

DOROTHÉE DINO

MEMOIRS OF THE
DUCHESS OF DINO
(AFTERWARDS
DUCHESS OF
TALLEYRAND ET DE
SAGAN), 1841-1850

Dino Dorothée
Memoirs of the Duchesse De
Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de
Talleyrand et de Sagan), 1841-1850

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Memoirs of the Duchesse De Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de
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Duchesse de Dorothee Dino Memoirs of the Duchesse De Dino (Afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan), 1841-1850

CHAPTER I 1841

Rochecotte, January 1, 1841.— Yesterday passed by uneventfully. In the morning I had mass said in my chapel for the late M. de Quélen, and shed heartfelt tears during the service. In the evening my son Alexander, my son-in-law and Pauline gave us some music. They sang vaudevilles and mimicked characters with a vivacity which delighted me, as I am always afraid that they may be bored here, though I admit that their frame of mind was in complete contrast to my own. On the stroke of midnight punch was served; some tears fell into my glass when I thought of those with whom I had so often spent this anniversary.

Rochecotte, January 2, 1841.— M. de Salvandy writes to me as follows concerning the reception of M. Molé at the Academy:

"M. Molé spoke to a magnificent audience. He was seated between M. de Royer Collard and M. de Chateaubriand; on this occasion the latter broke his usual custom of avoiding public appearances. It was a special honour, either to M. Molé or to the memory of the late archbishop. The highest society from the Faubourg Saint Germain were there, in fact all the special friends of M. Molé and everybody who can be called anybody nowadays. M. Molé was continually applauded, and his cleverness, his taste and courageous speaking well deserved this reward. He gave a fair and respectful account of this pure and noble character and spoke of M. de Quélen without concessions or reticence or consideration for his own position. His ambition seems to have burnt its boats, with such enthusiasm did he speak of old time manners and society and so warmly did he emphasise the ideas and principles of good order. He only touched upon present times to utter a eulogy upon the King, and you know that present times are not agreeable to him. I was especially struck by the vigorous approval of the audience; it was a public rehabilitation of the persecuted Prelate and the canonisation of his memory by a layman before a public which was not entirely sympathetic or legitimist; for there was a lively manifestation of approval at certain passages in Dupin's reply, opposing the Restoration and the Englishman. Dupin's answer was quite characteristic, and I need say no more of it. M. Guizot and M. Thiers seem to have foreseen the success of M. Molé, for they did not appear and their absence was widely commented upon. In short, this session

has greatly raised M. Molé in the opinion and esteem of right-minded people, but it has been in particular a great day for the memory of the Archbishop, for his family and his friends, and for those who felt his blessing as he was at the point of death. For this reason I hasten, Madame, to give you an account of it, as by this means I can realise its meaning more exactly and more deeply than if I had merely listened.

"M. Guizot has informed me of the nature of the despatches received from St. Petersburg, from Vienna and from London, which are in all respects excellent. There is a desire to bring France back to the concert of Europe, a readiness to make advances and to seek means and opportunity. Peace is restored and I should be inclined to say, more than peace."

I am delighted at M. Molé's success which I foretold to him when he read me his speech at Paris in September; and am delighted not only on his account, but also because he has done something to restore the reputation of this holy Archbishop, who was so misjudged during his lifetime.

Rohecotte, January 3, 1841.— Yesterday I received many letters from Paris which repeat practically what M. de Salvandy wrote concerning M. Molé's speech at the Academy. M. Dupin seems to have been quite unspeakable, and in short, entirely himself; M. Royer Collard grumbled throughout his speech and said, "This speech is sheer carnage." In fact the dead lay in heaps beneath Dupin's destroying charge. Noticeable were the thunders of applause when he inveighed against the revelation of state

secrets, a direct thrust at M. Molé; but a most dramatic point, I am told, was Dupin's gesture in recalling the fact that a Molé, as an alderman of Troyes, had helped Charles VII. to drive out the English. His gesture and pose called forth repeated bursts of applause. Fortunately the diplomatic body were not present. It is a strange sight to see Dupin inveighing against the coalition of which he was a member.

M. Molé should be fully satisfied with his triumph, which has been complete, striking, brilliant and unusual. On this question M. Royer Collard writes as follows: – "No doubt more than one correspondent has told you of M. Molé's triumph, for such was the nature of his success, before a numerous and brilliant audience. I was glad to hear the speech which you and I have known for some time. If it is not an artistic production, it is the work of a clever man who has known better times than these and who has retained good traditions. The defects were not obvious; his courage appeared so natural that it was unnoticed; the beauties of it, which were by no means small, were understood and fully appreciated. M. de Quélen has shared the honour of the day, in truth it is he who has really triumphed, to such an extent did the audience share this solemn work of rehabilitation. I saw the most hard-hearted shedding tears. As M. Affre did not think of his predecessor, no one thought of him. M. de Quélen has carried the archbishopric of Paris to his tomb; there is not and will never be another archbishop; this striking and mournful glory is his."

I am extremely delighted at this posthumous triumph, as I have every reason to be, for I honoured, supported, cared for and perhaps even consoled the subject of it during his lifetime.

M. Molé's speech contains some admirable lines referring to the Cardinal of Périgord.

Before sessions of the Academy are held, speeches are by rule examined by a committee of members who act as censors and decide whether any passages should be struck out. M. Dupin did not conscientiously carry out this arrangement and his speech in public was not that which left the hands of the committee. It is expected that next Thursday when there is a special meeting of the Academy, explanations of the fact will be demanded. Mignet, who was present at the public session, is said to have been in a very bad temper and the newspapers of M. Thiers are preparing to fulminate against Dupin.

It is said that Mgr. Affre has proposed to change his cathedral precentors without calling a meeting of the Chapter; that the Chapter met to discuss the question; and that Mgr. Affre, when he heard of it, made a great uproar and forbade any meeting unless authorised by himself. New Year's Day then arrived. The Chapter have been accustomed to meet to send congratulations to the Archbishop: his prohibition was positive; they therefore did not meet, and have not congratulated the Archbishop. The result will be some new storm, for Mgr. Affre is a stormy character. The Sacré Cœur had much difficulty in securing permission to say a mass for Mgr. de Quélen at the end of the year; however,

permission was granted, and there was a suffocating crowd.

Rochecotte, January 5, 1841.— For twenty hours snow has been falling steadily. We are absolutely buried under this thick shroud. One might be living in the north with all its horrible cold, and it is impossible to go out. All communications will be cut off, though the storm should last only a few hours. What a winter it is!

Rochecotte, January 7, 1841.— Yesterday I had a letter from Madame de Lieven, in which the main points are as follows: "Things in general seem to me to be going better, though security is not absolutely certain. Have I written to you since the news from St. Petersburg arrived? Do not believe the exaggerations of certain newspapers on the point, but believe what is true, that the tone of the last communications is quite proper; that Russia is sincerely anxious to see France return to the concert of Europe, and is hoping that the present Ministry will remain in office. This demonstration, which experts consider to be more friendly than any that has been made at St. Petersburg, has caused much pleasure here and some anxiety to the English. There is no further development at present. At London attempts are being made to find a point of junction with France which is everywhere desired. Can you think of one? Jerusalem. Jerusalem delivered from the yoke of the infidels! Jerusalem, a Christian town, open to all Christian worship; a free town guaranteed as such by Christianity! What do you think of this? I should much like to see it. Is it likely that so simple an idea and so easy to perform could be rejected, for if ever the idea is carried out, it

could be to-day. Lord Melbourne will probably laugh at it and Lord Palmerston too.

"The opening of Parliament has caused much discussion. It is said that Peel and the Radicals will easily overthrow the Ministry, but I see no reason for it at this moment. Time will show.

"The Academy meeting caused a twenty-four hours' sensation. M. Molé enjoyed a great triumph. I was unable to hear his speech and it reads to me a trifle forced; such is also the impression of many people, and it has even been called somewhat insignificant. About M. Dupin's speech I have nothing to say. From the point of propriety it speaks for itself, but it amused me. My taste, however, is not particularly good.

"I hope you will make no mistake about the conclusion of the Egyptian question. Whatever happens, Mehemet Ali will preserve the pashalik as hereditary in his family; but what a conflict of opinions among the sailors, the Ambassador and the Minister of Foreign Affairs!

"I am told, my dear Duchesse, that the King of Prussia is a little strange in his conduct, that the fact is remarked among his people, that his popularity is rapidly declining, and that the old King is more regretted every day."

Rochecotte, January 12, 1841.— M. de Salvandy writes as follows: "I think that the Powers are seriously looking for an opportunity and an excuse to bring us back to the concert of Europe. The declarations of Prince Metternich; the Russian despatch with its unusual expressions concerning the wisdom

of the King and his services to Europe, the desire to come to an understanding with his Government; and the sentiments, too, of Prussia, which are more French and less Russian than ever, are providing food for reflection in England. Lord Palmerston is finding his course more difficult than he expected. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel will propose amendments; it is said that these amendments will be in favour of France and will pass, and the Tories seem certain on the point. I cannot believe it. It is impossible to think that the real successes of Palmerston throughout the Asiatic continent from St. Jean d'Acre as far as China, should mark the date and the reason of his fall. In any case it is certain that England, both as a government and as a nation, is concerned with the question of our isolation and of our liberty of action.

"Here the question of fortifications takes precedence of everything else. It has been simplified by M. Thiers' resolution to make no proposal without the approval of the Government. He abandons or modifies his amendments according to the desires of the Cabinet and so the struggle will not be in that direction. Victory or failure will be shared by MM. Thiers and Guizot. However, by a strange change of opinion M. Guizot seems to be threatened at the outset of this proposed plan. MM. de Lamartine, Passy and Dufaure, forty votes on the Left, together with Tracy and Garnier-Pagès, in short, fifty votes at least will be against the proposal. People are also asking whether Marshal Soult is not against the idea. His position seems

somewhat obscure. People wonder whether the objections which he offered to the detached forts in 1833, to the compromise and the continuous circuit walls proposed in 1840, are not more prominent in his mind than any other interest; whether he does not expect to advance his views by rejecting half the law which might easily end in the overthrow of the whole, and also of the oratorical party in the Cabinet, bound as they are to support their project in its entirety. People are also wondering whether this last result is not the object which the parliamentary strategy of the Marshal has in view. The Prince Royal, whom I saw yesterday, seems uneasy on the point. But what then can be the idea in the background? Can it be a combination of Passy and Dufaure, with Passy as the Minister of Foreign Affairs? This would be to restore the Ministry of May 2, which would not act upon the first occasion and will be no more possible now that it is dead. A combination of Soult and Molé is very unlikely; and finally, will M. Molé come forth from his ruins? All this is very obscure. M. Molé is very touchy. There are too many people who would regard adherence as an honourable confession of error. In any case it is certain that M. Guizot's prospects are impaired and that even at the Tuileries the chances of his overthrow are regarded as more probable than they would formerly have been. It is noticed that he makes no mention of London. Can he have reached the point when he begins to doubt of success, though he never doubted it before, and to consider the possibilities of a retreat?

"Rambuteau yesterday held a house-warming in his new rooms in the Hotel de Ville. They are magnificent and are characterised by splendour, luxury and good taste: the paintings, the ornaments and the furniture are admirable; it is pleasant to see an object worthy of praise and since we are now under the electoral *régime* I am glad to see that it can produce something at least that is earmarked by good taste and a certain grandeur. It is curious to see the town of Paris treat its Prefect in this way. Let us hope that this will pave the way for the kings.

"M. Pasquier has been greatly disappointed that he has not been elected to the Academy in place of M. Pastoret. He had great hopes, but the candidature of M. de Sainte Aulaire was too well supported. He is keeping himself for the place held by the Bishop of Hermopolis.¹ Is it not remarkable, Madame, that at his age a man should think of inheriting anything, and should still have ambition, holding the rank he does?"

Rohecotte, January 18, 1841.— Madame de Lieven writes from Paris as follows the day before yesterday: "Madame de Nesselrode is full of the great men of France, and has certainly come to Paris chiefly to see them. M. Eynard of Geneva has them on show; he invites Madame de Nesselrode to dinner with each of them alternately. I do not think he has missed one so far, except Garnier-Pagès.

¹ The Duc Pasquier was, in fact, elected member of the French Academy on February 17, 1842, in place of Mgr. Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis (1765-1841), high master of the University, who was very ill in January 1841.

"The Queen of England's speech is awaited here with some curiosity. People are wondering whether she will say anything suitable in view of the situation here. There is no inclination in Paris to diverge from the line of conduct that has been decided upon; an armed peace, quiet expectation and isolation, threatening no one, neither disturbed nor disturbing. Our neighbours, however, are anxious, and would like to see this state of suspense at an end. Lord Palmerston's obstinacy drives them to despair, for it is but too true that he is the real governor of Europe. Some means of forming a connection for France must somehow be found, and an intermediary has not yet been discovered. It is certain that the Pasha's position will be made hereditary.

"France has made peace with Buenos Aires, and Rosas, the tyrant of this republic, has been appointed ambassador here and will arrive in the spring. England will arrange the difference between Spain and Portugal.

"Conversation is concerned with nothing but fortifications; it is not quite clear whether the Chamber is in favour of them. The King on the one hand and M. Thiers on the other, are taking infinite trouble over the question. The Ministry will support the proposals but will not die of grief if they fail to pass.

"M. de Barante has been ordered to remain at St. Petersburg; some inclination to coquetry has been obvious in that quarter, but time alone will show whether any definite result will follow. M. de Lamartine had an audience of the King which lasted two hours

and a half and is said to have been much impressed. He talks a great deal about it. The question of diplomatic changes will not arise until the matter of the fortifications has been settled."

I have the following news from Madame Mollien: "There is every readiness to support the law concerning the fortifications in the Tuileries, but considerable reluctance in the Chamber. The château is greatly obliged to M. Thiers for joining the general opinion in his report; he is anxious to reassure the Chamber as to his position. It is said that he is greatly wearied by his partisans of the Left and has had a lively scene with Odilon Barrot which reached the point of insults and in which he termed the journalists of the party "ruffians." The fact is that if this law does not pass, the thirty millions already expended, the works that have been begun, the private property that has been bought up, destroyed and ruined and the devastation of the Bois de Boulogne, would place him in a terrible position; and so he is as gentle as a lamb and sends his wife to the Tuileries. The Ministry would be content with what would cause him embarrassment; the château, on the other hand, is making common cause with him; thus the position is very complex. The Duc d'Orléans is in a bad temper: the recall of Marshal Valée which was issued in the course of two hours without any previous notice to himself, has greatly wounded his feelings; he does not like the idea of the Marshal's return because he is one of his personal enemies and he fears for the safety of Africa in the hands of Bugeaud. However, he is retiring somewhat more into the background in adherence

to the wishes of the King, who is growing anxious about his successor, as Louis XIV. was about the Grand Dauphin. All our princes live like the Infantas of Spain, in loneliness and obscurity. The Pavilion Marsan is nothing more than a wearisome convent; on the ground floor there is very little vivacity and equally little on the first floor. The King retains his imperial confidence in his star. He thinks less of M. Guizot than he did some time ago, and does not so much dread a change of Ministry."

Rohecotte, January 17, 1841.— The Duc de Noailles who came here yesterday, read this morning in the drawing-room half of the article which he has written upon Jansenism, which is to be inserted in the work he is preparing upon Madame de Maintenon.² This part of the book is written cleverly and clearly; at the same time I can criticise it for an excessive partiality to the Jansenists and a failure to observe a proper moderation of tone.

Rohecotte, February 1, 1841.— Yesterday I received this bulletin from M. de Salvandy: "Our Ministry is the feeblest, the most diminished and the most elusive that ever was seen. I do not know, Madame, whether I have told you what I have often told them, that there is only one danger for them; not the danger of supporting views which might be defeated, but of having no opinion at all, or even worse, of having two opinions. They have run straight upon the rocks with sublime carelessness, in consequence of Guizot's speeches and with utter foolishness

² The publication which appeared in 1848 under the title *The History of Madame de Maintenon and of the Principal Events of the Reign of Louis XIV.*

in consequence of Marshal Soult's speech, while the general attitude and language drive them along most miserably. The truth is that as a matter of principle they brought forward their proposed law concerning the fortifications in defiance of the Marshal's opinion and opposed their military expert because they thought that public opinion was on their side. Since that time the position assumed by M. Thiers as a supporter of the bill has kept them awake and though they agreed with him in committee they were attempting to secure some means of checking him when he was with us in the Chamber. Schneider's amendment has been proposed with their support in opposition to M. Thiers and in agreement with the Marshal against M. Guizot, with the support of another combination which is more or less public property. Thus M. Guizot has suddenly revised his opinion and after asking us to pass the law in his great speech with a significant phrase, he went round to the members three days ago and solemnly told us that he was opposed to it. The great success of M. Dufaure has again produced a change in these views, as people fear that the real strength of the opposition may lie in that quarter. Yesterday evening Thiers demanded that they should explain themselves. They asked for a night to think over the matter, but reflection will tell them nothing that can make such conduct worthy or politic. No question was ever so badly managed. They have succeeded in securing the protectorate of M. Thiers, in exasperating him by their obvious treachery and in separating MM. Passy and Dufaure, while also wounding the feelings of the Conservative

party, the majority of which is ready to reject the great bulwark of M. Thiers. In any case, they are defeated, for they have conspired against all in turn. What will be the result of all this? Great discredit and deep divisions, if nothing else. I am going to the Chamber where I will try and write a postscript to describe the tone of the Cabinet and the vote of the Assembly, but I expect storms, and as I am acting as President in place of M. Sauzet, I must keep my hand upon the bag of Aeolus."

"Postscript from the Chamber.— The Marshal has made a speech of coarse and obvious duplicity which is setting the Chamber on fire. I have only time to send you my kind regards with this letter."

Rochecotte, February 2, 1841.— Yesterday's letters say nothing; the newspapers announce that Schneider's amendment has been rejected and that the forts and the continuous circuit wall will probably be adopted, notwithstanding the most inconceivable speech from Marshal Soult which was counterbalanced by the really clever speech of M. Guizot.

Rochecotte, February 4, 1841.— It was very cold yesterday but quite clear and I went for a walk with my son-in-law in the woods where there is always shelter in spite of the absence of leaves. To-day it is snowing as if we were in Siberia. Last night the thermometer fell more than ten degrees. Winter has indeed begun again.

The newspapers tell us that the fortifications have been voted; even those who voted for them did not want them and it is

difficult to know who has been duped in the whole business. One of the jests current in Paris is no longer to refer to Marshal Soult by his long-standing title of the Illustrious Sword, but to speak of him as the Illustrious Scabbard. This is not bad and tickled my fancy.

Rohecotte, February 5, 1841.— The following is the chief passage in a letter from the Comtesse Mollien: "So we are to have fortifications. In this very complicated question every one has been taken in and it is difficult to see who has gained an advantage apart from M. Thiers, whose delight, however, is largely qualified by the success of M. Guizot, for it is generally admitted that the Chamber of Deputies was carried away by his last and most admirable speech. It now remains to deal with the Chamber of Peers, which might show some obstinacy, according to rumour. This Chamber is quite in favour of outer forts at a greater or less distance in connection with one another, etc., but there will be some trouble in passing the proposal for a continuous circuit wall through that Chamber. You have doubtless seen from the articles in the *Journal des Débats* that this newspaper supported the law. The truth is very different; the real supporter is Auguste de Veaux, the son of Bertin de Veaux, who alone supported this view with such warmth that he outraged the policy of the newspaper against his father and uncle, who were no less warm supporters than himself of the contrary opinion, but eventually yielded to his youth and to his position as deputy. At the château there is general delight, but I think that

too little trouble is taken to conceal the fact that the circuit wall is only the passport for the rest. M. Bertin de Veaux was saying the day before yesterday that this circuit wall was the tomb of Parisian civilisation until it became the tomb of the monarchy. It has certainly already become the tomb of general conversation, people are wholly absorbed by it. Men and women, young and old, talk of nothing else and it is most wearisome and ridiculous.

"There has been a monster ball at the Tuileries. There will be no others: no select ball, but one concert and nothing else; only on the Monday festival there will be a small masked ball confined to the family and the households; the young people alone will be masked and ladies who are not dancing will wear white to distinguish them from the rest."

Rohecotte, February 7, 1841.— The Chamber of Peers seems far from favourably impressed by the proposal for fortifications and wishes to oppose it. I doubt if it has the energy to do so. Mdlle. de Cossé is to marry the Duc de Rivière. She will be very rich and wishes to be a duchess; he has very little money. Old Madame de la Briche is quite in her dotage. This does not prevent her from following her social inclinations and saying and doing extraordinary things.

Rohecotte, February 9, 1841.— My son-in-law hears that the disagreements about the fortifications and the manner in which the whole business has been conducted is likely to place every one in a false position; the Council, the Chamber and every one are at cross purposes; the Chamber of Peers is excited and

exasperated and wishes to propose an amendment, in which direction it is urged by Marshal Soult, Villemain and Teste, but is held in check by Guizot and Duchâtel.

Amid all these disturbances the vote for the Secret Service Fund will pass without difficulty. Then there is no other serious question during this session and M. Thiers is said not to be in a position to give battle on the latter point.

The situation in general, according to the statement of M. Guizot is good, for the Left, he adds, is reduced to impotence for a long time. He seems to be more and more pleased with the state of foreign policy, with the advances which are made to us, and of which he boasts a great deal. He goes so far as to say that the union with the four Powers has been broken, though this statement seems to me a trifle premature.

Rohecotte, February 11, 1841.— I find the following in a letter from the Duc de Noailles: "I have been studying the question of the fortifications, since this ridiculous law is thrust upon us. I cannot stomach it, and will not let it pass without raising my voice against it. The Duc d'Orléans shows great energy in the matter: he goes every day to the Chamber of Peers, even when we have nothing before us but petitions; he makes notes and observations with our grand referendary, M. Decazes, who hangs about the Chamber with a pocket-book, upon all the peers who are for or against and adds up the votes beforehand. Yesterday he sent some one during the session to M. de Véric who rarely appears in the Chamber, to learn his opinion. He said that if

there was any want of water to make mortar for the buildings, he would rather give his blood than that they should be interrupted. He told M. de Mornay who spoke on the opposition side of the Chamber of Deputies, that he had spoken as a marquis and not as a patriot. In short, he is canvassing all the peers, sending them invitations, asking them to dinner and using every possible means. It is true that almost all the Chamber will vote for the law, to such an extent have they been crushed by the revolutions which have harrowed our country. As you are deeply attached to the Duc d'Orléans, you will be sorry to hear of the unseemly and revolutionary remarks which this law has evoked from him and which are in circulation everywhere. M. Molé is working his hardest to oppose the proposal, but he will probably not be bold enough to speak against it openly; M. Pasquier is no less furious and will probably be equally silent.

