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COURT AND DIPLOMATIC  
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*Her Majesty the Queen.*



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REMINISCENCES

OF

COURT AND DIPLOMATIC LIFE

BY

GEORGIANA BARONESS BLOOMFIELD

*NEW EDITION*

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1883

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1883

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TO THE  
GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN  
IN WHOSE SERVICE WERE SPENT MANY OF THE  
HAPPY DAYS RECORDED IN THESE  
'REMINISCENCES OF COURT AND DIPLOMATIC LIFE'  
THIS WORK  
IS BY PERMISSION HUMBLY DEDICATED  
BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST DUTIFUL AND GRATEFUL  
SERVANT AND SUBJECT

*GEORGIANA BLOOMFIELD*



## P R E F A C E.

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IN offering this work to the public the author is influenced by no vain idea that she will thereby add to the 'History of Our Own Times;' but she believes that, just as every pawn is necessary in a game of chess, so the humblest individual fills a part on the great stage of life which no other person, however superior in talent and capacity, could fill; and therefore, had these pages not been written, the events they recall and the scenes they pourtray, truthfully though perhaps feebly, could never have been published. As nothing connected with the Court and reign of our gracious Queen can fail to interest her subjects, the author hopes her work will be received with favour and indulgence, and will interest those among her friends and relations who have a few leisure moments to devote to the perusal of these 'Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life.'

G. B.

SHRIVENHAM HOUSE, BERKS:

*October 13, 1883.*



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# REMINISCENCES.

## CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—Early Recollections—Ball at St. James's—Confirmation—Letters from my Mother—Her Character and Maxims—My Aunt Richmond—The Queen's Coronation—Visits to Edinburgh and Paris—Appointment as Maid of Honour.

I WAS born in London, at 51 Portland Place, on April 13, 1822, the youngest child of Thomas Henry, second Baron Ravensworth, and Maria Susannah his wife, the daughter of Mr. and Lady Anne Simpson, of Bradley Hall, co. Durham. My eldest brother Henry, afterwards first Earl of Ravensworth, and my eldest sister Maria, Marchioness of Normanby, were married before I was born; and my nephews, George Henry Constantine, Marquis of Normanby, and Henry the second Earl of Ravensworth, were both older than myself, so that I was always called the 'little auntie.' When I was about three years old my parents were disturbed one morning by a violent ruffle and altercation on the stairs leading to their room, and on inquiring the cause, 'Jack Phipps,' as he was then called, was found in tears because he said his 'little auntie' was so naughty she would not allow him to carry her upstairs.

My earliest recollections are of having heard the watchman call the hours in Portland Place, and of having a great terror of highwaymen, because my father would never travel into London after dark, for fear of the carriage being robbed. I have heard that my mother's cousin, the Earl of Strathmore, was driving one night over Finchley Common, when his carriage

was stopped by two men ; one went to the horses' heads, the other demanded his money or his life. Lord Strathmore, nothing daunted, stooped down and got a loaded pistol, with which he shot the robber dead ; the other man then made off. Lord Strathmore drove into town, and at once gave himself up to the authorities, but it turned out that he had shot a very notorious highwayman, and he received the thanks of the community for his brave deed.

When I was four years old I was taken to a child's ball at St. James's, given by King George IV., and I distinctly remember His Majesty, who was sitting on a sofa and patted me kindly on the head ; but I was greatly aggrieved because my father carried me off before supper, so I did not get my share of the beautiful bonbons which my brothers brought home. My mother used to tell me that there was a curious old school-mistress at my father's place, Eslington in Northumberland, who planted an oak tree the day I was born, which in some mysterious manner was associated with my life. It flourished well for three years and a half, at which time its leading shoot was eaten off by some animal, and at that time I nearly succumbed to a severe attack of infantine fever. My mother, who certainly had a tinge of superstition, often said it would have made her unhappy had 'Georgie's oak' faded ; but it grew and flourished for many years, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may still be growing in the park at Eslington. When I was four years old I was promoted to the schoolroom, and had a French governess. I had an excellent ear for music, and could learn a tune and beat time before I could speak. I was also extremely fond of drawing, and could always be kept quiet if I had a pencil in hand. We spent the winter of 1827 at Brighton, and Prince Paul Esterhazy, then Austrian Ambassador at the court of St. James's, dined with my father and took kind notice of me. The next morning I was taking a walk with my nursery-maid, when I espied the Prince just about to mount his horse ; so I immediately ran up to him, and he received me with open arms. Many years afterwards, when I went to Vienna as an ambassadress, the Prince recollected

this incident, and treated me with the greatest kindness and cordiality.

My brothers and nephews were my only playmates, so I very soon learnt their games, and was called a 'tomboy' because I was fond of cricket, trap bat and ball, and other boyish amusements, but never cared for dolls.

I had a profusion of golden curls, of which my mother was very proud, but which I hated, and I was constantly entreating that they might be cut off, that I might have short hair like my brothers; so in an unwary moment my mother gave me leave, and no sooner was she gone out driving with my sister than I sent for the village barber and had my head shaved. Their dismay on their return home was inexpressible when in the joy of my heart I ran triumphantly to meet them, and I was greeted on all sides with indignant cries of 'Get away, you little fright; you look too hideous.'

In the year 1830 the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott came to Ravensworth, and I can well remember the long breakfast-table, and seeing Sir Walter, but have no recollection at that time of the 'Iron Duke.'

I learnt a great number of La Fontaine's fables by heart, and my mother bought a very fine folio edition of them, which she always promised to leave me. After her death this valuable work was not to be found; in vain I claimed it and tried to find it; I was unable to do so, and my brothers declared they had never seen it. Many years had elapsed, when I happened to be dining with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Liddell. During dinner my eyes were attracted to a heap of old books which were lying pell-mell on the floor of the dining-room, and I was told they were old law books which had belonged to Mr. Ord, an uncle of my mother's, which had been sold and were to be taken away the next day. Among them I recognised my long-lost edition of La Fontaine, which I immediately claimed, to my sister-in-law's infinite surprise. The very next day it would have been removed, and I should never have recovered it.

In the year 1831 my father settled that his younger children

should travel from London to Ravensworth, co. Durham, with his own horses. The journey took nine days, and we all enjoyed it exceedingly, and visited various interesting places, among others Burghley near Stamford, and some curious Druidical stones near Boroughbridge, called the Devil's Arrows. The governess I had then was a clever woman but a very odious one, and when she left she persuaded all my family to subscribe to a work she said she was about to publish on education, in which she gave an account of us all, turning us into ridicule; and the character she gave me was that I promised to be 'an undutiful child, a turbulent wife, a despotic mother, and a tyrannical mistress.'

The next governess I had was a Swiss, who introduced the first Christmas-tree we ever saw; and I was much excited at being dressed in white muslin with a pair of goose-wings to represent the Christmas-Child, and distribute little presents to all the company assembled at Ravensworth. At that time I was alone in the schoolroom, and used to be sent out every morning to play on the terrace. I lived with the fairies, and had peopled every shrub and bush with imaginary individuals, with whom I carried on mental intercourse, so that I never missed companions of my own age, and was greatly astonished when my old aunt, Mrs. Richmond, refused to credit the stories I related about my fairy intercourse.

When I was ten years old my two brothers, George and Charles, were dangerously ill, and well do I remember my anxiety and sorrow as I watched Mr. Keate's and Sir Benjamin Brodie's carriages, when these two eminent surgeons came to visit my brothers. George arrived from Malta suffering from a spinal complaint, and was lifted out of an invalid carriage. This made a most painful impression on me. My dear brother Charles died in 1832, and his loss was my first great sorrow; but he looked so calm and beautiful, death was robbed of some of its terrors, and caused me no alarm. The next corpse I saw was that of my beautiful little niece, Caroline Barrington, who was run over in 1834 and killed on the spot. She had gone out with her brothers and sisters to see the illuminations in honour

of King William IV.'s birthday. In Princes Street, Cavendish Square, the door of the carriage flew open, and Caroline fell out under the wheel. She was taken up dead to the intense grief of her parents. She was such a very beautiful child, people in the street frequently turned round to look at her when she was out walking: her features were not the least discomposed by the accident, but remained calm and placid; her long dark eyelashes swept her cheek, and she looked after death like a sleeping angel. As she was going out she ran up to her father and asked him to kiss her. He did so, saying, 'Why, you little goose, I shall see you when you come in.' Alas! he never saw her again alive.

When I was fifteen I was confirmed in the Chapel Royal by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. My mother wrote me the following letters in the previous year:—

'Percy's Cross, near Fulham: April 13, 1837.

'MY BELOVED GEORGIANA,—This day you enter into your fifteenth year, and cannot any longer be considered as a child; I shall therefore address you both as a friend as well as mother, and lay before you some considerations for the future, that I trust you will receive and lay to your heart, for they come from one who loves you only too well, but who is not blind to the faults that obscure your character. Listen to me therefore, my darling, and try to amend the failings of which I complain. God has blessed you with a naturally good disposition, and a quickness in learning; you have therefore less difficulty to encounter in your education than many young persons who, from want of memory or natural dulness, find all their lessons toil instead of pleasure. And, with all these advantages, you frequently show impatience if there is any difficulty to surmount; and not to me, but to Mademoiselle, show a spirit of contention and contradiction which is as unkind as it is disrespectful, and is in no way justified by the ready blame you are but too apt to throw upon her temper to excuse yourself. It may be true that Mademoiselle is irritable, and even unjust at times; but she is still your governess, and ought to be treated with respect. Fancy yourself, Georgiana, in her situation—far from your country,

your friends and relations, with the additional evil of bad health to contend with; then think what she must suffer, and think also that the bitter cup which might be sweetened by kindness, gentleness, and forbearance on your part, is only rendered more bitter by your cold and cutting indifference, and the evident dislike you show to her society. You may (as I know you do) throw all the fault on her; but be not deceived, God is not mocked, He sees us as we are; and our Saviour has told us to take the beam from our own eyes to enable us to see clearly to take the mote from our brother's eye, therefore when you are unkind or indifferent to your governess, or haughty to your maid, or disobliging and ungracious in your manner to those persons you do not happen to like, the fault rests with you; you may try to shake off the compunctious visitings of conscience, but be assured that until you acknowledge *yourself* wrong, and determine on amendment, you will not improve. And as you are now fast approaching that period of life when you will be called upon to take upon yourself the regulation of your conduct, I am most anxious that you should for the next two years exert yourself in every way, and most of all in the government of your temper; and keep such a strict watch over yourself that neither in thought, word, nor deed shall you offend God; and that by a steady perseverance in such conduct you may present yourself to the bishop for confirmation with an inward satisfaction and peace of mind that will enable you to receive his blessing with joy and thankfulness.

‘May my hopes and wishes be fulfilled, and my child prove worthy of all the love of her affectionate mother,

‘M. S. R.’

‘April 13, 1837.

‘Bless you, my beloved child, my own dearest Georgiana, for the sweet assurances your letter contains; assurances that I am certain come from the heart, and will be kept. Oh! if you knew the depth of your mother's love, the anxious thoughts she has by day and night, and the constant prayers she puts up to the throne of grace for the happiness and welfare of her darling



both in this world and the next, you would fully comprehend the comfort your dear letter has been to me, and the confidence it gives me as to your future conduct. Continue, dearest, to adhere to these good resolutions, and you will then receive the blessing of the bishop, with that holy calm and peace of mind that passeth all understanding.

‘God bless you, beloved one: you will never find any one who thinks so constantly on the welfare of your soul, as well as body, as your *own* mother. So *never* forget her, even when the time of separation comes, which she trusts may be as distant as the course of nature allows.

‘But we must be prepared at all times to say, “Not our will, but Thine, be done.” Adieu, my dearest child.

‘M. S. R.’

My confirmation produced a solemn impression upon me, although I was only examined once before it by Mr. Nelson, the incumbent of St. John’s, Walham Green, Fulham; the preparation and instruction in those days being very different from what they are now, and consisting literally in the knowledge of ‘the Lord’s Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Church Catechism;’ but from my earliest years my mother had impressed me with a sense of God’s presence, and tried to instil religious motives into my mind. Often through life I have recalled her example and precepts. Some of the most characteristic were, ‘Recollect, my dear child, that the first thing to learn is to say no to yourself;’ ‘You must learn to bear being bored;’ and, ‘Mind you must be just before you are generous. You have no right to enjoy the luxury of giving if you owe money.’ She was also fond of repeating the French dictum, ‘A man may brave the prejudices of the world, but a woman must submit to them.’ My mother was very particular about my dress, and preferred great simplicity, so that both in summer and winter I seldom wore anything but white muslin with short sleeves and coloured sashes; but she always made a great point of my being clean and tidy, and having my hair smooth and glossy. She was determined I should learn German, which I

obstinately refused to do, as I disliked my governess and her language, and infinitely preferred Italian, which I thought much more sonorous and beautiful. In order to encourage me, my dear mother began learning German, though she was then past sixty, and read regularly every evening for an hour with my governess. Although she was never able to speak German fluently, she understood the language perfectly, and before she died had studied many of the best authors. She always read the Scriptures in German. I have known many clever and distinguished women, but I have never met one more accomplished and remarkable than my mother. She painted admirably both in oils and water colours, so that her copies of the old masters are almost equal to the originals. She was very fond of music, and as a young woman played the harp and sang well. She was very well informed, read a great deal, and was always occupied. However full the house might be of guests, my mother always retired to her own sitting-room after breakfast, and occupied herself till luncheon-time, and very often till late in the afternoon, when she used to take a walk in the beautiful pleasure-grounds she laid out with so much taste at Ravensworth. Often when I came home from riding I found her, and our intimate friend Mr. Blakeney,<sup>1</sup> pacing up and down the terrace, till the return of the rooks warned us that it was time to go in.

My sisters all married and left home, so at thirteen I was the only daughter left; but my brother Thomas and my aunt, Mrs. Richmond, lived with us. The latter was a singular character, and many are the funny stories told of her. As a young woman she was a splendid rider; and my grandfather, who was very proud of her horsemanship, used to give her a five-pound note for jumping over a five-barred gate. One day she came to a turnpike gate; but as she had forgotten her purse the turnpike man refused to let her through,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Blakeney, a brother of General Sir Edward Blakeney, was at College with my father, and accompanied my elder brothers when they went abroad. He always spent the winters at Ravensworth, and was a remarkably well-read, agreeable man, to whom I was warmly attached.

and shut the gate. In vain she told him who she was, and promised to pay on a future occasion ; he positively refused to open the gate. So she backed her horse a few yards, told the groom to follow her, and took a flying leap over the gate, to the extreme astonishment and consternation of the turnpike man : she then rode off, telling him he might whistle for his money.

As a child I was very much afraid of my father, as he was very strict, and disliked the noise of children ; but when I grew up he made me his companion, and I was devotedly fond of him. He had a most remarkable ear for music, and modulated on the organ better than any one I ever heard. I could sit for hours listening to his playing : though he never learnt his notes, he could readily catch any melody he heard, without ever playing a false note. We all inherited my father's taste for music ; and my sisters, Lady Williamson, Lady Barrington, and Lady Hardwicke, had fine voices and sang delightfully, and as girls often had the honour of singing before King George IV., who was always most kind and friendly towards my parents. It is said that one day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms ; and being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse, much astonished, answered, ' Your own, Sir Thomas ! '

When I was sixteen my mother dismissed my last governess, and I became almost the head of the house. I attended the Queen's coronation with my brother Thomas. We went to Westminster Abbey about 7 A.M., and took our places in the east transept. There we remained without moving till 5 P.M., when we descended into the body of the church, and I received some of the anointing oil, which was given away, on my pocket handkerchief. I saw the ray of sunlight shine upon our gracious Sovereign as she knelt at the communion table, which has been commemorated in Leslie's picture of the Coronation ; and I also witnessed Lord Rolle's fall when he approached the throne to pay homage. In the evening we went to my sister Mrs. Trotter's house in Connaught Place, to see the fireworks in Hyde Park, which were very fine.

That autumn we visited Sir William Boothby, at Ash-

bourne, in Derbyshire, where I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Young, the tragedian ; and we went to see Chatsworth and Haddon. I also visited the lakes in Cumberland with my mother and brother, and we paid the poet Wordsworth a pleasant visit at Ambleside.

In November my mother took me to Edinburgh, where we visited Mr. Thompson, of Duddingston, who was a very good artist. He was minister of the church at Duddingston, one of the oldest in Scotland. He took us into his studio, and painted a charming little picture for us. My brother asked him whether he was acquainted with Turner, and he answered that he knew him very well, and that he dined once at Duddingston. The room was full of pictures, but he noticed none of them ; till at last he remarked, 'Mr. Thompson, there are many handsome frames, but I think I could do something better in them.' Mr. Thompson answered that he felt much flattered by Turner's making any comparison between them, as that was what he (Thompson) would never have ventured to do—a clever and gentlemanlike rebuff to Turner's rude speech. Mr. Thompson gave me a charming sketch of Craigmillar Castle ; it was unfortunately lost in a ship which went down between London and Limerick in 1846.

One day my brother took me to pay a visit to Audubon, the great American ornithologist, and he took us to the Botanical Gardens. He was extremely clever and entertaining, and told us many amusing stories. We spent a couple of days at Dalmeny with Lord and Lady Rosebery, and also went to Dalkeith.

In the spring of 1839 my mother took me to Paris for a month, and we were accompanied by my brother Thomas. My mother had an old friend at Paris, Ch. Scépeaux, who lived many years in England as an *émigré* during the French Revolution, and was very intimate with my parents. He was a remarkable old man when I saw him, quite of the ancient *régime*, and must then have been past eighty. Count de Faucigny, another great Royalist, was an old friend of my brother's, and he kindly did us 'les honneurs de Paris.' We went to Versailles for the 'fête du Roi,' and I very much enjoyed seeing the

beautiful gardens and 'les grandes eaux,' or all the fountains playing. The place was thronged with people, and the whole scene was very animated and amusing. I went to the Théâtre Français, where I saw Mdlle. Mars act 'Mdlle. de Belle-Isle,' one of her great parts. She was then quite an old woman; but her voice was very musical: she was graceful and most beautifully dressed, and was still very attractive: her acting was so natural and charming, I have never seen any to equal it. Although I enjoyed Paris, and only stayed there three weeks, my longing to get home again was so great, that I perfectly remember stooping down and kissing the ground when we landed at Dover, little thinking then that it would be my fate to spend the greater portion of my life abroad.

As we were travelling back to England our courier found out that Lord Bingham's carriage was in front of ours, and the rule of the road forbade our passing him. We intended sleeping at Poix, a small place between Paris and Boulogne, and our courier was afraid we should lose the rooms, so he got a horse and rode post-haste to Poix, and arriving there just before Lord Bingham, secured the best apartment. Lord Bingham was furious, abused him in the most unmeasured terms, and was about to collar him, when he called out, 'Take care what you do, my lord, for I am an Englishman;' whereupon Lord Bingham let go his hold, and—we got our rooms.

On our return to London I was presented to the Queen, and was often invited to the small dances at Buckingham Palace, which were very select and pleasant. One lovely summer's morning we had danced till dawn, and the quadrangle being then open to the east, Her Majesty went out on the roof of the portico to see the sun rise, which was one of the most beautiful sights I ever remember. It rose behind St. Paul's, which we saw quite distinctly; Westminster Abbey and the trees in the Green Park stood out against a golden sky, and the scene remains to this day indelibly fixed on my memory. My sister, Lady Normanby, was then one of the ladies in waiting, which no doubt was the reason of my being admitted so young to court. One day the Queen expressed a desire to hear me sing,

so in fear and trembling I sang one of Grisi's famous airs, but omitted a shake at the end. The Queen's quick ear immediately detected the omission, and smiling Her Majesty said, 'Does not your sister shake, Lady Normanby?' My sister immediately answered, 'Oh yes, ma'am, she is shaking all over.' The Queen, much amused, laughed heartily at the joke.

That was the year of the famous 'bedchamber row,' when, to quote the words of a recent historian, Mr. Justin McCarthy, 'Sir Robert Peel could not govern with Lady Normanby, and Lord Melbourne could not govern without her;' but the following year Sir Robert Peel came into office, and the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Normanby resigned. The next winter my sister was staying at Ravensworth, when she received a most kind and gracious letter from the Queen, who asked whether, as a personal favour, my parents would allow me to accept the post of maid of honour. As I was the only daughter remaining at home, neither my father nor my mother liked the idea of my leaving them for three months in the year, but they were pleased and flattered by the Queen's desire that another of their daughters should be selected to wait upon Her Majesty; and referring the question to me for decision, on my expressing a decided wish to accept the offer, they waived their objections, and I was officially appointed to succeed Miss Anson, who resigned on her marriage to Sir Arthur Brooke.

