate events, and a whole nation for audience. Corinna if you like, Homer above all! But a gentleman in a dress-coat in a little London drawing-room, posturing before a few women who are trying to get away to a ball, and a few men, of whom half are thinking of the Belgian protocols and the other half of Ascot races, can never be more than a trifling little rhyming doll who is tedious and quite out of place.

Madame de Lieven showed me yesterday a letter from M. de Nesselrode, in which he complains of the ill-will and the troublesome, teasing manner of Lord Ponsonby, who, he adds, is goading the poor Divan to fury. Admiral Roussin appears charming by comparison.

Dom Miguel has really embarked, and is going to Genoa.

London, June 15, 1834.—Dom Pedro is hardly relieved of his brother's presence and free of the supervision of the Cortes, and he has already begun to destroy convents, monks, and nuns. I do not know whether this, too, will excite admiration at Holland House, but to me it seems a piece of impious folly which may well bring speedy repentance in its train.

The Rothschilds, who are by way of knowing everything, have been to M. de Talleyrand to say that the Marquis de Miraflores has just left for Portsmouth to take money to Don Carlos on condition of his signing guarantees similar to those given by Dom Miguel.

M. Bignon, the day he dined at Lord Palmerston's, when M. de Talleyrand was there, said to the latter that he wished to have a word with him, and with a mysterious and confidential air, added: "Now that I have dined with Lord Palmerston they can no longer say at Paris that I can't be Minister." This curious piece of reasoning was followed by a series of indiscreet criticisms of the French Cabinet and expressions of surprise that overtures of the same kind had not been made to M. de Talleyrand by M. Dupin. Nothing assuredly can be more presumptuous than this spirit, whether it takes the supple and cringing form of M. Bignon or the didactic and crude shape of M. Dupin.

London, June 16, 1834.—A *propos* of M. Dupin, when his mother died some time ago, at Clamecy en Nivernais, he had cut on her tomb, "*Here lies the mother of the three Dupins.*"

There are some good stories here of him and the amiable Piron, his cicerone. Mr. Ellice one day took them both to see some sight or other in London. In the carriage M. Dupin unfolded a large-checked pocket handkerchief, very vulgar in design, and holding it some distance from his face, spat into it, aiming very precisely at the middle of the handkerchief. On this M. Piron said to him aloud, with a very knowing air, "Sir, in this country one does not spit in public."

The choice of Mr. Fergusson for a high legal appointment gives an even more Radical tinge to the English Cabinet. Lord Grey, almost without knowing it, has thus been dragged to the verge of an abyss, into which his weakness is thrusting him, but

from which all his instincts and natural tendencies hold him back. Lord Brougham boasts that he has set everything right; Lord Durham, on the contrary, says (no doubt in order to prepare the way for himself) that it is he alone who has persuaded all the new recruits to join. Meanwhile he has retired to his villa near London, whence he declares, "I have made Kings and refused to be one myself."

The Marquis of Conyngham is, they say, to go to the Post Office and not to have a seat in the Cabinet. His selection is a social matter, with which politics, it appears, have very little to do.

The Duke of Richmond has accepted an invitation to the High Tory dinner to be given on the 22nd to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Wellington, who has sworn never to go to the City again after their shameful conduct to him in 1830, refused, and did not conceal the reason. And yet the Lord Mayor is not the same as in 1830, and probably the Duke would now have a most flattering reception. However, he has taken an oath and will not break it.

Mr. Backhouse, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been sent to Portsmouth to hold himself at the disposition of Don Carlos on every point except that of offering him money. This reserve seems to be the only way of assisting the negotiations which are being conducted by the Marquis de Miraflores, who is himself commissioned to offer the Infante, on behalf of his Government, an annual allowance of £20,000

sterling, on condition of his entering into obligations similar to those contracted by Dom Miguel. It is thought that the abject poverty to which the Prince himself, his wife and children, the Duchess of Beïra, seven priests, and a suite of ladies (seventy-two persons in all), who are with him in the *Donegal*

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