"We have had a charming evening's entertainment at the house of Madame Récamier,³ on behalf of the sufferers from the conflagration at Lyons. I was in charge of the arrangements and the platform at the back of the room was most suitable for the music and the recitals. The professional musicians performed admirably; the little Rachel came late because the committee of the *Théâtre Français* had forced her, with their usual inconsiderateness, to play Mithridate the same day. She

³ Madame Récamier, at the outset of the Restoration and after her husband's ruin, settled at the Abbaye au Bois. All the famous men of the age struggled to secure admission to her salon, which apart from politics was a sort of nineteenth-century Hotel de Rambouillet, with Madame Récamier as Julie.

arrived at eleven o'clock with a grace, an eagerness to help and a simplicity which charmed every one. She gave the *Dream of Athalie* and the scene with Joas with excellent effect; it will be even better on the stage, as stage effects are lost in a drawing-room. Her conversation and manner caused equal satisfaction. The result was excellent – five thousand francs. Two hundred tickets were sent out at twenty francs a ticket, but nearly every one paid forty, fifty or even a hundred francs a ticket. It is a very pleasant way of collecting money. M. de Chateaubriand, who usually goes to bed at nine, stayed until midnight. M. de Lamartine was also there and two abbés to represent the convent; the Abbé Genoude and the Abbé Deguerry."

The Duc is devoting himself to art no less than to politics.

Rohecotte, February 12, 1841.— Several Legitimist newspapers have published so-called letters written during the period of exile by King Louis-Philippe to the Marquis d'Entraigues, and a long letter written to the late M. de Talleyrand by the King, while M. de Talleyrand was ambassador at London. The Cabinet considers that the newspapers should be seized, the editors arrested and a charge of forgery brought against them before the courts. I sent for the newspaper containing the letter which was supposed to have been written to M. de Talleyrand. I am convinced that it is an absolute forgery. M. Delessert, prefect of police, has asked my son, M. de Valençay, to write to me and inquire whether I knew if any papers had been stolen from M. de Talleyrand at London; whether it was possible for any one to have

abstracted them at Paris during his illness and at the time of his death; and finally, whether I knew a woman who was concerned in the whole business⁴ who says that she had lived at Valençay and even in the château; in short, he wishes to know my recollections and my opinion of the whole story. I talked over the matter with my son-in-law, and we concluded that we would be bound to reply. I therefore gave M. de Valençay a reply, telling him to read my letter to M. Delessert but not to leave the letter in his hands. In it I said that I had never known this woman or heard of her, which is exactly true; that all M. de Talleyrand's important papers had been deposited by him in foreign countries in sure hands and in places which would render theft quite impossible, and that no papers could have been found at his house in Paris, if any attempt had been made to abstract them, of which I had no recollection; that, in short, all my recollections and impressions contributed to convince me that the letter in question was a forgery. As a matter of fact, it is a very long letter upon European affairs which was never written by the King; moreover, neither the King nor Madame Adélaïde in their letters to M. de Talleyrand ever expressed the thoughts, the opinions, or the projects expounded in this letter. It appears that the Abbé Genoude and M. de la Rochejaquelein, in the course of a journey to England, bought the King's so-called letters from this woman and came to publish

⁴ This woman, Eselina Vanayl de Yongh, under the name of Ida de Saint-Elme, was a famous adventuress. The supposed letters of Louis-Philippe had been entirely invented by her.

them in France under the deception of animosity and party spirit. However, the whole business is very unpleasant for the King and the trial very wearisome to follow; these men assert that they have originals in the King's handwriting, which are no doubt forgeries, though proving them to be so is a hateful business.

The Legitimist newspapers also publish some fragments of a diary, or rather some memoirs of Madame de Feuchères; the forgery here is obvious to myself, who am well aware of the relations which existed between her and the Royal Family, and are totally misrepresented by these fragments. Her family and the executors of her will have published an absolute denial of the existence of these supposed memoirs. However, the Legitimist newspapers proceed as before to publish instalments of this absurdity, and there are idiots or ill-disposed persons who still persist in believing them authentic.

Rohecotte, February 15, 1841.— I have been asked a question about Madame de Salvandy, who corresponds with the Austrian Minister to the United States; her maiden name was Mlle. Ferey, and she was a niece of the Oberkampf family; she is thus connected with the Jouy oilcloth.⁵ She is not a distinguished person, though not vulgar; she is not pretty and not exactly ugly; she is not pleasant, but not badly brought up; not clever, but no fool; and after this I think it must be admitted that

⁵ An allusion to the painted cloth manufacture founded in the eighteenth century by Oberkampf at Jouy-en-Josas, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, not far from Versailles.

she is not a nonentity. I should add that she has been a good daughter, a good wife and a good mother; that she bores her husband and wearies her children by her continual efforts to be correct; and in conclusion that she is a thorough-going Protestant, always scattering little French Bibles about without her husband's knowledge, who is a good Catholic.

A summary of my correspondence is as follows. I found it here when I returned from Tours, where I had gone for a few hours to be present at a charity lottery.

Madame de Lieven writes: "Enthusiasm is rising once more at the Tuileries on behalf of the fortifications at Paris, and is said to have reached Dumouriez. The fortifications are desired and will be secured, for it is thought that the Chamber of Peers will show a majority in their favour, notwithstanding the Legitimist conspiracy of Molé and Pasquier. England will be obliged to make advances to France, as Parliament is urging it in that direction and society also. Notwithstanding the outward success of the English Cabinet, the Ministry is growing weak and it is even said that it will fall. Lord Palmerston alone retains full confidence in his fortune. The whole of Europe shows great confidence in M. Guizot, especially Prince Metternich, who asks of him only one thing – namely, that he will continue in office. I think he is as safe as any one can be in France. I think the proposal regarding Jerusalem will not pass unnoticed."

The Duchesse de Montmorency writes: "I told you a few days ago that Mgr. Affre had forbidden the Chapter to meet, and that

the Chapter had strictly carried out his orders by offering him no New Year's congratulations, as a meeting would have been necessary for that purpose. The result has caused a disturbance among the clergy which is now at its height. Even at the Tuileries they are beginning to repent of the unfortunate choice that was made in M. Affre, as he had a violent quarrel with M. Guillon, Bishop of Morocco, the Queen's first almoner, and a great favourite at the château. M. Guillon, though he had been entirely hostile to Mgr. de Quélen, went to the King to complain of Mgr. Affre. Unfortunately he cannot be removed. He has turned M. de Courtier, the very popular priest of the foreign missions, out of his parish, and he has only his masses to live upon. The canons of Notre Dame no longer say mass at the high altar, as to do so would be a means of meeting, and similarly at matins and the other offices. Things are almost as if the cathedral was under an interdict. Mgr. Affre is so hot-tempered that when his secretary, a young and innocent abbé to whom he had dictated some extraordinary letters, ventured to remark upon the fact, he was immediately dismissed without notice. How Christian, pastoral and evangelical such conduct is!

"M. Demidoff has sent back the secretary, the butler and the servants that he had here; it is not yet known whether he has reached Russia, or whether the Emperor Nicholas will allow his wife to come with him; the possibility is doubted.

"The affairs of the Duc Decazes are in fearful disorder and his servants are leaving him; he is also said to be very ill."

M. Raullin writes: "Yesterday at Notre Dame we had a sermon from the Rev. Father Lacordaire, who wishes to restore or to establish in France the Order of Dominicans with their beautiful white cloaks. The whole of Paris was there and the church was crowded. The sermon provoked much criticism, both favourable and adverse. It was a harangue in the style of Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade to the people, except that in this case the Crusade was directed against no one, but was to support Catholicism. It was Rome and France marching together since the time of Clovis to the conquest of true liberty and of civilisation. In all this there was a mixture of papacy and of nationalism, of spiritual monarchy and of universal liberty which was thundered forth in a style that might shake the pillars and the very foundations of every Gallic church. I hope that similar attempts will not often be made, but for once in a way such outbursts do no harm. I was especially struck by the vast concourse of people and the close attention with which they followed all the words of this Dominican revivalist. As to the result of his attempt, I am afraid that imagination and a sense of the picturesque are all that will be stimulated. I do not like attempts to start new movements by something extraordinary."

The Duchesse d'Albuféra writes: "Madame de Rambuteau, in order to avoid the terrible crowd which invades the rooms of the Hotel de Ville, declared that she would only ask those of her new acquaintances who were introduced to her on Tuesday mornings. Such was the reply that she sent to a note from Madame d'Istrie,

who asked permission to introduce her sister, Madame de La Ferronnays. The idea of introduction as an excuse from Madame de Rambuteau to Madame de La Ferronnays has been considered ridiculous; it has become a jest and a byword and many people in high society decline to visit the Hotel de Ville.

"Madame de Flahaut is entirely absorbed in the task of attracting the Faubourg Saint-Germain to her house; the Duc d'Orléans is distinctly angry in consequence; but as princes no longer go to salons, Madame de Flahaut says that she will not continue to sacrifice her tastes to the whims of the Duc d'Orléans. Emilie, her daughter, who keeps house for her, is influencing her in this direction. On Thursdays there is dancing at Madame de Flahaut's house: some one was saying before the Marquise de Caraman that these entertainments were balls for young people, to which the marquise replied, 'And for young women too, for I have been invited,' upon which remark it was remembered that her baptismal certificate does not seem to agree with this claim."

Finally, M. de Valençay writes that Madame de Sainte Elme, the author of the *Contemporary Memoirs*, is deeply implicated in the affair of the pretended letters from the King. The prefect of police is still busily occupied in the task of getting to the bottom of this intrigue.

M. de Valençay went to hear Father Lacordaire and says that he looks like a fine Spanish picture. His sermon was very republican and his mode of expression very different from that

hitherto employed in the pulpit, but he has much talent and vigour.

He adds that M. de Chateaubriand is reading his Memoirs at Madame Récamier's house; Madame Gay swoons with admiration and Madame de Boigne makes faces. These two tendencies were especially brought out by a very striking portrait of the Duc de Bordeaux. The Duchesse de Gramont Guiche was present and was not remarkably pleased with the passage in which her name was mentioned, in which M. de Chateaubriand said: "Madame de Guiche, who has been a great beauty."

There is nothing else in my letters which seems worth quotation, and even what I have extracted is chiefly trivial.

Rohecotte, February 23, 1841.—Some time ago I was advised to read a novel by M. Sainte-Beuve and not to be alarmed by the title of it, which was "Pleasure." I read half of it yesterday; though it wanders from the point in a manner more metaphysical than religious, and though the affectation and ruggedness of the style is obvious, I have been deeply touched by the book, which displays a profound knowledge of the human heart, a true sense of good and evil, and generally speaking, a loftiness of thought which is unusual in modern authors.

My son-in-law hears from Paris that the Chamber of Deputies was much disturbed by the report of M. Jouffroy concerning the secret service funds. The Chamber seems to have been living in a profound calm which has been disturbed by this report. It has revived all quarrels and severely criticises all past Ministries,

while it speaks of the policy of the present Cabinet in terms which are unacceptable to many of its supporters. In short, it is an unfortunate incident, which is important in so far as it strengthens the arms of that important fraction of the Chamber known as the Dufaure-Passy party.

Rohecotte, February 24, 1841.— In the *Friend of Religion*, a little magazine which I take in to lend to my priest, I have found a long extract from the famous sermon of M. Lacordaire, which recently caused so much sensation at Paris, and which fortunately seems to have met with strong disapproval. As a matter of fact what I read is quite inconceivable, though there are many passages full of vigour and talent; but these are overwhelmed by strange assertions which reach the point of the scandalous and the dangerous. As his subject he took the duty of children to parents and from thence proceeded to an enthusiastic eulogy of the democracy: he said that Jesus Christ was above all things a member of the middle classes, and that France is supported by God because it breathes democracy. The late Mgr. de Quélen was quite right in his refusal to allow M. Lacordaire to preach unless he were himself present to keep an eye upon him. He mistrusted these strange doctrines which had long before been derived from his connection with M. de Lamennais, and though M. Lacordaire has remained a Catholic, he is largely affected by this evil teaching, which he received in his youth.

Prince Pierre d'Arenburg writes to say that on the day of the collection at Notre Dame Mgr. Affre summoned the ladies who

were collecting to the sacristy, but he did not speak to them or give them a word of thanks, which they expected, as they were always accustomed to it from Mgr. de Quélen, who invariably thanked them with perfect grace; that Mgr. Affre then sent them into the church with a most abrupt "Now then, start," which was received with murmurs on the part of the ladies, according to my letter.

M. de Valençay writes to say that he has heard from a reliable source that overtures from the English Cabinet are still awaited and that it is believed that they will be forthcoming. He had met Madame de Lieven who had commissioned him to send me news of the fact and to add that M. Guizot is on the best of terms with the German courts. It appears that this week will decide the fate of the English Cabinet, which will be vigorously attacked.

The law upon the fortifications will not be put to the vote in the Chamber of Peers for a fortnight. It will be fiercely attacked by M. Molé, by the Chancellor and by the Legitimists. The court is very angry with the two first named. What the fate of the law will be is absolutely unknown as yet.

Madame de Nesselrode has left Paris full of enthusiasm for Parisian life, for Parisian things and people. I admit her goodness of heart and her generosity, but I think very little of her judgment.

Rochecotte, February 26, 1841.— I hear from Paris that a very select ball was given by Madame Le Hon and that she and Madame de Flahaut are now trying to refine their salon and to

attract the Faubourg Saint-Germain; that in this respect a kind of reaction is expected; that every one is anxious to be counted a member of high society; that those who were formerly sought are now disdained and those are flattered who were formerly rejected.

I hear from Vienna that the daughter of the Prussian Minister Maltzan, a pretty young girl of twenty-four, is to marry Lord Beauvale, the English Ambassador; in age he could easily be her father; he has been a great rake and is eaten up with gout. However, she has preferred him to several possibilities, because he is an English peer, ambassador and brother of the Prime Minister. She has decided to make a brilliant marriage.

Rohecotte, February 27, 1841.— Yesterday my daughter had a long letter from young Lady Holland of whom she had seen a good deal at Florence. This little lady is now at London. I have asked my daughter's permission to select the interesting passages from this letter: "I doubt if any one, whatever trouble he took, could discover a more painful situation than ours, because I think that no one could find such a woman as Lady Holland, my mother-in-law. She surpasses everything that could be imagined in the way of rapacity and selfishness, and in a novel her character would be thought exaggerated and impossible. As you know, she became possessor of everything from my father-in-law, but that is not enough for her. She wishes to pull down Holland House where she spent forty years of her life and to build and to sell; in fact, Heaven knows what she does not wish, for the other day

she was anxious to make an arrangement with her son which would deprive us of our small income which was arranged at our marriage, so that if the Ministry were to change to-morrow it is quite possible we should be reduced to live upon the interest from my dowry. Fortunately she cannot destroy Holland House without my husband's consent and he says he would rather cut his hand off than consent to sacrifice the smallest part of it, even of the park. Similarly she cannot sell the other estate of Amphill without his consent. He would willingly give his consent to pay off the large mortgages with which she has burdened the property, which was immense and free from debt at the time of her marriage with Lord Holland, if she on her side would do something. She has so much of which she can unfortunately dispose that my husband has been advised to ask something in return for his consent. He only asked her to leave the house as it was during his father's lifetime, whom he worshipped, and whose memory is most dear to him. He told her that the library and papers which his father left behind were a hundred times more precious to him than the real property and the silver of which she can dispose. Well, she declines to do anything. She has consulted all her friends, who have pointed out the truth and asked her to do the right thing. The result is scenes and quarrels, while we must look on at everything and not offer a complaint. It is a difficult position and sometimes I feel my blood boil, but I restrain myself for my husband's sake and follow the example of his sons and his daughter whose patience towards her is angelical and who show

a delicacy, a tenderness and reserve which she certainly does not deserve at times. In short, we must hope that a day will come when we shall be able to live in peace and return to that dear house which we have not been permitted to approach since our arrival. At present we must start as soon as we can and return to Florence by way of Paris.

"Fanny Cowper is not to marry Charles Gore. She cannot yet decide what she will do, and remains very pretty.⁶ The chief beauty of the moment is Lady Douro. The Duke of Wellington has recovered but commits such imprudent acts that it is impossible to rely upon him. Lord Cardigan has been hissed in the theatre, which is very unpleasant for those who go there. I went to his trial which interested me greatly.⁷ He is a handsome man, pale and interesting, and we peeresses were all so pleased that he was acquitted; but it was a somewhat theatrical business and I am afraid that in these days of reform and discontent it may cause some outcry against the House of Lords. My husband clearly pronounced the words 'Not guilty, upon my honour,' but they were delivered best of all by my cousin, Lord Essex. Towards evening the robes of the peers, the red tapestry and the presence of the ladies made a striking effect. The ladies chiefly

⁶ The daughter of Lady Palmerston by her first marriage and a niece of Lord Melbourne. Lady Fanny was to marry Lord Jocelyn a few months later.

⁷ Young Colonel Cardigan had several quarrels with officers in his regiment, and after a duel with Captain Harvey Tuckett, whom he wounded, he was summoned before the House of Lords in its judicial capacity in 1841; he was acquitted, and his trial was merely a necessary concession to the law of the land against duelling.

admired were Lady Douro, Lady Seymour, Lady Mahon and my cousin, Caroline Essex.

"Our dear aunt, Miss Fox, of whom we are very fond, since she has been a real mother to my husband, has given us much anxiety. She has been very ill, but I hope that she is out of danger; she regrets her brother whom she loved for himself alone. There is no sense of vanity, no regret for loss of position, and no ambition in her grief, while everything that she has seen or heard since his death has shocked and pained her. We have also been alarmed for my poor cousin, Lady Melbourne; an illness after a miscarriage was nearly the death of her, but I now hope and trust that she is out of danger; these, however, are incidents which hurt and leave their marks. She thought she was dying and left all that she loved with calmness, submission and tenderness, forgetting nothing that could conduce to the happiness of her husband whom she was leaving.

"We spent a week at the beginning of the year at Windsor; it was a picture of perfect happiness; our dear little Queen, handsome Prince Albert and the little Princess, a pretty and good-tempered child, ready to do anything with a smile, a certain sign of good health. The Queen is said to be with child again. We were dining there four or five days ago and the Queen seemed to me to be not quite well, though she danced a good deal two evenings later, but in any case she is so strong that one cannot judge by appearances."

Rochecotte, March 1, 1841.— My last month of Rochecotte is

now beginning, much to my regret. I have been as well here as I can be at present. I live free from fatigue, agitation, trouble and constraint; all these I shall find at Paris, but there would be a certain affectation if I stayed away altogether; and before starting for Germany I have a number of little things to do and some preparations to make which can only be done at Paris, so I have resolved, though with much reluctance, to start in April.

Yesterday I had a letter from Madame Mollien, which seems to me amusing from beginning to end: "I must say a word to you of this fancy dress ball, a carnival ball which will form an epoch in the annals of the Tuileries, because for some hours it has brought back to its walls, which are usually so sad, the frank, simple and unrestrained cheerfulness which can only be seen in the simplest salons. The success of the entertainment was due to the Prince de Joinville; no one could withstand his impetuosity. The costumes were varied, generally rich and tasteful with a few exceptions; there are exceptions everywhere. The Queen, the old Princesses and the old ladies who were not wearing costumes went in succession to the gallery of Louis-Philippe. All in costume, ladies and gentlemen, met in another part of the château and made a solemn entry about half-past eight to the sound of an appalling band, composed of all kinds of more or less barbarous instruments which the Prince de Joinville has collected in his travels. He himself, in true Turkish costume, carried an enormous drum of a most oriental kind, on which he made a tremendous noise. A magician preceded the procession

as a herald, and the company was conducted by the Duchesse d'Orléans. She was splendid with a dignified air: her costume was that of Marie of Burgundy, black velvet richly embroidered with gold and trimmed with ermine; the tall pointed cap which forms part of this costume was ornamented at the front with a velvet bow embroidered with enormous stones; the cap itself was of cloth of gold surmounted by a veil of tulle embroidered with gold. Two ladies and two gentlemen, alike in costumes of the age of Louis IX., escorted the Princess. The two ladies, whose costumes were like hers though not so rich, were Mmes. de Chanaleilles and Olivia de Chabot; the men were M. Asseline, her Secretary of private commands, and M. de Praslin, who looked very well in a long cloak of brown velvet and marten fur, and called himself Philippe de Commines. Poor Princess Clémentine was not a success: she wore a Turkish costume which the Prince de Joinville had brought back from Syria; it was handsome but heavy and ungraceful, and her supple and charming figure was not shown off until after supper when she took off the enormous headdress which was crushing her, to be able to dance more at her ease. The Duchesse de Nemours, on the other hand, was charming: she had copied a portrait of the wife of the Regent, whom she is supposed to resemble. The outer dress was of red velvet, very short, with a skirt standing out and trimmed with rubies and diamonds all round, upon a skirt of white satin trimmed with two rows of broad green fringe and garlands of pearls; a small velvet cap with one little feather

standing upright was put on the side of her head and touched her forehead, leaving her head almost bare upon one side. Her very fair hair slightly powdered, curled, fluffy, turned up on one side and falling down on the other, gave her a coquettish appearance and an apparent want of care which was charming. I have never seen her so pretty, and so every one said. The others are not worth mentioning. At the same time there were some pretty dresses, including ladies of the time of the Ligue, of the Fronde, of Louis XIII., of Louis XIV., some Spanish costumes, and also a vivandière of the time of Louis XV., which caused quite a sensation. Madame de Montalivet and Madame de Praslin each appeared as Mlle. de Hautfort, in rivalry. Many of the ladies were powdered. The Duc d'Orléans did not return from Saint Omer as he had said he might do, to the great vexation of the Princesse; I think his absence rather spoilt her evening. The Prince de Joinville speedily rid himself of his Turkish costume; his two young brothers first appeared in military costumes of the last century. After the first dance they all three went away and soon came back again; the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale as *débardeurs* and the Duc de Montpensier as a *fifi* of the time of the Regency. If you happen to have a neighbour who is accustomed to go to fancy dress balls (I do not think M. de Castellane is), you can ask him for explanations of these costumes. Their chief merit and probably the reason for their choice, is that they are an excellent support in themselves to revelry, as they authorise and even require a cheerful manner.