*Letter addressed to me by my Mother on my Appointment at Court as Maid of Honour.*

Ravensworth Castle, December 2, 1841.

MY OWN DARLING GEORGIANA,—Having long loved you a thousand times more than myself, I have been the better able to make the sacrifice of your sweet company for one quarter in every year—a sort of preparatory ordeal to the time when I may lose you altogether should you be persuaded to quit the single state, and make some worthy man happy. Having made this sacrifice in accordance with the desires of our gracious Sovereign, and also to meet the wishes of my beloved child, I

feel anxious to give some general advice as to the conduct most likely to secure your own happiness and obtain the approbation and esteem of your royal mistress during your residence at court.

In the first place, your chief study should be to please the Queen, not by base flattery or servile cringing, but by the most assiduous attention even in the merest trifles; the most rigid punctuality and obedience; not only to orders, but in being always ready at the proper time, and in the proper place.

Your natural good sense will also show you that the least brusquerie or appearance of ennui is incompatible with high breeding and the respect due to the Sovereign, and that you must accustom yourself rather to sit or stand for hours without any amusement save the resources of your own thoughts, which on such occasion will, I trust, fly to Ravensworth, and 'of poor little mother,' and repeat your favourite stanzas :

Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte !  
 Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte,  
 Grüsset mir freundlich mein Jugendland !

The next piece of advice I wish to impress on your mind is, that whatever you see, hear, or think, must be kept to yourself. It is almost needless to add that in whatever concerns your royal mistress your lips should be sealed; but you must likewise repulse all vain inquiries and impertinent questions, not rudely but decidedly, either by silence or pleading ignorance.

To your companions be as kind, as obliging, and as agreeable as possible, but have no confidence in any one, and avoid intimacies.

I abhor idle gossip about dress, balls, and lovers, and look upon such conversation as a positive waste of time and talents. My beloved child, keep yourself to yourself, and whatever spare time you have, employ it well, and lay not up your talents in a napkin.

Your first duty is to God; your second to your Sovereign; your third to yourself; and I do most earnestly entreat you never to retire to rest without examining truly and impartially your conduct during the day; and if your conscience acquits

you of all blame, you may then lie down with an innocent and cheerful heart, and think on your absent mother ; but if, on the contrary, you feel that you have left undone those things you ought to have done, or done those things you ought not to have done, you should on your knees ask pardon of your heavenly Father, and pray for strength to resist temptation in future, whether it be from vanity, extravagance, want of charity, or idleness. Dearest Georgie, be kind and benevolent to all persons under you, and so regulate your expenses as to be able to set aside a certain portion of your income exclusively for charitable purposes, and put away from you that foolish idea that to dress well you *must* wear expensive things. So far from that being so, I should say simplicity, freshness, and elegance of form constitute real perfection in a young person's dress. At the same time, though the material should not be costly, it should be *good*, and made up in the most fashionable manner ; for I wish my child to be a model in dress as in everything else, and to attend particularly to her gloves and shoes, and the keeping her hair bright and glossy.

Madame de Lehzen is the lady to whom I would refer you whenever you have anything to ask for. She is (I have heard from Minnie <sup>1</sup>) a kind and motherly person to the young ladies ; and as you are the youngest of the set, I expect she will take you under her particular protection.

I need hardly warn my modest, quiet child against intimacy or flirtation with any of the gentlemen about the court ; for you cannot be too cautious where so many eyes are turned upon you, and where, under the specious garb of civility, much envy and ill-will are often concealed, and those that flatter most are least to be trusted. You have been trained up, beloved one, in the way you should go, and now are left to your own guidance ; and though no one can be perfect, I have the greatest trust and confidence in your never departing from the right path : but you must *watch* over yourself, and never do or say anything without *reflection* : be kind and courteous, and avoid giving pain either

<sup>1</sup> The Marchioness of Normanby.



to equals or inferiors, and discourage in your youthful attendant anything approaching to levity, vanity, or gossiping.

The last subject on which I would say a few words is employment of time and money. The first I really can hardly wish you to change, but hope you will pursue your studies in much the same regular way, and practise music and drawing, as you have done at home. The disbursement of money is rather more difficult, as you have a larger income, and of course heavier calls and responsibilities, but as a general rule I should advise you to lay out half your salary in dress; one quarter in journeys and charities, and the remaining hundred to lay out in the funds, to form a little nest egg for any future emergency. And now, my darling child, if I have left anything unsaid that may be useful to you, you can at any time refer to me for advice, which will be readily given by your most affectionate mother; and that God may bless you, and prosper all your endeavours, shall be the constant prayer of one whose thoughts will be with her child early in the morning and late at night.

M. S. R.

## CHAPTER II.

First Waiting at Windsor—Arrival of Frederick William, King of Prussia—Prince of Wales' Christening—Investiture of the Garter—Queen opened Parliament—Visited Brighton—Attempt to shoot Her Majesty—Queen's Visit to Scotland—Extracts from the Hon. Matilda Paget's Letters.

*Extracts of Letters to my Mother, Lady Ravensworth.*

*Windsor Castle, Thursday Evening, January 20, 1842.*—I arrived here about five o'clock, and was immediately shown up to my rooms, which are warm and comfortable. Shortly after, Matilda Paget, who arrived just before me, came to me and took me to Lady Lyttelton, the lady in waiting, who received me kindly. I remained some time in her room; and then, when I returned to my own, Baroness Lehzen came to me, bringing me my badge, which, as you know, is the Queen's picture, surrounded with brilliants on a red bow. I am to be presented to Her Majesty in the corridor before dinner. I have a nice sitting-room with a pianoforte. I hear the duties are very easy, and that except at meals, or when the Queen sends for us, we may sit quietly in our rooms, which is just what I like. The Castle is being prepared for the King of Prussia's visit, and is full of workpeople. I hear they have, after much difficulty, succeeded in warming St. George's Chapel, and it is all carpeted. I found on my table two large cards of invitation to the christening and banquet. The reports of balls and festivities are untrue, though the Queen may have an impromptu dance. I already begin to feel tolerably at home, and if only I find that by constant and unceasing attention on my part, and an earnest desire to do my duty, I can succeed in satisfying my

royal mistress, I dare say I shall be very happy, although my thoughts will often—very often—be at home with those I love so much better than anything else in the world.

As I am not quite sure when the post goes out, I shall write you a few lines, dearest mother, before I go to bed, to tell you that I went downstairs with Lady Lyttelton and Miss Paget, and we waited, as is customary, in the corridor, near the door which leads to the Queen's apartment. When Her Majesty came, Lady Lyttelton presented me, and I kissed hands on my appointment as maid of honour. The Queen asked graciously after you and Minnie. We then went in to dinner; and after dinner Her Majesty talked to me for some time, asked me about my family, journey, &c. &c. The Duchess of Kent was also very kind, and desired to be remembered to you and my sisters. We were quite a small party, consisting merely of the household. In the evening the Queen and Prince Albert and some of the others played a round game, whilst, as I had asked Miss Paget to take the first waiting, I sat quietly working next Baroness Lehzen, who is very amiable to me, and Lord Charles Wellesley came and talked to us. He is odd and quaint, and amuses me. When we came up to bed Lady Lyttelton and Miss Paget both congratulated me upon the success of my first interview; and now the worst is over, and I wonder at myself at feeling so little nervous. The hours are very regular—breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dinner at eight. There is a room downstairs where we are allowed to receive our relations and friends, but they must not come upstairs.

*Windsor Castle, January 21, 1842.*—I have not yet seen the Queen to-day, but Her Majesty keeps very early hours, as she went to the riding-house before we breakfasted this morning. Prince Albert started for Woolwich a little after eleven to meet the King of Prussia, but it is doubtful when His Majesty will arrive to-day. I went all over the state apartments which are prepared for him. What magnificent rooms they are, and what pictures! I should like to spend all my time in studying them. Our chief duty seems to consist in giving the Queen her bouquet before dinner, which is certainly very hard work! and even

this only happens every other day. I am left entirely to myself, and can employ my time as I like. The weather has been very thick and foggy ever since I left you, except the day I came up from York, which was splendid; otherwise I really should think that the sun only shines at Ravensworth.

Being the maid of honour in waiting to-day, I had to place the bouquet beside Her Majesty when she sat down to dinner, and sit next the gentleman to the Queen's right; so I was next Lord Jersey. Sarah Villiers' marriage has been postponed, because Prince Esterhazy *père* is laid up at Ratisbon with a fit of the gout. I had to play at Nainjaune, or some such game, after dinner. I did not know it the least, but soon learnt. I made some mistakes at first; but, luckily, always to my own disadvantage, which delighted Prince Albert, who is charmed whenever any one fails to claim the forfeits or prizes. I suppose I may consider myself very lucky, as I got up having won exactly threepence. We are obliged to have a supply of new shillings, sixpences, fourpences, and other penny pieces.

*Windsor Castle, Saturday, January 22, 1842.*—The King of Prussia has just arrived. Several messengers, at stated intervals, gave notice of his coming. We were all waiting in the corridor rather more than forty minutes. The Queen came in for a quarter of an hour. As soon as the carriage was in sight the Queen waited on the staircase, and when it arrived Her Majesty went to the door, kissed the King twice, and made him two low curtseys. I was close behind, within the doorway, and saw the meeting beautifully. It was very interesting, but soon over. The King (Frederick William IV.) is of middle size, rather fat, with an excellent countenance, and a paucity of hair. We followed the Queen to the door of her room, just at the top of the stairs, and we then retired to our rooms till dinner. Rather a curious coincidence happened just now in the corridor. Whilst we were waiting for the Queen, Lord Charles Wellesley was sitting under a large picture, and I laughingly told him to take care that it did not come down on his head. He said, 'No danger;' when, scarcely five minutes after, a large portrait of the Duke of Kent came thundering

down from over the very door through which the Queen and Prince always pass. Luckily, no mischief was done; but it was rather curious, and I am called a witch! The Queen introduced me herself to the King of Prussia, after dinner yesterday. Most of the unfortunate Germans were prevented coming down last night owing to the non-arrival of their luggage; but I have made their acquaintance to-day. They are all oldish men; their names are Count Stolberg, General Neumann, Colonel von Brauhitch. A.D.C., M. de Meyering, and Baron Humboldt.

Lord Hardwicke, who is the lord in waiting appointed to attend upon the King, told them that I speak German, which of course they prefer. You never heard of anything so unlucky as Lord Hardwicke's voyage. He was to command the squadron which was to bring the King of Prussia over to England, and was to have started on Tuesday, on board the 'Firebrand,' when, just as they got the steam up, the boiler burst; so they had to wait till that was repaired. They started at night, and went aground, but got off without damage. The fog was so thick on the river, the other steamer belonging to the squadron ran against the 'Firebrand,' and broke its figure-head. The third steamer ran ashore without the possibility of moving. The pilots refused to continue the passage, saying it was not safe; but Lord Hardwicke, with his usual determination, said he would take the responsibility upon himself, and insisted upon going on to the Nore, as he did not consider there was any danger. They accordingly reached it in safety, and were ready to cross to Ostend at daybreak the next morning.

The other two frigates were prevented from crossing the Channel, and the second steamer broke her paddles; so the 'Firebrand' steamed alone into Ostend Harbour, and arrived just as the King of Prussia drove up to the palace. His Majesty would not sail that evening, so Lord Hardwicke dined with the King of the Belgians, and returned to his ship for the night. But his troubles were not over; for he had scarcely got to bed when the Queen's cook walked into the sea, and was nearly drowned. Lord Hardwicke rushed on deck in his shirt,

and called so loud that another steamer sent off a boat. In the meantime, one of the sailors slipped down the ladder, and got hold of the cook. He held him for some time, and then said he could do so no longer; but Lord Hardwicke encouraged him, and threw out a rope, asking at the same time whether he had got the cook. The sailor replied he had his head tight between his knees, which, as the water was up to the sailor's neck, was a useful way of saving a drowning man. Luckily at that moment the boat came up, and they were hauled up on deck, the cook being to all appearance quite dead. They, however, put him into warm blankets, pumped the water up, and rubbed him, and in about half an hour the man began to shake himself, and soon recovered; but Lord Hardwicke, who in the excitement of the moment never thought of himself, caught a bad cold from standing so long in his shirt. However, he was very thankful to have been instrumental in saving a fellow-creature's life.

I cannot tell you how kind the Duchess of Buccleuch (the Mistress of the Robes) is to me. Divine service was performed in the Castle this morning; Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, preached a beautiful sermon from John iii. 8. He impressed upon us the importance of the sacrament of baptism as the appointed means whereby we are admitted members of the Church of Christ on earth, which, we hope, will make us members of it hereafter in heaven. He alluded to the interesting event which is to take place on Tuesday (the Prince of Wales' christening).

I had a very amusing evening yesterday. Colonel von Brauhitch made me laugh, for he begged to know when he might be allowed to pay his respects to me; so I told him we are not allowed to receive visitors in our rooms, and that even when my own brother comes I have to receive him in the waiting-room downstairs. This seemed perfectly incomprehensible to my German friend, who insisted upon it that I made a mistake, and did not know the rules; so he went off to Madame de Lehzen, who of course told him exactly what I had said; upon which he came back to me, and bemoaned the tyranny

which is exercised over us.<sup>1</sup> The Castle will be quite full to-day and to-morrow, and we have been obliged to give up our rooms for two days. We have got rooms higher up, which are warm and comfortable, so I do not mind.

*Windsor Castle, January 25, 1842.*—The christening took place exactly at one o'clock, and it was a beautiful sight. The sponsors were the King of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg; the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Augusta. They stood on the right side of the communion table; the Queen, Prince Albert, the infant Prince, the rest of the Royal Family and the court on the left side, Her Majesty being nearly in the centre. I was just behind the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service, and performed it very well, though he appeared very nervous. The Prince of Wales is a beautiful baby, with fine large eyes, and is as lively and intelligent-looking as most children of six or eight months. The Duchess of Buccleuch took him from the nurse and put him into the Archbishop's arms, which she did gracefully and well. After the ceremony the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus, which was very thrilling. The installation of the Garter took place as soon as we returned to the Castle. Only the Mistress of the Robes and the lady in waiting were in actual attendance on the Queen; but we remained in the next room, and as the doors were open we saw the whole ceremony. The oath is very fine, and the King of Prussia seemed much impressed by it, and clasped his hands fervently as if he felt every word. After the Queen had buckled on the Garter and given the ribbon, His Majesty shook hands all round with the knights, and then the ceremony concluded.

I saw and shook hands with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Rutland, &c. &c. The Duke is looking well, and stood behind the Queen during the christening,

<sup>1</sup> He was a young-looking man, and although a grandfather he was a great flirt, and amused himself by making up to me; so he was extremely indignant one day when old General Neumann came up to him and said, 'Dear friend, do recollect that you are a grandfather!'

bearing the great sword of state. I have been sitting all the afternoon with the Duchess of Northumberland, who was, as usual, cheerful and amiable. She gave me a beautiful bouquet, which I immediately took to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was delighted with it. The banquet last night was quite magnificent, and so well managed that every one was served as perfectly as if there had only been the usual number at dinner. The table reached from one end of St. George's Hall to the other, and was literally covered with gold plate and thousands of wax candles. I do not know how many sat down. I was very lucky, as I sat next Lord Hardwicke. He has so much to do that of course I see but little of him, so we were both glad of an opportunity of sitting next each other. The view from the galleries in the hall must have been very fine. There was music in the evening in the Waterloo Gallery; and an immense gold vessel, more like a bath than anything else, containing thirty dozen of wine, was filled with mulled claret, to the no small surprise of the Prussians, who thought, I believe, that another royal duke was to be drowned in mulled claret instead of Malmsey! The weather yesterday was brilliant, with a bright sun, and the chapel was not at all cold.

*Windsor Castle, January 28, 1842.*—The Duke of Wellington came here on Monday, and I had the great pleasure and honour of going in to dinner with him on Wednesday, and sitting next Sir Robert Peel. Lady Jersey and Clementina came yesterday. Sarah is to be married on Saturday week. We have had most lovely weather, and no snow; it was quite hot for walking to-day.

*Windsor Castle, January 29, 1842.*—There was a little dance last night for young Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg's amusement. There were only just enough ladies to make up a quadrille. The Queen danced the first with the King of Prussia. Although he is rather stout, he danced very well and gracefully. We finished with a country dance, with every sort of strange figure. I think the Queen must have been studying some old books, and concentrated the figures of several centuries into this one country dance. The Duke of Wellington remarked to me that he saw a great likeness between the King and



George IV., and he has the same kind, gracious manner. I sat next Lord Stanley at breakfast yesterday ; he was very funny and amusing, and remarked what a great political change would have taken place if all Her Majesty's Ministers had been smashed together when they came down together by rail the other day ; and he added he thought it would be a very fair trial, in case of an equal division, if the leaders of each party were to get on two engines and have a collision.

*Buckingham Palace, February 4, 1842.*—The King of Prussia is just gone, and we all feel melancholy at his departure. We got so accustomed to seeing His Majesty and his suite, and they were all so amiable and enjoyed their visit so much, that it was quite touching to bid them farewell. The Queen breakfasted with His Majesty, and when he went away she accompanied him to the door and kissed his cheek ; after which she made him a low curtsy, and waited till the carriage drove off. I should say from all accounts that the visit has gone off as well as possible. The King has done more in a short time than any one ever did before. The Prussians were very much struck yesterday at the opening of Parliament, and it was a very interesting sight. I went with Lady Jolliffe, Miss Paget, and Lady Fanny Howard. We sat in the gallery immediately opposite the door to the right of the throne, saw the Queen enter, and heard every word of the speech. Her Majesty looked rather pale, but her manner on all these occasions is quite perfect, full of grace and dignity, and her voice was firm and as clear as a silver bell. It is quite remarkable how well the Queen reads. It was so pretty to see her after she had finished, for she stopped after descending from the throne, turned to the King of Prussia, and made him a low curtsy. The House was very full, and I saw quantities of acquaintances, but had no opportunity of speaking to any one. Miss Stuart (afterwards Marchioness of Waterford) was there, looking strikingly handsome. She wore a turquoise-blue velvet, which was very becoming, and she was like one of the Madonnas she is so fond of painting. The Queen's speech was rather a long one, but contained more matter than usual. Her Majesty is very

well, and did not seem at all fatigued in the evening, though I think she was rather nervous, and the House of Commons kept her such a long time waiting. Lady Jocelyn has succeeded Lady Lyttelton in waiting. On the day of the christening, when all was over, Lady Lyttelton expressed her hope that the King of Prussia was not fatigued; upon which he answered, 'How can I be fatigued? Since my arrival in England I have only experienced joy, joy, joy! May God bless the infant!' At the Archbishop of Canterbury's he gave us the toast 'The Queen and the Church, for they can *never* be separated.' Yesterday, when Lord De la Warr (the Lord Chamberlain) and the different attendants were backing and bowing in taking His Majesty to the carriage, he said, 'For Heaven's sake do not be so ceremonious with me; go away, go away!'

We are to go to Brighton next Tuesday. I did not get out to-day, as I was in waiting, and had to receive the dear old Duchess of Gloucester, who came to see the Queen. Lady Georgiana Bathurst told me she thought she had been doing a little too much lately, as Her Royal Highness would go to the Duke of Sutherland's, the Duke of Wellington's, and a party at Cambridge House; besides an early luncheon at the Duke of Sussex's, where the King of Prussia made a very pretty speech. I hear he was so affected when he went on board after the review yesterday that he wept.

*Windsor Castle, February 9, 1842.*--We went to St. George's this morning, and after the service I went to look at the monument of the Princess Charlotte. Parts of it are beautiful, but too much gilt. I like the figures of the mourners around the body the most, and their deep distress is well represented. What a beautiful chapel St. George's is! but I never can understand why the royal closets in all the churches are the worst places for seeing and hearing. The royal closet at St. George's is so disagreeable, I always go into the choir whenever I can. Miss Cavendish came to dinner last night, after attending the Esterhazy-Villiers marriage, which took place first at Chandos House, according to the Roman Catholic form, and then at St. George's, Hanover Square. Poor old Lord Jersey was so unhappy, he

did not attempt to restrain his tears, which flowed abundantly.