The quadrilles were formed only in two rows; as there was plenty of room they were able to stand without crowding. As the couples at each end would have had too much space to traverse, each figure was repeated only twice instead of four times, and thus without rest or relaxation, ever in movement, each dance finished by a general galop to music played in much quicker time for that purpose. This went on till half-past three in the morning with a vivacity which I could hardly believe possible. The Queen was greatly amused, and the King himself seemed to find some pleasure in all this gaiety. He stayed till supper, which was served in the Galerie de Diane at little round tables, as at small balls. The Infants and Infantas of Spain were all in costume, excepting their father and their mother. She only danced the English dance, which concluded the ball. Her partner was an *Incroyable* of the Revolution, and they looked sufficiently incredible. However, she excused herself from the last galop which ended this dance and was more uproarious than all the rest. The Prince de Joinville had the Duc de Nemours as his page, and he took a very cheerful part in all these gaities throughout the evening. He made some attempt to imitate his brother, but the Prince de Joinville with his wild spirits coupled with his grave and handsome face, his alertness and originality, was in every respect inimitable. I have forgotten to mention M. and Madame de Chabannes: she appeared as a lady from the Court of Charles IX.; her costume, which was said to be designed by Paul Delaroche, was exactly correct, and made her absolutely

hideous. He was wrapped from head to foot in those waves of white muslin in which the Arabs are dressed; this was not an imitation, for the whole thing came from Algiers – the costume, the dagger, the pistol, and also an enormous gun which he had captured at Blidah or at Milianah. He was on duty, and in this costume he preceded the King and Queen when they came from their apartments to the ballroom. In my opinion he showed not the least proof of courage in this campaign.

"There was a continuation of these festivities the next day. All those in costume who cared to do so met at the house of M. de Lasalle, the King's ordnance officer, and the *Incroyable* of the Infanta. His wife had a splendid costume, said to represent Mlle. de Montpensier. The Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale appeared at this improvised meeting, which went on until five o'clock in the morning, and is said to have been extremely gay. It was Shrove Tuesday, when everything is permitted. There was also some amusement in the morning: Madame Adélaïde gave her children's breakfast as usual; the King and Queen always attend it as well as the Princesses; it is held in the Palais Royal in Madame's own rooms. Several tables are placed in three rooms, at one of which the Royal Family sits and is served with all kinds of dainties. This table is the most amusing point. This year Madame had added a little performance to amuse the King; a piece from the theatre of varieties was played, the *Chevalier du Guet*, which may perhaps have amused the King but certainly not the children; of that I

am certain. My two nephews were with me, for Madame had invited them with a kindness which would not allow me to refuse. I stayed there from three o'clock till seven and then went back to spend the evening at the Tuileries, as I was on duty, so that by Ash Wednesday I was nearly dead with weariness.

"There has been not a word spoken to-day about the fortifications, or of the secret service fund, though to tell the truth certain statesmen would not be entirely out of place amid these Carnival disguises."

Rochechotte, March 2, 1841.— M. de Valençay writes to say that he dined yesterday, which was Thursday, with Marshal Soult, a large dinner-party to forty guests. The Aylesburys, the Seafords, Lady Aldborough, the Brignole and Durazzo parties, and the Francis Barings were there. My son sat near Francis Baring, a clever and agreeable man, of whom he had seen a great deal at M. de Talleyrand's house, especially in England, and who seems to retain a warm regard for his memory. They had much talk. Sir Francis told him that a large number of M. de Talleyrand's letters had recently passed through his hands, as he had been going over and arranging all the correspondence of his father-in-law, the Duke of Bassano. He added that after reading these letters his impression was that my uncle had right upon his side in his differences with the Duke of Bassano concerning the policy of the Emperor Napoleon. In the course of this conversation Francis Baring gave him a piece of information which might be useful to us, telling him that one of his friends came to him a short

time ago and said, "You are not aware that Thiers professes to have found, while turning over certain papers, some documents which compromise M. de Talleyrand in the affair of the Duc d'Enghien." My son then went into certain details to show Baring that the information which M. Thiers professes to have acquired could only be erroneous, that my uncle had never known anything of the Emperor's projects or his secret opinion regarding the Duc d'Enghien, and every one who knew Napoleon was not astonished at the fact.

I am glad to know what M. Thiers professes to disseminate as information, with the object of giving an appearance of authenticity to the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, which he is now writing.

When you have returned from your exile,⁸ I shall ask you to request Francis Baring to lend you the letters of which he has spoken to my son. These letters might very well form a part of our great work, in my opinion.⁹

The discussion upon the secret service funds has been much more prolonged than was expected. In any case the vote is a matter of doubt.

Yesterday's news was the scanty majority by which the English Ministry carried Lord Morpeth's bill – five is indeed a

⁸ M. de Bacourt, to whom this letter was addressed, was still acting as French Minister at Washington. This incident explains the coolness which arose between the Duchesse de Talleyrand and M. Thiers.

⁹ This great work consisted in copying and classifying papers which were collected under the title, *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*.

small number; possibly it indicates the approaching fall of the Cabinet.¹⁰

It is impossible as yet to say what the fate of the bill concerning the fortifications of Paris will be in the Chamber of Peers. The Duc de Broglie is one of the most vigorous supporters of this law.

The newspapers announce the marriage of the old King of the Low Countries with the Comtesse d'Oultremont.¹¹ The aunt of the King of Prussia, the old Electress of Hesse has just died. The poor woman had led a sad life with many trials and reverses; her wretched husband is marrying the lady with whom I have so often seen him at Baden.

Rohecotte, March 3, 1841.— The Duc de Noailles writes telling me that M. de Flahaut is assiduously paying court to M. Guizot on every possible occasion and in particular every evening at Madame de Lieven's house, where his attentions begin as soon as he has passed the door. In short, he seems as devoted to him as he was to M. Thiers; however, he will not secure the Vienna post unless Sainte-Aulaire goes to London, which he will only do if M. de Broglie who is urged to accept London, should continue to refuse it.

The Duc also says that the King regards the question of the fortifications as a peace problem, and declares that war need only

¹⁰ The Irish Registration Bill had been proposed by Lord Morpeth in the House of Commons, where it met with considerable opposition.

¹¹ On February 16, 1841, King William I. of the Low Countries contracted a morganatic marriage with the Comtesse d'Oultremont-Vegimont, after abdicating in 1840, in favour of his son, King William II.

be made more difficult to become more unusual; that Germany is quite right to fortify herself; and that we should fortify ourselves, because in this way we shall check our impetuosity and each raise obstacles which will prevent mutual attacks. The Duc d'Orléans, on the other hand, regards the question from a revolutionary point of view; he says that Europe will never permit his dynasty to continue or recognise the principle of the Government which triumphed in 1830. Some day or other Europe will attack him, and he should prepare for defence even to-day. The Duc de Noailles himself seems to be preparing a speech, for which he claims a great deal.

Rohecotte, March 5, 1841.— The following is a passage from a letter which I received yesterday from M. Molé: "The coalition has prevented the powers of good from triumphing henceforward; power can only be exerted now at the price of concessions, which I will never make, so I consider my political or rather my ministerial career as terminated. When any question seems to be worth the effort, I shall do my duty to the Chamber of Peers, but neither more nor less than that. On that point I am irrevocably decided. Blindness is everywhere paramount, and in particular where clear-sightedness should reign. This reason makes me doubt the future, which I regard in the darkest colours and with many apprehensions of approaching disaster."

M. de Salvandy writes saying that he has to go to Toulouse this month on family business and will ask me to put him up on his way. He adds, "The campaign upon the question of the secret

service funds has been waged as mercilessly as that upon the fortifications question. M. Thiers emerges defeated and without prospects; M. Guizot triumphant in word but weakened in reality, for the majority are disturbed by the observations of M. Dufaure. The session seems to be concluded, but the vote of credit will arouse it to fresh life at the expense of M. Thiers, and the discussion upon the law of the fortifications, if it should end in the Chamber of Peers according to the wishes of M. Molé, which seems unlikely, would complicate the situation more than ever."

The newspapers announce the death of M. de Bellune, who received the sacraments from the hands of my cousin, the Abbé of Brézé, in the presence of M. de Chateaubriand, the Marquis de Brézé and M. Hyde de Neuville. No one could come to an end as a more thorough-going Carlist than he. M. Alexandre de La Rochefoucauld has also died, but not in so Legitimist a fashion.

M. Royer-Collard is sad, depressed and ill, and is angry that M. Ancelot should have been elected to M. de Bonald's seat in the Academy instead of M. de Tocqueville.

Rohecotte, March 7, 1841.— I am delighted to hear that you like the letters of Madame de Maintenon,¹² and am deeply flattered by the likeness that you find between the nature of her intellect and of mine. However, the Duc de Noailles has several times made the same observation to me. I wish I were more capable of living up to the resemblance. Apart from her mental qualities and a certain weakness due to her position and to the

¹² Extract from a letter.

time in which she lived, she had a loftiness of soul, a firmness of character and a purity of principle and of life which raised her very high in my esteem and provided a better explanation of the astonishing fortunes which followed her, than her beauty, her grace and her lofty thoughts can do.

Rohecotte, March 8, 1841.— Yesterday evening my son-in-law read us a delightful article upon Mlle. de Lespinasse in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 1. The article is well written and reminds me of several incidents which M. de Talleyrand told me of this personage, who was no favourite of his. He thought that she was wanting in simplicity, for one of the best features of M. de Talleyrand's taste was his respect and liking for simplicity. He admired it in every case, in mind, manner, language and feeling, and only a strange conjuncture of circumstances or a very strained position could ever prevent this noble instinct of simplicity from influencing his own character and actions. Exaggeration and affectation he always hated. My own failings in this respect were corrected in a remarkable degree by my intercourse with him. At the time of my marriage I was somewhat to blame in those directions, though I hope that is not the case now. The improvement is due to him, as are many other things, for which I cannot sufficiently thank his memory. To return to Mlle. de Lespinasse, I well remember reading her *Letters* which appeared shortly after those of Madame du Deffant. I was not greatly attracted by them; affected enthusiasm is by no means the same as real feeling, and passion is not tenderness. In view of the

want of principle that characterised the eighteenth century, the one safeguard for the individual was the yoke imposed by society with its customs and demands. If one were ever so little outside that circle, there was no check, and imagination carried people very far and very low. Mlle. de Lespinasse, having neither family nor fortune, was not obliged to consider a society to which she only half belonged, and led the life of a clever man who is also a lady-killer. But now I seem to be writing an article on the subject myself and what we read yesterday is much better than this.

Rohecotte, March 9, 1841.— The following is an extract from a letter which I have from the Duchesse de Montmorency: "People here think only of fortifications: those who usually trouble but little about politics are full of them and society looks very askance upon those who are supposed likely to vote in support of the law. My husband says that he has not yet been *enlightened*; our family interprets this to mean that the King has won him over. The fact is that he is influenced by my son who has been commissioned by the Château for this purpose, all of which vexes me exceedingly.

"M. Gobert, treasurer of the fund for the orphans of those who died of cholera, was very devoted to the memory of the late Mgr. de Quélen, and had a terrible scene with Mgr. Affre at a meeting of the committee, when the Archbishop wished to dismiss him. M. Gobert replied that he would not stir; in short, the whole business was very scandalous and it is impossible to understand how these scenes of fury and abuse of authority will

end.

"The Duc de Rohan is marrying his daughter to the Marquis de Béthisy, a very suitable match.

"In the newspapers you will see the filial comedy that has been played by the Prince de la Moskowa. M. Pasquier is praised for not having allowed him to speak. I am told that the Duc d'Orléans induced the Prince de la Moskowa to enter the House of Peers in order that he might vote for these stupid fortifications. It is also the Duc d'Orléans who influences the *Journal des Débats*. Old Bertin and the chief editors are strongly opposed to the fortifications, but young Bertin, orderly officer to the Duc d'Orléans and M. Cuvillier Fleury, private secretary to the Duc d'Aumale, insert what they please in the newspaper, or rather what the Château pleases. I know that Bertin de Veaux said the other day to one of my friends, 'Pray do not think that I am inclined to support so fatal a measure.'"

Rohecotte, March 14, 1841.— It was so fine yesterday and I had owed a call so long to the wife of my sub-prefect,¹³ that I resolved to go to Chinon with my son-in-law between lunch and dinner. The road from this house to Chinon is pretty and easy. At Chinon itself I visited the great and noble ruins of the castle which overlook the rich and smiling valley of the Vienne: the room where Joan of Arc offered her holy sword to Charles VII.; the tower where Jacques Molay, the grand master of the Templars was long confined; and the subterranean passage

¹³ The Sub-Prefect of Chinon at that time was M. Viel.

leading to the house of Agnes Sorel; all these things can still be seen and one regards them with the eye of faith, which is the most important element in archæology. If this ruin were restored as that of Heidelberg has been, the result would be most picturesque. I stayed for a quarter of an hour at the office of the charity organisation where the Sister Superior now is who spent fourteen years in the household of Valençay and who had several times expressed a desire to meet me. She is a thoroughly good person and liked everywhere, and her departure was much regretted at Valençay. When I rang the bell a sister came to tell me that the Mother Superior was at the point of death and had received the last sacraments a few hours before. However, I asked her to tell the invalid that I was there and she insisted upon seeing me. I was much saddened by the interview which cheered the failing life of this excellent person. She told me, as the late Mgr. de Quélen once told me, that from the first day when she had seen me to the day of her death which was now at hand she had never passed a day without praying for me. It is good to be loved by Christian souls and their loyalty is to be found nowhere else.

When I returned from Chinon I found two letters which will influence my movements during the summer; one was from the King of Prussia who had heard of my travelling proposals and asks me to go and see him at Sans Souci. This induces me to go to Berlin about May 12 and so one point is settled. The other letter is from my sisters who tell me that they will remain at Vienna until July 1, and that I ought to carry out the proposal I had formed to

go and see Madame de Sagan there if she had lived. I am anxious that the tie between my sisters and myself should be maintained. This is only as it should be and it is also a comfort; we are now reduced to a very small group and the tie of blood has a strength which one is surprised to find persisting in spite of all that should naturally destroy it or at any rate weaken it.

Rochecotte, March 16, 1841.— Yesterday I had a letter from Madame de Lieven who says: "The Firman conferring heredity seems sheer humbug; such was the opinion of the Pasha and even more so the opinion of Napier, the English admiral. He has advised the Pasha to refuse it, which he has done very politely. While these events were in progress in the East, we here received a very polite invitation from London to rejoin the concert of Europe in order to settle the Eastern Question in general, and this invitation was preceded by a protocol announcing that the Egyptian question was entirely settled. As the terms of invitation seemed to be suitable, there was a disposition here to open negotiations. Your Government has proposed some verbal changes which were immediately accepted, and the matter was almost concluded when the news that I have just told you arrived. M. Guizot immediately brought the matter to a standstill, for the Egyptian affair, instead of being terminated, is beginning again, and the Sultan and the Pasha are as far from an understanding as ever. The Firman was dictated by Lord Ponsonby and the other three representatives opposed it. The English at Paris are ashamed of this despicable trick; every one regards it as an

act of bad faith, and there is some small amusement at the embarrassment which will be caused to the northern Powers, as the document will have to be drawn up again unless the whole quarrel is to be reopened as if no Treaty of July 15 had ever been made. Meanwhile the Germans are yearning to see the isolation of France come to an end, as this position forces them to undertake great expense in the way of armaments, while France will not hear of any understanding as long as the difference with Egypt persists.

"And what of America? Lady Palmerston writes to me every week and says in her last letter, 'We are very pleased with the news from America, and everything will be settled.' This means that poor MacLeod will be hung and the English territory will be seized. If this will satisfy them, all well and good.¹⁴ In China, English affairs are also going badly.

"Bresson will certainly return to Berlin. M. de Sainte-Aulaire has recently arrived. He will go to London, when, I cannot say, probably when you send an ambassador there. I do not know who will go to Vienna.

"Lord Beauvale had an attack of gout during the celebration of his marriage;¹⁵ he told the priest to hurry up, and was taken

¹⁴ During the Canadian rebellion in 1837 and 1838, the steamship *Caroline* had been burnt on the Niagara River, and an Englishman, Mr. Amos Durfee, was killed. Mr. Alexander MacLeod, a United States citizen, was accused as his murderer, but Mr. Gridley, judge at Utica succeeded in proving his innocence.

¹⁵ See p. 22 for the announcement of the marriage of Lord Beauvale with Mlle. Maltzan.

home very ill. The next day he was in bed and his wife had dinner at a small table at his bedside. They will come to Paris on their way to England.

"Adèle de Flahaut is dying; her father is behaving like a madman, but her mother shows a man's courage.

"I have decided to send you Lady Palmerston's letter so that Pauline may read the details that interest her."

The following is Lady Palmerston's letter to the Princess: "I must tell you that my daughter Fanny is engaged to Lord Jocelyn. He is a charming young man of twenty-eight, handsome, cheerful, loyal, clever and pleasant, and he has travelled in every part of the world. He has just come back from China, of which he gives very interesting accounts. We are all very pleased with the marriage, which is quite romantic. He sent his proposal in writing from Calcutta a year and a half ago but could not wait for an answer as he was obliged to start for Chusan; so he has been nearly two years wavering between hope and fear and reached Liverpool without knowing whether he would not find her married to some one else, for in the English papers which he sometimes saw he occasionally found announcements of Fanny's marriage with some other person. Lord Jocelyn's father is Lord Roden, a great Tory, but that, you know, is a trifle which does not disturb us, as Fanny's happiness is our first object, and love and politics do not go together. Moreover, he is not a fanatic like his father, but very reasonable and steady in his ideas.

"The news from America is pretty good upon the whole: it is

all a matter of talk and party spirit; the out-goers wish to make the position difficult for the in-comers, almost in European style."

I now propose to copy a little romance which was composed by Henry IV. and which I have found in the *Memoirs of Sully*. It seems to me full of elegance and charm, and to be even more graceful than *Charmante Gabrielle*:

Dawn of day
Come, I pray,
Gladden thou mine eyes;
My shepherdess
My heart's distress
Is redder than thy skies.
She is fair
Past compare;
See her slender form,
Eyes that are
Brighter far
Than the star of morn.
Though with dew
Touched anew,
Roses are less bright,
No ermine
So soft is seen

Nor lily half so white.

How pretty it is! Henry IV.'s letters are also charming; in fact his figure alone lends interest to this extraordinary work which

is as heavy and diffuse as possible, though interesting to any one who has the patience to delve in it.

Rohecotte, March 27, 1841.— My son-in-law hears that the speech of M. Molé against the proposed fortifications has not answered the general expectation; that the speech of M. d'Alton Shée, which was said to have been written by M. Berryer, sparkled with wit and clever mockery and delighted the Chamber of Peers, which is really as much opposed to the law as the Chamber of Deputies was, though it will probably vote as the other Chamber has done.

Rohecotte, March 29, 1841.— I have now reached my last week of country life which will be filled with a thousand details, arrangements, accounts, and orders to be given. I shall greatly miss my solitude, my peace, the regularity of my daily life, the simplicity of my habits, the health-giving work without fatigue or agitation, which profits others and therefore myself. I cannot help feeling some anxiety at leaving the protecting haven where I have been taking shelter to set sail again. Society is a troublesome and stormy sea to sail, for which I do not feel in the least fitted. I have no pilot and cannot steer my ship alone, and am always afraid of running upon some reef. My wide experience has not given me cleverness, but has merely made me distrustful of myself, which does not conduce to the possibility of a good passage.

Rohecotte, April 2, 1841.— I see a notice in the newspapers of the death of the Vicomtesse d'Agoult, mistress of the robes to the Dauphine. The loss of so old and devoted a friend must be

a severe blow to the Princess, especially during her exile. There are few griefs and trials through which she has not passed.

Rochecotte, April 3, 1841.— The newspapers announce that the amendment which would have sent back the law upon the fortifications to the Chamber of Deputies, has been rejected by the House of Peers by a considerable majority. This means that the law will pass in its original form. The Château will be delighted.

The Duchesse de Montmorency tells me that I shall find hypnotism again the rage in Paris: every one has his own medium, and little morning and evening parties are given at which experiments are performed. This fashion was introduced by Madame Jules de Contades, the sister of my neighbour, M. du Ponceau. Her brother, who has been three months in Paris, has obtained a woman of Anjou who is very susceptible to hypnotism. She was with him at Benais¹⁶ last autumn, and Dr. Orye tells me wonderful things about her. He was formerly very incredulous, but what he has seen of this woman has shaken his unbelief.

Rochecotte, April 4, 1841.— Certainly Paris is now to have its fortifications. The Duc de Noailles writes me a letter upon the subject which is very politic and probably very judicious, but which I found very wearisome. He adds, "I may tell you as a piece of news that the Princesse de Lieven is giving dinners;

¹⁶ Benais, the country residence near Rochecotte, then belonged to M. and Madame de Messine, the parents of Madame du Ponceau.

she has very fine silver and china, and invited me last Monday with M. Guizot, Montrond, M. and Madame de la Redorte, Mr. Peel (brother of Sir Robert Peel) and Mrs. Peel. This was the second dinner she has given. The first was to her Ambassador and his niece Apponyi. She also gave an evening reception for the Duchess of Nassau, the widow and the daughter of Prince Paul of Würtemberg, who came to spend a fortnight in Paris to see her father who has been at death's door and is still very ill. The Duchess of Nassau is deaf but she is very pleasant and agreeable. She did not wish to call at the Tuileries but her father insisted. The whole of the Royal Family, except the King, called upon her the next day. Three days later she was invited to dinner and refused, saying that she was obliged to go to Versailles on that day. She refused before mentioning the subject to her father, who is certainly not a supporter of the Philippe party, but felt the unpleasantness of the refusal. He has insisted that she should make an appointment with the Queen for her farewell call: the Queen replied that she was very sorry, but that the engagements of Holy Week would not allow her to receive her. As soon as she arrived, the Court placed its theatre boxes at her disposal; she refused, saying that she would not go to the theatre at all, though she has been to the Opera in the box of the Duchesse de Bauffremont. In our faubourg people are delighted with this conduct, which seems to me utterly stupid and in bad taste." I also think such pranks are ridiculous.

As you are reading the little Fenelon,¹⁷ remember that I especially recommend the third and fourth volumes; I consider it is equal to Madame de Sévigné and La Bruyère. The whole work is pervaded with the inimitable grace and the fine and gentle austerity of the Christian bishop, an aristocrat, a man of God and of the world, whose intellect was terrifying, as Bossuet said.

I was starting in an hour and am very sorry to go. When and how shall I return? The unforeseen plays too large a part in the life of each of us.

Paris, April 6, 1841.— At length I am in this huge Paris and my impressions are by no means favourable.

Paris, April 9, 1841.— Madame de Lieven wrote asking me to come and see her, and I asked her to a quiet dinner with myself. She accepted the invitation and appeared in full dress, less thin than before, and in good spirits. She told me that her Emperor is as unsociable as ever; that the little Princess of Darmstadt cannot endure the climate of St. Petersburg and that the cold has given her a red nose; the young heir is by no means in love with her, but will marry her. The Princess assures me that nothing has been settled as regards diplomatic changes; that Sainte-Aulaire will go to London and Flahaut to Naples and the rest remains a matter of chance. It is thought that Palmerston is secretly encouraging the strange actions of Ponsonby, as the Eastern Question is by no means settled. Lord Granville has been obliged to resign on account of his health. Lady Clanricarde is very anxious to come

¹⁷ Extract from a letter.

to Paris, but the little Queen and Lady Palmerston do not like her; however, she has been reconciled to Lord Palmerston, whom she used to hate. It is said that the Queen would like to appoint Lord Normanby to Paris, as he is a weak member of the Cabinet.

M. Decazes is so ill that people are thinking of his successor. Some mention M. Monnier as a possibility, and I have heard other names which I do not remember.

Paris, April 10, 1841.— I should be glad to have something interesting to say of Paris, where the clash and strife of interests is so strong, but I have nothing and seem to be more vacant and listless even than at Rochecotte. Many words buzz about my ears and leave no impression and merely prevent the quiet course of my reflections.

Yesterday after lunch I called upon Madame Adélaïde. She had heard through a third person that I was at Paris and had asked me to come. I had not proposed to appear at the Château until after Easter. I found her ill and strangely changed; thin, bent, tired and grown old. She was very pleasant, but really harassing with her interminable discourse upon the fortifications. I think she must have sent for me to discuss this subject, as if I had any opinion upon it or as if my idea could be of any importance. I was more interested by the portrait of Queen Christina of Spain which she showed me and which is an agreeable picture. This Queen did not go to Naples because her brother would not receive her. She should now be at Lyons, and it is thought that she will come back here where the Court seems to be favourably

inclined to her. For the stout Infanta there seems to be less liking, and she has not increased her popularity recently by sending her three eldest daughters into a convent for no obvious reason. Since her arrival here she took the three Princesses to balls and other social functions, and now shuts them up in this way.

M. Molé came to see me towards the end of the morning, and is very depressed upon the subject of politics. The fact is quite clear that no one has gained either power or reputation. The Court seems to have been so entirely committed to these wretched fortifications which no one wants, not even those who have voted for them, that the consequences have been almost ridiculous. Many people's feelings have been hurt on this question and all who did not promise their vote were ridiculed and insulted point blank. It is said that the Prince Royal has not spared himself in the matter. I am very sorry, as I shall always be about anything that may injure his position. At the present moment he is at St. Omer.

Paris, April 12, 1841.— Some one has just come in to tell me a sad piece of news. The pretty Duchesse de Vallombrose, who was quite young, was confined of her second child a few days ago and was attacked with puerperal fever two days later. The servant whom I sent to inquire for her was told that she died last night. It is very dreadful. The little schoolmistress of Rochecotte was cured of this same disease by country doctors, while the Duchesse de Vallombrose, with the whole of the faculty about her, dies in spite of their supposed science. Life indeed realises

but little of what it promises.

Paris, April 13, 1841.— The death of the Duchesse de Vallombrose was yesterday a general subject of conversation. The unfortunate woman seems to have had no suspicion of her danger. A priest was fetched who, fortunately on this occasion, was a capable man (the Abbé Dupanloup), and was obliged to prepare her mind for this terrible conclusion. Deaths of this kind in the time of Louis XIV. would have produced sudden conversions, but nothing can effect the worn-out emotions and the dead consciences of our age, where everything is flat and dull, at home and abroad.

Paris, April 14, 1841.— M. de Sainte-Aulaire came to lunch with me yesterday to ask some questions concerning the nature of the London Embassy and its social position, as he is preparing to move thither. M. Royer-Collard came in before he had gone and they talked of the French Academy and of a new Book which M. Nodier is preparing, *The History of Words*. People say that it will be a curious and serious work, excellently written by a clever man, and a book of real authority.

M. Royer-Collard told me that on the day of his daughter's death his study door opened three times in a quarter of an hour to admit M. Molé, who was quite simple; M. Thiers, who was less so; and M. Guizot, who was nothing of the kind. Their meeting made the incident stranger still. M. Guizot fell upon the neck of M. Royer-Collard, pale and in tears, and the bereaved father felt too weak to keep him back, and I think he was quite right. Two

of M. Guizot's children had been dangerously ill, and had been saved by the care of M. Andral.¹⁸ M. Royer-Collard had called upon M. Guizot to congratulate him upon their recovery, and since that time when the two men met in the Chamber, they have shaken hands and exchanged a few words. As I am a supporter of peace in general, and think that the more we advance in life the more we should incline in that direction, I told M. Royer-Collard more than once that I was glad of the reconciliation.

My children came to dinner with me and after they had gone I went to bed. I might go into society if I pleased, or give receptions here, but I have an invincible dislike to these functions, and the hour during which I am at home to friends seems to me the longest in the day. Our dear M. de Talleyrand, whose insight was so profound and who spoke more truly of every one than I realised at the time, told me very correctly that when my children were married I should fall out of society. As a matter of fact I can no longer endure it. My priest, my White Sisters, my garden, my poor people and my workmen, are enough for me. What one knows as friends in society are quite uninteresting compared with them. Madame de Maintenon said, "My friends interest me, but my poor people touch my heart." I have often applied this phrase to my own case and understand its meaning fully.

Paris, April 16, 1841.— Yesterday the eldest daughter of the Duc de Rohan-Chabot, with whom we are connected, was married to the Marquis de Béthisy. It was a fine wedding, and

¹⁸ Dr. Andral was a son-in-law of M. Royer-Collard.

all the high society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain were there. I was invited to the celebration. The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin could hardly contain the crowd; the throng in the sacristy was overwhelming; people were elbowing one another on the steps, while the driving rain increased the confusion, far from diminishing the haste of the visitors to return home. The Abbé Dupanloup who daily baptizes, confesses, buries or marries some one from our quarter, uttered a discourse which was somewhat long, though it touched those who listened to it. But nearly every one was thinking of such wholly mundane affairs as dress and display. At Paris, and in our society, marriage is rarely an event of any solemnity, and the words of the priest are the only serious utterances amid the extreme frivolity, in which the marriage service can scarcely be heard. It was a sight which evoked more than one sad reflection, especially for those who remembered that in the same church the evening before the last prayers were said over the coffin of the young and beautiful Duchesse de Vallombrose.

Paris, April 17, 1841.— Yesterday I took advantage of the kindness of the Comte de Rambuteau, who offered me his box for the last performance of Mlle. Mars. There was a crowded audience and every one worth knowing was there, including the whole of the Royal Family. Mlle. Mars exhausted all the artifices of her dress with surprising success and all the resources of her talent with even greater success. Her voice was in no need of training or study: it was always fresh and perfectly modulated;

if she would avoid parts that are too young for her and change her style she might have continued on the boards for a long time to come. Her farewell performance was a brilliant event and she was overwhelmed with flowers and applause. The *Misanthrope* was disgracefully murdered by the poor company and Mlle. Mars alone respected Molière. In *les Fausses Confidences*, there was more unity and vigour and Mlle. Mars was a triumphant success.

Paris, April 25, 1841.— M. Royer-Collard in the course of his last visit but one to my house told me that he had some twenty of M. de Talleyrand's letters which he would give me if I cared to have them. I accepted his offer, as I am glad to have as many of M. de Talleyrand's autographs as possible. He brought them to me the day before yesterday; yesterday I read them through and some are excellent for the gracious and studied simplicity which was peculiar to his style. Among them I found what I had long been seeking for, though I had never been able to put my hand upon it; a copy of the letter which M. de Talleyrand wrote to Louis XVIII. when the memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo on the subject of the Duc d'Enghien¹⁹ appeared. I knew that he had written it, but I had confused the dates and was under the impression that this letter had been addressed to Lord Castlereagh instead of to the King. M. de Talleyrand sent a copy of it to M. de Royer-Collard, which copy I am now delighted to

¹⁹ This letter from M. de Talleyrand to King Louis XVIII. and the reply sent to him by M. de Villèle in the King's name, may be found in the appendix of the third volume of the *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*.

find again.

M. de Villèle, who has not been at Paris since 1830 is now there. This is an event for the Legitimist party. They are keenly anxious that he should be reconciled to M. de Chateaubriand, and yet the two gentlemen have not met hitherto, simply for the reason that neither of them will make the first call, though both declare that they would be delighted to see one another again and to forget the past.

Paris, April 26, 1841.— Yesterday before the benediction I said good-bye to all my good friends of the Sacré Coeur. All these ladies are very proper and Madame de Gramont is quite an exceptional personage for her cleverness, her kindness and her graciousness combined with firmness. She is very kind to me and I am more at my ease with her than with any society personage. The fact is that I am out of touch with society and realise the fact daily; society not only disgusts me but irritates and displeases me. I am disturbed, wounded and agitated by it and go out less every day: the mental peace and balance which I have recovered with such difficulty in my retirement are lost here. I am dissatisfied with myself and by no means satisfied even with those concerning whom I have no complaint to make.

Paris, April 29, 1841.— Yesterday at the end of the morning I had an infinite number of callers who came to say farewell and all seemed equally tiresome; I can only make one exception in the case of the good and excellent Russian Ambassador,²⁰

²⁰ Count Pahlen.

who proposes to spend part of the summer at Carlsbad. His Sovereign is certainly not going to Ems; it appears that the courts of St. Petersburg and of Berlin are not upon good terms and that the King of Prussia sent his brother William to be present at the wedding of the Hereditary Grand Duke merely in order to avoid an open breach. The strained relations between these two Courts are due to an opposition of commercial interests, to the unpopularity of the Russians in Germany which the Governments cannot overlook and especially to the behaviour of the States in the Grand Duchy of Posen and to the liberty there granted for the use of the Polish language. The Emperor Nicholas flew into a temper and said that he might as well be living next to the Chamber of French Deputies. These details are quite official. I have them from the King himself whom I saw for a long time yesterday at his sister's house, to whom I went to say good-bye. I found both of them much disturbed by the sentence of acquittal pronounced a few days ago in the notorious case of the false letters attributed to the King.²¹ The verdict is in fact wrong and unjust, for no one knows the foolishness of these letters better than myself. On this occasion we talked of many matters which prove that no one can ever write too little, that hardly anything

²¹ See p. 15 (February 12, 1841). A judicial inquiry had been begun against M. de Montour, the manager of the newspaper *la France*, which had published the false letters. The matter was long delayed by the defence, and did not come before a jury until April 24. M. Berryer cleverly pleaded good faith on the part of M. de Montour, who had thought the letters authentic, though he had taken no pains to verify his belief. In the result the manager of *la France* was acquitted by six votes to six.

should be entrusted to paper and that letters should above all be destroyed. I went home feeling really terrified on this question.

Paris, May 1, 1841.— Yesterday I called upon the Duchesse d'Orléans to receive certain messages for Berlin. She showed me her two children: the eldest, the Comte de Paris, is the very image of his grandfather, the King, though he is shy and delicate; the second is like his mother and seems to be livelier than his brother.

Paris, May 3, 1841.— The weather has grown cooler in consequence of a storm during the night, which fortunately did not break soon enough to disturb the fireworks and the illuminations in honour of the baptism of the young prince.²² The ceremony at Notre Dame passed off very well and was entirely noble and dignified. The little Prince was delightful. Every one noticed the admirable bearing of the Duchesse d'Orléans, her reverent bows and the care with which she crossed herself after entering the church. I should like to have gone, and the kindness of Madame Adélaïde had given me an excellent opportunity, but I was anxious about my daughter and did not go, as I did not wish to miss the doctor's visit.²³

Paris, May 5, 1841.— M. Bresson, who came to say good-bye yesterday, seems destined to return to Madrid and is by no means pleased at the prospect. He evidently expected to go to Vienna.

²² The Comte de Paris, born on August 24, 1838, was privately baptized at the Tuileries on his birthday. He was not admitted into the church until nearly three years later, when the ceremony took place at Notre Dame with great splendour.

²³ The Marquise de Castellane was then seriously ill with quinsy, from the effects of which she suffered for a long time.

The King proposes to send Montebello to that capital, but M. Guizot, who is influenced by Madame de Lieven, wishes Vienna to be given to M. de Flahaut. Rumours are in wide circulation that Madame de Lieven is making the appointments to ambassadorial posts, and there is a violent outcry against her in the French diplomatic body.

Pauline is better, but not well enough to accompany me to Berlin. I am sorry to leave her, and the long journey weighs upon my mind. It is real isolation. I shall be truly glad when I find myself once more in Touraine; I feel that my real home is there, where I have my strongest interests, duties and a useful centre of work. Anywhere else I exist but do not put out roots.

Metz, May 6, 1841.— I am now far from Paris and regret nothing in it except my daughter, and have no great hopes that my journey will be a relaxation. I dread the annoyance of it and the wearing life of high roads and inns.

Mannheim, May 8, 1841.— I left Metz at midday, after a good rest. I then came on here without stopping, arriving at ten o'clock in the morning. I was not searched at the frontier, but a terrible storm in the night almost made me lose courage. However, I literally made head against the storm, and am now at Mannheim. The inevitable Schreckenstein was waiting for me and wished to take me to the castle where a room was ready for me. I declined, and think that I pleased others as much as myself by so doing. After dressing I called upon the Grand Duchess Stephanie who had placed a carriage at my disposal. She looks better than

she did at Umkirch when she was suffering from her terrible illness, but she can hardly move her left arm and remains a little lame. It is whispered that what she considers to be rheumatism is something much more serious; the doctors wish to send her to Wildbad; she talks quite as usual. Princess Marie has grown rather heavy and is somewhat faded, not to any great extent, but there is no prospect that she will marry.

I called upon Baroness Sturmfeder, who is outwardly a great lady, and upon old Walsch, who was beguiling her old age with the *Charivari*, the *Wasps* and the *Ready Made News*, lampoons which are now fashionable; from such sources she derives her ideas and her kindly sentiments. After leaving the castle I was driven to the Duchess Bernard of Saxe Weimar whom I had seen in England; her husband is the loving and beloved uncle of the Duchess d'Orléans. This was a mark of respect upon my part, the more advisable as I am bound to meet them before long at dinner at the castle. I have now returned and am resting until dinner-time, which is at half-past four.

Since leaving Paris I have been reading a great deal, first a novel by Bulwer, *Night and Morning*; it is not uninteresting, but not equal to the early works of the same writer; then a short but delightful book, *The Letters of the Princesse de Condé*, sister of the last Duc de Bourbon, who died in the Temple as a nun. These letters were written in her youth to one who is still living, and of whom she was very fond, and quite unselfishly so. This was M. Ballanche, the friend of Madame Récamier, who published the

letters without appearing as the hero of them. They are authentic, marked by simplicity, tenderness and loftiness of thought, full of devotion, delicacy, sentiment, reason and courage, and written at a time and in a society when the author, her style and her sentiments were quite exceptional. The book is most delightful.²⁴ Finally I have a small work by Lord Jocelyn, now the husband of Fanny Cowper, concerning the English campaign in China. I was attracted by the author's name, but found the book quite uninteresting.

Mannheim, May 9, 1841.— Yesterday I dined with the Grand Duchess, who afterwards showed me over the castle, which I pretended to see for the first time. She told me so many things that I can hardly remember any of them. One point has remained in my mind, the fact that Princess Sophia of Würtemberg, who married the Hereditary Prince of the Low Countries, is on very bad terms with her mother-in-law, who will not even see her son's children. This Queen has introduced the strictest etiquette and an infinite variety of Court dress.

I also learnt that the King of Prussia had passed a law making divorce very difficult in his states. It certainly was scandalously easy to procure; but the Grand Duchess, who was expecting the divorce of Prince Frederick of Prussia, was greatly vexed by this disappointment. The fact is that poor Prince Frederick, whose

²⁴ These letters are addressed to M. de La Gervaisais, a young Breton gentleman, an officer of carbiniers of Monsieur's regiment. The Princesse de Condé had made his acquaintance in 1786 at Bourbon l'Archambault, where she had been to take the waters, and her feeling for him was both deep and pure.

wife is mad, ought to be provided with some means of breaking so sad a tie. The first use he would make of an opportunity would be to marry Princess Marie.

The Duchess of Weimar told me that her sister, the Dowager Queen of England,²⁵ had lost the use of one of her lungs and that the other was very delicate. The sight of the Duchess of Weimar reminded me of London, Windsor and the best time of my life. Her likeness to her sister, which extends even to her voice, though this was not their best feature, quite overcame me, as it reminded me of those years that are now so far away.

Mannheim, May 10, 1841.— I am about to leave Mannheim after a very kind reception. The poor Grand Duchess constantly talks of her death, though this does not prevent her making many plans. I wish she could realise her idea of marrying her daughter. She took me for a drive yesterday along a pretty part of the bank of the Rhine. A port has been made at Mannheim which attracts commerce and brings some life to this town where life has long been dormant. On the whole, I think the town preferable to Carlsruhe. I had a letter from my son-in-law written the day after my departure from Paris. Pauline was going on fairly well, though her nerves were still shaken and she was very weak. He also says: "At the Prince's baptism the register was signed in the following order: the King and his family, then the Cardinals, the President and officials of the Chamber of Peers, then the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Then came the

²⁵ Queen Adelaide.

turn of M. de Salvandy, the vice-president, who publicly refused to sign on the ground that the Chamber of Deputies should not be represented as inferior to the Cardinals. He wishes to make a public matter of it, which will produce a bad effect, the more so as the Chamber, with reference to the law concerning secondary education, showed itself quite unfavourable to the religious reaction which is obviously in progress; moreover, such susceptibility might easily cause an unpleasant outburst.

Gelnhausen, May 11, 1841.— I travelled faster than I had thought possible, and instead of sleeping at Frankfort as I had intended I went ten leagues further, and am now lodged in a little inn which at any rate is clean; this will allow me to reach Gotha to-morrow without spending part of the night in my carriage. I had lunch at Darmstadt. Frankfort aroused many memories as I passed through it, for it is a town that I have crossed at different times, and in very different circumstances. The first of these was the most important, for at Frankfort I was married. Afterwards I saw my good friend Labouchère there for the first time; he has often reminded me of the incident since.

The Grand Duchess Stephanie has given me a book which has just been published at Stuttgart; obviously the publication was inspired by Austria, for the documents which the book contains seem to me to come from Vienna, and probably from the study of Prince Metternich or its neighbourhood. This little volume contains notes in French by Gentz upon several political questions, all treated in a spirit of great opposition to France.

Their publication at this moment and the editor's preface seem to me to show that they have been produced with a purpose. The most interesting part of the book to me is the journal of Gentz kept during his stay at the Prussian headquarters the week before the battle of Jena. He was a close observer and a lively writer, and the result is quite interesting. There are also commentaries upon a correspondence between Mr. Fox and M. de Talleyrand at the time when the peace of Amiens was broken. The book can certainly offer several forms of attraction.

Gotha, May 12, 1841.— I had proposed to arrive here yesterday evening but the outskirts of Fulda and Eisenach are so complicated that I had to sleep at Eisenach, where I naturally dreamt of St. Elizabeth. I am staying here for a few hours to see the Dowager Duchess who was a great favourite of my mother and was quite vexed with me last year because I left Germany without paying her a visit here. Apart from this, my monotonous travels are proceeding without incident and in fairly fine weather.

Wittenberg, May 13, 1841.— The Dowager Duchess of Gotha received me with the utmost kindness, asked me to dinner and hurriedly invited five or six people from the town who had known me in my youth. She dines at three o'clock and at six o'clock I asked leave to continue my journey. I would have stayed longer if the poor duchess had not grown so deaf that the honour of replying to her questions was literally exhausting. I preferred to spend the night in my carriage, for if I had slept at Gotha, I should certainly have had to spend the evening at the Castle. I

am therefore going to take my rest here that I may not reach Berlin entirely exhausted. I have borne the journey very well so far and my little halt at Mannheim was a pleasant interruption to the monotony of my life on wheels.

For the last two days I have been reading a life of Queen Blanche of Castile by a certain lady whose work was well reviewed; the facts are interesting but the style is poor and the tone of the work is very anti-Catholic. While I am reading I cannot help conducting a silent course of refutation against the author; silence is very appropriate here at Wittenberg, the old cradle of the Reformation. From the convent of the Augustine monks, the ruins of which are now before my eyes, Luther launched his first firebrand, and he was buried in the church by the side of the inn.

Berlin, May 15, 1841.— I arrived here yesterday evening but have seen no one yet except my business man, Herr von Wolff. At midday I called upon the Countess of Reede, the Queen's chief lady and an old friend of my mother, and then upon the chief lady of the Princess of Prussia, to deliver the numerous parcels which the Duchesse d'Orléans had asked me to take to this Princess. I then went to the Werthers, to Countess Pauline Neale and Madame de Perponcher and I found no one at home.

Berlin, May 16, 1841.— No one would guess who gave me his arm to the mass from which I have just come. It was Peter von Arenberg who has come to ask that his property on the right bank of the Rhine should be made an hereditary fief for one of his

sons.

Berlin, May 17, 1841.— To-day is a day of sad and grievous memories, being the third anniversary of the death of our dear M. de Talleyrand. It is a day which always arouses many recollections and I am sure that these will not be without their influence upon others. I wish I could spend it in quiet thought, but that is impossible here.