*The Pavilion, Brighton, February 10, 1842.*--We left Windsor a little after eight, and arrived here at twenty minutes before three. The roads were very heavy, but the Queen always travels with relays of her own horses, so we came a capital pace. We stopped at Reigate, and there I had a good opportunity of seeing the two children. The Princess Royal is very pretty, and the Prince of Wales is such a very fine baby. Crowds of people assembled, and we had to go a foot's pace from the entrance of the town; the windows and balconies were all filled with people waving and cheering, and a great many gentlemen came and met us a long way off, and joined the escort; the road for four miles was lined with carriages. The Queen has not been here since her marriage, so I dare say it will amuse Her Majesty to show this place to Prince Albert. Our rooms are tolerably comfortable, but Lady Jocelyn's, where I am sitting, smokes so abominably I am nearly suffocated. We have just heard that Prince Albert's brother, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, is engaged to be married to the Princess Alexandra of Baden.

I have been walking in the Pavilion garden, which is odious; so low and damp, without a glimpse of the 'deep and dark blue ocean;' one might as well pace round and round Berkeley Square. I suppose it is sea air, but so mixed with soot and smoke it loses half its value. Lady Jocelyn was as glad as I was to get out this morning, and made me laugh, saying she felt like a bird in a cage—so exactly my own sensations. There were great rejoicings and illuminations, fireworks, &c., here last night, which were rather pretty, but not sent off quickly enough. The rooms here are certainly very striking at night, and unlike every other palace. I was interested at hearing Lord Jocelyn, who had lately returned from China, say that it was a perfect specimen of a Chinese house. The music room, with its dome covered with silver scales, was very fairy-like when lighted up in the evening, and a beautiful room for music. I believe that one room alone cost 80,000*l.*, and the

whole place was a strange specimen of royal eccentricity, and a most uncomfortable, dull residence, so I never wondered at the Queen's getting rid of it. Her Majesty could not move out without being mobbed, and there was neither privacy nor pleasure to be had there.

I remember going one day to call on Lady Shannon, who told me that the Sunday before at church her little son remarked that he supposed that Sunday was called *Queenquagesima* after the Queen!

*Pavilion, Brighton, February 12, 1842.*—The weather to-day is beautiful, there is not a cloud in the sky, and the sea is deep blue. I never felt anything more balmy and delicious than the air on the pier, and I constantly sit with my window wide open. The crocus and snowdrops are out in the garden, besides several bits of fresh green, which give quite an appearance of spring. We went yesterday with the Queen to the chapel belonging to the Pavilion, and Mr. James Anderson preached. In the afternoon I went and heard his brother, Mr. Robert Anderson, who preaches extempore, and gave an excellent and uncommon sermon. He has great command of language and remarkable facility: Lady Jocelyn goes out of waiting to-morrow, which I regret. She is going back to Ireland immediately, as Lord Jocelyn is High Sheriff this year. I leave this early on Thursday. Thus terminated my first waiting.

On May 29 I was in waiting at Buckingham Palace, and had attended divine service on Sunday at the Chapel Royal with the Queen and Prince Albert. As we were driving back from church there was a momentary delay in the Birdcage Walk, but the ladies in waiting, who were in a second carriage, knew not the cause of the stoppage, but when we reached Buckingham Palace we noticed that the Prince looked annoyed and went away with the equerries. The Queen, who was quite calm and collected, walked up the grand staircase to her apartments, talking to her ladies, and spoke of the sermon which had been preached by Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London. Her Majesty showed no signs of nervousness, and dismissed us as usual. The following day the lady in waiting did not appear at lun-

cheon, so my companion maid of honour, Matilda Paget, and I waited at home all the afternoon, expecting a summons to drive with the Queen, who was in the habit of taking us when she did not take the lady in waiting. It was my day out of waiting, and I had been particularly anxious to go home to see my mother, who was not very well, so I was not a little disappointed when, about six o'clock, we saw the Queen drive off in an open carriage with Prince Albert. I remarked that it was very hard to keep us in the whole afternoon when we were not wanted, and I went off grumbling to take a walk in the Palace gardens. I was much horrified to learn on my return that the Queen had been shot at by a lad of the name of Francis. That evening the Queen was talking to Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, and who was much affected at the risk Her Majesty had run, when the Queen turned to me and said, 'I dare say, Georgy, you were surprised at not driving with me this afternoon, but the fact was that as we returned from church yesterday a man presented a pistol at the carriage window which flashed in the pan; we were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape, so I knew what was hanging over me, and was determined to expose no life but my own.' Her Majesty added, the report had been less loud than it was when Oxford fired at her, and that indeed she should not have noticed it had she not been expecting it the whole time she was driving. This was a noble instance of the Queen's courage and kind consideration for others, for certainly the assassin might have been more bewildered by seeing three ladies drive rapidly by than when he saw Her Majesty sitting alone by her husband.<sup>1</sup>

*Extract from a Letter of the Hon. Matilda Paget.*

*Taymouth Castle, September 9, 1842.*—I must write to-night, as the post goes out at half-past six A.M., which I think you will say is peculiar! There is an immense party here. Roxburghs, Kinnouls, Abercorns, Buccleuchs, Belhavens, Duchess of Sutherland and her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth, who

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. p. 139.

is charming. Lord Lorne, Lord Mansfield, Lord Lauderdale and his brothers, Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Pringle and their two daughters, besides many others. I wish I could give you a faint notion of the beauty and magnificence of this place, but it is far beyond anything *I* ever saw before. The Queen's arrival on Wednesday was, without any exception, the most glorious sight I ever beheld. This splendid castle, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, and thousands of kilted Highlanders in every direction. The weather was bright and fine, bands and bagpipes playing, every one cheering, and in the evening there were the most lovely illuminations and fireworks, and the Highlanders danced reels. We lunched at Dunkeld, Lord Glenlyon's, on our way here, and I can never forget the reception by Lord Glenlyon and his whole clan. The Queen walked down the ranks of the Highlanders, and the cheering was deafening. We lunched in a tent, and the Highlanders marched up and down with drawn swords, and then danced the sword dance. Lord James Murray, Lord Glenlyon's brother, danced it very beautifully. The only thing that marred one's pleasure was poor Lord Glenlyon himself, who is young but quite blind, and it was so touching to see him in his beautiful kilt going about doing the honours, but unable to see anything, his wife *almost* leading him about.

Here it is as though one were living centuries ago ! it is all so picturesque and interesting.

From the windows one sees lovely mountains, and down below Highlanders walking up and down with drawn swords and shields, and there is an encampment of tents for the men. Yesterday we took the most lovely drive, and I longed for your pencil—what sketches you would have made ! lakes, mountains, and trees, and then a Highlander appearing as if by magic in some beautiful wild path. I am quite enchanted with it all.

The Prince was out shooting all the morning, and had capital sport, killing eighteen roes, besides quantities of grouse ; and then there was a regular Highland scene. All the animals were brought up to the house, and carried between two foresters

in such picturesque dresses ; the gentlemen wore kilts. To-night there is to be a ball here. There are to be two bands, a quadrille band and a Scotch one, for reels, &c. To-morrow we go to Drummond Castle, thirty miles from hence. We travelled all day with Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, and I had such a nice interview with the dear Queen this morning. I have had to write to Baroness Lehzen daily, and I think we shall start for England on Thursday, the 15th ; but I know nothing positively yet.

Lady Abercorn is so charming, and Lady Breadalbane looks lovely, but *dead*. I never saw any one alive look as she does. Last night Mr. Wilson sang some Scotch songs. I think I liked Scone less than the rest of our expedition. It was very fine, but so sombre, dull, and cold ; but I liked Lord Mansfield very much.'

## CHAPTER III.

Interview with the Royal Children—Royal Kitchen and Plate—Amusing Breakfast at Windsor with Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel—Boswood—Rides with the Queen at Windsor—The Duke of Wellington and the Princess Royal—Dinner at Frogmore.

*Windsor Castle, December 22, 1842.*—I arrived yesterday, but did not see the Queen till just before dinner, when we received Her Majesty in the corridor. She kissed us both, and as I was in waiting, I sat within one of the Queen at dinner, and next Lord Ormond. Her Majesty made many inquiries after you, papa, and all my family, and expressed regret at hearing that papa had been unwell. After dinner I delivered the Duchess of Gloucester's present and letter; and when the gentlemen came in, Prince Albert asked me about the festivities at Ravensworth on the coming of age of my eldest brother's son Henry, and whether I had been practising much, and whether we had been a very large family party. Both he and the Queen laughed when I told them we were eighteen brothers and sisters, including the married ones; and as usual the Queen joked about the number of my nephews and nieces. I am so pleased at the smallness of the party here, as I always think Court so much pleasanter without guests, as we see so much more of the dear Queen.

*Windsor Castle, December 26, 1842.*—I had a most satisfactory interview on Saturday with the royal children and Lady Lyttelton. Lady Canning, Miss Lister, and I went to her room, and then she took us down to the nursery. The children (the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales) are both much grown and improved. The Princess Royal is a darling; she was in



immense spirits, and showed off to great advantage. She runs about now, talks at any rate, and was delighted with two new frocks the Duchess of Kent had sent her as a Christmas-box. She took first one and then the other, and showed them to each of us; and then she desired me to put one on, which was not as practicable as I could have wished; but I held it up for her, to her great delight. She is very fat, and was dressed in a dark blue velvet frock, with little white shoes, muslin sleeves gathered tight to her arm, and yellow kid mittens. The Prince of Wales has had a cold, but he is a dear little boy; and, considering we were all strangers, I never saw such good children, and they were not a bit shy. The Prince has large eyes, curly hair, and is a little like the child in your copy of the 'Marriage of St. Catherine.' The Queen sent for us and Lady Canning at five o'clock on Saturday, and gave us each a Christmas-box. Mine is a brooch of dark blue and light blue enamel in the shape of a bow, with two rubies and a diamond. Miss Lister has a brooch something similar, and Lady Canning the bracelet always given to the Ladies of the Bedchamber, with a portrait of the Queen from Winterhalter's picture. The Queen also gave Lady Canning a nice Paisley shawl, and before dinner all the household received presents—pins, studs, rings, &c. &c. After dinner there were three lovely Christmas trees, and there was some very pretty music in the evening. The Queen gave me leave of absence from chapel yesterday morning, so I went to St. George's with Lady Lyttelton. There was the beautiful anthem of 'There were shepherds,' and also the 'Glory to God:' a boy of the name of Forster has a lovely voice, and yesterday he surpassed himself.

*Windsor Castle, December 31, 1842.*—The last day of the year! I always feel sorry when that comes; it feels like parting from an old friend. And there is something particularly solemn to me in the thought that another year, with all its joys and sorrows, has passed away, never to return: However, I sincerely trust the new year will bring happiness to all, but especially to you and my dear father. I wish you both many, many happy returns of the day; and may it please the

all-wise and bountiful Giver of every blessing long to spare your precious lives, which not only make the chief happiness of your children, but that of all around you. God bless you both!

When I came home from driving with Lady Canning yesterday, we were told that Her Majesty and the Prince were going to have a conjugal *tête-à-tête* dinner, and did not mean to appear. So the household dined together in the Oak Room, and I thought the evening remarkably long and dull, as when I am in waiting it seems hard not to see the Queen at least once a day.

This evening Charles Murray (Controller of the Household) took us over the plate and china rooms, and the kitchen. They are really most magnificent and interesting. I could scarcely have imagined such a display of gold plate, which is by far the largest collection in the world, and is valued, I am told, at above two millions sterling. Some of the cups executed by Benvenuto Cellini are lovely. I think I admired some of the china even more than the plate, especially one service of Sèvres and one of old Chelsea. The kitchen was a curious sight enough; and I could not help reflecting how little I thought, in eating my simple dinner every day, of the preparation and expense which attends what comes as a matter of course. The fire was more like Nebuchadnezzar's 'burning fiery furnace' than anything else I can think of; and though there is now no company at Windsor, there were at least fifteen or twenty large joints of meat roasting. Charles Murray told me that last year they fed at dinner a hundred and thirteen thousand people. It sounds perfectly incredible, but every day a correct list is kept of the number of mouths fed; and this does not include the ball suppers, &c. &c., but merely dinners.

The Queen desired Charles Murray to write to the Bishop of Salisbury for the solution of a detestable riddle which was sent here, and said to have been written by him. He answers that the whole thing is perfectly untrue and unfounded; that he never wrote it, or offered any reward for its explanation; and he believes the whole thing to be a hoax. I expect the Queen will be very angry, as both Her Majesty and the Prince

have been puzzling their brains for four days with it. The weather is lovely, like spring, with a soft westerly wind.

*Windsor Castle, January 4, 1843.*—The Normanbys arrived here yesterday, and are in great spirits. We had such a very agreeable breakfast this morning. Sir Robert Peel had despatched a messenger to summon the ministers to a Council to-day, and he said if they could not muster enough he must call in Normanby; which made us all laugh, and of course caused many jokes. Lord Stanley (afterwards the Earl of Derby) said that a second edition of the *Globe* would be published with an article headed 'Extraordinary Schism in the Government; Coalition; Lord Normanby sent for; Council held at Windsor without the knowledge of some of the Ministers, &c. &c.;' and a little private paragraph to the effect that 'it was worthy of remark that Viscountess Canning had gone out of waiting yesterday.' Altogether it was very amusing, and the banter passed off with great fun and good nature on all sides.

The Queen, having gone to Claremont for a few days, during which time my services were not required, gave me leave to accompany my sister, Lady Barrington, on a visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood.

*Bowood, January 8, 1843.*—I came here yesterday with the Barringtons, and we were most kindly received by Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The party in the house consists of Lady Kerry, Lord Bathurst and his brother William, Lord Shelburne, the Lionel Rothschilds, Mr. James Howard (Lord Suffolk's son), Mr. Smith (a brother of Sydney Smith's), and Miss Fox. We had a great deal of music last night, and I sang several duets with Janey (Viscountess Barrington). The house is thoroughly comfortable, and contains some beautiful pictures, ancient and modern. It is rather a curiously-shaped mansion, as it has been added to at different times without regard to the original plan. There is no magnificence, but the rooms are in good proportion, and very well furnished, the pictures admirably lighted. Those in the dining-room are by Stanfield and Eastlake. There is a beautiful Murillo in the drawing-

room and a Sir Joshua of Mrs. Sheridan—a lovely picture. The pleasure grounds are very pretty. I never saw finer specimens of hemlock spruce, cedars, cypress, red cedars, and ilex. We went this morning to a church built by Lord Lansdowne, and there was afternoon service, and a sermon in the private chapel, which is connected with the house by the conservatory. I like Lady Lansdowne very much. She seems so excellent and amiable, and is most good-natured to me. It is very melancholy to see Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne, the one having lost her husband, the other his wife, so early. Last night we looked over two drawers full of drawings by the old masters: some of them are very fine; and I think I almost prefer an original sketch to a finished picture, as it is so interesting to see the artist's first impressions, and sketches are often so spirited. There are one or two Vandykes, a Poussin, and a Raphael, and such quantities of *objets d'art* in every corner of the house that one sees something fresh to admire every hour. I have been copying a lovely sketch of the Madonna del Sacco by Andrea del Sarto, and we walked round the gardens and pleasure grounds. I admired a beautiful Cape jessamine, which is a great rarity at this season of the year; so Lady Lansdowne picked it and gave it to me, saying she was anxious to make the place as pleasant to me as possible in order to tempt me to return, which is scarcely necessary, as I never enjoyed a visit more in my life, and shall be very sorry to leave this charming hospitable roof. Tommy Moore came here yesterday, and I was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing him. His voice is weak now, and he shuts the pianoforte up when he accompanies himself; but his enunciation is wonderful, and he sings with so much spirit, I admire his singing very much. He sang several of my old favourites, but I could not prevail upon him to sing 'I saw from the beach,' which I wanted to hear. He is a very small man, with curly hair and sharp bright eyes. I have just received a kind note from the Duchess of Norfolk, who is in waiting at Claremont, to say I need not return to Windsor before Monday. She adds, 'Archdeacon Wilberforce declared yesterday that he could tell

people's characters by their writing. I think *you* would come off very well with him.'

*Bowood, January 12, 1843.*—We went to a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Heneage about five miles from here. The house was built in James's time, and is very pretty, with a beautiful staircase and two galleries. I confess I felt very much like Jack the Giant-killer when he went up the beanstalk into the unknown country, but I found several acquaintances and danced a great deal, but we came away early, and I need not say I was very glad to get back.

We left Bowood on the 14th, with great regret; as I had been unable to finish the sketch I began of the Madonna del Sacco, Lord Lansdowne most kindly insisted upon bringing the picture to London for me, and the following spring I got a note from him to say he hoped I would call at Lansdowne House and fetch it, as he should be much disappointed if I refused to do so. I accordingly took it home, and prized it as the apple of my eye. The day when I was putting the finishing stroke to the copy I made in water colours, my mother sent to ask for some papers she wanted which I had put in the drawer of my escritoire. In pulling it out rather in a hurry, it tipped over the easel on which the precious picture was placed, and it fell forward on a china mug, to my intense grief and consternation. When I lifted it up I saw that a round bit had been scraped clean off the sky, but the picture being painted on panel was not otherwise injured. I was greatly distressed, and when I went down to tell my mother what had occurred she was quite frightened at my paleness, and said I looked as if I had seen a ghost. I asked what I must do; so she said, 'Of course there is but one thing to do: you must write at once and tell Lord Lansdowne what has occurred.' This I did in fear and trembling, when I got the kindest, most courteous answer from him to beg me not to distress myself, and declining even to look at the picture till my brother Thomas, who was an excellent artist, had it repaired. This of course was a great relief to my mind, but I made a vow, which I have religiously kept ever since, never to borrow a valuable work of art again.

*Windsor Castle, August 4, 1843.*—I went to-day at twelve to pay Madame Angelat a visit in her room, the lady in waiting to Princess Clementine, and she gave me many interesting details of the death of the Duc d'Orléans. She has lived twenty-three years with Princess Clementine, was with her at the time of that melancholy catastrophe, and accompanied her and the Duchesse de Nemours when they went to meet the poor Duchesse d'Orléans on her road to Paris. The misery of the Queen Marie Amélie was something too painful; and though now she is resigned, and at times even cheerful, the chief delight of her life is gone, and she will never be really happy again; for she perfectly adored her son, and he was equally devoted to her. After the accident happened she knelt over the body, crying in accents of the deepest despair, 'My God, my God, take my life, but save my son.' I heard many other interesting particulars which I cannot write, but altogether it must have been a most terrible time. After luncheon I went with Madame Angelat and the Duchess of Oldenburg's lady in waiting to St. George's Hall and the state apartments, and since then have been driving; so farewell.

*Windsor Castle, August 10, 1843.*—The Queen returned here at two o'clock yesterday, and you will see by the papers what a large party we were at dinner. I never felt anything so delicious as the night yesterday; it was so hot that we all went out without any extra wraps, and the Queen walked round the terrace, followed by her suite and guests. The moon was so brilliant, I could have fancied myself in Italy; and the whole scene was most picturesque and like a scene on the stage, the Castle lighted up in the background, and all the company in their evening dresses, Windsor uniforms, &c. &c. I was quite sorry to come in. The Prince walked with the Duke of Wellington, and I was amused at hearing a long description about . . . larders; it might have been a French cook instead of the great hero of Waterloo.

*Windsor Castle, August 12.*—I had a delightful ride with the Queen yesterday, who most kindly lent me her habit, hat, collar, and cuffs. Considering the great difference in our figures,

the habit fitted me wonderfully. I just pinned it over in front, and presented quite a respectable figure. Curiously enough, I rode Zarifa, a grey mare which once belonged to Susie (my sister the Countess of Hardwicke). Is it not a singular coincidence that the first time I rode here I should have her old horse? but it is a particularly nice one, and very quiet, with an excellent mouth and safe action, and easy enough for me, though the Queen rather complained of her being rough. We rode all about the park for two hours and a quarter, and I never enjoyed anything more. The evening was delicious, and the lights and shades among the fine old oaks and ferns *so* beautiful. I do hope the Queen will continue to ride, because as neither Lady Dunmore nor Matilda Paget ever do, I should probably always have to accompany Her Majesty. Riding always agrees with me, and this park is so perfect. No one dined here last night, so we talked a great deal to the Queen, and afterwards played at *vingt-et-un*, and I won eightpence, which was much for me, as I generally come off second best at the round games. The Queen told us a funny anecdote of the little Princess Royal. Whilst they were driving the other day the Queen called her, as she often does, 'Missy.' The Princess took no notice the first time, but the next she looked up very indignantly, and said to her mother, 'I'm not Missy, I'm the Princess Royal.' She speaks French fluently, and she was reading the other day, when Lady Lyttelton went up to her; so she motioned her away with her hand, and said, 'N'approchez pas moi, moi ne veut pas vous.'