Yesterday was an unusually busy day for me and I am quite wearied. Mass was followed by the necessary calls upon the great ladies of the country; dinner with the Wolffs; tea with Princess William, the King's aunt; a *prima sera* with the Radziwills; while I spent the latter part of the evening with the old Prince of Wittgenstein. Besides all this I had a long call from Humboldt who is starting for Paris in a few days. It was impossible to breathe. The worst part of it is that everything here begins so early and that the day is divided in an unusual and very disagreeable manner.

Berlin, May 18, 1841.— Yesterday I dined with the King and Queen who had come to spend a few hours in town. They were both most kind and pleasant. I saw Prince Frederick arrive from Dusseldorf, who is also one of the old acquaintances of my youth. He still looks surprisingly young. His wife is expected here; she seems to have become totally insane.

I heard yesterday, while dining with the King, that one of the unfortunate Infantas of Spain whom their mother so cruelly placed in a convent, had escaped with a Polish refugee, but had

been caught at Brussels; a fine escapade for a princess! It seems impossible to repress Spanish blood at the age of twenty. The King also said that Espartero had been proclaimed sole regent and dictator in Spain.

Berlin, May 20, 1841 (Ascension Day).— Yesterday I went from Berlin to Potsdam by the first train. The King had asked me to be present at a great parade. It was a fine spectacle. The weather was propitious, the troops splendid, and the music magnificent, but the day was somewhat fatiguing.

The day before yesterday I dined with the Princess of Prussia and in the evening I went to a rout given by Countess Nostitz, the sister of Count Hatzfeldt. All that I have to do is to go about, to show good temper, kindness and gratitude for my many kind receptions; at the same time, when I can return to my idle life I shall be delighted.

Berlin, May 21, 1841.— There is a great monotony about life here; dinners with princes, etc. Yesterday I dined with Princess Charles, after spending an hour with the Princess of Prussia, whose conversation is lofty and serious. In the evening I spent some time by the arm-chair of the old Countess of Reede and with her daughter Perponcher. I was then obliged to show myself at the Werthers, who are at home on Thursdays.

Berlin, May 22, 1841.— Yesterday evening I went to the Wolffs to meet various learned men, artists and literary people. At Berlin the upper-middle-class society provides the pleasantest opportunities for conversation.

The present King has great ideas for adorning his capital, and is giving a remarkable stimulus to Art.

Life proceeds much as usual. Yesterday I dined with Princess William the aunt, and spent the first part of the evening with the Princess of Prussia and the latter part of it with Madame de Perponcher, where a distinguished artist, Hensel, showed us his sketch-book, which was full of strange portraits. The heat was unusual.

Princess Frederick of Dusseldorf, who is not quite right in her head at times, was dining with Princess William. She must have been rather pretty, and there is nothing unusual about her.

Pauline writes from Paris that she is going to Geneva for change of air and to try her strength, and that if she feels better, she will travel through Bavaria and meet me at Vienna.

I am returning this morning to Potsdam, where I have promised to spend the day, and shall come back to-morrow. How pleasant it would be to find myself once more in my little manor house at Touraine.

Berlin, May 24, 1841.— As the evening party at Potsdam was over at ten o'clock, I was able to return here in the evening by the last train, after spending the day with the Queen. She improves greatly upon close acquaintance, as is usually the case with persons who are simple and somewhat reserved. We had a pleasant drive in the evening, and an interesting conversation at tea-time under the portico of the Charlottenhof, when the King talked much upon the state of Art in Germany.

Berlin, May 25, 1841.— Yesterday I went to the manœuvres with the Princess of Prussia, her young son and Princess Charles. The King's staff was most brilliant, our position was excellent, the weather was perfect, and the sight of the troops, of the spectators who had come from the town in crowds, of the ladies' carriages, and in short of the whole gathering, made the subject worthy of the brush of Horace Vernet; nor did the business last long, an hour and not more. The Princess of Prussia took me back to lunch with her and kept me talking almost until dinner-time. Madame Perponcher came to fetch me to dine near her mother's chair, as her gout still keeps her somewhat of a prisoner. I then went to the Radziwills to the jubilee festival of the Academy of Singing. The Academy is composed of four hundred and fifty members, amateurs of every class: by their rules they are not allowed to use any instrument but a piano and may perform only sacred music. The institution thus resembles the Ancient Music at London, but the performance here was infinitely better, and was marked by a unity, an accuracy and a majesty truly remarkable. None but Germans could thus sing the most complicated fugues without the help of an orchestra and with such tremendous tone.

I then went to an evening reception given by the Countess Neale, where Lord William Russell told me that his Ministry had suffered a heavy defeat in Parliament, but he did not seem to think they would resign. He told me that poor Mitford, whom I recently met unexpectedly as he was leaving the diligence at

Fulda to meet his wife at Wiesbaden, found that she had deserted him with Francis Molyneux of all people. She is not very young or very beautiful, and she has several children.

My son, Valençay, writes that the races at Chantilly were most brilliant and fashionable. He stayed at the Château, and is loud in his praises. He says that the Infanta who was caught and brought back, is now staying with Madame Duchâtel, the wife of the Minister of the Interior, as she positively refuses to return to her mother, whom she fears would beat her. She persists in saying that she married the Pole, but refuses to disclose the name of the priest who married them.

Berlin, May 26, 1841.— The old King of the Low Countries, who is here incognito as the Comte de Nassau, is in very bad health, and is said to be attacked by senile gangrene. His wife,²⁶ who is very kindly treated by the Prussian Royal Family, takes great care of the King who cannot do without her for a moment. She never leaves his side. People say that she is really very bored and disgusted by this illustrious marriage which Holland will not recognise in spite of the old King's fury. The refusal to give recognition in Holland is based upon the fact that the marriage banns were not published, nor did any one venture to publish them, as the most violent public demonstrations were feared.

Yesterday morning I accompanied the Wolffs and Herr von Olfers, the Director of the School of Fine Arts, to the studio of Wichmann, to whom I had given an order to copy a charming

²⁶ The Comtesse d'Oultremont.

model that I had seen of a nymph drawing water. It will be finished in a year.

The Prince of Prussia paid me a long and interesting visit. He talked a great deal about the state of the country and the difficulty of government. Difficulties there certainly are, but there is also here a solid basis on which to rest.

Berlin, May 28, 1841.— Yesterday morning was spent with Herr von Wolff discussing business. Our conversation was interrupted by the Court High Marshal, who brought me a very touching present from the King. It is a copy in iron of a statue which I had admired last year at Charlottenhof; a young faun upon a pillar in the midst of a basin pouring water out of an urn upon which he is crouched. The whole work is six feet high and very pretty. The King told me that he would ask me to have it placed upon one of the terraces of Rochecotte, which shall certainly be done.

I dined with Princess Albert. Her father is better, and she is starting with him shortly for Silesia. Her husband wearied me, and she herself is like a colt broken loose. In fact the whole household was not to my taste. Herr and Frau von Redern, who were also dining there, took me to their box to hear Seidelmann in the part of the Jew.²⁷ He is now the fashionable actor, but he compares unfavourably with my recollections of Iffland.

Berlin, May 30, 1841.— The Radziwills most kindly arranged a musical matinée at their house in a pretty vaulted room opening

²⁷ In Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

on to their splendid garden. Goethe's *Faust* was performed which had been set to music by the late Prince Radziwill, the father of the present generation. Devrient, the first tragedian from the Berlin theatre, declaimed certain passages to musical accompaniments, and a large body from the Conservatoire gave the choruses. The general effect was excellent and gave me real pleasure.²⁸

Berlin, May 31, 1841.— I propose to leave here to-morrow for Dresden and to proceed thence to Vienna.

Yesterday I went to the High Mass of Pentecost which was very well performed and sung in the Catholic church, but the church was so crowded and the heat so suffocating that I thought I should be ill. However, on leaving Mass I had to appear at the farewell audiences of the Princess of Prussia and of Princess Charles, and then to dine with an old friend. While we were at table I received an invitation to go to tea at Schönhausen, the summer residence of the King, two leagues from Berlin. I

²⁸ Prince Anton Radziwill had been sent to Göttingen to conclude his studies, and while he was then staying in Germany in 1794, he made the acquaintance of Goethe, who was already working at the first part of *Faust*. Prince Radziwill was profoundly attracted by the beauty of this work, and as he was himself a most enthusiastic musician he undertook to put certain scenes of the great poet's creation to music, and completed the work of composition by degrees. The Prince was on terms of personal intimacy with Goethe, who slightly modified the garden scene between Faust and Margaret at his request. The first performance of *Faust* with Prince Radziwill's music was given at Berlin in 1819, at the Palace Theatre of Monbijou, before the whole of the Prussian court. The Berlin Academy of Music, to which the Prince presented his work, has performed it almost annually since that date.

was fortunately able to reach Schönhausen in time, and after tea I stayed on to supper which was served in the open air under a verandah lighted by lamps. Apart from the Royal Family and the officials on duty there were the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, Herr von Arenberg, myself, Rauch, Thorwaldsen and the chief director of the museum, Herr von Olfers. It was an agreeable and interesting party. Thorwaldsen has a fine head resembling that of Cuvier, but he wears his hair in a strange manner, long white locks falling over his shoulders. I prefer the features of Rauch which are better proportioned, and in my opinion nobler and simpler. The Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg is extremely like her father, the Emperor Nicholas, though with a very different expression: her head is classical in form, but too long for her body which is small; she is as white as a lily, but her finical and fantastic manners did not charm me. The Queen had mentioned me to her, and the King introduced me to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who is strikingly like his sister, the Duchess of Braganza, though his general appearance is common and does not justify the marriage he has made. At Schönhausen I paid my last farewells.

Dresden, June 2, 1841.— The day before yesterday I left Berlin overwhelmed and spoilt with kindness, but wearied by the dreadful heat. The Baron von Werther whom I saw on my last day at Berlin, told me he feared that M. Bresson had not been entirely happy during the last years of his stay; that his speech had caused much displeasure and inspired great distrust; that he was

ill-informed if he thought the contrary; and that all his reliable sources of information had been closed since the death of the old King. The Princess of Prussia and Madame Perponcher spoke to the same effect. I also learnt that when the treaty of July 15 was made known here, M. Bresson committed an inconceivable outburst, drove down the *Unter den Linden* and shouted war in the wildest manner. I am really sorry that he should re-enter upon a position that he has spoilt.

Dresden, June 3, 1841.— Yesterday evening I went to the theatre to see the new auditorium which has a great reputation throughout Germany. It is, in fact, of considerable size, pretty and well decorated. The boxes are convenient, the seats comfortable and there is an air of grandeur about the whole. The decorations are fresh, the costumes brilliant and the orchestra good, but the singers so bad that I could only stay for half an hour.

Prague, June 5, 1841.— Prague is not without interest for me. I there spent the year of mourning for my father with my mother and sisters and afterwards revisited the town upon two occasions shortly after the Congress of Vienna. I have been spending to-day there and think I have driven round to every object of interest: the chief churches, the tomb of Tycho Brahé and his observatory; all the offerings in honour of St. John Nepomucenos, his relics, the old castle, the Calvary from whence Prague is to be seen as a panorama; Wallenstein's war horse, which has been stuffed, and the various traces of the Hussite war and of the Thirty Years War; the bombs thrown by Frederick II.; the chapel where Charles X.

prayed twice a day and which was restored by him, bears the arms of France and of Navarre. Prague, like Nuremburg, is one of the oldest towns in Germany: the latter may be more interesting to artists, but the former is more attractive to the archaeologist, and I am one of the latter class. Prague contains sixteen convents, every class of monk is to be found there, and though upon a much larger scale it reminds me of Friburg in Switzerland. Especially characteristic are the large residences, almost all kept by the great Bohemian lords who own them and who are generally deserting Prague in favour of Vienna. I was curious enough to look in at the theatre of the Leopold Stadt to see a local farce played by a Vienna company. The auditorium which was by no means beautiful, was crowded and the laughter was loud and long; I stayed only a short time as it was too hot and the Vienna lazzi are not to my taste. I do not understand them.

Vienna, June 8, 1841.— I had a most unpleasant journey from Prague hither. The weather had broken: it was cold, stormy, and damp; I spent the first night in my carriage and the second in a small inn, eventually arriving here at three o'clock this afternoon. I am staying in rooms which my sisters had engaged for me. I have already seen my quondam brother-in-law, the Count of Schulenburg, whom I shall make my major-domo, for which position he is exactly suited.

It is strange to be once more at Vienna.²⁹ The whole of my

²⁹ The author had accompanied the Prince de Talleyrand to Vienna for the Congress of 1815, and the Prince refers to the incident in his Memoirs as follows: "I also thought

destiny is contained in the name of this city, and here my life of devotion to M. de Talleyrand began and that strange and unusual association was formed which could only be broken by death, though broken is the wrong word; I should have said interrupted, for I have constantly felt during the past year that we shall meet elsewhere. At Vienna I entered upon that troublesome and attractive life of publicity which rather wearies than flatters me. I found much amusement here and many occasions for tears: my life became complicated and I was involved in the storms which have so long roared about me. Of the many who turned my head and provided me with amusement and excitement, none remain. Old and young, men and women, all have disappeared; indeed the whole world has undergone two changes since that time. My poor sister with whom I was to live, is also dead. Prince Metternich alone remains; he has sent me very pleasant messages and I shall probably see him to-morrow.

I doubt if I shall sleep to-night; I am greatly disturbed by the ghosts which haunt these scenes and which all speak with one voice of the vanity of the things of this world.

Vienna, June 10, 1841.— The choice of M. de Flahaut as French ambassador here, which recent news from Paris represents as increasingly possible, has aroused general

that it was necessary to destroy the hostile prejudice with which imperial France had inspired the high and influential society of Vienna; for this purpose the French Embassy must be made a social centre. I therefore asked my niece, the Comtesse Edmond de Périgord, to accompany me and do the honours of my house. Her readiness and tact caused general satisfaction, and were highly useful to me." (Vol. II. p. 208.)

dissatisfaction. Madame de Flahaut wrote to Lord Beauvale, the English ambassador, to try and disarm this opposition and said that people need not be afraid of her husband's appointment as she would not be able to follow him for a long time. This is certainly an unusual method of seeking popularity.

I went back to my house yesterday at two o'clock in the afternoon to await Prince Metternich who had sent word to say that he would come at that time. He kept his appointment and I did not find him greatly changed. It is a real pleasure to see him again and to find him in possession of all his freshness of mind, his power of judgment, his wide knowledge of men and affairs and his genial kindness to myself which has never varied. He stayed for two hours upon which I look back with great pleasure. As a rule he never pays personal visits. His wife sent to say that she would have come if she had not been afraid of wearying me, as she was extremely anxious to make my acquaintance. No one could have been kinder; I am dining with them to-day in their suburban villa where they are spending the spring.

I hear that Schlegel, the platonic admirer of Madame de Staël, is at Berlin to help in the publication of the works of Frederick the Great. M. Thiers was expected there and I am glad to have missed him. It has been decided to receive him as a member of the Academy and as a historian, but not as a politician and certainly not as a statesman. Meanwhile M. Guizot seems to be taking walks with the Princess de Lieven at nine o'clock in the morning in the gardens of the Tuileries, which is their mode of

observing nature.

I found that Marshal Marmont had called when I came home yesterday evening. I had seen him from a distance at the opera.

Vienna, June 11, 1841.— Yesterday I dined with Prince Metternich. He has a pretty house like a small edition of Neuilly, and has collected many artistic objects which are tastefully interspersed with fine flowers and many other things without any appearance of overcrowding. There were at dinner, apart from the master and mistress of the house, only the unmarried daughter of his first marriage, my sisters, the Louis Saint-Aulaire, husband and wife, and the two Herren von Hügel, who are constant visitors at the house. Princess Metternich is very pretty, quite natural and attractive, an original character; and as she was kind enough to be anxious to please me, she naturally succeeded without difficulty. After dinner I called upon some members of the Hohenzollern family who are here, and finally went to tea with an old friend of my sisters'. There were a dozen people present who were all unknown to me apart from Prince Windisch-Graetz, a Count O'Donnel, a survivor of the Hotel de Ligne, and Marshal Marmont, who did not seem to have changed.

Vienna, June 12, 1841.— Yesterday morning I went with my sisters to call upon their great friend Princess Amelia of Sweden, at whose house I met her sister, the Grand Duchess of Oldenberg; she is going to Munich with her husband to see the Queen of Greece, who has come there in the course of a tour. I then called

upon a Polish lady whom I had known long ago at the house of Princess Tyszkiewicz at Paris, whose niece she was. She was then called Madame Sobánska and enjoyed a certain reputation. I found her considerably changed; she is a person of wit and some beauty, but is rather spiteful and a gossip – a character to be feared. I had hardly returned from these calls when Marshal Marmont came in. He talked a great deal of his anxiety to return to France, but I think pecuniary rather than political reasons are the hindrance. He spends his life here at the French Embassy.

Vienna, June 14, 1841.— Yesterday I went to hear mass at the Church of the Capuchins, with the intention of afterwards seeing Father Francis, who was with my sister in her last moments. I was anxious to learn from him some details on the subject of religion which my other sisters could not give me. I found him a pleasant and clever man, who seemed to conceal beneath his mendicant friar's dress a considerable knowledge of the world and a considerable power of making his way in it. He is said to be the director here of all whose consciences are divided between God and the world, a difficult task in which success is not easy.

Vienna, June 15, 1841.— Louis de Sainte-Aulaire came to see me yesterday morning. He told me that the illness of Marshal Soult to which the newspapers refer, is not so much connected with the law concerning recruiting, against which the Duc d'Orléans publicly voted, as due to an outbreak of paternal rage. He regards the nomination of M. de Flahaut to Vienna as a slight upon his son; he threatened to resign, and it is not yet

known whether M. de Flahaut will have the honour of dislocating the Cabinet or whether he will be obliged to abandon Vienna. M. Bresson has started from Paris for Berlin in a very bad temper.

Vienna, June 16, 1841.— Yesterday I had a letter from Madame de Lieven from Paris; she writes as follows: "Marshal Soult has caused a small municipal crisis. The Duc d'Orléans voted against him upon the recruiting law: the Marshal's views were rejected and he was extremely angry; the result being a fit of palpitations with a possibility of an apoplectic stroke; hence the threat to resign. It is very doubtful whether he can be appeased, and his wife is most anxious about his health. It is a great perplexity, as the two positions which he occupied will have to be filled. M. Guizot has resolved not to become President of the Council; however, there is some hope that the Marshal will remain in office. In England there is a far more serious crisis. Parliament will be probably be dissolved to-morrow, but the electoral outlook is doubtful. Possibly a House of Commons may be returned similar to the House now to be dissolved, in which case it will be impossible for any one to govern the country. Meanwhile much agitation prevails. The Eastern Question is by no means settled; on the contrary, Turkey grows daily more disturbed.

"Lady Jersey is anxious for her daughter to marry Nicholas Esterhazy. The young people are extremely fond of one another. Paul Esterhazy is trying to get out of the matter which is difficult.

"The Prince de Joinville was most warmly received at the

Hague. The King and Queen overwhelmed him with marks of violence. What impression will this make at St. Petersburg?

"M. de Flahaut has been nominated as Ambassador to Vienna. The proposal has been accepted but with no great warmth. In any case there can be no further changes or nominations, for the London post remains vacant, as Lord Palmerston will not conclude the eastern problem, and nothing will be done until Sainte Aulaire has gone to London."

Vienna, June 17, 1841.— Charles de Talleyrand came yesterday to tell me the latest news from Paris. Marshal Soult's quarrel has been settled: he will remain in office, and his son-in-law will go to Rome as ambassador; the Marshal is to receive 600,000 francs in payment of some loan which he professes to have made to the State. The Turko-Egyptian business is settled: the act will be ratified and sent to Alexandria, and the five Courts will meet at London if they have not already come to an agreement.

Vienna, June 18, 1841.— Yesterday evening I went to hear a German tragedy and then to tea with Prince Metternich. At the end of the evening the Prince began to talk over a round table, and was most kind and interesting. Except on Sundays when they are at home he sees very little society, and his house in my opinion is the pleasanter in consequence. Marshal Marmont is there every day.

Vienna, June 19, 1841.— Yesterday I went with my sisters to visit the Imperial Picture Gallery. I am surprised that it is not

better known, for it contains some most beautiful works. It lies outside the town in a palace called the Belvedere, which was built by Prince Eugène of Savoy. The interior is very handsome.

I dined at the house of Princess Paul Esterhazy and with Prince and Princess Metternich and their daughter, Prince Wenzel, Lichtenstein, Schulenburg, Lord Rokeby, Count Haugwitz and Baron von Hügel. Princess Esterhazy was very amusing with her fear of Lady Jersey as mother-in-law. The marriage, however, has not been definitely settled.

Vienna, June 21, 1841.— I am delighted to hear that you like Fenelon's Letters.³⁰ They explain everything in a form which illustrates the faithful and courageous devotion paid to this kindly and holy Archbishop by the courtiers of the great King. He is able to give a charm and a grandeur to religion, to make it at once simple and attractive by its loftiness. If to read the story with his intercourse with his friends does not produce conversion, at any rate no one can fail to derive from it a love of goodness, of beauty, and a desire to lead a better life as a prelude to a good death.

The *History of Port Royal* by Sainte-Beuve is certainly interesting. It is a great subject, but treated in a style which is neither sufficiently serious nor simple, and cannot worthily represent the austere and imposing figures of Jansenism.

Vienna, June 25, 1841.— I propose to start next Wednesday and from Prague to take the road which will bring me back to my nieces in Saxony; from thence I shall go by Lusatia to upper

³⁰ Extract from a letter.

Silesia to see my sister Hohenzollern who will be there at that time, and shall afterwards go to my own property at Wartenberg where I hope to be on July 26.

Vienna, June 26, 1841.— Yesterday I dined with Prince Metternich; only the family were present. I went on to the theatre and afterwards to the *Volksgarten*, a kind of Tivoli, where Strauss plays his waltzes, where Styrians sing and all the good or bad society of Vienna meets during this season. My sisters who were with me, then took me to their house where we had tea.

Lord Palmerston rouses much discontent as he continually raises some new obstacle when the Egyptian question is at the point of conclusion. His conduct is strangely tactless. All kinds of conjectures are in the air and much exasperation was displayed where I was dining yesterday.