*Windsor Castle, August 11.*—The Duchess of Kent very kindly sent me an immense heap of music yesterday, vocal and instrumental. I delight in looking over new music. We took a long drive, and the more I see of this lovely park the more I admire it; the scenery varies so much, that almost every day I become acquainted with fresh beauties. The Queen went with the little Princess and the Duchess of Buccleuch in one of the small pony carriages, and before we started there was a little delay, so I witnessed a most interesting scene between the Duke of Wellington and the Princess. She looked at him very hard,

and he bent down in the most gallant manner and kissed her tiny hand, and told her to remember him, as well she may. I sat between the Duke of Buccleuch and Frederick Villiers at dinner, and had such a long talk with the Duke of Wellington afterwards; he was so kind to me, and I have such an intense veneration for him, I always feel at least a foot taller whenever he notices me. He is looking very well, and rode part of the way with us yesterday, but he refrained from accompanying us all the time we drove, for the Queen drives so fast, it is very hard work riding by her carriage.

*Windsor Castle, August 13, 1843.*—The Queen walked for some time on the terrace this afternoon, and you never saw anything like the crowds of people. It was rather unpleasant when Her Majesty walked amongst them, for though the gentlemen tried to make way, the people pressed up so, it was difficult to keep them back. I suppose it is right that the Queen should show herself sometimes to her subjects, but I am always very glad when these walks are over. No one dined here last night except M. de Palmella, the Portuguese Minister. Next Thursday is the Duchess of Kent's birthday, and there is to be a large dinner at Frogmore, and a dance in the evening. I believe the Queen intends proroguing Parliament in person.

*Windsor Castle, August 5, 1843.*—Mr. Courtenay, the Queen's private chaplain, came yesterday, and we had family prayers for the first time. The chapel is not completed yet, so we met in the dining-room. I like Mr. Courtenay, and he reads remarkably well. I finished my letter yesterday in a desperate hurry, as we did not come home from driving till a quarter-past seven, and before dressing for dinner I had to make some wreaths for our hair of heather, which was gathered for us whilst we were out, by the Queen's desire. I just dressed in time; for whilst the last pin was being put in, I saw the Duchess of Kent's carriage driving up, so I rushed off, and was at the door to receive Her Royal Highness, though I had a good run for it. I enjoyed going over the state apartments yesterday, and seeing the beautiful pictures again, especially the Van Dykes, Claudes, and Rembrandts. I hope the whole of my waiting will be spent



here ; I revel in the beauty and repose of this lovely park, and I do not regret London at all. We drove for three hours yesterday. The afternoon was quite beautiful, and the lights and shades very strong. The trees are just beginning to lose the very cabbagy green of summer ; and it is so pretty to see the deer among the ferns. Altogether, Windsor is certainly a princely possession, and I do not wonder at all foreigners being very much struck with its beauties. You will see by the papers that the party here received a considerable addition yesterday, as the Jerseys, Lord Somers, and Caroline Cocks came, and there was a dance in the evening. The two Lord Clintons, who are twin brothers, came to it, and are so alike, there is no knowing which is which. They are in the same regiment, and consequently wear the same uniform ; and as they are the same height, complexion, &c., they are perfect fac-similes. Clemmy Villiers is looking very pretty. I hear Lord March's marriage to Miss Greville is just settled. I rode with the Queen yesterday, and Sidney Herbert took me in to dinner. I sat between him and the Duke of Buccleuch, which was very pleasant. Baron Gersdorff and his bride are here.

*Windsor Castle, August 18, 1843.*—I was so much amused at your saying in your letter yesterday that you were obliged to get up at six o'clock A.M. to get a good start from Newark ; and this you call taking the journey easy ! It seems to me that after great exertion, considerable fatigue, and travelling from morning till night, you had travelled about fifty miles. We dined at Frogmore last night, to celebrate the Duchess of Kent's birthday, and there was a dance in the evening. We ended it with a curious dance called 'Grand-père,' which is a sort of 'follow my leader.' The Prince and the Duchess of Kent led the way ; and it was great fun, but rather a romp.

*Windsor Castle, August 22, 1843.*—We were kept waiting a long time yesterday for the French Princes, who arrived at last. The Prince de Joinville is tall, dark, and good-looking, with a large beard, and his hair rather in the 'Jeune France' style, but not exaggerated. He has a little look of Mario ; but unfortunately he is terribly deaf, and it is with the greatest

effort he can be made to hear anything. The Duc d'Aumale is much shorter, and very fair. We were rather amused yesterday at seeing them arrive in full uniform; though the gentlemen who went to meet them assured them it was not usual, they insisted upon stopping at the Embassy in London to dress.

*Windsor Castle, August 23, 1843.*—I never saw the Duke of Wellington looking better, and he was in such spirits.

*Windsor Castle, August 24, 1843.*—The Queen went to London yesterday, and we had such a pleasant little dinner at Frogmore. I sat next the Duchess of Kent, and she was so very kind and good-natured. After dinner she made us play some duets, and then she asked me to sing, which I did. Then she sang a great deal herself—I accompanied Her Royal Highness; and the evening slipped away very pleasantly. The Duchess must have had a very fine voice, and now it is very true, and a pretty tone. She has kindly lent me her MS. book.

I have just been seeing two pictures of the Queen and Prince, by Winterhalter, in their robes, which promise to be very like. I find I do not like his former picture of the Queen as much as I did, for it is very cold and leaden in colour; but it is certainly very like, and I think Winterhalter catches the expression of the Queen's mouth better than anybody. It is peculiar, and very difficult to render without being a caricature.

*Windsor Castle, August 26, 1843.*—We drove with the Queen and the little Princess yesterday. The latter chattered the whole time, and was very amusing. Prince Albert rode away to look at a house he is having built, and the carriage stood still till he returned. The Queen was talking to us, and not taking any notice of the Princess, who suddenly exclaimed, 'There's a cat under the trees'—fertile imagination on her part, as there was nothing of the kind; but having succeeded in attracting attention, she quietly said, 'Cat come out to look at the Queen, I suppose.' Then she took a fancy to some heather at the side of the road, and asked Lady Dunmore to get her some. Lady Dunmore observed she could not do that, as we were driving too fast; so the Princess answered, 'No,

*you can't*; but *those girls* might get out and get me some'—meaning Miss Paget and me!

*Windsor Castle, August 27, 1843.*—How little does one ever know what a day may bring forth! When I went to bed last night I thought as little about accompanying the Queen in her yachting expedition as you did; but Lady Canning came to my room early this morning to say that Lady Caroline Cocks had been sent for express, as her sister, who has long been delicate, was taken ill just after Lady Caroline left yesterday, and she feared she would not arrive in time to find her sister alive; so the Queen has asked me to take her waiting, and of course I must do so. I hope you will not worry yourself; the yacht is a beautiful boat, and I shall like seeing all the places, particularly as I believe (but this is as yet a grand secret) that the Queen is going to pay Louis Philippe a visit at the Château d'Eu.

We start to-morrow at seven, embark at Southampton, sail round the Isle of Wight; then go to Plymouth, Falmouth, and Eu; and are to be back at Brighton by September 8. It is a great comfort that I shall be with dear Lady Canning; she is so nice and kind, and such a good sailor, I am sure to be well taken care of.

## CHAPTER IV.

Yachting with Her Majesty—The Isle of Wight, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth—Visit to the Château d'Eu—Return to Windsor—General Colbert—Queen's Visit to Drayton, Chatsworth, and Belvoir—Music with the Queen—Visit to the Poultry Yard—Opening of the Chapel at Windsor—Visit of the Indian Chiefs.

*Royal Yacht 'Victoria and Albert,' Monday, August 28, 1843.*

—I left Windsor at half-past 7 A.M., in the same carriage as the Queen, Prince Albert, and Lady Canning, joined the railroad at Farnborough, and reached Southampton a quarter before 11 A.M. We embarked at once, and remained on deck in spite of the rain, which fell in torrents. At three Her Majesty landed at Ryde, and we drove to St. Clare to pay Lady Katharine Harcourt a visit, returned on board at five, and anchored off Cowes for the night. Mr. Warren, one of the midshipmen, fell overboard at Ryde, but was not hurt; he dived under the vessel, and came up looking like a dripping spaniel. The sea was perfectly smooth. The party on board consisted of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, Lady Canning, Lord Liverpool, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Clark, and myself; Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence in command of the ship.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—Passed a good night, my cabin small but comfortable. Her Majesty went in the barge at 8 A.M., rowed about Cowes Harbour, and went on board Lord Yarborough's yacht. We landed at East Cowes and drove to Norris Castle, which belonged to Mr. Bell, the editor of the weekly paper. The inmates were not dressed, but a lady received us, and Her Majesty walked on the terrace, saw some of the rooms, and appeared much interested in revisiting the scenes of her childhood.

She spent three months at Norris as Princess Victoria in 1831, and again three months there in 1833; and when the place was for sale after Lord Henry Seymour's death, the Queen would have been glad to purchase it, but informed us she had not the means of doing so. At 10 A.M. we returned to the yacht, and weighed anchor soon after; the wind S.W., a strong breeze and heavy swell off the Needles; every one rather ill except Lady Canning. I remained in my cabin lying down till we anchored in Portland Roads. The Prince went on shore in the barge; the Queen did not leave the yacht.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—Weighed anchor before 8 A.M. The sea calm; there was a swell, but very little wind. About 11.30 I went on deck, found Her Majesty had passed a good night and was perfectly well; the Prince rather uncomfortable, but not ill. We lunched at one, and then went into Dartmouth Harbour, which is beautiful. The situation of the town is very striking; the houses are built up the cliffs, and the old church at the entrance of the harbour is most picturesque. Crowds of people came to the sides of the yacht in boats, and the quays were filled with the inhabitants waving flags and banners, and cheering enthusiastically. Her Majesty was rowed about the harbour in the barge, and the weather was very propitious. We weighed anchor at 3 P.M. and arrived at Plymouth at six, having gone thirteen knots an hour. I remained on deck most of the day, and sat for an hour with the Queen, who was well and in good spirits. The evening was beautiful, and the entrance into Plymouth very striking. There were several ships of war in the harbour which saluted, and many thousands of people lined the shore, which rises like an amphitheatre. Many boats came off, and Lord Haddington came on board.

*Thursday, 31st.*—Her Majesty went on shore in the barge at 8.30 A.M., and landed at Mount Edgecumbe. There was a thick mist when first we landed, but it soon cleared off, and we drove in pony carriages to the church, then to the gardens, where we got out and walked. The evergreens are very fine, and grow most luxuriantly. The orange trees are the largest I ever saw in England. The Queen made a small collection of

flowers at each place we went to, which were dried and kept as mementos. The arbutus drive is quite beautiful, and the views of the sea between the magnificent fir trees most striking. Lady Canning remarked that it reminded her of the Corniche; the pines give a peculiar richness to the landscape, which is unlike the general character of England. We returned on board shortly before eleven. The Prince visited the docks, and at three we accompanied the Queen to Plymouth. The Lords of the Admiralty received Her Majesty, who drove round the town in an open landau, attended by the Prince, Lady Canning, and myself. The crowds were immense, and we had no cavalry escort, but soldiers marched on each side of the carriage, and the officers escorted us. Sometimes the pressure was so great, the infantry bayonets crossed in the carriage, which was rather unpleasant; but the people on the whole behaved very well, and cheered most enthusiastically. Such a tremendous crush is, however, always disagreeable, and it was a great relief when the drive was over. The sun was very powerful, and the heat intense. The Queen went on board the 'Caledonian,' a magnificent ship of war, 110 guns. She was just ready to sail. The Admiral, Sir David Milne, received us, and Lord and Lady Morley were on board. We dined with the Queen, and afterwards remained on deck a considerable time.

*Friday, September 1.*—We weighed anchor at 8.30, and steamed out of the harbour, five men-of-war saluting, and their yards manned; a very pretty sight. The day was beautiful and the sea like glass, which enabled us to pass within pistol-shot of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and we arrived at Falmouth at 2 P.M. The Queen was rowed round the harbour in the barge, and the crowd of people was awful. Vessels and boats of every description, large and small, filled to the utmost, and the moment they caught sight of the royal barge the people seemed to lose their heads completely, left the helms to take care of themselves, and rushed to the side of the vessel nearest the barge, so that it was really alarming, and the Queen expressed great anxiety for her loyal subjects. The eight men-of-war boats which accompanied us were quite cut off from us, and at one moment the

barge was completely jammed. Fortunately, as soon as he saw an opening, Lord Adolphus ordered the men to pull away as hard as they could, and we out-distanced the pleasure boats and got safe back to the yacht ; where the Queen received the Mayor, who being a Quaker, asked permission to remain with his hat on. We left Falmouth at a quarter past three, and sailed for Cherbourg. I remained on deck a long time with Her Majesty, and she taught me to plait paper for bonnets, which was a favourite occupation of the Queen's. Lady Canning and I had settled ourselves in a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-box, and when we had been there some time the Queen came on deck, and, remarking what a comfortable spot we had chosen, Her Majesty sent for her camp stool and settled herself beside us, plaiting away most composedly, when suddenly we observed a commotion among the sailors, little knots of men talking together in a mysterious manner : first one officer came up to them, then another, they looked puzzled, and at last Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was called. The Queen, much puzzled, asked what was the matter, and inquired whether we were going to have a mutiny on board. Lord Adolphus laughed, but remarked he really did not know what *would* happen unless Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to move her seat. 'Move my seat,' said the Queen, 'why should I? what possible harm can I be doing here?' 'Well, ma'am,' said Lord Adolphus, 'the fact is, your Majesty is unwittingly closing up the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog!' 'Oh, very well,' said the Queen, 'I will move on one condition, viz. that you bring me a glass of grog.' This was accordingly done, and after tasting it the Queen said, 'I am afraid I can only make the same remark I did once before, that I think it would be very good if it were stronger!' This of course delighted the men, and the little incident caused much amusement on board.

The sunset was clear and very beautiful, and the Queen desired that the sailors should dance on deck. Lady Canning and I went on deck after dinner ; the sea was perfectly smooth, and we saw several porpoises which followed the ship at a distance.

*Saturday, September 2.*—I was called before six, and as soon as I was dressed I went on deck, where I found the Queen and the Prince de Joinville, who had come on board attended by two gentlemen.

The day was beautiful. We passed Cherbourg at some little distance, but could distinguish the breakwater and forts with a telescope. The Prince de Joinville told us of a narrow escape the French royal family had on Monday last. They were visiting a small fortress; the King, the Queen, and all the royal family, except the Duc de Nemours, were in a large carriage. They were passing a drawbridge when a salute was fired, which frightened the horses, one of which jumped over the side, dragging two others with it. Luckily the carriage caught against the rail, and the traces gave way, otherwise in all probability the whole party would have been killed.

We lunched at one; and then the Queen sent for us, and we remained on deck the rest of the afternoon. Soon after three we passed Dieppe, which we saw clearly; and then shortly we came in sight of Eu, which we reached at 5.30. As soon as the royal yacht approached, the King, Louis Philippe, accompanied by the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Montpensier, Lord Cowley, and several of the suite put off in the royal barge, and immediately came on board the yacht. The King embraced the Queen on both cheeks, and then kissed Her Majesty's hand, and welcomed her most heartily to the shores of France. The first time an English sovereign had visited France since the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At first the King seemed quite overcome; but he soon recovered himself, and spoke to us all in excellent English. He is very like the impression on the French coins—stout, with a good countenance; his hair, which is thick and grizzly, brushed up in a point, and his complexion florid. The Queen went on shore with His Majesty in his barge, and we followed immediately in the Queen's; and when we landed we found the Queen and Prince, and the whole French royal family, under a large canopy close to the shore. There were present Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, the Queen of the Belgians, Madame Adélaïde,



the King's old sister, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the poor Duchess of Orléans, Prince and Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, the Dukes d'Aumale and Montpensier, Lord and Lady Cowley and their daughter Miss Wellesley, Madame Vilain XIV., Madame Angelet, Mademoiselle de Chabot, and the rest of the suite. The Queen of the French and all the royalties received us most graciously. Queen Marie Amélie has a charming countenance, which, however, bears the impression of deep grief, and it is said she will never recover the death of the Duc d'Orléans, who was her favourite son. The Duchess is still in deep mourning, and it was very sad to see her. The entrance to the town of Eu, which is a small watering-place, is most picturesque; the old church rises above the town on a high hill, and on this occasion the quantity of troops, the masses of people all dressed in their holiday clothes, and the women in their white caps, added very much to the brilliancy of the scene. The procession was curious, and quite mediæval. The Queen, Prince Albert, and all the French royal family entered a large *char-à-bancs*, with a canopy and curtains, which were left open. This vehicle was drawn by twelve large clumsy horses, caparisoned; there was a coachman on the box, and three footmen behind in state liveries, besides a motley crew of outriders, of every size and description, mounted on wretched horses, and dressed in many different liveries. This *char-à-bancs* was followed by eight others, drawn by eight horses, and accompanied by a large escort of cavalry; and all the road was lined with troops. The Château d'Eu rather resembles the architecture of the Tuileries, and is interesting from having been the scene of many historical events. William the Conqueror was married at Eu, and it was long the residence of the Ducs de Guise. No doubt the Queen's visit will add to its interest to succeeding generations.

The long procession winding through the avenue looked most picturesque, and reminded me of the pictures of the time of Louis XIV. The square in front of the Palace was lined with troops, and on our arrival the King and Queen Victoria showed themselves on the balcony. We then attended Her

Majesty to her rooms, which were elegantly furnished with beautiful Beauvais tapestry, parquet floors, painted ceilings, and the pictures which were saved by the fidelity of servants during the French Revolution, and afterwards restored to their rightful owners. Our rooms were at the top of the house, immediately over the Queen's—comfortable and convenient in every respect; Lady Canning's and mine close together.

We dressed in a great hurry for dinner, and went down to the Queen's sitting-room, where presently the Royal family assembled. There was a very large dinner-party; and I sat next Marshal Sebastiani and le Ministre des Marines. I was amused by seeing my opposite neighbour, with whom I had not made acquaintance, nodding at me; and presently a message came to ask me to drink wine with General d'Houdetot, which it seems he thought was an English custom. After dinner we waited for a short time in an ante-drawing room; but were soon sent for to sit at the Royal table, where I was placed next the King, who was exceedingly civil; but I was so intensely sleepy, from having been up unusually early and spending the whole day on deck, that it was positive pain to me to keep my eyes open and hide my yawns. The young Princesse de Joinville, who had lately arrived from the Brazils, was very pretty; but evidently disliked the formality of Court life, and at times could scarcely refrain from showing how bored she was by it. She told me she had never seen snow, and could not imagine what it is like.

We retired about eleven, and I was most thankful to go to bed, after a day of considerable fatigue and excitement.

*Sunday, September 3.*—I was up before seven, and, as there was no Protestant Church, Lady Canning and I read the Church Service together; after which we went down to what was called breakfast, where the whole party assembled. We were served with soup, fish, made dishes, puddings, fruit, and then tea and coffee. We afterwards spent some time in the drawing-room, and at half-past three we all went out driving in the *chars-à-bancs*, not, however, before we saw the private apartments of the royal family and the Chapel, which is beautiful. We were shown some very fine point lace, which had belonged to Cardinal

Richelieu, and a vestment which had been embroidered by Mademoiselle de Montpensier. The walls were covered with historical portraits; but few appeared to be originals. We drove through the farm and over some high ground, and returned by Tréport. The roads were atrocious—so narrow there was scarcely room for the *chairs-à-bancs*, immensely deep ruts, and huge stones—in short, they were more like the beds of mountain torrents than roads in a civilised country. We were bumped and shaken to pieces; and even in the pleasure-grounds of the Château the roads are so narrow, and the turns so excessively sharp, that I was quite glad when the Queen got safe back.

At dinner I sat between Lord Aberdeen and Lord Charles Wellesley. I was informed there was to have been a theatrical performance that evening, but the Queen of the Belgians told the King that in England it is not customary to have either a play or a concert on Sunday. The Royal family attended Mass daily at 10 o'clock A.M., before breakfast; and I was rather surprised to see that the King and Queen both carved at dinner.

Monday, the 4th, I came up to my room immediately after breakfast, as, besides my own letters, the Queen gave me some writing to do, which occupied me till half-past one, when we all went out again in six *chairs-à-bancs*, and drove over more bad roads to the Forest. Part of the drive was pretty; but the carriage was so rough I was glad when, at the end of nearly three hours, we stopped to lunch in a large tent which had been put up in an open spot in the Forest, surrounded by the King's Guards and a crowd of the inhabitants of Tréport and its neighbourhood assembled.

A band played during luncheon, after which the King and Queen Victoria walked about arm-in-arm. We then returned home, and reached the Château about six o'clock. There was, as usual, a large dinner-party of above seventy people, and after dinner a beautiful instrumental concert, conducted by Auber. The King had sent for the Corps de l'Opéra, in order to have an opera; but, unfortunately, they only brought two pieces—one ridiculed the English, and the other was said to be so improper that the Queen objected to it; so we had to content

ourselves with the musical performance, which was very good, and well executed. We did not retire till past midnight.

*Tuesday, September 5.*—Prince Albert reviewed the troops; but returned to breakfast. We sat in the drawing-room till 12.30, when I went out sketching with Lady Canning. At half-past three we went to see the old church, which is exceedingly fine. In passing the Chapel of the Virgin, Queen Amélie and her daughter knelt down and prayed for some minutes. In one of the chapels there is a curious group in marble, representing the entombment of our Lord, surrounded by the Marys and two of the disciples.

We afterwards descended to the crypt, where there are the ancient monuments of the Comtes d'Eu; they had recently been repaired, and are curious. The place was lighted with candles, and was exceedingly picturesque. The poor Duchesse d'Orléans went down with us, but was so overcome she was obliged to leave us; and when we returned into the body of the church, we found her and the Queen of the Belgians prostrate before one of the altars, and the Duchess was weeping bitterly. She had never appeared in public since the Duke's death till the Queen's arrival, and when she was seen for the first time and was received with acclamations of 'Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans!' she was completely overcome. She seemed a most amiable, charming person, and her two little boys were very pretty children. After seeing the church, we drove in *chars-à-bancs* to Tréport, where an immense multitude had collected, as it was rumoured that the Queen intended going on board the yacht. The sea was, however, too rough; so we returned to Eu, and walked round the gardens and home through the pleasure grounds. I was shown two beech trees, which existed in the time of the Guises, and it is said the League was signed under their boughs. There was the usual large dinner party, and another fine instrumental concert in the evening.

*Wednesday, September 6.*—After breakfast, Lady Canning and I went out sketching till two, when the whole party drove again sixteen miles into the forest, to the house of one of the gamekeepers. The mansion was in a dilapidated condi-

tion, but commanded a fine view; and we found an excellent luncheon spread out under some fine old beech trees. A good many people assembled, and the afternoon was very bright and beautiful. As the distance was so great, post-horses met us half-way; and the Queen was very much struck and amused at the curious costume of the postilions, who wore glazed hats trimmed with tricolour ribbons, yellow breeches, and huge boots; the harness was rope, and very primitive. We did not get back to Eu till 6.30, when we immediately dressed for dinner; and in the evening there was a pretty French play, called 'Le Château de ma Nièce,' and a vaudeville after it. The actors and actresses all came from Paris.

*Thursday, September 7.*—I was called at 5 A.M., and saw the sun rise. The morning was lovely. We all breakfasted together at 6.30; and left the Château, as we had arrived, in seven *chars-à-bancs* with an escort. The Queen, Prince Albert, and all the French royal family went in the King's barge, and we followed in Her Majesty's. The entrance out of the harbour was exceedingly narrow, and I was completely deafened by the noise of the salutes as we passed; but was struck by the different tones of the guns, some were so much shriller and sharper than others. The King remained rather more than a quarter of an hour on board, and then took an affectionate leave.

Our vessel weighed anchor; and we reached Brighton after a prosperous voyage, accompanied by the Prince de Joinville, who was much excited by a race between his ship and the 'Black Eagle,' in which the English boat had decidedly the best of it, and out-distanced the French boat, to the Prince's extreme disgust. He remarked upon the respectful silence which was observed on board the Queen's yacht, and said how impossible it would be to prevent the French sailors from talking.

The Queen of the French gave me a pretty jacinth and diamond bracelet; and nothing could have been kinder than all the ladies-in-waiting, especially Mademoiselle de Chabot Madame de Rouille, Madame de Rumigny, and Madame

Vilain XIV., whom I shall ever remember with feelings of gratitude and pleasure.

*Windsor Castle, November 25, 1843.*—The Duc de Nemours is at Melton, the Duchess is here, and as pretty and nice as ever; but poor thing, she has had a bad account of her little son the Comte d'Eu, which makes her very anxious; I trust his indisposition is only caused by teething, for when I saw him he looked the nicest, healthiest little fellow possible! Lord Lincoln was the only stranger at dinner yesterday; he made such kind inquiries after you and papa, and said he could never forget your kindness to him and his children, and he should so like you to see them again.

*Windsor Castle, November 25.*—I sat last night at dinner next old General Colbert, who was one of Napoleon's Generals, and also his Chamberlain. He is such a nice old man, and likes talking of his campaigns, so I made him tell me about the retreat from Russia, burning of Moscow, &c., and he was most agreeable. He being then a commanding officer did not suffer as much as many from the hardships of that terrible retreat; but he marched for one hundred and five days, fifteen hours a day, always expecting to be pursued, when it would have been a case of *sauve qui peut*. I told him of the curious drawing we have at Ravensworth of the Emperor Napoleon by Isabey, and he said he had no doubt it was very like, for that Isabey lived so much with the Emperor, he had many opportunities of studying his countenance; but he did not believe the Emperor actually sat for his picture more than once, and that was to David.

*Beckett, December 6, 1843.*—I hear from Minnie (Marchioness of Normanby) that everything went off beautifully at Chatsworth during the Queen's visit, and the illuminations and fireworks were lovely. The Queen was very much pleased, and the Duke of Devonshire was in the highest spirits at the way everything answered. I have had a long amusing account from Matilda Paget of the visit to Drayton, which seems to have gone off so well that the Peels have every reason to be satisfied.

It is fortunate that the weather has been so much finer than

could have been expected at this season of the year. I must leave this early to-morrow to be at Windsor to receive my Royal Mistress, as she always starts early. Do not call Windsor 'my triste Palace,' as I am always very happy there. The Queen's good fortune with regard to weather is quite remarkable. She yachts during the equinox, and has the sea as calm as a mirror the whole time; she visits about in the dead of winter, and has the brightest sunshine and weather we should often rejoice to have in summer!

George Barrington came over here to hunt yesterday, and brought eight Oxford friends with him to dinner. I knew Lord Lascelles and Lord Clifden, and made Lord Belgrave's acquaintance, but he was very shy, and this is his first term at college.

*Extracts from the Hon. Matilda Paget's Letters during the Queen's Visit to Drayton, Chatsworth, and Belvoir.*

'*Drayton, November 29, 1843.*—I must tell you how well everything has gone off hitherto. Before dinner Lady Peel and all the ladies waited for the Queen, and then Lady Peel presented a lovely bouquet. Several addresses were read. I went in to dinner with the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buccleuch sat on my other side, but I luckily had the Duke of Wellington's *good ear*, so I did very well. He had been at Lord March's wedding (the present Duke of Richmond, who married Miss Greville), had a favour in his button-hole, told me all about it, and was very good-natured. I like Lady Peel—she is so truly kind. The Queen has looked pleased and happy, and it has not been the least formal. The Queen played at patience with the ladies, the gentlemen stood about. The Queen looked very nice in a pink silk gown with three flounces. We sat in a charming library—a most perfect and pretty room, with two fire-places, opening into a hall with a billiard table, where there were beautiful statues and pictures. I think Sir Robert and Lady Peel must be quite satisfied: the dinner was very well done, and Sir Robert proposed the healths.

*Drayton, Wednesday, November 29.*—We breakfasted at ten, and at half-past the Queen and all the ladies went out walking, and visited the farm, dairy, kitchen garden, &c., all very nice and in good order, but nothing *fine*. When we came in the Queen went over the house, and was especially diverted at my room, because the Imperial nearly prevented her coming in. The Prince is gone to Birmingham, and has got a fine bright day. The Queen Dowager is to arrive to-day, and to-morrow the Queen is going to see Lichfield Cathedral. After luncheon to-day we sauntered about in the hall, and looked over some books of engravings.

The Duchess of Buccleuch wore such a lovely gown made of some old brocaded silk that belonged to the Duke's great, great aunt—it was very beautiful.

*Chatsworth, December 1, 1843.*—The grandeur of this place far surpasses anything I could have imagined. When we arrived at Chesterfield, the Duke of Devonshire received the Queen, who immediately started in a coach and six. We followed in a coach and four. I have just returned from seeing Haddon Hall, with Lady Mary Howard, Ladies Palmerston and Melbourne, and General Wemyss. It was very beautiful and interesting, but I cannot attempt to enter into details till we meet. The party here consists of the Duke of Wellington, Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady Emlyn, Colonel Cavendish and his son, Mr. Charles and Lady Katherine Cavendish, and their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Brand, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lords Palmerston, Melbourne and Alvanley, Lord and Lady Normanby, Lord and Lady Leveson, and Mr. Frederic Leveson, Charles Gore, Mr. and Lady Louisa Cavendish, Mr. and Lady Emily Cavendish, and Alfred Paget. Lady Normanby is more dear and kind than I can describe. This morning she asked me to walk with her, and we went off to the conservatory, which is too lovely. At half-past one the Queen and Prince went over the State rooms with the Duke, then after luncheon we drove out, and at half-past six we all went to see the conservatory lighted up—some in carriages, some walking. The ball last night was very pretty, in a grand



banqueting hall with a rococo ceiling. Mrs. Arkwright was there, and was taken up and presented to the Queen, who talked to her for some time. This evening there have been lovely fireworks, the cascades and fountains all lighted up with red and green lights, which had a fairy-like effect. I was so amused at the Duke of Devonshire coming up to me in the middle of it all, when every one was so amazed and excited, and saying, in an insinuating voice, 'Do you like my *little* fireworks?' I went into dinner with Lord Beauvale, and his wife is charming. The Queen is well, and danced the country dance with Lord Leveson with much vigour, and Her Majesty waltzed with the Prince. The royal magnificence of everything here is overpowering. No other place can come up to it. On Sunday there were prayers at eleven, and then we went to the kitchen garden. In the evening we walked through the statue gallery and conservatory, and there was some delightful music performed by the Duke's own band—some of Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' the 'Creation,' &c. Lady Normanby protected me, and (as you were not there) called me her child. She is so clever and well informed, and yet there is that about her which prevents one feeling ashamed of one's ignorance. The Queen left Chatsworth at nine, and the Duke of Devonshire, who accompanied Her Majesty as far as Derby, was in the highest spirits, and delighted at the way everything had gone off. At Chesterfield I helped the Queen to get *up on a chair*, that Her Majesty might look out of a very high window. She took such very tight hold of my hand to prevent herself falling, that one saw Her Majesty is evidently not used to getting on chairs! The crowds at Derby and Nottingham were perfectly astonishing, especially at the latter place, which was more like Edinburgh than anything else, and we arrived here (Belvoir Castle, December 4) at half-past one. The party here are the Queen Dowager, Duke of Wellington, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Hardwicke, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Mr. and Lady Emmeline Wortley, Lord and Lady Katherine Jermyn, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Drummond, Lords Granby and Forester, &c., and dear old Lord Charles Manners, who was

my father's best friend. To-morrow the Prince is to go out hunting, and the hounds meet here.

*Windsor Castle, December 9, 1843.*—No one dined here last night except the Duchess of Kent, and her lady in waiting, Lady Fanny Howard, so we all sat at the Queen's table after dinner, and Her Majesty was very chatty and in good spirits. She told me she had met two of my sisters during her tour, Lady Normanby at Chatsworth and Lady Hardwicke at Belvoir. The Prince talked a great deal, and both he and the Queen told some funny anecdotes. One was that the mother of a girl who was going into service in a Duke's establishment gave her daughter strict injunctions to say 'Your Grace,' if ever the Duke spoke to her. The girl promised to pay attention to this, and departed. A few days afterwards the Duke met her in a passage and asked her some question, which instead of answering, the poor girl immediately began, 'For what I have received,' &c.

On another occasion, an inspector was examining the children at the Duke's school. Among other questions he asked the meaning of the word 'grace,' upon which the children all exclaimed with one accord that it meant the Duke of Rutland!

*Windsor Castle, December 12, 1843.*—We had such a delightful practice for nearly two hours yesterday afternoon, on two pianofortes, with the Queen and Prince Albert. We played a fine, but a very difficult duet of Beethoven's. The time was so difficult one requires to be a good musician to understand it. To-night I am to sing with the Queen, and I have got a great heap of music to practise the seconds. I always like playing and singing with Her Majesty, and am very glad the Queen has begun doing so again. The private band last night played a magnificent composition of Spohr's, the 'Creation of Sound,' very learned, but very fine. It is divided into four movements. The first is intended to represent the first awakening of life after the creation of sound—and the voices of nature are very grand indeed—but the third movement of martial music and a march to battle is one of the finest things I ever heard in my life. It is so difficult that the band of the Phil-

harmonic, supposed to be one of the best in Europe, could not learn it till Spohr came over himself to explain it. The Prince showed me the score; there are four different times going on at once, and I got as puzzled as I do when you tell me about the second marriage of my grandfather's fifth cousin with my great uncle's sister-in-law, which makes me first cousin once removed to his children.

*Windsor Castle, December 15, 1843.*—I went to the Queen's room yesterday, and saw her before we began to sing. She was so thoroughly kind and gracious. The music went off very well, Costa accompanied, and I was pleased by the Queen's telling me, when I asked whether I had not better practise the things a little more, that 'that was not necessary, as I knew them perfectly.' She also said, 'If it was *convenient* to me I was to go down to her room any evening to try the Masses.' Just as if anything she desired could be *inconvenient*! However, I said of course I should be only too happy, but at the same time I hinted at the possibility of my coming down at a wrong moment, so then Her Majesty said she should send for me, and if I was at home I might go to her. It did make me laugh in my sleeve, because except when I went to St. George's by no chance do I ever go anywhere. I was reminded of the scene in Hamlet—

*Queen.*                    If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry and good will  
As to expend your time with us awhile,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance,

*Rosen.*                    Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.*                    But we both obey,  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.—*Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

We had a pleasant interview with the Royal children in Lady Lyttelton's room yesterday, and *almost* a romp with the

Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. They had got a round ivory counter which I spun for them, and they went into such fits of laughter it did my heart good to hear them. The Princess Royal is wonderfully quick and clever. She is always in the Queen's room when we play or sing, and she seems especially fond of music, and stands listening most attentively without moving. Last night one of the pianofortes had been taken out of the room. The Queen left the Princess with me for a short time, so she said, 'Where's the other pianoforte gone, they have taken it away?' So I answered, 'Yes, ma'am, for we are going to sing to-night, not play.' 'Oh, *you* are going to sing, and where is Miss Paget, not coming? Oh, only you sing with papa and mamma.'

Lady Lyttelton told us that a certain Major Douglas had sent the Princess some beautiful toys a long time ago, so the other day he had an audience, and before he left the Queen desired the little Princess to thank him for them, which she accordingly did very nicely, and when Lady Lyttelton took her down again to the Queen's room, she mentioned in an undertone that the child had delivered her speech very well, so the Queen turned round to her and said, 'Well, pussy, and what did you say?' The Princess answered, 'I said—I said my speech.'

*Windsor Castle, December 18, 1843.*—We walked with the Queen and Prince yesterday to the Home farm, saw the turkeys crammed, looked at the pigs, and then went to see the new aviary, where there is a beautiful collection of pigeons, fowls, &c. &c., of rare kinds. The pigeons are so tame they will perch upon Prince Albert's hat and the Queen's shoulders. It was funny seeing the Royal pair amusing themselves with farming! When we came home, we examined the busts and pictures in the corridor, and I heard more about them than I ever did before. The Queen gave me such a good autograph yesterday, and I have got several interesting additions to my collection. The private chapel is to be consecrated to-morrow at twelve o'clock by the Bishop of Oxford, who came here yesterday; and Lady Douro is coming for her first waiting. I

was sitting in Matilda Paget's room yesterday, and we were just going to dress for dinner, when in rushed Miss ——. She had come down to Windsor with two friends of hers—a newly married couple—and she had been all over the Castle and St. George's Chapel; and in less than five minutes she recounted the whole history—chronological, historical, and genealogical—of her friend and his wife, and all their ancestors on both sides, that she had brought them to Windsor, and done this and that, and everything, and that they were having tea in Lady Portman's room, and she wanted us to go and look at them. She sent us into such fits of laughing; and as for Lord Morton, who had never seen her before, he could scarcely believe his senses. I never knew such an original as she is, exactly like Miss Pratt in the 'Inheritance.' Lord Melbourne and the Beauvalets go away to-day. The former was not well yesterday, and had a slight touch of gout; it always makes me sad to see him, he is so changed.

*Windsor Castle, December 19, 1843.*—My waiting is nearly over, and though I shall be delighted to get home, I always regret leaving my dear kind mistress, particularly when I have been a good deal with Her Majesty, as I have been this waiting. We sang again last night, and after Costa went away, I sorted a quantity of music for the Queen; and then Prince Albert said he had composed a German ballad, which he thought would suit my voice, and he wished me to sing it. So His Royal Highness accompanied me, and I sang it at sight, which rather alarmed me, but I got through it, and it is very pretty. The Duchess of Kent has promised to have it copied for me. The Prince of Wales stayed some time in the room whilst we were practising. He was very attentive, and both he and the Princess Royal seem to have a decided taste for music. We sang some of my beloved Masses (Mozart's), and you cannot think how beautiful they are with all the parts filled up. Costa had composed a very pretty Miserere, which we also sang.

*Windsor Castle, December 20, 1843.*—The Chapel was consecrated yesterday. The service was performed partly by the Bishop of Oxford and partly by Mr. Courtenay. I thought it

a beautiful and impressive service, and the Bishop read so remarkably well. Lady Douro arrived, and has brought her harp, so we played some duets yesterday evening, and were in the middle of one when the Queen sent for me to play with her. I was pleased at going the last evening, because it seemed as if Her Majesty was satisfied and wished to continue playing with me as long as possible. We dine at Frogmore, and in the afternoon the Indian Chiefs come to see the Queen. When we were playing with the Queen yesterday, the news arrived of poor old Lord Lynedoch's death at the age of ninety-two. The Queen and Prince were quite grieved about it. I had not a very good account of Lord Grey yesterday from Lady Georgiana. He continues extremely unwell, though they hope he may recover, if his strength can resist such protracted suffering, which I fear at his age is not likely.

Eight Indians of the Chippewa tribe came to see the Queen. They consisted of five chiefs, two women, a little girl, and a half-breed. Her Majesty received them in the Waterloo Gallery, and in consequence of the oldest chief, a fine old man of seventy-five, having a sore throat, the second chief made a speech, which was interpreted by Mr. Catlin. He began by saying 'He was much pleased that the Great Spirit had permitted them to cross the large lake (the Atlantic) in safety, that they had wished to see their great mother (the Queen). This they repeated three times with little variation. He then said that England was the great light of the world, and that its rays illuminated all nations, and reached even to their country. That they found it much larger than they expected, that the buildings were finer than theirs, and the wigwam (Windsor Castle) was very grand, and they were pleased to see it; that, nevertheless, they should return to their own country and be quite happy and contented; that they thanked the Great Spirit they had enough to eat—they were satisfied. They thought the people in England must be very rich, and they looked pleased and happy. They (the Chippewas) had served under our sovereigns, had fought their battles, and that he (the chief) had served under De Kinnsey, the greatest chief that had ever

existed, or had ever been known. Mr. Catlin observed, he supposed he had never heard of the Duke of Wellington, therefore he thought his general the greatest man. He had been on the field of battle when his general was killed, and had helped to bury him. He had received kindness from our nation, for which he thanked us; their wigwams at home had been made comfortable with our things. He had nothing more to say. He had finished.'

When first they came in, Prince Albert shook hands with them all; they looked exceedingly grave, and were dressed with large bunches of feathers on their heads, their faces dreadfully tattooed, and they all had on large skins. The women have long black hair, and a dress which comes down to their feet. They had quantities of coloured beads hung about them, and one of them had a small looking-glass. They danced two war dances, one of the chiefs playing a sort of drum, which consisted of a tub with a piece of buffalo hide stretched over it. The shrieks and the noises they made were quite unnatural and terrific. They did not begin to dance at once, but seemed to wait till inspired, and began by shaking all their joints, then moving slowly, until at last they performed the most distorted and violent antics. The old chief remained seated on one side of the room, the women on the other. They had large clubs, tomahawks, wooden swords, bows and a spear, and during one of the dances one of them shook a sort of rattle. The Queen was much astonished and interested.