Vienna, June 28, 1841.— The weather here yesterday was most remarkable: after midday a violent wind arose which raised clouds of dust, completely shrouding the town and suburbs; the burning wind was a real sirocco which withered and exhausted every one.

I went to mass at the Capuchin church to say goodbye to Father Francis who gave me his blessing. I then returned home to wait for Marshal Marmont who had asked permission to read me forty pages from the manuscript of his memoirs which he has devoted to justifying his conduct during July 1830. I was unable to refuse. I learnt nothing particularly fresh, as I knew all the remarkable facts which clearly prove that the imbecility of the

Government was incomparable and that the Marshal was very unfortunate in being called to conduct a business both ill-devised and ill-prepared; so he needed no justification in my eyes, but I was interested to hear full details of the scene with the Dauphin, of which I knew nothing and the words and gestures of which pass the powers of imagination.³¹ The reading was interrupted by various reflections and was further prolonged for the reason that the Marshal reads slowly and continually stammers and hums and haws. His delivery is extremely laboured.

I then went with my brother-in-law, Schulenberg, to dine with the Countess Nandine Karolyi at Hitzinger, a village near Schönbrunn. I was by no means anxious to go but as she had been so kind as to ask me, I could not refuse. She lives in one half of a charming cottage which belongs to Charles von Hügel, the traveller whose infatuation for Princess Metternich drove him to spend seven years in the East. On his return he built this house and has filled it with curiosities from India. He lives in one half of the house and Nandine in the other. It is prettily situated, surrounded with flowers and looks quite English. I was by no means delighted with the dinner. The mistress of the house is eccentric, an exaggeration of the Vienna type, and the gentlemen about her corresponded. I went away as soon as possible and

³¹ This lamentable scene, the sad event which marked the last evening which Charles X. and the Dauphin spent at Saint-Cloud, is related at length in the memoirs of the Duc de Raguse, to which reference is here made (Vol. VIII. Book XXIV.), and is partly reproduced in a book by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand, entitled *The Duchesse de Berry and the Revolution of 1830*, which appeared in 1880.

spent an hour in farewell talk with Princess Louise of Schönburg.

Vienna, June 29, 1841.— Yesterday at night-fall I went with my sisters, Schulenberg and Count Haugwitz to the Volksgarten where the whole of Vienna does its best to enjoy the dew amid clouds of tobacco smoke. Fireworks and Strauss were the amusements provided. One positive refreshment was the ices, of which an enormous quantity seemed to be consumed. The population of Vienna are quiet, well-dressed, entirely respectable and very mixed, for in these amusements the aristocracy take part. There was no sign of a policeman, nor were any needed.

Vienna, June 30, 1841.— I am leaving Vienna this evening. The heat continues to be extreme and will make my journey very unpleasant. I shall not send off this letter until I reach Dresden; correspondence is more certain outside the Austrian states. I do not mind people reading my expressions of affections, but my impressions and opinions are another matter. I trust therefore that I have been prudent in this respect during my stay here.

Tabor, July 1, 1841.— I left Vienna yesterday at seven o'clock in the evening. In the afternoon I had a visit from Prince Metternich. He was kind and confidential, and the idea that he has deteriorated is quite wrong. Perhaps he expresses himself more slowly and vaguely than he used to do, but his ideas are in no way confused, his opinions are firm and decided, he remains moderate and gentle in temper, and in short is entirely himself. He strongly advised me to return by way of Johannisberg, whither he will go from Königswart in the month of August and stay until

September. His wife urged me to do the same and showed me the utmost kindness. Her beauty strongly appeals to me, though it is a style often spoilt by harshness of voice, common manners or vulgar language. She is generally disliked at Vienna to my astonishment, for I think she is good-hearted though unpolished. Several people kindly came to say good-bye at the last moment. My sisters, with Schulenburg and Count Maurice Esterhazy, who is the smallest and liveliest of the family, accompanied me two leagues beyond Vienna, where my travelling carriage was waiting for me. Count Esterhazy is the same who was at Paris; he was afterwards attached to the Austrian embassy at Berlin, where I last saw him. This post he left a few days before I came to Vienna, as he is going to Italy, where his mother is now lying ill. He is a close friend of my sisters', somewhat malicious like all very small men, but a pleasant talker and far more civilised and in better taste than people generally are at Vienna, especially the men, who are usually very ignorant. On the whole I prefer Berlin to Vienna society. At Vienna people are richer and more high and mighty and their naturalness is affected: at Berlin I admit there is more affectation, but there is much more culture and intellectualism. Life at Vienna is extremely free and easy: people do anything they please without being regarded as eccentric, but though no one is surprised at his neighbour's doings slander is as commonly current as elsewhere, and I am ready to assert that a false good nature of a very dangerous kind is prevalent. At Berlin life is more formal and more attention is paid to a certain

decorum: the consequence is some stiffness, but words are more carefully weighed, and as there is less reason for backbiting there is more real kindness. Personally I have nothing but praise for the hospitality of either town and remain entirely grateful to them both. I was especially struck at Vienna by the manner in which men and women commonly address one another by their baptismal names; however slight acquaintanceship is, provided people belong to the same clique, family names disappear, and to use them is thought a mark of bad taste. Women are constantly kissing one another and invariably upon the lips, which I think horrible. Men continually kiss ladies' hands, and at first sight society seems to be composed of brothers and sisters. Perhaps twenty people in speaking to me or in reference to me would say "Dorothea;" those less familiar would say "Duchess Dorothea;" the most formal would use the term "dear Duchess," but no one would say "Madame" or "Madame la Duchesse." I am astonished that anything remains of my hands; and my cheeks, which I try to substitute for my lips, have suffered a perfect martyrdom. The coquetry of the women at Vienna is obvious, nor is any attempt made to disguise it, though the churches are full and the confessionals besieged; but there is no appearance of real devotion, and the sincere and active faith of the Royal Family has no influence upon society, which displays its independence by habitual opposition to the Court.

Dresden, July 3, 1841.— I have now returned to my starting point of a month ago. I came here from Tabor without stopping,

except for dinner at Prague and for lunch this morning at Teplitz. I am never wearied by the country between Teplitz and Dresden. It is Saxony in all its beauty, rich and smiling and pleasantly united to the strength and wildness of Bohemia. It is the only picturesque part of the journey between Vienna and Dresden apart from Prague and its neighbourhood.

At the gates of Teplitz I saw a procession of pilgrims descending from a chapel upon a hill with rosaries in their hands, singing psalms; it was a touching sight and I should like to have gone up to worship in my turn but the approach of a storm obliged me to continue my journey without stopping.

I am reading the *History of the Life, the Writings and the Doctrine of Luther* by M. Audin. It is the most learned, impartial, interesting and Catholic study of the subject that I have come across. As I left Vienna I finished the *Life of the Saint Dominic* by the Abbé Lacordaire, which is written with a view to effect and pleased me only moderately.

I hear in the inn that M. Thiers has been expected for the last three days. I hope he will not arrive until after my departure to-morrow. I propose to reach Königsbruck this evening and to stay a few days with my nieces.

Königsbruck, July 5, 1841.— I reached here yesterday at five o'clock. At Dresden I had a call from Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar who was staying in the same hotel as myself. He was coming from Berlin where he had been spending a fortnight with his niece, the Princess of Prussia.

In the same hotel I also met Countess Strogonoff, formerly Countess Ega, whom I had seen last year at Baden and who then pleased me greatly. She told me that as soon as I had left Baden, Madame de Nesselrode spent every evening until she started for Paris at the public gaming-table, playing Benacet, opposite the old Elector of Hesse, and that she lost or won during the evening with the same imperturbable calmness the twenty louis which she had made her limit. What a strange person!

At Dresden during mass I saw the widow of Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who had returned from Rome where she married her chamberlain, a certain Count Rossi, a cousin of the husband of Fraulein Sontag. She is obliged to return to Dresden from time to time under the terms of her marriage settlement. Her husband accompanies her and continues to act as chamberlain. She seems to me to be neither young nor pretty, well made nor fashionable; he is a tall man with an imperial beard and the air peculiar to the husband of a princess.

I also found here the Count of Hohenthal, his wife and Fanny, my two nieces, who received me most affectionately and were full of their travels in Italy. The weather is beautiful and the peace and silence of the country are delightful. I have also found letters from Paris. M. Molé writes four pages which seem to contain no news except that Madame de Lieven reigns and governs at Paris, to say the least of her.

The Duchesse d'Albuféra tells me that the Princesse de Lieven is giving little musical evenings to bring out her niece, Countess

Annette Apponyi. The princesse is resuming all the tastes of her youth and happiness. It will be fortunate if the powers of M. Guizot would also revive the destinies of France and make them flourish.

The Duchesse de Montmorency writes to say that the Vicomtesse de Chateaubriand has gone to take up her duties with the Duchesse de Berry. Would any one have suspected that she was a court lady? She has sought this distinction long ago. She took with her the nurse of the Duc de Bordeaux, the one who was only able to nurse him for three days. It is a strange journey and I do not understand the meaning of it.

The Duc de Noailles writes to say that in view of Eastern events brought about by the successive revolt of the provinces, a movement at Paris is being prepared similar to that which took place to meet the case of Greece some years ago. A committee is being formed for the relief, that is to say, for the revolt of the Christian populations in the East. This committee is composed of men from the Left and the Centre; the Legitimists have been asked to join and have been offered the presidency which would be given to the Duc de Noailles himself. The question has been complicated by the Royalist party which also wished to act in the same direction but tactlessly began upon too small a scale.

My son, M. de Dino, informs me that a recent decree issued by the Archbishop of Paris, orders that there are to be no doors in the middle of the confessionals. This is said to be thought very ridiculous. It is a somewhat humiliating precaution for the clergy

and is also quite superfluous, for the sides of the confessional boxes are shut in so that the penitents and the confessors are always separated and when the middle is closed the confessor can listen to the penitents without distraction. Mgr. Affre can devise nothing that is not ridiculous.

Königsbruck, July 6, 1841.— I am grieved to hear the news which has just reached me of the death of the Queen of Hanover;³² another figure of my London life thus disappears.

The Duchesse d'Albuféra writes that the Princesse de Lieven is leading quite a pastoral life in her little house at Beauséjour, where she spends the day. She has a little garden which she waters with little watering-pots which M. Guizot was seen to bring to her door in the Rue Saint-Florentin. He goes to dinner at Beauséjour every day. At the funeral of M. Garnier-Pagès, the radical deputy, the crowd was so great that the procession extended from the Bastille to the door of Saint-Denis. The speeches delivered over the tomb were all full of revolutionary and religious maxims in the style of *The Words of a Believer* by M. de Lamennais. The editor of the *Peuple* wrote, "We offer you our regrets, but these are not enough, we offer you also our promises!" Such is my delightful news from Paris.

Hohlstein, July 11, 1841.— I left my nieces the day before

³² The Queen of Hanover was the Duchess of Cumberland, by birth a Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She died on June 29, after suffering for three months from a form of consumption.

yesterday after dinner and arrived here yesterday morning.³³ I crossed the whole of Lusatia which is a fine province. The weather had cleared up but as soon as I arrived here the rain began furiously; it has rained all night and is now falling heavily, to the detriment of the fine view which I ought to have from my bedroom windows which look upon the Silesian mountains.

Hohlstein, July 13, 1841.— Yesterday I took advantage of several intermissions in the bad weather to visit the park, the kitchen garden and the surroundings. It is all pretty and well kept and sometimes picturesque. I have a letter from Madame d'Albuféra from which I extract the following: "Madame de Flahaut is starting to-morrow with her daughters for Ems. She is deeply grieved concerning the talk about her husband. Yesterday she was in tears at Beauséjour while visiting Princesse de Lieven. It does not seem to be entirely settled whether they will go to Vienna or not. There is a general idea that M. Bresson will be appointed to Vienna and that the Marquis of Dalmatia will take his place at Berlin. Turin and Madrid will then remain vacant. Madame de Flahaut told me that if either of them were offered to her husband, she would be inclined to refuse but that the decision would lie with him. I know that his friends would advise him to accept. He is staying at Paris to see the end of the business and hides his agitation better than his wife; but he is plainly ill at ease for several reasons. Naples is out of the question, as it is said that

³³ Hohlstein was the estate of the Princess of Hohenzollern Hechingen, by birth a Princess of Courlande.

the King will not have them there.

"Events in England increase the depression of Madame de Flahaut. The triumph of the Tories appears certain and the overthrow of the Whigs inevitable. The Granvilles are at La Jonchère³⁴ awaiting the result. Lord Granville cannot move and can only speak with difficulty, but his mental powers are unimpaired."

Hohlstein, July 21, 1841.— The newspapers give official news of the date when the plenipotentiaries of the five Courts signed the joint protocol referring to the East.³⁵ I imagine that this will enable the final rearrangement of the French diplomatic body to be made.

I have a long letter from M. de Chalais which speaks only of his private life and gives me no news except that the Princesse de Lieven has written a long letter to the Duc de Noailles asking that she might be allowed to appoint him her executor in her will, as she says that she has an intuition that she will die at Paris. Meanwhile she seems to be excellently well.

M. Royer-Collard writes as follows in reference to the speech before the Academy of M. de Sainte-Aulaire: "I must say a word concerning the reception of Sainte-Aulaire; the newspapers flatter him; the audience was very brilliant but the speech of

³⁴ La Jonchère was the property of M. Thiers at La Celle Saint-Cloud.

³⁵ This protocol, which concluded the Egyptian question, was signed on July 13, 1841, by England, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey. The Straits Convention, which was signed at the same time, added the signature of the French plenipotentiary to the rest.

the new member colourless and cold. M. Roger's speech was more successful than it deserved to be; so much the worse for the public." M. Royer-Collard also told me that after paying a visit to Versailles with his daughter, he had another attack of the fever which nearly carried him off a few years ago at Châteaueux. It is obvious that his system then received a shock from which it will never recover.

Günthersdorf, July 27, 1841.— I left Hohlstein the day before yesterday in the morning and reached Sagan at two o'clock. After dinner I went to the castle to select certain family portraits of which I wish copies to be made for Rochecotte. I then went to the church to decide the place and the form of the little monument which is now to be erected in memory of my father. It is time that this was done, as he has now been buried in the church for forty years, and apart from tradition no one knows the place of his burial. Yesterday I went at an early hour to the little church which is picturesquely situated at the end of the park of Sagan, in the vault of which the remains of my late sister have been laid. Mass was said there at my request for the repose of her soul. The church was filled with beautiful flowers and rare plants brought by the castle gardener; a considerable number of people were also present. I then set out for Deutsch-Wartenberg which belongs to me and came on here in the evening with Herr von Wolff who is staying for two or three days, to meet Herr von Gersdorf whom I expect. They have to settle between them the legal questions which have arisen between my sons and my sister Hohenzollern,

concerning the allodial claims of the latter to the greater part of Sagan.

I found that some improvements had been made here; the garden is well kept and everything perfectly neat.

I have several letters. Madame de Lieven writing under date July 15 tells me that Queen Victoria is paying a round of visits to the Whig Ministers, a proceeding which is thought very inadvisable in the present situation and that no one would be astonished if she began a *coup d'état* rather than endure a Tory Ministry. It is also possible that to avoid Sir Robert Peel she may summon Lord Liverpool, a measure not likely to meet with success. It is said that the eldest son of Lady Jersey is to marry the daughter of Sir Robert Peel; that Lady Palmerston is quite revolutionary in her sentiments and more furious than any one because she is obliged to leave the Ministry. All these rumours are extremely vague.

The Duchesse de Montmorency tells me of the marriage of Mlle. Vandermarck, daughter of the stockbroker, with the Comte de Panis, owner of the fine château of Borelli near Marseilles.

Günthersdorf, July 31, 1841.— A letter from M. Bresson from Berlin tells me that he is expecting General de Rumigny to stay from the 15th to the 20th of August, as the King of Prussia has invited him to the manœuvres in Silesia and at Berlin. He tells me that M. and Madame Thiers are to arrive at Berlin at the same time. The Duc de Noailles writes that Lady Clanricarde will spend the next winter at Paris and that Lord Cowley's nomination

in place of Lord Granville is expected. He adds that the little Rachel has just arrived at Paris; that only Marshal Soult's triumph in England could be compared to hers; that he had letters from her in London in which she showed the utmost delight over her success, though remarkable to relate, her head was not turned by it. I think that the Duc's head would be less steady under such circumstances.

Günthersdorf, August 1, 1841.— Madame de Perponcher tells me that the King of Hanover is quite overwhelmed by the death of his wife, over whom he seems to have watched most admirably. For a long time he was under a delusion concerning the state of her health and when the doctors told him that there was no hope, he was completely crushed. However, as soon as he recovered his spirits he went to the Queen and spoke of her religious duties as well as a Catholic could have done. The Queen heard the terrible news with the utmost firmness and received the communion with the King, her daughter, the Duchess of Anhalt and poor Prince George. The despair of the latter was heartrending; as he could not see his mother, he could not be persuaded that she was dead and insisted that he should be allowed to touch her body. As soon as the father put the mother's cold hand in that of her son, the poor blind man was overcome with a kind of madness. He has since been sent to the seaside. These details are cruel and really most heartrending.

Günthersdorf, August 6, 1841.— My sisters have been here since the first of the month and seem to enjoy themselves in spite

of the terrible weather.

Yesterday I had a letter from M. Bresson who says: "There is no positive news from Paris: M. de Flahaut has refused Turin and declines to commit himself concerning the offer of Madrid. He says that he maintains the fact that Vienna was offered to him, which M. Guizot will not admit. Whether it was offered or not, he is doing his utmost to secure it and Madame de Flahaut is watching from Ems for the arrival of Prince and Princess Metternich at the Johannisberg. I remain in an attitude of expectation and am resolved only to leave Berlin for Vienna or London.

"Herr von Werther has resigned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His place will be taken by Count Maltzan, but who will replace him at Vienna is not yet known. The King has given Werther the Order of the Black Eagle and has made the title of baron hereditary in his family; hitherto it had been only a personal title. Arnim of Paris has been made a count.

"The Toulouse disturbance is causing me more anxiety;³⁶ no other town in France has followed this bad example. The July festival has been celebrated in an orderly manner.

The whole of the loan will not be required; the financial deficiencies are being repaired and we shall find that France has

³⁶ On July 9 and 10 the inhabitants of Toulouse were disturbed by the question of the census. The agitation seemed to have died away when a serious rising broke out upon the 12th. Large bodies of people marched about the streets, and barricades were raised, and the 13th was a very threatening day. The town was saved by the wisdom of the temporary mayor, M. Arzac, who was able, by means of tact, to restore tranquillity.

recovered her strength and reorganised her military power. My ardent desire is that all this may make for peace."

Such is the prose, or if you prefer it, the poetry of M. Bresson.

Günthersdorf, August 7, 1841.— I have a letter from M. Molé who complains of his health and refers to the disturbance at Toulouse and the general condition of France with as much gloominess as M. Bresson showed satisfaction in the letter which I quoted yesterday.

The Duchesse de Montmorency writes saying that Mgr. Affre prohibited M. Genoude from preaching. The latter then went to learn the reason for this prohibition: the Bishop replied that it was due to his anti-governmental opinions; M. Genoude angrily replied that if the Bishop persisted in maintaining his prohibition, he would print the whole of Mgr. Affre's writings of a few years ago, in opposition to the July monarchy, the original signed documents being in his possession. The Archbishop thereupon relented and M. Genoude will preach. This is an attitude truly worthy of a bishop! The incident naturally induces me to draw comparisons with the past and strengthens my conviction that Mgr. de Quélen was the last real Archbishop of Paris. The present age seems unable to produce any great or noble lives. There is a dead level of hopeless mediocrity.

Günthersdorf, August 16, 1841.— As I write this date I cannot but remember with deep regret an anniversary which will always be dear and sacred to me; this is the day of Saint Hyacinthe, the patron saint of the late Mgr. de Quélan. I am certain that mass

is being said for him at the Sacré Cœur. For many years a shrub was taken to him from me on this day. Two years ago, when he was still ill at Conflans, he called my servant into his room, who then brought him an orange tree and asked Madame de Gramont to write a note saying that of all the flowers he had received mine had given him the greatest pleasure. Now I can do no more than pray to him in heaven. I often think that he is united with Him to whom he has so often prayed himself, and that both intercede before God on my behalf, to gain me the blessing of a good death, and especially a Christian life, for rarely does the one come to pass without the other; and if God sometimes shows His mercy at a late hour, we have no reason to be idle or to omit any effort to deserve it. These true and heartfelt words I often repeat to myself, but do not derive a full measure of comfort from them. The worldly spirit, the old enemy, is difficult to eradicate.

At Wartenberg I inspected the Protestant school. Last year I was present at the examination of the Catholic children, and I can say, without prejudice, that the latter school is infinitely superior to the former.

The post brought me a letter from the Court Marshal, giving me an official announcement from their Majesties of their proposal to pass here on the 31st of this month.

Günthersdorf, August 18, 1841.— I have a letter from M. Bresson. He had announced his visit to me long ago, and now asks me to transfer it to the 31st of this month, so that he may stay here on that day to see the King and leave on the 1st. He tells

me that when the King learnt of his proposal to come here, he told him at his last audience that he hoped he might meet him at my house; he also tells me that the diplomatic nominations will not be made until the Tory Ministry comes into office, which the Queen of England is unable to avoid.

He adds that M. and Madame Thiers are at Berlin and are arousing keen curiosity; crowds gather as they pass. M. Thiers seems anxious not to give his journey any political meaning and is showing great circumspection. He has asked to see the King. M. Bresson was awaiting at the time when he wrote to me an answer to this request from Sans Souci.

Günthersdorf, August 20, 1841.— Yesterday I took a long drive through my estates on the other side of the Oder. The weather was very fine and this morning is also quite clear. I trust it may be as fine for the King's visit.

Günthersdorf, August 21, 1841.— In Germany birthdays are even more important festivals than baptismal days,³⁷ so since yesterday, compliments and bouquets have been coming in. All the Catholic priests came yesterday to offer their good wishes and have promised to say mass for me this morning. Yesterday evening all the masters of the Catholic schools, of which there are twelve upon my estates, came together, though some of them live twelve leagues away, to sing to me in detachments with the best pupils of their schools; simple and touching verses very well written and thought out, with no instrumental accompaniment; it

³⁷ The Duchesse de Talleyrand was born on August 21, 1793.

was very pretty and kind; any mark of affection is always deeply felt by me and I was therefore greatly touched.