## CHAPTER V.

Mesmerism—The Queen's Visit to the City ; opening of the Royal Exchange—Sir Robert Peel and Lord Ellenborough—Sir Robert and Lady Sale—The Queen's Rings—Review at Windsor—Queen's Visit to Burghley.

IN the winter of 1844 my sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Liddell, having been much interested in the question of mesmerism, which was being practised by Miss Martineau at Tynemouth, in our neighbourhood, determined to try its effect upon a young maid of my mother's, who was suffering very much from palpitations. The soothing result upon her nervous system was very remarkable, and she showed evident signs of *clairvoyance*. The clergyman of our parish, the Rev. John Collinson, expressed doubts as to the truth of the fact, and asked permission to try the girl's powers. Mrs. Thomas Liddell said she had not the slightest objection to his doing so. Accordingly, in a few days he brought a sealed packet, no one in the house knowing what it contained, which he gave me ; and the first time the girl was mesmerised, my sister-in-law gave it into her hands, and said she wished to know what it was. The girl opened the packet, which contained a lock of hair ; this she stroked for a few seconds, and then threw away, saying it was disagreeable to her, and there was no light in it. My sister-in-law picked it up and gave it back, saying, ' Oh, nonsense ! I wish to know more about it.' The girl took the hair, shuddered, and again said, ' There's no light in it ; it is the hair of a dead person, and of one who had a very terrible struggle before death.' The hair was again sealed up, and I gave the packet back to Mr. Collinson, who was much surprised, as he said it was all per-



fectly true. The hair had belonged to his daughter, who had died of galloping consumption about eighteen months previously, and who had had a most painful struggle before her death.

On another occasion, I had just returned from one of my waitings, and had brought with me a small prayer-book, which contained, at the end, the music of chants and hymns. It had only just been unpacked, so I am sure the girl had not seen it; and I took it up, quite accidentally, when I was going to the room where she was mesmerised. Her eyes were bandaged, and the book was put into her hands topsy-turvy. She felt the first page with the tips of her fingers, and then exclaimed, 'What a funny book! it has got music instead of words.' She always seemed to read with the tips of her fingers or the back of her head, and whenever, her eyes being bandaged, she was asked to tell the hour, she turned the back of her head towards the clock.

I have a horror of mesmerism, and have never seen it practised since that time; but can testify to the truth of these facts, and also to the extraordinary soothing power it had over the girl, who used to have such palpitations of the heart one could see the pulsations in her throat; but within three minutes of her being sent into the magnetic sleep, these palpitations ceased, and her pulse beat quietly and regularly. The doctor declared no power of medicine could have produced such a result as rapidly.

*Windsor Castle, October 27, 1844.*—I shall have but little time to write to-morrow, as we are to leave Windsor before 11 A.M. The Queen is to be at Temple Bar at twelve, and as the procession will go at a foot's-pace we shall be a long time driving there from Buckingham Palace.

A funny thing happened yesterday. Charles Murray being still confined to his room at Brighton, the equerry-in-waiting has to receive Her Majesty's orders every day about dinner, &c. &c. The Queen seldom dines in private two days running; so we were rather surprised when we were informed there was to be a household dinner in the cak-room. Accordingly, punctually at eight, we sat down to dinner, and had just finished

our soup and fish when a message came from the Queen to know who gave the order that we were to dine without her. We stared at each other, and at last it was discovered to be a mistake of one of the pages! We, however, finished our dinner, and adjourned to the drawing-room. Then we were told that Her Majesty was coming, the gentlemen being in plain evening coats. It suddenly struck us that it was very cool, to say the least of it, that we should be amusing ourselves in the drawing-room instead of waiting for the Queen in the corridor; so, accordingly, we all rushed off, and were only just in time to receive Her Majesty and the Prince, who seemed much entertained at the mistake, which made quite a little diversion in the regularity of the life at Court. It always strikes me as so odd when I come back into waiting: everything else changes, but the life here never does, and is always exactly the same from day to day and year to year. The Queen and Prince stayed a long time in the corridor after church, and talked about the Tahiti affair, the coronation, and one or two more interesting subjects; and we were sent for yesterday to stay with Her Majesty whilst she was sitting to Thorburn. We saw Prince Alfred, who is a very fine child, and looks very healthy, plump, and rosy. He has large blue eyes, looks good-natured,—a real darling baby, and much the finest the Queen has had. Her Majesty had his cap taken off to show us his hair, which is very dark, but is growing lighter. When I tied it on again, the Queen laughed, and said to Lady Portman, ‘Oh, Georgy understands all about babies, she has so many nephews and nieces; pray, how many have you now, my dear?’ I answered I believed I had forty-six, but I was not quite sure!

*Windsor Castle, October 29, 1844.*—Nothing could have gone off better than the event yesterday; and it was one of the most curious sights I ever witnessed. I am so glad I happened to be in waiting. To begin with, the procession to the city was magnificent—very much the same as that at the Coronation. I went in a State carriage with Lady Gardiner (the bedchamber woman-in-waiting), the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), and

Lord Anglesea (Gold-stick). The procession began to move at eleven, and the weather, which in the early morning was rather thick and foggy, began to clear from that moment, and by the time we reached the Strand there was a blue sky and bright sunshine. I can give you no notion of the crowd; even at the Coronation I never saw anything like it. From Buckingham Palace to the Royal Exchange every place, hole, or cranny which commanded the smallest view of the road was crammed to suffocation to such an extent that even the rafters erected over the temporary seats were covered with people, and I only wonder many were not crushed to death. At the same time, the perfect order that was preserved throughout was very remarkable and pleasing. I believe a good many special constables were sworn in for the occasion, and they were dressed in the great-coats of the police; so it was lucky for the latter that the weather was so fine, otherwise the police would have come off second best. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen met the Queen at Temple Bar at twelve. We all arrived at the Royal Exchange before Her Majesty, who was in the famous glass coach, with the Prince and Lord Jersey, Master of the Horse, and Lady Canning (who, in the absence of the Duchess of Buccleuch, acted as Mistress of the Robes). As soon as Her Majesty alighted, she walked round the Colonnade, and then through the inner court, which is of course in the open air; so we had reason to congratulate ourselves on the fine weather. The Queen then went upstairs, and walked through the second banqueting hall, to show herself; after which she entered a small room where there was a throne, and there Her Majesty received the Address, which was read by the Recorder, and returned her answer. I always delight in hearing the Queen read or speak; her voice has such a clear and beautiful tone, and her enunciation is so correct and good. After the Address, she created the Lord Mayor (Sir William Magnay) a Baronet; and then Her Majesty retired with her ladies to a withdrawing-room, where we found the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Cambridge. We waited a considerable time till the banquet was ready. The Queen sat at the top of the room, at a raised

table, with the Prince at her right and the Duke of Cambridge at her left, and about ten other persons of the highest rank, including the French and Turkish Ambassadors and their wives. We sat at the top of the first table, with all the Ministers; and I was lucky enough to sit next my dear old friend Baron Dedel, the Dutch Minister. I had a most entertaining luncheon, as he was as amusing and agreeable as ever.

The Queen returned to Buckingham Palace immediately after luncheon, and we got there by three o'clock. We came to Slough in Her Majesty's carriage, and afterwards dined with her. The Queen did not appear at all tired, and both she and the Prince were very much gratified by their reception and the way everything went off. I always prefer being in waiting when there are no visitors, as then we see so much more of the Queen; she asks after you and papa nearly every day.

*Windsor Castle, October 30, 1844.*—I am just come up to my room from a most agreeable and entertaining breakfast. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Ellenborough have been talking the whole time, telling us all sorts of funny and interesting anecdotes, and sending us all into fits of laughter. I hardly ever saw Sir Robert so well, or in such high spirits, and he was so amusing. In the first place, he told us that the other day, when the Queen went to the City, the Lord Mayor put on a huge pair of jack-boots over his shoes and stockings, to keep the mud off. Unfortunately, the boots were too tight; so when the Queen was approaching by no possibility could he get them off. One of the spurs caught in the fur trimming of an alderman's dress, and the Lord Mayor stood with one leg out whilst several men were tugging at the boot to try and get it off! In the meantime the Queen was coming nearer and nearer, and when she was only a few paces off the poor Lord Mayor was in an agony, with one boot off and the other on. At last, Sir Robert said, he got quite beside himself, and shouted out, 'For God's sake put my boot on again!'—(A boot! a boot! My mayoralty for a boot!)—and, sure enough, he only just got his boots on in time, and had to wear them till after the banquet, when he made one more successful attempt to divest himself

of them; but the scene at Temple Bar must have been most truly ludicrous. Then Sir Robert told us he once dined at a large Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall, and sat next a famous Alderman Flower, whilst Mr. Canning sat on his other side; and he heard Flower remark to Canning, 'Mr. Canning, my Lord Ellenborough (the Lord Chief Justice) was a man of uncommon sagacity.' So Canning bowed assent, and said he believed he was; but asked what gave rise to the observation at that moment, upon which Alderman Flower answered, 'Why, sir, had he been here he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of those five haunches of venison!'

This anecdote reminds me of a funny story I heard some years later. — who was perfectly bald, but never wore a wig, was dining at the Lord Mayor's, when the aiguillette of one of the footmen's State liveries caught in the wig of his neighbour, and whisked it off. A waiter, seeing the wig on the floor, looked round for the baldest head, and, to his extreme disgust and annoyance, pitched it upon poor —!

I was quite delighted when I heard yesterday that Lord Ellenborough was coming to Windsor. He remembered me perfectly, and I reminded him of our pleasant visit to Southam some years ago, and the beautiful bouquet of moss roses he gave me then. I cannot say his looks are improved by his stay in India; his hair is very grizzled, and his face not yellow, but red. He told me that though he was never ill there, he never felt well; but he went out determined to die rather than consult a doctor, as he had no confidence in any out there, and felt convinced they would kill him. Soon after his arrival at Calcutta he sent a medical man, at one o'clock, to a friend who was ill, and when he saw him at dinner-time he inquired how his patient was, and was told he had died at three; so from that moment Lord Ellenborough made up his mind to have nothing more to say to the faculty at Calcutta, and he actually went to Gwalior without any doctor on his staff.

Sir Robert and Lady Sale are coming here in a day or two; so I shall have seen many remarkable people this waiting. Lord Ellenborough told us one more funny story *à propos* of

a Lord Mayor's dinner. The Duke of Wellington was called upon to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, whom he had never set eyes on, and who happened to be a very plain, wizened little woman, when to his extreme surprise the Duke in his speech called her the model of her sex. After dinner he could not resist saying to the Duke, 'How could you call that ugly little creature the model of her sex?' The Duke laughed and said, 'Ha! ha! What the devil *could* I call her? I had never seen her before.'

*Windsor Castle, October 31, 1844.*—Sir Robert and Lady Sale arrived here yesterday, and I have been greatly interested in seeing and talking to them. Sir Robert took me in to dinner last night, and I conversed with Lady Sale all the evening; and she gave me many interesting particulars of her extraordinary life. She does not look like a heroine; she is tall, and very thin, rather a plain woman, with a good open countenance, and her manners are very simple and unaffected. Sir Robert is stout, and has a comical expression; he talks of cutting men down as if they were nettles. Lady Sale told me it was impossible to describe or conceive the fearful hardships they suffered in the dreadful and disastrous retreat from Cabul. When she left that place she wore a cloth habit, which got wet the first day, and from the intense cold became one sheet of solid ice, and for nine days she was never able to take it off. After Akhbar Khan took them prisoners, they were all huddled together, sometimes forty in a small hut, and packed so close she was obliged to ask whoever was next her to get up before she could turn. She was wounded in the arm the second day's march; the ball went in just below her elbow, and came out at her wrist; she showed me the large scars, and she had three other shots through her habit, but they did not wound her. A Dr. Price extracted the ball, and the first thing she saw the following day was his dead body lying stripped in one of the fearful defiles so graphically described by Lieut. Eyre, where our people were literally slaughtered like sheep, without being able to make the smallest resistance. Lady Sale's daughter, Mrs. Sturt, was confined during their imprisonment,

and Lady Sale fortunately got hold of one of the chiefs in a good humour, who allowed her to have a little tiny room separated from the other prisoners, but without either air or light ; and there her poor daughter was confined, without any medical assistance whatever ; and, wonderful to relate, the baby, a girl, not only lived, but became a fine healthy child. They were often twenty-four hours without food, and Lady Sale said she remembered perfectly that after one of these long fasts they brought in a large dish of rice with sheep's tails in the middle, over which they poured a quantity of liquid fat, neither more nor less than tallow ; and it was so filthy that, though she was nearly starving, she *could* not swallow it. They generally slept in the open air on the snow, the weather bitterly cold, but luckily there was no wind ; they each had a sheepskin, upon one-half of which they slept, and the other half was wrapped round them. She was ten months in captivity, and besides the constant danger she was in of being murdered, she ran the most extraordinary risks from the difficulties and dangers of riding over uninhabited places where there were no roads, but frequent earthquakes. Once she was what they used to call ironing some clothes ; that is to say, after their things had been dipped in a river, they spread them out on the top of the flat roofs of the houses, and patted them till they were dry. She was busily employed in this manner, when suddenly the roof she was on began to shake, and she had just time to jump off on to the roof of the next house when it fell in, she having left her daughter in the room beneath. She said it was impossible to describe the agony of that moment, for she thought her daughter must be killed ; and she rushed down below, where, to her inexpressible relief, she found that, by God's mercy, Mrs. Sturt had just had time to escape.

Akhbar Khan pretended all the time to be her friend and protector, and he once asked her whether he could do anything for her ; so she asked for writing materials, and said she wished to write to her husband, and hear from him. Akhbar Khan gave her permission, but said that all letters must pass through his hands, which they accordingly did ; and sometimes he sent

her a message to the effect that he had got letters for her, but was in a bad temper, and therefore he should not let her have them. He now and then tortured people who offended him by tearing off their nails one by one, feet as well as hands; and he also tortured with the boot, like that which was used in the time of the Inquisition. Akhbar flattered himself that as long as Lady Sale was in his power Sir Robert would not fight against him, and he was much discomposed when he found that this fact only increased Sir Robert's energy and courage. Once when a messenger arrived announcing the defeat of some of his troops, Lady Sale was present, and Akhbar remarked a slight expression of pleasure and triumph on her countenance, so he asked her what she was laughing at. Of course she said nothing; but he said he knew she was laughing at him, and that she was just as great a devil as her husband.

Sir Robert told me he never thought his wife would be sacrificed, because the Afghans will do anything for money, and he knew they considered her like a bale of valuable goods, which they were determined to make the most of. He heard that one man had great influence with Akhbar, so he sent for him and bribed him with 10,000 rupees to get his wife and daughter released. The man said he had no influence, but his mother had, for she had nursed Akhbar Khan, and in that country if the wet nurse takes hold of her foster child's beard, he is bound by the law of the land to grant her request, whatever it may be. When the Afghan saw the money he said he would try and do his best, and left the camp an hour after. He remained away a week, which Sir Robert considered a bad omen; and when he returned he said his mission had failed, for that Akhbar would sooner part with all his other prisoners than he would with Lady Sale, for he thought she was the only hold he had upon her devil of a husband!

The Queen sent for me when I had written thus far, and I have been with Her Majesty upwards of three hours. She has been sitting all the time—first to Gibson for her bust, and then to Thorburn, who is doing a beautiful miniature as a pendant to the one of the Prince you have so often heard me admire.



It did surprise me to see the Queen's exemplary patience, for sitting such a number of hours must be very fatiguing, and a great bore; but I liked watching the progress of the work, and the Queen talked a great deal, and was very agreeable. I asked Her Majesty to let me see the album of the Eu drawings, given her by Louis Philippe, and she immediately sent for it. It is a splendid book; large folio, and rather difficult to handle; but some of the drawings are beautiful, and so very exact they are most interesting. I received my orders yesterday to attend the Queen to Burghley on the 12th.

*Windsor Castle, November 5, 1844.*—Such a beautiful statue arrived here yesterday from Rome, a full length figure of 'Penelope,' by Wyatt, standing in a pensive attitude, with one hand on her heart and the other holding a crook, with a fine dog looking up in her face. The drapery is exceedingly graceful, and the expression of her beautiful countenance very lovely but sad. The Queen is much pleased with it, and it is considered Wyatt's best work. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Clarendon, and the Ashleys are here. The Duchess of Bedford has asked me to go to Woburn with the Normanbys whenever I like. She is very kind. Lord Clarendon is charming, and so very agreeable. We sat a long time at breakfast this morning, and he was so comical, he kept us all in roars of laughter. He has the quaintest, driest, and cleverest way of saying sharp things. Yesterday they wished to see the Royal children; and as they are generally with the Queen when Her Majesty passes through the corridor after luncheon, Lady Portman asked Lady Clarendon to wait a few minutes in the oak-room till the Queen came; so Lady Clarendon told her lord not to go away, as they were to see the children; and he, not having heard the arrangement, said in the gravest manner: 'What! an audience through the keyhole; eh, Katty! how satisfactory!' Last night we were talking of the value of time and punctuality, and he remarked that Lady Clarendon had so little notion of either, that had it not been for him she would now have been in the year 1842; so that in point of fact he considered he had already added two years to her life since

he married. This morning he has been telling us about their tour in Germany, which was most amusing.

*Windsor Castle, November 7, 1844.*—There was a household dinner yesterday, but at half-past nine the Queen sent for us to play, and we remained in her room till half-past eleven. Her Majesty and the Prince played a great many duets to us, and the Queen has lent us some of her books to look over. No one could be kinder or more amiable than Her Majesty has been, and I have seen so much more than usual of her this waiting, which makes such a difference; and this is the reason I always prefer being in waiting when none of the Queen's relations are staying here.

*Windsor Castle, November 8, 1844.*—We had such a gay evening last night, for after dinner the Queen began polkaing with Countess Wratislaw, and made her give a regular dancing lesson. We afterwards played a new German game, and then another of my accomplishments was brought into play, for the Prince began spinning counters, so I took to spinning rings, which you know I am an adept at doing, and the Queen was delighted. It always entertains me to see the little things which amuse Her Majesty and the Prince, instead of their looking bored as people so often do in English society. The Queen supplied me with her different rings, and gave the history of each. One, a small enamel with a tiny diamond in the centre, the Prince gave her the first time he came to England, when he was sixteen. Another beautiful emerald serpent he gave her after they were engaged. The next, the Queen said, 'was my wedding ring,' which she has never taken off; and yesterday, when a cast was taken of her hand, Her Majesty was in an agony lest the ring should come off with the plaster.

*Windsor Castle, November 9, 1844 (the Prince of Wales' Birthday).*—I am just returned from such a pretty little review of the Guards and Blues in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday. It was such a lovely sight, for luckily the day was very bright and warm, like May. The Queen and Prince stood out with their three children whilst the troops marched past, presenting arms, and afterwards fired a *feu de joie*. The children

behaved so well, and I am sure the soldiers must have been pleased at getting such a good view of them, as they marched by quite close. The Princess Royal was the only one who appeared a little frightened at the firing, and towards the end, when the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' she thought, poor child, that it was going to begin again, so she put her little hands up to her ears, which shocked the Queen dreadfully. I never did see such good children, even little Princess Alice stood all the time and never moved—the group was a very pretty sight.

Admiral Sir William Parker came here yesterday. He is just come home from China, and has been giving us an entertaining account of the Chinese. He spoke in such very high terms of George Wellesley, and said he considered him not only one of the best and most honourable officers, but one of the best men in the navy, so he could not conceive why he had not been promoted long ago. Sir William wrote to Lord Haddington about him, but added he did not like to press the point too much for fear people should think he did so on account of George Wellesley being a nephew of the Duke of Wellington; so, so far from this being any advantage to him, it was rather the contrary. Last night the Queen asked me whether I could dance a reel, and though the other ladies could not, we danced one *con amore*. It was very amusing, and made the Queen laugh heartily. I never remember seeing Her Majesty in such high spirits; she told us a great deal about her visit to Scotland and Blair Athol, which she evidently delights in; indeed, she says there is nothing like the Highlands. She was out deer-stalking one day for nine hours, not allowed to speak above a whisper, and had to hide among the rocks and heather for fear of disturbing the herd. It was so interesting to hear Her Majesty describe it all herself, and say how much she enjoyed it.