Günthersdorf, August 22, 1841.— Yesterday I had a numerous company to dinner and took them to the shooting competition arranged in the pheasant preserves. All the gamekeepers, farmers and servants were there. There was music in the copses, flowers everywhere and a beautiful sunny day. I offered three prizes, a sporting rifle, a hunting knife, and a game bag. The two Prefects in whose department I have property, came in after dinner and took tea. It was so fine that in spite of nightfall, the company did not separate until my bedtime.

Günthersdorf, August 25, 1841.— Yesterday I had a letter from the Princesse de Lieven, the chief news of which is as follows: "It is said that the society of Vienna will receive M. Bresson very coldly. Prince Metternich has hinted as much here. He has no great liking for any of the competitors for this post, and less liking for Bresson than for the others. Apponyi says so without constraint. I think that Lord Cowley will take Lord Granville's place. Lady Palmerston is greatly distressed at losing Downing Street:³⁸ Lord Palmerston puts a better face upon the matter; his address to the electors of Tiverton marks the end of his career in French opinion. Much ill feeling on the matter remains here and we part with him upon distinctly bad terms."

I propose to leave Silesia in a week from to-day and should like to see my dear Touraine again on October 1. The local

³⁸ Where the Foreign Office is situated.

newspapers contain no news except that the King received M. Thiers, not at Sans Souci, but at Berlin in a private audience which lasted twenty minutes. M. Thiers wore his academician's dress and the orders of Belgium and Spain. Throughout his journey he has been the object of curiosity which was rather keen than kindly, and if he understood German he would have heard more than one caustic remark.

I have made arrangements with my gardener and an architect for the decorations for the day when the King is to stay here. The decorations will consist of numerous garlands, pyramids, festoons and arches of dahlias of every colour which will decorate the King's path from the avenue to the house. There is nothing magnificent or imposing about this place: there is no view, but it is fresh and green; the trees are beautiful and the garden well kept. The house is large but not striking, without architectural beauty and surmounted by a heavy ugly roof, so that only by means of flowers can any daintiness be given to the whole. The hall is to be turned into an orangery and, in short, the whole will appear in holiday though unpretentious dress, which will at any rate show my good intentions.

Günthersdorf, August 30, 1841.— My niece, Hohenthal, arrived here yesterday. She told me that Madame Thiers had been so ill at Dresden that she had been taken from her hotel to the doctor's house. M. Thiers told some one who repeated it to my niece, that his audience with the King of Prussia was short and cold and that the King talked of nothing but Art; his attitude

seems to have been well advised. General de Rumigny, on the contrary, is most kindly treated.

Günthersdorf, August 31, 1841.— Yesterday after dinner I set out with my nephew Biron and we went to Grünberg to await their Majesties at the house of the Queen's chief lady, who had gone in advance of her. A prodigious number of triumphal arches, deputations, addresses and cavalcades made their Majesties so late, that they did not reach their resting-place until half-past ten at night, though this hour was very suitable for the illuminations and fireworks at our chief centre. Many of the principal landowners in the district were there. The King and Queen first received me alone and then the rest of the company was admitted. Their Majesties wished to keep me to supper, but as I still have a great deal to arrange here, I asked permission to withdraw and reached home at half-past one in the morning. Fortunately it was a beautiful moonlight night.

I found General de Rumigny at Grünberg. He is following the King to the manœuvres and will arrive here this morning. The weather is magnificent and I should like to kneel down and send up a prayer of thanks to the sun for his kindness.

, *September 1, 1841.*— Yesterday passed off very well. Their Majesties were in excellent spirits and most kind. The weather was perfect, flowers were abundant and there was a good lunch suitably served; the population in holiday attire came in large numbers and behaved excellently. I drove after the King with my nephew to the first village where horses were changed. This

village is on my estate and His Majesty was again greeted with a triumphal arch by my keepers and with country receptions of every kind. The King, who did not know that I was following, as I had not told him, was quite surprised to see me. He got down from his carriage and made me take his place as the Queen wished to embrace me once more. In short they seem to have been quite satisfied, which is a great pleasure to me.

General de Rumigny started immediately after the King, M. Bresson after dinner and the Birons after tea. My niece, Hohenthal, went away last night and so I am here alone.

Günthersdorf, September 2, 1841.—I have decided to start this evening and before I go I am designing a new addition to the garden, which will make it truly magnificent, and I have commissioned the architect to replace the heavy rotten roof with gables and a flat roof.

Berlin, September 3, 1841.—I reached here after covering fifty-four French leagues in seventeen hours. In this country where one cannot arrange for relays, this is excellent travelling.

M. Bresson told me that no one could be more surly or disagreeable than Madame Thiers: she has been ill, or pretended to be ill, and declared that she would die if she stayed any longer in Germany, which seemed to her like Siberia.

Berlin, September 5, 1841.—Yesterday I went to the Werthers who are soon to exchange their diplomatic post for one at Court. Werther himself, like a good courtier, suggested this change at the proper time and has thus spared himself possible

mortification and obtained an excellent post. Frau von Werther and Josephine regret the change.

Berlin, September 6, 1841.— I am going to entrust myself to the railway as far as Potsdam. At Potsdam I shall dress and dine with Princess Charles of Prussia at Klein Glienicke at the gates of the town. I shall then resume my journey and spend the night in my carriage in order to reach Leipzig to-morrow morning. There I shall find the Hohenthals who are bringing my niece Fanny Biron, whom I have promised to take with me to France. A winter in Saxony is thought to be too much for her health, which is delicate.

Leipzig, September 6, 1841.— I left my Berlin hotel yesterday morning. I had chocolate with Madame de Perponcher and learnt from her the sad news of the sudden death of my young and charming neighbour, Princess Adelaide Carolath, who was married under the most dramatic circumstances a year ago to her cousin and died in a few hours of an attack of suppressed measles. She was quite an ideal character and I have been deeply affected by this sudden death.

From Berlin to Potsdam I travelled with Baron von Arnim, master of the ceremonies, who was also dining at Glienicke. The Princess drove me round the park in her pony-chaise. After dinner I went for a walk and then said good-bye.

Weimar, September 9, 1841.— We parted from the Hohenthals at Leipzig yesterday morning. The two sisters were much depressed at their separation; however, the open air and the pretty

country through which we have been travelling enabled Fanny to recover her spirits.

Here I found a letter from the Princess of Prussia who is staying at Kreuznach on the Rhine and asks me to go and see her while I am at Johannisberg. I shall certainly do so, though it will prolong my journey by an additional day.

Frankfort-on-Main, September 11, 1841.— I arrived here this morning in fine weather. My niece proposes to spend a few days with her former governess at Bonn, to see her brother who is in garrison there and is now ill. We shall meet again at Mayence on the 15th. I am starting for Johannisberg to-morrow.

Frankfort, September 12, 1841.— Yesterday at tea-time Count Maltzan came in. He is taking the baths at Kreuznach and came over to see his niece Fanny. He is very pleased with his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs. I doubt if he will suit the King of Prussia in the long run, for he is vehement, irascible and impetuous, and though the King is angelically good he is very quick tempered. However, it is no business of mine. The Count is a kind and pleasant drawing-room talker, and when he has got rid of his habit of gossiping, which he contracted at Vienna, he will be a pleasant person, except for those who have to transact business with him.

Johannisberg, September 13, 1841.— I arrived here yesterday at two o'clock, the weather being extremely hot. I had known this place in past years and few changes have been made. There is an extensive and beautiful view, though I prefer the view

from Rochecotte, which is similar, because of the forest which crowns my house, and also because of the vegetation along the Loire and the hillsides opposite me, which make the valley grander and more beautiful. Here the vines cover everything. The house is very large and the rooms spacious but somewhat poorly furnished. I was most kindly received, not only by the master and mistress of the house but by many other acquaintances: my cousin, Paul Medem, who would as soon go back to Stuttgart as Minister as to Vienna to the post of Chargé d'Affaires; Tatitscheff, who is almost entirely blind, and Neumann who is returning to London to-morrow.

I have no news; Prince Metternich says there is none. He is very pleased to hear of the Whig downfall in England and very well disposed to M. Guizot; he is sorry that the Duc de Montebello is not to be sent to him at Vienna. He has very humble letters from M. de Flahaut, and begins to think that a minister who writes confidential platitudes beforehand should be easier to manage than any other. However, nothing is as yet officially known concerning the movements of the French diplomatic body. Apponyi and his family are expected to-day on their way from Paris. They are to stay here before proceeding to Hungary on leave. Let us hope that they will bring some positive news concerning the nomination of the French Ambassador to Vienna.

Johannisberg, September 14, 1841.— I have accomplished my excursion to Kreuznach, which occupied the whole of yesterday:

I did not return till half-past eight in the evening and was obliged to cross the Rhine in the darkness, which I did not find particularly pleasant, in spite of the beauty of the scene; the lights of the steamboats from the banks reflected in the river, and the masses of the rocks increased by the darkness of the night made an imposing scene which I only half enjoyed as I was somewhat afraid. At Kreuznach I spent several hours with the Princess of Prussia who was as kind as ever. I was sorry to find her considerably changed, uneasy concerning her health, and tired by taking the waters, from which so far she had experienced no other result. I dined with her, and Count Maltzan was present.

Prince Metternich yesterday received an official intimation that M. de Flahaut had been appointed to the Vienna embassy; he is not greatly pleased at this news. The other changes in the French diplomatic body were not then known.

M. de Bourquency is very fashionable here; though the Prince does not know him personally, he was full of praises of his behaviour at London; at the same time he added that a diplomatist, who was also a contributor to the *Journal des Débats*, was one of the curiosities of the age.

Johannisberg, September 15, 1841.—Yesterday I did not go out all day though the weather was beautiful. I was very glad to rest; moreover, so much time is spent here in receiving a succession of callers that country life properly so called is impossible.

Mayence, September 16, 1841.—I left Johannisberg yesterday and was much touched by all the kindness of the master and

mistress of the house, and very glad that I had been able to pay them a visit. I arrived here in good time, and found Frau von Binzer, Paul Medem and Baron Zedlitz awaiting me. The baron, who is a well-known poet, has now taken the place of Gentz with Prince Metternich on account of some political publication. While I was dining with these people, three cannon shots announced the steamboat by which the Princess of Prussia was travelling up the Rhine on her way to Weimar through Mannheim. The boat stopped here for ten minutes, and as it put in some thirty yards from the hotel I went to spend these ten minutes on board with the Princess; she was not expecting me, and showed the utmost satisfaction at this small attention.

The evening was warm and beautiful and we drove round the town, the outskirts of which are pretty, and went to see the statue of Gutenberg by Thorwaldsen, which is a handsome piece of work. On our return we heard that a courier from the Rothschilds had arrived from Paris, bringing the news of a small rising in Paris during which a pistol shot had been fired at the Duc d'Aumale, who, however, was not hit.³⁹

Metz, September 18, 1841.—I arrived here yesterday evening in a torrential downpour of rain, which makes travelling extremely unpleasant. At the hotel I found General d'Outremont, who

³⁹ The revolutionary factions which were still seething, pursued their plan of destroying the Royal Family. On September 4, 1841, a pistol-shot was fired at the Duc d'Aumale as he was going down a street of the Faubourg Saint Antoine at the head of his regiment, the 17th Light Horse. The horse of Lieutenant-Colonel Levaillant, who was by the side of the Prince was killed by the ball.

was in command at Tours for a long time. He is at Metz for inspection and asked to see me. He told me that the disturbances at Clermont were even more serious than those at Toulouse, in fact the newspaper that some one has lent me regards them as very serious.

Paris, September 20, 1841.— I have now returned to the great Babylon. The good and excellent Barante was awaiting my arrival. He has spent the evening here and given me the following news: the disturbances in Clermont seem to have been of the most serious character, a real Jacquerie and the most disquieting demonstration that has taken place in France since 1830.⁴⁰ Barante who has been absent for three and a half years, was astonished and horrified by the general degradation, especially in political morality, which is obvious here. He wittily said that he had not yet come across a man in Paris who had a good word for another. He proposes to spend six weeks at his house in Auvergne and will then stay here for the winter and not return to St. Petersburg till the spring. Sainte-Aulaire started forty-eight hours ago for his new post in London. His wife will not follow him until February and Madame de Flahaut will not go to Vienna until she has married her daughter, Emilie, for whom no suitor has yet appeared.

⁴⁰ The census at Clermont-Ferrand, as at Toulouse, was a pretext for disturbances which broke out on September 13, 1841, and continued the whole of the next day. The rioters attacked the armed force, and many soldiers were killed or wounded; the gates of the town were burnt, and a desperate combat ensued. It became necessary to send considerable military forces to the town to overwhelm the rebels and restore order.

Bertin the elder is dead and Bertin de Veaux is suffering from a fresh attack.

Paris, September 21, 1841.— Madame de Lieven routed me out yesterday at a very early hour. She came to ask questions and told me nothing: she can repeat to all Europe what I have told her concerning the corner of the world known to me; I persisted in speaking kindly of every one, which vexed her, and eventually told her that people were thinking and saying everywhere that it was she who made and unmade ambassadors, at which she was considerably embarrassed. Moreover, what I was saying was quite true; it is believed everywhere and I think with reason. She asked me to dinner on Thursday at Beauséjour.

Humboldt also called; I told him my Silesian news. Finally M. de Salvandy arrived, delighted to be ambassador at Madrid and prepared to return for the session of the Chamber of Deputies and to retain his vice-presidency. My son, Valençay, came to dinner with me and told me of the death of old Hottinger, which I am sorry to hear. He was a most honourable man, deeply attached to the late M. de Talleyrand and a friend of Labouchère. Many recollections of the past are disappearing outwardly with terrible rapidity.

There is some small continuous agitation in the distant quarters of Paris; I do not understand the reason for it; it seems to be the normal state of Paris. A return to the great outbursts of 1831 would be to restore our youth but not our strength, at a time when we should grow old in order to grow greater.

Fortunately the troops are in excellent spirits everywhere, but are also required everywhere. The authorities are determined and even anxious to make vigorous use of them. This is all very well and it is fortunate for them that they have the power and have no foreign war upon their hands in addition to these internal disorders.

My letters from Auvergne⁴¹ are not satisfactory. Pauline shall certainly spend her winter in the south at Rome, if I do not go to Nice. She is so anxious to see me that I am deciding for Nice, where I shall go in the month of December and return in March. I hope the change will also do my niece Fanny good. For me personally it is a great sacrifice. I should like a long rest and to shut myself up at Rochecotte, but Pauline is really ill and warmly expresses a desire to see me, and her husband joins in supporting her wish with such persistence that I cannot hesitate.

Paris, September 22, 1841.— Yesterday evening I went with my son Valençay to Saint-Cloud, where I was able to see the whole Royal Family together, including even their Belgian Majesties. All are starting for Compiègne. The Queen had news of the Prince de Joinville from Newfoundland. He is proceeding to Halifax.

Paris, September 23, 1841.— Yesterday I saw the Abbé Dupanloup who told me that he had in his possession a series of letters which had passed between M. de Talleyrand and Cardinal

⁴¹ The Marquis and Marquise de Castellane were now resident in Auvergne at their estate of Aubijou.

Fesch, of the greatest interest, and others which had passed between M. de Talleyrand and the Chapter of Autun at the most difficult and troublesome time: he is the better pleased by these discoveries as they confirm his opinion of M. de Talleyrand and in general do him great credit.

Yesterday I went to dinner at Beauséjour with Madame de Lieven and took Barante who was invited. The other guests were the Duc de Noailles, M. Guizot and Mr. Bulwer. The conversation was animated and varied, while Barante talked much more naturally and agreeably than any one. Of news I heard none.

Paris, September 26, 1841.— Yesterday I went to Champlâtreux with Baron Humboldt. The weather was very unpleasant and spoilt our excursion. I had known Champlâtreux long before: time has in no way destroyed its beauty; on the contrary, for M. Molé has laid it out magnificently. His improvements are excellent but should be continued and especially the little panes of glass should be removed from the windows in the large rooms, as they spoil the general effect. On the whole it is a noble mansion, not a feudal, but a parliamentary building, as befits a descendant of Mathieu Molé, of whom memorials are everywhere to be found and very properly so. Particularly excellent is the portrait of the grandmother, the daughter of Samuel Bernard, in the large room; with her dowry M. Molé's grandfather built the present residence. The park is beautiful and finely laid out, while M. and Madame Molé are

most kind and pleasant hosts.

The fortifications are in their most advanced state from Paris to Saint-Denis, but for the moment the state of affairs is simply frightful and looks like chaos.

Yesterday's event, for every day brings an event in this country, was the truly scandalous acquittal of the *National*;⁴² it must be admitted that we cut a very poor figure here.

Paris, October 1, 1841.— Yesterday I saw M. Guizot at my house. I was anxious to say a word to him on behalf of Charles de Talleyrand who, I hope, will soon join M. de Sainte-Aulaire at London. M. Guizot told me that Lord Cowley would certainly be the ambassador at Paris and his appointment is desired here. Sir Robert Peel refused court appointments to Lord Wilton and the Duke of Beaufort, saying that people with more depth of character and less doubtful morality were required about the person of a young Queen. The Duke of Beaufort has refused the embassy of St. Petersburg, and the Marquis of Londonderry the embassy of Vienna. Both wished for Paris and were greatly exasperated by their failure to secure it. They are now forming the nucleus of a small opposition party.

M. Guizot gives the following explanation of the two somewhat unusual nominations of M. de Flahaut as ambassador to Vienna and of M. de Salvandy to Madrid: he says that he

⁴² The *National* had published a correspondence concerning the disturbances at Clermont, full of falsehoods and invectives against the monarchy, and was accused of attacking the King's majesty and brought to trial. On September 24, 1841, a verdict of "Not Guilty" was passed by the jury of the Seine.

thought it advisable to deprive M. Thiers of the one and M. Molé of the other. An admirable explanation and of course entirely in the interests of the country!

Courtalin, October 3, 1841.— I arrived here yesterday evening after dining and sleeping with Madame Mollien. I am now in the midst of the Montmorency family, many of whom are here.

Rohecotte, October 7, 1841.— Once more I am back at my little Palazzo where I arrived in the morning to my great delight and have been most interested to see the arrangements and improvements that have taken place during my absence.

Rohecotte, October 12, 1841.— I have spent the last few days in arranging my new library and putting the books in order. It is a tiring business but has absorbed me greatly. My son and daughter-in-law Dino have arrived and also my niece Fanny and her governess, who spent a few days at Paris after my departure.

Yesterday I had a call from the Lady Superior of the Daughters of the Cross from Chinon. She is the one who received the communion last spring when I went to see her. She asserts that she began to get better from the moment of my visit. She brought me some rosaries and wished to pray in my chapel. She also brought me my lithographed portrait from a room where she found it and persuaded me without much trouble to add an orphan's place to the establishment which she administers. I have thus secured the right of sending an orphan from the village of Saint Patrice of which Rohecotte is a part, to receive a Christian education from these excellent women, and I shall make my

choice to-day.

Rochecotte, October 14, 1841.— The changed situation in Spain has occupied all minds at Paris, for war has really broken out again. It is a dreadful business and will end in the massacre of the innocent Isabella.⁴³ Queen Christina is by no means anxious to leave Paris, where she finds life pleasant. She is terrified by the idea of returning to Spain of which she speaks with disgust and scorn. All who know her regard her as clever, kind and courageous in time of need, but naturally idle, pleasure-loving and devoting herself to amusement as far as she can, as she is obliged to despair of ever playing a part in politics again. She is very fond of her children by Muñoz and she has little affection for her royal daughters.

Rochecotte, October 24, 1841.— Yesterday I had some letters containing news. Madame de Lieven writes: "England is obviously disturbed about the news from America and speculators in every country are greatly alarmed. It is difficult to think that war will not be the consequence of the complication in

⁴³ On October 7, 1841, at eight o'clock in the evening, Generals Leon and Concho took advantage of the fact that a regiment, formerly commanded by the latter, had arrived at Madrid. As the regiment was devoted to him the two Generals proposed to make a sudden attempt to carry off the Queen and the Infanta. They went to the palace at the head of a squadron of the Royal Guard, and while the regiment surrounded the palace they mounted to the Queen's apartments; these were fortunately guarded by halberdiers who offered a vigorous resistance, received them with rifle-shots, and drove them back several times. Espartero crushed this military plot, and had General Diego Leon shot on October 15.

the case of Grogau⁴⁴ added to that of MacLoed. The newspapers are full of Spain; attempts at insurrection are everywhere a failure. Espartero does his duty in punishing the guilty, but it is piteous to see the most cultured and brilliant figures in Spain falling. The death of Diego Leon, the idol of the army and of Madrid, made Queen Christina shed floods of tears. I do not know how she will escape the consequence of Olozaga's publications; she disavows them but no one believes her. Demands are issued that France should send Christina back; the government naturally refuses and will continue to offer hospitality to the niece of the French Queen. I do not think that Salvandy will start immediately for his post in Madrid: Sainte-Aulaire has secured the favour of Aberdeen; Flahaut is starting for Vienna shortly."

The Duchesse d'Albuféra tells me that the Duchesse de Nemours is with child, to the great delight of the Queen and that the household at Compiègne which has been so long disturbed seems to be in perfect harmony.

Rohecotte, October 25, 1841.—Yesterday I had a letter from M. de Salvandy, of which the following is an extract; "It is not impossible that I may receive orders to start within the

⁴⁴ On September 20, 1841, Colonel James W. Grogau, a citizen of the United States, was surprised during the night in the house of a certain Mr. Brown within the frontiers of his own country, by brigands in English uniform, who carried him away as a prisoner to Montreal in Canada. Mr. Richard Jackson, the Governor of Canada, immediately liberated him, and punished an English officer, Mr. Jackson, of Colonel Dyer's regiment, who had taken part in this attempt.

next twelve days. You will have seen what has happened at Madrid: the insurrection with its sudden outbreak and its sudden ending. We have undergone all kinds of deceptions here and have proclaimed them and published them in our public and private deeds, in our relations with the Spanish Government, with its Minister and with every one. The Minister has demanded that Queen Christina should be sent back and has been justly and vigorously refused, but so vigorously that what the Madrid authorities will say or do no one can conjecture. Hitherto relations have not been entirely broken off; nothing will be known for another ten days. At present we are much disconcerted by our foolish actions and are trying to avoid the consequences as gently as possible. At the first favourable moment my departure will be urged. In this undignified position mine is the only bearable situation, because I have shared none of these delusions; I have contradicted them, as every one knows and Spain is thankful to me. Spain asks that I should start. I have pointed out two or three matters upon which I should like satisfaction; they will be granted and we shall thus be able to put a better face upon the matter, but I am astounded at this method of conducting the business of the world."

M. de Salvandy tells me that he will come here on his way to Spain.

Rochecotte, November 6, 1841.— I hear that the Russian Ambassador at Paris has just received orders from his Sovereign to start for St. Petersburg in a week. Every one is attempting to

conjecture the reason.

Rohecotte, November 11, 1841.— The Duchesse d'Albuféra writes to say that the real reason for the sudden recall of the Russian Ambassador, Count Pahlen, by the Emperor Nicholas in the midst of winter, is to secure that he shall not be the spokesman of the diplomatic body before the King on New Year's Day when congratulations are offered. It is even said that, in order that the Russian Ambassador may be the youngest ambassador at Paris, Pahlen's place will be taken by M. de Bouténiéff, but this is only a rumour.

Rohecotte, November 16, 1841.— Yesterday when we were about to sit down to dinner I saw M. de Salvandy arriving. I thought that he was on his way to Madrid. Nothing of the kind. Exhausted by the continual questions concerning his reasons for delay and the time of departure, he resolved to pay a round of visits in the country to avoid inquisitive people: he then came from Pontchartrain and is going on from here to Madame Maillé and to others of his friends. He says that the session of the Chambers at Paris will be stormy and that the ministerial rivalry of MM. Dufaure and Passy will cause difficulty.

Rohecotte, November 18, 1841.— M. de Salvandy went away yesterday after lunch. The evening before he had had dreadful news from Spain where anarchist massacres are proceeding; Espartero seems to be at last anxious for the presence of the French Ambassador and M. de Salvandy assumes that he will soon be crossing the Pyrenees. Before he went away he related

a somewhat amusing incident; a few days ago he met the Demidoffs at the house of the Duchesse Decazes; there were only three or four persons in the room and the conversation was almost general. They were speaking of a story which is now going round Paris, to the effect that Mlle. Rachel had sold herself to M. Véron for two hundred thousand francs; whereupon M. Demidoff, in a manner impossible to imitate cried, "See the power of money!" Those present, after an involuntary glance at Madame Demidoff, preserved a solemn silence, which was fortunately interrupted in a moment by another caller.

Yesterday I had a letter from Madame de Lieven. She says that the Queen of England was disappointed that she had not been confined of twins; she was hoping that the Prince of Wales would be accompanied by a Duke of York.⁴⁵ England has presented a Note requesting an explanation of the concentration of French troops near the Pyrenees, and announcing that she would not permit France to carry war into Spain. She has thus stopped a strongly marked inclination to support the friends of Queen Christina with cannon shot; and this Queen is in great despair that people should wish to use her as a pretext. Speaking of herself, she says that her chance is over and that no one should think of her as a possibility; that she would never return to Spain or she would certainly meet the fate of Marie Antoinette.

Yesterday evening in the drawing-room we read a eulogy upon Madame de Rumford, written by M. Guizot, who had sent it to

⁴⁵ King Edward VII. was born on November 9.

me. I thought it rather dry and the sentences too long; in short it wants grace, though not thought.

Rochecotte, November 27, 1841.— I have had letters from my son-in-law from Carrara, dated the 17th. To-morrow they were to have reached Florence, but they encountered a storm for eighteen hours in the Gulf of Spezzia: the ship was damaged and they were in some danger. At length they fortunately came into harbour and are now in a pony trap, for it was impossible to disembark their carriage. He gives a dreadful account of their journey. Poor Pauline was exhausted and entirely worn out; she had a presentiment that the crossing would be a bad one, for she wrote to me from Genoa saying that she was very reluctant to take this route.

Rochecotte, November 28, 1841.— I have a letter from Pauline from Lucca which adds some serious details to those related by her husband. They nearly foundered and were themselves obliged to gain the coast in a small boat. My son-in-law was almost drowned; in short, it was a regular disaster. I long to hear that my dear Pauline is resting for a few weeks at Florence. During the terrible time that they spent at sea two ships were lost and all on board perished, off Livorno.

Rochecotte, December 2, 1841.— Yesterday I concluded my round of farewell visits in weather which really gave these attentions some value. After dinner M. de Salvandy came in; this time he was definitely on his way to Madrid and is starting this morning.

Yesterday I had letters from Pauline written at Florence and dated the 22nd. She is living on the kindness of friends, as she has not yet recovered either her trunks or her carriage. She reached the town like a heroine in a novel, with her jewel box under her arm and not a single garment in her possession.

Rohecotte, December 3, 1841.— Yesterday morning a huge flash of lightning and a clap of thunder followed by a waterspout bursting over Rohecotte, made us rush hurriedly out of our rooms; there were two inches of water in the dining-room and four in the kitchen. Madame de Podenas arrived shortly afterwards with her son from the house of her mother, the Duchesse des Cars, who has a country house on the other side of Tours. I had known Madame de Podenas very well in times past and am always glad to see her again. I had even intended, as I thought she was in Italy, to make a journey from Nice to Genoa to see her, as she has been settled for the last few years in a villa near that town. The villa which she has bought is called Il Paradiso and was built by Michael Angelo. She is greatly changed but is as cheerful and pleasant as ever. She boldly resumed her journey in the course of the evening. M. de Salvandy started yesterday morning for Madrid; Alava, who was here, went to Tours, Vestier to Chinon, and my son to Valençay, so that Fanny and myself will be alone until we shortly start for Nice.

Rohecotte, December 5, 1841.— Yesterday my time was entirely devoted to preparations for departure. My niece's health does not improve, I am not very well myself, and the weather is

frightful.

Yesterday I had a very kind and obliging letter from the Duc d'Orléans; he writes to bid me farewell before my departure, and to offer me his congratulations on the escape of the Castellanes from the dangers of the sea; he had heard of their adventures from the Duchesse d'Albuféra. He seems very uneasy at the general state of public opinion, and by no means satisfied with the policy of the authorities.

Saint-Aignan, December 7, 1841.— I left my pleasant little Rochecotte yesterday morning to resume the monotonous life of high-road travel, which is the more unpleasant in consequence of the dreadful weather. We lunched at Tours with the Prefect, Alava and Vestier. As we passed by Chenonceaux I paid a half-hour's call, which I had been owing for years, upon Madame de Villeneuve. We then continued our journey here in a furious downpour of rain. When the road leaves the department of Indret-et-Loire and enters that of Loir-et-Cher it deteriorates; moreover the rain and the inundations from the Cher have spoilt the road, and we travelled through a kind of lake. I will not conceal the fact that I screamed several times. We were very kindly received by M. de Chalais, his brother and the Baron and Baronne de Montmorency: these are the only inhabitants of the residence apart from the architect who is working at it; a considerable amount of building is in progress, which is solid and even rich as far as construction goes, but unfortunately in a style which does not seem to me sufficiently akin to that of the original building;

for instance, there is a heavy Saxon tower by the side of the pointed turrets of Louis XI. The castle is very cold: the hot-water pipes, the double windows, the hangings, the door curtains and the draperies at Rochecotte make any other home impossible to me, and everywhere else I am frozen.

Yesterday at Chenonceaux I saw a very pretty portrait of Queen Louise de Vaudémont and a large coloured window of modern construction which the King had just sent to the Villeneuves. The Duc de Montpensier came over to Chenonceaux from Amboise this summer and to his influence this attention is due. It is enough to show that the young Prince did not enter the bedroom of Madame de Villeneuve as I did, where the portrait of the Duc de Bordeaux, presented by Berryer, is hanging at her bedside, so that the mistress of the house can see it morning and evening.

Valençay, December 8, 1841.— I arrived here yesterday evening. I am going to hear mass with the Sisters at the tomb of our dear M. de Talleyrand. To-morrow morning we are to start again and to dine and sleep with Madame d'Arenberg at Menetou-Salon.

Menetou-Salon, December 10, 1841.— The Prince and Princesse d'Arenberg were so kind as to keep us a day longer, the weather being abominable. Fanny and my son Valençay, who joined us here yesterday, so strongly urged this additional delay, that I have resolved to remain here the whole of to-day. Yesterday it was impossible to go out of the house. We barely had the

energy to go round the château which M. d'Arenberg has restored from a state of ruin to a vast and noble mansion. It has the characteristics of the hunting châteaux that I prefer, severe in style, simple and convenient, and placed in the middle of very fine forests. I much prefer Menetou to Arlay, their château in the Franche-Comté. My cousin's three children are well brought up, pleasant and cheerful. The whole of the household is very happy and everything is done upon a large scale.

The arrangements at the end of the house are not yet complete, but with handsome forests, plenty of space and money, all can easily be finished and of these three conditions the d'Arenbergs can avail themselves. The only point at Menetou that I can criticise is the horrible red, white and orange paint with which the outer walls are daubed. M. d'Arenberg says that it is in Flemish style, but I think it is hideous. The kennel is a perfect little jewel. Sporting influences are everywhere predominant and everything is done to the blast of horns and the barking of dogs; the children know the different blasts by heart and can instantly distinguish the blast which means the quarry is sighted from that which proclaims that it has broken cover and the blasts which denote an old or a young boar.

Lyons, December 14, 1841.— The day before yesterday, which was Sunday, we were escorted after mass by my son Valençay and M. d'Arenberg, to Bourges, where I visited the curious house of Cujas and the very interesting one of Jacques Coeur; then we saw the normal school which was formerly the house of Jacques

Coeur's brother; after that we saw the old palace of Charles VII. which has now become a convent for the Blue Sisters and went to the cathedral. The funeral oration was being given for M. de Villèle, the last Archbishop of Bourges. Don Carlos,⁴⁶ his wife and his children were duly present at this honour paid to the prelate whose charity and whose care had alleviated their sad captivity. Don Carlos is less ugly and insignificant than I thought: his wife was so hidden by her hat that I could not make out her face; the hat and the shawl were those of a woman of poverty, which I was sorry to see. I passed by the sad little house which has been assigned to them and which was surrounded by soldiers on guard and policemen.

In order to change horses at Bourges infinite formalities are necessary, an authorisation from the Prefect and visas, which are invariably troublesome. After surviving these vexations, we had lunch and parted from M. de Valençay and M. d'Arenberg. We hoped to reach Moulins the same day but the weather became so frightful that we took refuge in a horrible little inn where the smoke was blinding. At daybreak yesterday we started off again and reached Lyons to-day at midday. Lyons impressed me as always, and it is the fifth time I have seen it, by its original and picturesque position; but I found it sadly changed, since I was

⁴⁶ After long struggles between the Carlists and the Christinos, which caused much bloodshed throughout the Peninsula until 1839, Don Carlos at this date was obliged to take refuge in France. He was ordered to reside at the town of Bourges, where he was kept under strict supervision, and not until 1847 did he obtain permission to leave for Austria.

here, fifteen years ago, in consequence of the enormous quantity of steam engines which have come into use, as the coal which they burn has blackened all the buildings. The fog common at this time of year is as black as that of London and from the general colour and the smell I could almost have thought myself in England. Lyons has greatly deteriorated in consequence and even the pretty square of Bellecour seems to me no longer to justify its reputation, since it has been coloured dark grey.

Aix-en-Provence, December 17, 1841.— Fortunately I have no accident to relate and unfortunately no interesting descriptions to give. The sky even of Provence is by no means beautiful at this moment; the ground as usual is dry and bare, the olives are wretched little trees, while we have not yet entered the zone of orange-trees. When I first visited the south my ideas of the country were very illusory and every later visit has confirmed me in the conviction that apart from the view over the Mediterranean when one has reached it and the colour of the sky when it happens not to be clouded as it now is, there is nothing beautiful to be expected from this district. We spent some time in visiting Avignon. I had known it long ago, but Fanny was curious and we had lunch there this morning. We explored the old castle of the popes which is now a barracks and the church of La Miséricorde.

Nice, December 20, 1841.— We have now reached the end of our journey which has lasted a whole fortnight. We left Aix the day before yesterday, after my niece had satisfied her archæological curiosity and started in sunshine which would have

been delightful had it not been accompanied by the mistral. At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Brignoles, but were horrified by the dreadful filth of the inn and resolved to continue our journey. When we had fairly entered the mountains of the Esterel, which involve an ascent of four hours and a descent of three, the cold became cruel. At dawn the summits of the mountains showed themselves covered with snow. At the highest point, where the post house is situated, twenty mountaineers of wild appearance, all armed with guns were starting in pursuit of the wild boars and wolves which inhabit this rough district. This band of mountaineer hunters were accompanied by some policemen and customs' house officers and were firing trial shots which made the rocks re-echo; they formed a picture worthy of a painter, but we had no thoughts of the picturesque, so intense did the cold of the night seem. When we reached the valley the temperature suddenly changed; the sun was warm, the sea blue, the olive-trees tall and covered with fruit, the orange-trees laden with their golden balls and the hedges of rose-trees in flower. The town of Cannes overlooked by its old castle, stood out delightfully as a background to the landscape upon the rough mountains which we had just left; the island of St. Margaret floated peacefully upon an azure sea and was an excellent completion to a view which we badly needed to thaw our minds and recover our taste for the south, which we were much inclined to abuse. Before entering Cannes we saw on the right hand the villa Taylor and on the left the villa

Brougham; these looked like country houses belonging to retired stockbrokers. Lord Brougham's villa is shut off from the road by a great iron railing, each point of which is surmounted by a large gilded fleur-de-lis.

From Cannes we had only nine leagues to cover to reach Nice and as it was only nine o'clock in the morning, we hoped we might be able to dine here yesterday, but misfortune came upon us. When we reached Antibes, the last station before Nice, at midday, there were no horses to be had and we were emphatically told none would be forthcoming before four o'clock, after which hour there is no driving to Nice because the bridge of the Var is broken down and the passage is impossible after nightfall. We were therefore obliged to remain at Antibes and sleep there; but where to sleep was a question. The inns in this town are indescribable and travellers never stop there; there are muleteer public-houses of the most disgusting appearance. A meal was served to us which revolted us so far that we ate nothing but dry bread, and instead of sleeping in beds which, after the previous night, would have been very pleasant, we returned to our carriages. Shut up in these boxes and bestowed in a stable which was half a barn, we watched for dawn which came very late. Cats were mewling all round us⁴⁷ and then a storm burst with as much fury as though we were in the midst of summer; thunder, lightning and rain threatened our miserable shelter. At last, at

⁴⁷ The Duchesse de Talleyrand had an innate and instinctive fear of cats which she was never able to conquer.

seven o'clock in the morning we were delivered from our prison and started to Saint Laurent du Var. There we were obliged to leave our carriage and embark in a little boat which brought us after much tossing to the Sardinian customs house, where two carbineers allowed us to warm ourselves at their fire. Our carriage went three-quarters of a league up stream and passed the river by a ford which was almost impracticable and very dangerous. Meanwhile we soaked a little dry bread in the very sour wine of the country and opposed our umbrellas to the gusts of wind and rain. At length we reached Nice at one o'clock, amid driving rain and by a furious sea. The hurricane continues and the waves are loudly roaring and rising so high that they almost reach the summit of the terrace on which stands the house where Fanny and myself occupy the second floor. Our windows look directly on the sea and before us to the right and to the left there is nothing else. On sunny days the reflection will be frightful and in times of rain a vast grey sheet is confused with the sky and forms the saddest possible outlook; the roar of the waves is also most dismal. We have an enormous room and though it has a fireplace, it is very cold. My room is small and might be warm but the chimney smokes; everything is very dirty, as the old houses in Nice generally are. I cannot describe the general impression of sadness and desolation which comes over us. The better side of the situation which consoles us for all the rest is to see Pauline, who is neither better nor worse than when I left her seven months ago, as she is still suffering from her throat; she is

thin and looks feverish, but her illness has not been aggravated. She and her family are at one end of the quarter which is known here as *La Terrasse*, while I am at the other.

Nice, December 22, 1841.— Yesterday I called upon the Grand Duchess Stephanie between lunch and dinner; she is spending the winter here with her daughter. She took me for a drive in her carriage upon the jetty in weather which reminded me of the Chain Pier at Brighton. The Grand Duchess has excellent rooms at some distance from the sea in the midst of a charming garden, with a beautiful view of the mountains; the house is well furnished, cheerful and clean, exactly the contrary to mine and very little more expensive. The Grand Duchess is infinitely better since she took the waters of Wildbad, but her restlessness and the fidgety and flighty nature of her conversation which her disease had checked have reappeared with an emphasis really annoying.

I had no letters from Paris yesterday: a rise in the river has carried away the boats and made the ford impassable, so that was impossible to pass the Var two hours after the time when we crossed it.

Nice, December 24, 1841.— Yesterday I met a large number of acquaintances at the house of the Grand Duchess, but few worth mentioning apart from the de Maistre family. She puts on her cards, *la comtesse Azelia de Maistre, née de Sieyès*. The two names look strange side by side; however, she seems a very pleasant person, while he has the wit of that particular kind which his name implies.

Nice, December 25, 1841.— Yesterday after lunch I took my niece and the Castellanes to Saint Charles, in the most beautiful weather. The sun was almost too warm and the short walk threw one into a perspiration; the sky was magnificent and the view beautiful, and the smell of the roses, the violets and the orange flowers intoxicating. On returning to the town I left a few cards, and went home to rest, for the burning sun and the keen sea air were most fatiguing.

There is a strange custom here. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day and throughout the intervening night, cannons are fired every half-hour; bands of sailors and country people go about the streets singing and howling and making the most horrible din; for twenty-four hours this uproar has never ceased for a moment and I should think no one has had a wink of sleep.

Nice, December 27, 1841.— I can remember the time when we went to Mannheim to pay our respects to the Grand Duchess Stephanie on Saint Stephen's Day. The same day here is being kept as a festival. At ten o'clock she went to hear mass at the College of the Jesuits: the Father Rector, who is kind and polite, had invited a dozen people who were intimate with the Grand Duchess, and my daughter and myself were included. The choral mass was very well given and we were then allowed to follow the Grand Duchess round the whole of the establishment, an exceptional privilege, and the ladies saw everything, even the cells of the Fathers. In each class one of the pupils made a little speech, simple and suitable to the occasion. We then

found coffee, chocolate and sherbet with cakes and sweets in the rector's parlour. There he offered the Grand Duchess a reliquary containing a relic of Saint Etienne. As she professes a great admiration for Silvio Pellico, he added a copy of this writer's poetry, nicely bound with an autograph letter by Pellico. The Father Rector was the support and consoler of Pellico's mother while he was in prison, and afterwards strongly influenced him to lead a Christian life. He is now said to be living in unusual sanctity. This little attention which was most tastefully offered was entirely successful. Before leaving the college we went into the physical laboratory where we were shown some electrical experiments. When we went away all the Fathers and pupils drew up in line and the youngest offered the Grand Duchess a bouquet of the kind only procurable in this country where flowers are abundant and where their colour and perfume are incomparable. The whole morning's visit was admirably arranged; there was no pedantry, nothing was too long, the tactfulness and common sense of the Jesuits were quite obvious. The pupils looked very healthy and were polite and well mannered.

After dinner we went with Fanny and the Castellanes to the Grand Duchess. Princesse Marie had invited some fifty persons to take part in a game of proverbs given in rhyme, which had been specially arranged by several Russian and Italian society people and proved quite successful.

Nice, December 29, 1841.— Yesterday I called upon several people, including the Comtesse Louis de Narbonne, the widow

of the friend of M. de Talleyrand and mother of Madame de Rambuteau. She is pleasant and cheerful, but it is obvious that she has lived a great deal in the provinces and very little with her husband. By birth she is Mlle. de Montholon, cousin of the first husband of Madame de Sémonville.

Nice, December 30, 1841.— Yesterday was Pauline's twenty-first birthday and to celebrate the double anniversary of her birth and her majority, she came to lunch with me with her husband and her little girl. She found some small presents and a German cake with as many candles as she had lived years. This little surprise pleased her. In the morning I went with Fanny and her former governess to visit a garden on the hillside protected by wooded slopes from the wind, with a view of the mountains and the sea which is reputed to be extremely pretty. The villa in the centre was closed, but the garden, which contained a large number of rare flowers and is more carefully tended than usual here, was open. We met the owner, a merchant of Nice, at the end of a walk where he was giving instructions to his workmen. He was very polite, loaded us with flowers and promised me some seeds for Rochecotte; his villa is called St. Helena. We returned very pleased with our walk, although the weather was by no means kind.

Nice, December 31, 1841.— The Grand Duchess called yesterday when I was finishing lunch and carried me off to see a country house near Nice which is very well situated and remarkable for the surrounding woods of pine-trees and

holm oaks and arbutus. The shade of trees is not often to be found here, as the gardens are usually built in terraces looking southward and leading more or less towards the sea; any variety of style is therefore not to be despised. Moreover yesterday's walk reminded me of one which I had projected in the woods around Rochecotte and pleased me for this reason. The owner is a retired merchant and an old bachelor. He is very polite, and, according to the custom of the country, loaded us with flowers and gave us orangeade to drink. I thought this refreshment cold under the circumstances, for it was by no means hot and driving had certainly made us no warmer. I therefore walked home from the house of the Grand Duchess to restore the circulation; the distance is about that from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysées.

This is the last day of a year of which I am not sorry to see the end: it can count as two years in my life by reason of its length; however, it has not been entirely unfortunate; the months spent at Rochecotte were quiet and the time while I was in Germany was not without interest and satisfaction.

This is also the second anniversary of the death of Mgr. de Quélen. It could not pass unnoticed by me, for he was a great loss to me, and his regular and protecting kindness left one of those gaps which can never be filled, for nothing can take the place of that which has been consecrated by time.

CHAPTER II

1842

Nice, January 1, 1842.— Yesterday I made a very beautiful excursion with my son-in-law. We drove to the foot of a crag on which a convent for men is built. The church is pretty, especially by reason of a projecting portico from which there is a beautiful view of the sea including Nice, the Fort of Saint Elmo, and of the chief points of the landscape in a delightful setting. We walked up to the convent which is called Saint Pons: the religious order there established is comparatively new, and is called *gli oblati della santissima Vergine*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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