We had another long interview with the Queen and the Royal children in the corridor; the Prince of Wales was dressed in a kilt, and looked so pretty. He is really a beautiful boy, with such a sweet expression in his large eyes. You would have laughed at seeing me teaching the Queen and Princess

Royal how to make a little stuffed mouse run over their hands as if it were alive.

*Buckingham Palace, November 12, 1844.*—The servants left this morning at 5 A.M., and there was a question whether we should get up at four or do without our maids and things; so like a true Liddell I preferred three hours more bed to my dressing-box, and the housemaid helped me to dress. We got back from Drury Lane at eleven last night. We saw Auber's Opera of the 'Siren,' and some of the music is pretty. The 'Fair Maid of Ghent' was the ballet, and there was a famous danseuse Dumilatre. Mr. Bunn very improperly, and against orders, gave out that the Queen intended honouring the theatre with her presence; so there was a very full house, and a tremendous row for about ten minutes because Her Majesty declined going forward. The audience would not allow the opera to go on, so at last the National Anthem was played, and the Queen stood up and showed herself. Her Majesty was immensely cheered, and though the manager was to blame, it is right and natural that people should wish to see, and as they think, do honour to their Sovereign, and so one does not like their loyalty to be repressed.

I had such a nice *tête-à-tête* drive with the Queen yesterday to Kensington and Gloucester House. The dear old Duchess called me in and was so kind. She asked affectionately after you and my father, and spoke to the Queen in the highest terms of my brother Augustus Liddell.

*Burghley, Tuesday, November 12, 1844.*—We had a very prosperous journey here, though the weather was dull and wet, but very mild. We reached Weedon at twelve and Northampton about half-past twelve. There the reception was beautiful; a multitude of people, but on the whole a well-behaved and very enthusiastic mob. The streets were decorated with flags and banners, there were a great many triumphal arches and evergreens everywhere, and the yeomanry and tenants met us eight or ten miles from this place, and escorted Her Majesty—such an immense body of them, even larger than at Belvoir last year. It was getting dark when we arrived, but I could just

see the outline of this beautiful mansion, the interior of which is magnificent. We only passed through the drawing-room, as the Queen retired to her apartment immediately, so I just saw the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Willoughby, and Lady Charles Wellesley. I have got a lovely little room next Lady Portman's, and close to the Queen's rooms. All fitted up with blue satin and quantities of pictures. The view of the bridge, which is illuminated, is so pretty.

*Burghley, November 13, 1844.*—I have been drawing to-day, as the Queen desired me to try and sketch the inner Court, but it is a difficult architectural drawing, which requires real care and precision, and I fear I shall not have time to make anything of it. I sat between Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley at dinner, and have been talking to the latter all the evening—he is so very entertaining. It rained nearly all day, so we could not go out, but there is so much to be seen inside the house, and such fine pictures. It is really a magnificent place. Lord Exeter has got the ancient patent, and it is spelt Burghley.

*Burghley, Thursday, November 14, 1844.*—The weather to-day has been very bright and fine. We went out in an open carriage after luncheon, and the Queen drove twice through Stamford. The old town looked so bright and pretty, with banners and flags waving out of every window. There was a large concourse of people, and they behaved very well. I was in the second carriage with Sir Robert Peel (who was heartily cheered), Lord de la Warr, and Lady Thomas Cecil. After leaving Stamford we drove to Lord Exeter's paddocks to see his racehorses, and a beautiful old house Wodrop, which was built at the same date as this, but is now in ruins. Lord Exeter told us it was originally built for the family to go to once every year whilst Burghley was being swept! When the Queen came back from driving she went to the front of the house, and planted an oak tree, and Prince Albert planted a lime. There is to be a great ball to-night, to which all the neighbours for miles round are invited, and some are coming above forty miles! Yesterday, when the Queen went through the house, we had to pass through ——'s room, and lo! his best wig and whiskers

were put out on a block on the drawers. Luckily, — was not with us, it was such a funny incident.

We are to leave this a quarter before nine to-morrow, and hope to arrive at Windsor about six. The visit has gone off very well, and I think the Queen has enjoyed it very much. I like accompanying Her Majesty on these occasions, and they are interesting to look back to.

*Windsor Castle, Saturday, November 16, 1844.*—We arrived here about seven o'clock yesterday, having had a prosperous, though rather a long day's journey. We left Burghley at half-past nine, but the roads were so heavy and the poor horses so knocked up with the quantity of work they have had lately, that the Queen had to slacken the speed of her horses, as the other carriages could not keep up; and as it was we waited some time for Her Majesty's dressers at Weedon, since the Queen objected to leaving them and all her things to follow by a later train. There was again a very large concourse of people at Northampton, but I do not think the crowd was so great as it was last Tuesday. We passed Boughton, which seems an ugly, though very large house; the great peculiarity of the place is the immense extent of avenues in all directions. We were told there are nearly one hundred miles of avenue, and one of the owners of the place bought just enough land to make them without in the least caring to have the property on either side. But this gives the appearance of great extent, and the trees are now very fine; but the country we passed through was flat and uninteresting. We saw one very pretty old cross like the one at Waltham, which marks the spot where Queen Eleanor's body rested. The ball at Burghley was rather dull. The Queen did not dance herself, but looked pleased and gracious, and most of the evening the guests passed by as they do at a drawing-room. I did not know many people, but danced with Lord Burghley, Mr. Clive, and Lord Lovaine, and was engaged to do so with Lord Granby and Lord Brooke, but the Queen went to supper at twelve; and though she asked me whether I should like to return to the ball-room after it, I preferred going to bed, as I had to get up so very

early next morning, and I had had quite enough standing! Lord Lovaine took me in to dinner last night, and I thought him very clever and agreeable. Generally speaking, I have only seen the Cabinet Ministers to speak to, so very soon I shall not condescend to speak to any one who is not a Prime Minister; and as I know you are anxious about seeing some young men at Ravensworth, I have invited Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham to come there, so I hope you will be satisfied!

*Windsor Castle, November 19, 1844.*—We had another charming evening with the Queen and Prince last night in their private apartment, and played till eleven o'clock.

These practices must be very improving, and it is fortunate that Matilda Paget and I read music with facility; for we generally have to play overtures and classical pieces at sight. Last night we played Beethoven's 'Septuor;' and the Queen observed it was quite a relief to find when we came to the last bar that we were all playing together, for had any of us gone wrong it would have been rather difficult to find one's place again! I enjoy nothing so much as seeing the Queen in that nice quiet way, and I often wish that those who don't know Her Majesty could see how kind and gracious she is when she is perfectly at her ease, and able to throw off the restraint and form which must and ought to be observed when she is in public.

## CHAPTER VI.

My Marriage—Letter from the Queen—Departure for Russia—Hamburg, Lubeck; arrival at St. Petersburg—Society—My Presentation at Tzarskoe Selo—Death of my Mother, Lady Ravensworth—Bear Shooting; Accident to the Hon. Henry Elliot—Anecdotes.

THE Hon. John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, who was then Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. Petersburg, was at home on leave. I had met him two years previously at Belvoir; but had almost forgotten him, when one day he came to call at Percy's Cross. My mother was out, and I was sitting in my own room, when I got a message from my father desiring me to come down-stairs.

I found him talking to a gentleman, and when I entered he said to me, 'Georgy, don't you recollect Mr. Bloomfield?' My father was anxious to finish some letters for the post, and desired me to show Mr. Bloomfield the garden; so we took a walk together, and from that moment his intentions were very evident, as he took every opportunity of meeting me and showing me attention. Our marriage was settled on July 26, just after I had resigned my appointment at Court, in consequence of my dear mother's delicate state of health, not having then the least idea of marriage. I wrote to the Queen to announce my engagement to Mr. Bloomfield, and received the following kind letter of congratulation from Her Majesty:—

'Osborne, July 29, 1845.

'MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,—I received this morning your kind letter announcing your marriage with Mr. Bloomfield, which has surprised us most agreeably. I do not think you



guilty of any inconsistency, and we only hope you will be *as* happy through a long life as *we are*; I *cannot* wish you *more* than this. I highly approve your choice, having a high opinion of Mr. Bloomfield; and I shall be much pleased to have, as the wife of my representative at St. Petersburg, a person who has been about me, whom I am so partial to, and who I am sure will perform the duties of her position extremely well. I pity you much for the painful separation from Mr. Bloomfield to which you will be subjected. Once more repeating our sincere wishes for your happiness, and with our kind regards to your parents, who we hope are better,

‘ Believe me,

‘ Always yours affectionately,

‘ VICTORIA R.’

My engagement to the only son of one of their oldest and most attached friends gave my parents the greatest satisfaction, and my dear mother would not hear of the marriage being postponed, or of my failing in what she considered my first duty—viz., accompanying my husband, who was compelled to return to St. Petersburg. Had I been aware of my dear mother’s danger, nothing would have induced me to leave her; but the doctor held out hopes, which, alas! proved delusive, of her living a considerable time, so I was married at Lamesley Church, co. Durham, on September 4, by my brother Robert; and we spent our honeymoon at Whitburne Hall. On the 11th we returned to Ravensworth, and stayed there till the 16th, when we went to Kingscote, Beckett, Woolwich, and Windsor, where we took leave of the Queen previously to going to Russia. Thursday, October 2, we sailed on board the ‘ Lightning ’ for Hamburg. Lord Bloomfield, Mr. Woolwych Whitmore, Miss Ellen Sheppard, and the Rev. James Connolly, Lord Bloomfield’s chaplain, accompanied us to Gravesend, where they took leave of us; and I was fairly launched on the voyage of life. We reached the Nore at 6 P.M., where we saw the ‘ Eclair,’ which was then in quarantine, with the yellow-fever on board. The wind was fair, and the sea perfectly calm. On

Friday, the 3rd, we made the Texel, and Saturday morning, at 10 A.M., we reached Cuxhaven, and arrived at Hamburg at five that afternoon.

The banks of the Elbe are flat and uninteresting till within about twelve miles of Hamburg, where the left bank rises, and is prettily covered with villas and gardens belonging to the rich merchants, who reside there during the summer months. We were struck with the amazing quantity of wild fowl which frequent the marshy islets on the Elbe. When we landed at Hamburg, we went straight to call on Colonel Hodges, the British Chargé d'Affaires, who accompanied us to Streit's Hotel, where he had taken rooms for us. Sunday, the 5th, we attended the English church, walked about the town, and dined with Colonel Hodges, where we met two old colleagues of my husband's, M. Kaiserfeldt, the Austrian Minister, and M. Bille, the Danish Minister. On Monday we went to some excellent shops, and drove in the afternoon, with Colonel Hodges and M. de Bille, to a famous garden about five miles out of the town, belonging to a Mr. Booth, a Scotchman, who is celebrated for his fine collection of orchids. Among other hot-house plants, I particularly remarked the *Aphelandra aurantiaca*, the *Diplodonia crassinoda*, the Chlorodendron, and a splendid scarlet passion flower, called *Ratzimosa*. Tuesday was a very wet day; but we took a walk, and dined with Colonel Hodges, where we met Lord Brooke and Mr. Repton (who had just returned from a tour in Sweden and Norway), M. and Madame Wrangel, Mr. and Mrs. Swaine, M. Bacherach (a Russian), M. Bille, and M. Kaiserfeldt.

Colonel Hodges was intimate with Lord and Lady Clanricarde. One year he had arrived in England from Hamburg, when he met Lady Clanricarde out driving. She stopped her carriage to speak to him, and when he inquired after her husband Lady Clanricarde pointed upwards, and said, 'He is there!' Colonel Hodges fancied for a moment that she meant Lord Clanricarde was dead; but, raising his eyes, he saw a balloon just passing over their heads at that moment, which contained Lord Clanricarde!

Wednesday and Thursday were very wet. I sketched one of the Hamburg flower-girls, whose dress was exceedingly picturesque, and consisted of a large, round straw hat, with a tight black cap underneath fitting close to the head, with two large bows and black ribbons behind; an embroidered jacket, with a plain cloth one over it adorned with silver buckles, and a little red trimming; a dark petticoat, an apron, bright blue or purple stockings, and black velvet shoes.

*Friday, October 10.*—We left Hamburg at 10 A.M., and posted to Lubeck, about forty-five miles, where we arrived at three. It never ceased raining the whole day; but we nevertheless visited the two principal churches, the Dom and the Maria Kirche—both very interesting, though the finest monuments are in the latter—and we saw Holbein's curious picture of the 'Dance of Death.' We also saw a beautiful old room in the Town Hall, the walls of which were entirely covered with carvings in wood and ivory. It was made early in the sixteenth century, by one of the Lubeck merchants, and is considered one of the curiosities of the place.

*Sunday, October 12.*—We attended divine service at the Maria Kirche, and I was much struck with the eloquence and fervour of the preacher. His dress reminded me of the pictures of the Reformers; he wore a black gown and very large ruffles. The organ was fine, and the singing would have been tolerably good, but for one old man, who had a most discordant voice, and screeched dreadfully out of tune at the top of his voice. The service consisted of two Psalms, then the blessing, Lord's Prayer, and sermon; after which there were several short extempore prayers, for different members of the congregation then assembled, for a woman after childbirth, for a minister about to be ordained, and for two ships which had left the harbour. Another Psalm was sung, and then the officiating minister went to the Communion-table, and chanted something we could not follow, after which the service ended. The Amens were very impressive, and the sermon, from our own Epistle for the day—the tenth verse of the sixth chapter of Ephesians—very good. It dwelt upon the importance of making religion part and

parcel of life ; beginning from the moment of our being made members of Christ's Church at our baptism, it should grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. If fostered in our childhood by our parents, when we are separated from them and left, perhaps, without any earthly guide, we should feel that we have a Father in heaven who has promised to watch over and protect those who flee to Him for succour, and enable those who trust in Him to 'fight manfully under His banner against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

After church we took a long walk round the environs of the town, which are very pretty. We began to feel anxious at the non-arrival of the 'Lightning,' which went round the Skaw, and ought to have reached Travemünde on Thursday.

*Monday, October 13.*—The weather was fine. We walked to the borders of the lake, and witnessed a glorious sunset. The town, with its fine churches and picturesque spires, stood out in rich purple against a golden sky; every tower was reflected as in a mirror on the still waters of the lake—not a breath of wind disturbed them; and the scene was so very beautiful we both gazed on it for some time in speechless admiration.

*Tuesday, October 14.*—We could hear nothing of our ship. The autumn was advancing; and, as my husband was in a hurry to return to his post, he decided that we must continue our voyage to St. Petersburg in the 'Naslednik,' the ordinary passenger boat between Travemünde and Cronstadt. All the best cabins were taken; so I had to content myself with a very horrid second-class cabin; and we sailed at 3.30 P.M.

The dirt, discomfort, and wretchedness exceeded all description; but, fortunately, the weather was bright and calm, and the wind fair.

*Saturday, October 18.*—We anchored at Cronstadt a little before 8 A.M., and, thanks to one of our fellow-passengers, Mr. Alexander Baird, who lent us one of his steamers—the 'Alexander'—we were enabled to leave the 'Naslednik' before the other passengers, and reached St. Petersburg before one o'clock. My first impressions of the Neva were very unfavourable. The

weather was cold, and the low banks looked wintry, with a sprinkling of snow. I was much struck by the curious appearance of the boatmen on the various boats we passed, all dressed in their sheepskins, fur caps, and enormous tan fingerless gloves. I thought they looked very savage; great was my delight and thankfulness when we reached our house, Dom Stroukoff, on the English Quay. Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of Legation, received us, and we found everything prepared, as the servants had been expecting us for some days.

In the afternoon I took my first drive round the town. I had left all my things—trousseau, jewels, and books—on board the 'Lightning,' which had not arrived; so I was forced to buy myself a few articles of dress. I was much struck with the town, especially the Winter Palace, Admiralty Place, and the churches: their size is very grand, and the costumes of the watchmen and moujiks amused me very much. The pavement was atrocious, and shook me to pieces; it was enough to break, not only every spring of one's carriage, but every bone in one's body.

Sunday and Monday passed without any tidings of our ship, and we began to get seriously anxious about her safety; but on Tuesday my husband rushed into my room with the welcome news that the Cronstadt boat had arrived, with the English flag flying from the mast-head—a sign that an English man-of-war had arrived at Cronstadt, and, as we knew no other frigate was expected, we felt sure our ship was come. We immediately sent down to the quay, and were delighted to see our kind captain, Mr. Petley, and our poor English housemaid, who had been left on board. We almost felt as if they had risen from the dead! They had an awful storm twenty hours after they sailed from Hamburg, which lasted for five days without intermission, during which the ship had to lie before the wind. The boat was damaged; there was a large hole in the boiler; and, unfortunately, the sea broke into the fresh water tanks, which had been left uncovered when the storm began; so for nearly five days the crew were without fresh water, and my poor housemaid was reduced to drinking some I had left in a

stone foot-warmer. She suffered dreadfully, and said she never expected to see land again, but had quite made up her mind that the vessel would go down. She declared she would rather be drowned than undergo another week of such suffering. Some of the sailors and the stewardess, who had gone on shore on the Sunday at Hamburg to amuse themselves, reproached themselves bitterly, and kept saying the storm was a judgment upon them for having so mis-spent the Lord's Day; so Mary said it had been a comfort to her in that dreadful moment to think she had not been of the party. After the storm subsided the captain had to put in to Egesund, a small Norwegian port, where he got some fresh water and provisions. As no steamers ever went there, the inhabitants flocked in great numbers to see the 'Lightning,' which reached Travemünde just sixteen hours after we had left it. All our goods and chattels arrived safely, and not much the worse, except that some of my books were stained with the salt water.

My diplomatic colleagues were Countess Bray *née* Dentice, the wife of the Bavarian Minister and the Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, Baroness Seebach *née* Nesselrode, Madame de Rantzau, and Countess de Rayneval *née* Bertin de Vaux, a very clever, agreeable, and accomplished young woman, and a good musician. I made the acquaintance of Countess Woronzow Daschkow *née* Narischkine, Countess Sophie Bobrinsky *née* Zamoiloff, who afterwards became my dearest friend, and who was certainly one of the most charming women I ever had the good fortune of knowing. She was an intimate friend of the Empress, and saw her constantly, but would never accept any official position at Court after her marriage, though she had been Maid of Honour to the Empress Elizabeth, the wife of the Emperor Alexander. Count Bobrinsky was a grandson of the Empress Katherine, his grandfather having been one of her favourites, and Count Alexis Bobrinsky bore a strong resemblance to the busts of the Empress. The L—— house on the quay was one of the finest at St. Petersburg, and was full of works of art and a fine collection of Egyptian curiosities. The L——s had only one son, and he was an inveterate gambler.

His father remonstrated with him, and after paying his gambling debts several times declared he would never do so again. Not long after the young man came and told him he had lost another large sum of money, and that he had made up his mind to blow his brains out unless it was paid. His father, thinking this was merely an idle threat, persisted in his resolution, and so the young man went up to his room and shot himself, to the dismay and despair of his unfortunate parents.

Madame L—— was a singular character. She gave very pleasant dinners, and we frequently dined at her house. After her death her son-in-law told me there was a dark room she kept the key of, into which no one had been allowed to enter for thirty years, in which she was in the habit of hoarding all kinds of things. After a dinner party she collected the candle ends, bonbons, &c. : she kept all the notes and letters she ever received, and very often put rouble notes of large value into them. She fancied she was so poor, she sometimes gave her grandchildren's nurse a few roubles to buy gloves, stockings, or a pocket handkerchief, whilst she had dozens of the most beautiful ones sent from Paris, which were all found tied up with the coloured ribbons they were sent in. There were three hundred pieces of silks for dresses, seventy pairs of stays, and in one corner of this den there was a crumpled old bandbox, which contained a magnificent parure of emeralds worth many thousands.

The Woronzow Daschkow's house was one of the finest and most beautifully furnished at St. Petersburg. At the small parties only the rooms on the first floor were opened. The walls and furniture were covered with the richest crimson damask, with velvet *portières* of the same colour; but I was struck by the apparent want of occupation, books, &c., in all the rooms; and when I was received in the morning I generally found the lady of the house sitting in a very dark room in a sort of bower of Oriental plants or ivy, evidently sitting up for company. The Russian ladies never appeared to occupy themselves, and their chief interest was the theatre; their first question invariably was, what plays I had seen. A

ball at Countess Levaschoff's was brilliantly lighted, and the rooms opened upon a beautiful conservatory, where a fountain was playing.

Baron Seebach took us to the best fur-shop in the Gastinadvor, or Bazaar. The old merchant made many bows and protestations of friendship, and showed us some magnificent fur, among the rest a lining of black fox worth 10,000 roubles. At that time the rouble was worth 3*s.* 2*d.* My husband gave me a handsome blue fox lining and sable collar, a beautiful sable boa and muff. He had to submit to an embrace from the merchant; but we were surprised on reaching home to find that the fur had been changed for some one-third less in value. We immediately sent to remonstrate, and our messenger returned with the fur we had chosen, and said it was a mistake; but no doubt one the merchant would gladly have profited by.

*Monday, November 3.*—The day was fine, so I took my first drive to the Islands. At this season they looked very wretched, like a succession of deserted tea gardens, and the roads were dreadful. On another day we drove to the Smolna convent. The church is an immense size, and the columns are all of white marble. Sir James Wylie dined with us. He was a remarkable man and quite a character; he was the Emperor Alexander's doctor, and always attended him throughout all his campaigns, and remained with him till he died. He told me he was the first person who saw the Emperor Paul after he was murdered, as he was sent for to embalm the body, and make it presentable. It is the custom in Russia for the bodies of members of the Imperial family to lie in state for some days previous to interment, and people flock in great numbers to see the corpse of a Czar, and kiss the hand.

*Wednesday, November 12.*—The ice began coming down the river in small quantities, and the bridges were removed. We were rather amused at hearing that a party had been invited to dine with the Grand Duke Michael, to eat some English mutton, which is considered a great delicacy at St. Petersburg. This turned out to be a poor sheep my father sent me, which broke its leg on the voyage from England, and had to be killed im-



mediately ; but which we could not use because the meat was bad, so it was sold by our cook to the Grand Duke's, as a great favour, but of course when the meat came to table it was not eatable !

I had a long conversation with Dr. Rogers about the state of the poor in Russia. Where the serfs had good masters, they were perhaps better off than the poor in England, but when they were oppressed they had no redress ; for even if they applied to the authorities the owner, by dint of bribery, generally got a decision in his favour, and then the unfortunate serf and his family underwent such persecution, that rather than run the risk of offending their owner, they preferred submitting to any hardship. In the southern provinces they suffered great privation, and Dr. Rogers said he had frequently seen them gather crab apples, which they dried, pounded, and mixed with a small quantity of meal. I heard a story which I believe to be quite true, which gives a sad picture of the serf in Russia. A nobleman had two sons, the eldest legitimate, the youngest illegitimate, but he greatly preferred the latter, and gave him a very good education. He had great talent as an artist, and was getting on very well, when his father died, and he then became the property of his elder brother, who hated him ; so he sent for him and told him he must leave St. Petersburg, and return to the plough in the interior of Russia. The wretched man in despair declared this would be his utter ruin, and that he was willing to pay any poll-tax his brother liked to impose upon him, if he might only be allowed to remain at St. Petersburg, and carry on his profession ; but the elder brother was inexorable, and said he did not want his money but his ruin, as he hated him, and so he had to go. Surely no human being ought to have such unlimited power over the life and fortunes of a fellow-creature.

There were a number of hospitals at St. Petersburg and Moscow, which were tolerably well managed, but in the provinces the poor were very badly off from the want of medical aid, and suffered very much from a low typhus fever.

*November 16.*—Having been summoned to Tzarskoe Selo,

we left home at twelve o'clock in our chariot with four horses abreast, and reached Tzarskoe Selo at two, the distance being about twenty versts (a verst is three-quarters of a mile). The road, which is flat, is very uninteresting, but wide and tolerably good, with rows of trees on each side. We passed one pretty village belonging to the Emperor. The houses were all built of wood, with gable ends and balconies, and all had double windows. A peasant's house in Russia is called an *Isba*. On arriving at the Palace, we were immediately shown to our apartments, which were on the second floor—handsome as to size, but wretchedly furnished, with just a bare table, a few chairs, and a very stiff uncomfortable sofa placed against the wall. There were three smaller rooms, and although we had been offered beds we were evidently not expected to accept the offer, as there was only one small single bed in the ante-room. By asking we succeeded in getting wash-hand stands. We called on Madame Baranoff, the lady-in-waiting, and then dressed for dinner. We were taken across the great Court in a Court carriage, and conducted to the Imperial apartments, where I met my Portuguese colleague, Madame Correa, who was also to be presented. The Emperor Nicholas and the Empress were at that time spending the winter at Palermo for the Empress' health, which was very delicate. Presently the Cezarewna, or Grand Duchesse Héri-tière, came in, and I was presented to her, then to her husband, the Cezarewitch, the Grand Duchess Marie, and her husband, the Duc de Leuchtenberg, and Prince Alexander of Hesse, the Cezarewna's brother. Immediately after my presentation we went in to dinner, and I followed the Imperial family, and sat next the Grand Maréchal de la Cour. There was a large Court, I should say about a hundred and fifty or two hundred people. I sat opposite the Cezarewitch, and a band played during dinner. After dinner we adjourned for a short time to the drawing-room, where I made the acquaintance of two curious old ladies, Madame Apraxine and Princess Dolgorouky, who had been maids of honour to the Empress Katherine, and accompanied her on her journey to the Crimea. They wore a number of decorations on their left shoulder. There were four maids of

honour in waiting; they wear the Imperial cypher in diamonds on a blue ribbon. A little before six we returned to our rooms, where I was glad to rest till nine, when having changed my dress, we returned to the Imperial apartment, and were conducted to a small theatre belonging to the Palace, where two French plays were acted. Mademoiselle Plessis, who was making a great sensation at St. Petersburg at this period, was the chief attraction. She was a fine actress, and reminded me a little of Mademoiselle Mars; but she was badly supported, and I did not admire either of the plays, which were 'Quand l'amour s'en va,' and 'Rodolph; ou Frère et Sœur.' After the theatre, supper was served at a number of little round tables, and I was placed at the Cezarewna's table; the Cezarewitch moved about, and spoke to the assembled guests. As soon as supper was over we took leave, and returned to St. Petersburg, which we reached about three o'clock A.M. Tzarskoe Selo is a fine Palace, the rooms occupied by the Imperial family are the same as those the Empress Katherine lived in, and are exactly in the same state as they were in her reign. The parquet was inlaid with mother of pearl, and very beautiful; and I was struck by some very fine specimens of amber. We saw the Cezarewitch's children, a nice little boy of about two years old, and his sisters. They were attended by English nurses. These are greatly preferred in Russia, and are generally bribed by the Russians to enter their service. A lady told me that a nurse who lived with her three years left to go to Princess B——, who gave her 70% per annum, besides quantities of presents; and one day when my informant was calling on the Princess, the nurse sent in to say she wished to have the carriage and four to take the child an airing! This request was immediately acceded to, and she was met walking down the great staircase attended by a footman!

Madame R——was married in the first instance to Prince ——, and after her marriage she informed him that M. de R—— was desperately in love with her, and that if he (her husband) would consent to a divorce, she would make him a handsome allowance. They consequently made an amicable

arrangement on these terms; she continued to be very good friends with her first husband, but married his rival!

Dining at the N——'s, I was rather surprised at the loud and eager way conversation was carried on at dinner. Parties were divided as to the merits of Pauline Garcia, the *prima donna* at the Italian Opera, and another artiste; the disputes which took place were quite ludicrous. I was talking with one of my colleagues, who told me she lived in a flat, and was astonished to find one morning that her stair carpet had been carried off in the night. The brass bars which fastened it down were scattered about, and the thief succeeded in carrying off his prize without being discovered. Whilst Lord Clanricarde was Ambassador, all his silver mounted harness was stolen. I was told that Christmas and Easter are the favourite seasons for stealing, as it is usual to make presents then, and consequently servants 'rob Peter to pay Paul,' and rob their masters, not so much for their own profit, as for that of their friends.

And now occurred the most painful event in my hitherto happy and prosperous life! My beloved mother, who had long been in failing health, died at Ravensworth Castle on November 22. I draw a veil over the intense grief this sad loss caused my dear father and all her children; but now, after the expiration of thirty-six years, I can truly say the death of such a wife and mother caused a blank in our family which has never been filled up, and as days and years roll by, we have realised more and more how irreparable was the loss of one of the most devoted and affectionate of mothers, and the best of women.

*Friday, December 21.*—We were alarmed at the smell of fire in my sitting-room, and on taking up the grate we found that a cowhide, which was always placed under the grate by way of precaution, was smouldering. The horrible smell it caused gave us warning, and probably but for this the house would have been in a blaze. One night, soon after my arrival at St. Petersburg, I was awakened by the fortress guns firing. I did not know what this meant, so I asked my husband, who said, 'Oh! it is nothing—only an inundation.' As my only idea of an inundation was the terrible one I had read of in the year 1826,

I was much alarmed, and suggested that we had better get up and prepare for the consequences; but was relieved at hearing that the guns were always fired whenever the Neva rose above the usual level. The second time they fire it is to warn people to remove their horses and cattle from the stables in the low parts of the town; the third time the inhabitants prepare for the worst, and lay in a supply of food. Almost every year the cellars of the houses on the quays are more or less flooded. My friend, Countess Bobrinsky, who lived on one of the canals at the back of the English quay, told me that during the great inundation in 1826, the rubbish cast against her house reached as high as the first floor, and that no less than eighteen bodies were removed when the flood abated. The cellars of the houses at St. Petersburg were frequently flooded during the winter, and the poor people who lived in them suffered greatly from typhus and other diseases caused by damp. The houses are built upon piles, and I was told that when the double windows are taken out in the summer they are numbered, but have generally to be refitted in the autumn, as the window frames have altered in shape! The quays are granite and very fine, but, partly from the bad foundation and partly from the action of the frost, the stones shift and are not exactly in place. During the severe frost my veil was frequently a sheet of solid ice, the horses and sledge drivers are covered with rime, and the snow is so crisp that it flies like dust and crunches under one's feet. Carriage wheels will scarcely turn. One day I went to write my name down on the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, and though my carriage was closed, and warmed with a hot bottle, the ink froze in my pen before I could write my name. That same day M. de H.— was skating in front of our windows, but had to walk home a short distance. He got very warm skating, but cooled walking, and when he got to his house his hat was frozen to his head, and he could not take it off!

The servants when I went to Russia were all serfs. Some of them paid as much as two hundred roubles per annum poll-tax to their owners. The moujiks lived altogether apart from

the foreign servants; in our house they had a small *entre sol*, which they kept excessively hot, never admitting a breath of fresh air during the winter, but they went out into the open air when there were many degrees of cold. The moujiks' rooms were never furnished, and I believe they slept on the floor wrapt up in their sheepskins. Their food consisted of cabbage, frozen fish, dried mushrooms, or rather toad-stools, called gribuï, stale eggs, and very bad oil. They mix these ingredients together in a pot and boil them, and this mess they greatly preferred to good food. When Lord Stuart de Rothesay was Ambassador, he wished to feed his moujiks like his other servants, but they declined eating the food the cook prepared for them. They wore a red shirt, loose cotton trowsers, boots outside their trowsers, a jacket and an apron, and they never undressed except once a week when they went to their bath, which was described to me as a large sort of flat oven, which is heated as much as possible, and then water is thrown over it, which causes a great steam. There are stages above this oven at various heights on which the bathers sit. The heat is intense, and causes profuse perspiration; but people will remain in it for twenty or twenty-five minutes, and then go out to the pump in the yard, where they pump on each other. This relieves the oppression in the head caused by the vapour, which often produces determination of blood to the head. Quite young children undergo this severe ordeal, though it frequently kills them.

It is curious how little the Russian minds the sudden transfer from intense heat to intense cold. A coachman will leave his room, which is unbearably hot, and sit on his coach-box for hours with impunity. The postilions, young lads, often go to sleep on their horses, and are sometimes frozen to death, but this generally happened after drinking spirits. Most of our moujiks could read and write, but were very ignorant and superstitious; they always crossed themselves whenever they passed a church, and observed the Lent and Advent fasts most strictly. During these they never touched animal food, not even milk, eggs, or butter. Our footman, Foky, was a very good man, and

always grew ostensibly thinner during these fasts ; the last week before Easter his stockings quite bagged on his poor shrunken legs. I frequently found him in my ante-room reading the Bible in Slavonic, but I believe he was better educated than most Russian servants, and he certainly was a very honest, respectable man. One day our Maître d'Hôtel came to me in despair, begging me to go and see the pantry and still-room, which were alive with bugs. Our under butler had married, and instead of staying at home to look after the plate, took himself off after our dinner, so our Maître d'Hôtel, without telling us, desired one of the moujiks to sleep in the pantry, and the result was what I have described above. When we went to evening parties our servants waited for us in the entrance halls, which were warmed. I seldom came home without finding two or three bugs upon me. Our coachman wore a caftan and a red sash, which was made of several rolls of scarlet cashmere. When this was worn out, he brought it to show our Maître d'Hôtel, and it was generally found to be full of vermin, though to look at him one would have thought our coachman one of the smartest men in St. Petersburg.

*January 3, 1846.*—I drove to the frozen meat market, which was a very curious sight. The animals, oxen, pigs, calves, sheep, poultry and game were all heaped one above the other, and presented a ghastly appearance. They are sold in immense quantities, and one meets sledges full all over the town ; and sometimes a soldier is seen with a sheep on his back. The meat and poultry are killed when winter commences, and sent up from the country in a frozen state ; and they are allowed to remain so until required for use, when the meat is unfrozen by being soaked in cold water ; it is then perfectly good, though rather tasteless, but if cooked before being properly unfrozen it is very bad. From the frozen market we drove for the first time across the Neva to the Fortress, and visited the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the Imperial family are buried. Their stone coffins are covered with black velvet palls bearing the initials of the deceased. The Church is handsome, and kept warm ; a lamp burns at each of the various altars, and there is

a large collection of the Standards which have been taken in battle. The walls on one side of the Fortress are washed by the Neva. It is the State prison, and a most dismal-looking place.

The Hon. Henry Elliot, Lord Minto's second son, who was Second Attaché at the Legation, had a narrow escape while bear shooting. Whilst separated from his companions he met a very large brown bear, and waited till the animal was only three yards off before he fired. The bear was wounded, but not killed, and Mr. Elliot had only time to drop his gun and receive him on a spear, with which a peasant had fortunately provided him, when the bear came upon him. The bear was mortally wounded, but the snow was so deep Mr. Elliot lost his balance, and fell on his back with the bear over him. He managed, however, to keep hold of the spear with his right hand, and with his left defended his head, which is what a bear always tries to attack first. The bear bit Mr. Elliot's left hand and arm; and when to release his arm he gave the bear a violent kick, the brute let go his arm but seized his leg, which he bit in several places; but he soon became weak from loss of blood, and to Mr. Elliot's inexpressible relief and satisfaction he died, not before he had inflicted six severe wounds and several smaller ones. The animal, which I saw, weighed 480 pounds, and the peasants declared that last winter it devoured a woman and severely injured a man. Mr. Elliot had hardly time to think of the risk he ran, but said he felt very uncomfortable for a few seconds—first, before he was quite sure that the spear had run through the animal's body, for it was so sharp it hardly met any resistance; and then when the bear seized his hand, he expected to hear the bones crunched, but luckily the wounds were all flesh wounds, though one was close to the bone, and another very near the artery. The accident happened about 100 versts<sup>1</sup> from St. Petersburg, and Mr. Elliot returned home the same night in an open sledge with 15° of cold, Réaumur; but so far from this having done harm, the doctor

<sup>1</sup> A verst is three quarters of a mile.



attributed his speedy recovery to this circumstance. Mr. Elliot told me he saw a great many wolf tracks, and in winter they even come within the barriers of the town. He mentioned one or two curious facts about these animals, viz. that if you come suddenly on a spot where wolves have been you will find that they are all huddled together, but on being approached they start off in different directions; but very soon the tracks lead to one point, and at last one track only is discernible. The wolf is a very sly animal, and a friend of ours, Mr. John Hamilton, who was a very keen sportsman, determined to try and catch one in a trap. He was astonished to find every morning that the bait had disappeared, but no wolf was caught; he found that the animal carefully trod in his own footsteps, and thus succeeded in carrying off the bait, so Mr. Hamilton, after setting his trap, lifted up the snow on which he had trodden, put his trap underneath it, and then replaced the snow. The next morning he found that this plan had succeeded, and the wolf was caught!

M. de Ribeaupierre came to see us, and related the following curious anecdote about a bear. Count Panin, who was M. de Ribeaupierre's intimate friend, was a great sportsman, and possessed a large property, about seventy versts from his château, where he went to shoot. Some years ago, in the month of September, M. de Ribeaupierre proposed paying Count Panin a visit at his château to celebrate his *fête* day. When the latter arrived, he found Count Panin was bear shooting, and for six successive days he had been following the tracks of two bears and their cubs without having an opportunity of getting near them. Count Panin received M. de Ribeaupierre's letter late in the afternoon, and being unwilling to return home without firing a shot, he still followed his game; and at last he heard a rustling in some bushes, and fancying it was a bear he fired, but as it was dark he would not venture into the thicket that evening, though he thought he heard moans. The next morning he returned to the spot; and there, sure enough, he found one of the cubs, which had been mortally wounded, but had dragged itself to a hollow tree,

and there expired. Count Panin put it upon a telega, or open cart, and returned home full speed, arriving at his château just in time to welcome Count Ribeaupierre. The latter had retired to his room, and was dressing for dinner, when Count Panin rushed in and said his gamekeeper had just informed him that a large bear had been seen in the park, and as they were unknown in that part of the country, Count Panin proposed that immediately after dinner they should sally forth and shoot it. Accordingly they drove to the spot indicated by the keeper, and Count Panin shot a large she bear, which proved to be the poor cub's mother. She followed the track of the cart which bore her young one through seventy versts of open country, at the same speed as the post horses. Such a curious instance of maternal love deserved to be commemorated, and Count Panin erected a monument to record this fact.

I have been told that my grandfather, Sir Harry Liddell, sent a hound by sea from Newcastle to London shortly after she had had puppies. The dog disappeared, and could not be found; but at the end of an incredibly short time she arrived at the kennel at Ravensworth a perfect skeleton, having run back 280 miles. The poor thing just got home, and then lay down and died!

## CHAPTER VII.

Extract of Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Trotter—Return of the Emperor Nicholas from Palermo—The Church of Nôtre Dame de Casan—Laplanders on the Neva—Emperor's Choir—Count Nesselrode—Russian Carnivals—The Thaw—Visits to the Corps des Mines and the Hermitage—Presentation to the Emperor Nicholas.

*St. Petersburg, January 27, 1846.*—The thermometer was twenty-two degrees below zero when I got up this morning. I do not go out when it is as cold as this, but it was below zero when I walked yesterday, and I was so well wrapped up I came in quite hot. I am so pleased at having got some hyacinths and myrtles, which make my rooms look bright and pretty. Certainly one never appreciates the blessings and comforts one enjoys so abundantly in England till one knows what it is to be months without them. Half a dozen plants here give me as much, and perhaps more pleasure than a large conservatory full used to do. I watch every bud and every leaf, and feast my eyes upon the only bit of green I have seen since I came here.

The hyacinths are not outrageously expensive, but I asked the price of a common laurel we wished to buy, and that was between six and seven pounds sterling, so this will give you an idea of their value here. Little pots of holly and ivy were equally expensive, so when you look out at your beautiful beds of evergreens think of me!

*St. Petersburg, March 30, 1846.*—I am happy to say the weather has been milder lately; but there is a great deal of sickness here, and the typhus fever is carrying off more people than the cholera did in '32. One day last week it is said 850.

people died of it, in a population of about 450,000. The upper classes are suffering very much from influenza ; but one cannot wonder at sickness raging when one sees the sanitary condition of the place. The filth and dirt, which have been accumulating for the last five months, and which is thrown on the canals, is unthawing, and must poison the atmosphere. The varieties of bad smells in the streets are anything but agreeable, and I am rather glad that a bad cold in my head, which I have had for the last five weeks, has deadened my olfactory nerves. The ice is still nearly two feet thick in the streets, but it is as hard as a rock, and the men employed in clearing it away have difficulty in breaking it up with pickaxes. No one, to see the streets, could believe they are ice, for they look quite black ; but you cannot conceive anything more atrocious than the state of the thoroughfares. They are full of immense holes, which threaten to upset the carriage every moment, and our good English springs get so terribly strained, that with five carriages of our own we have actually hired a Russian one for the time being.

*St. Petersburg, May 21, 1847.*—The plants you have kindly sent me arrived safely and in beautiful condition ; but I am afraid I shall not be able to plant them out till the middle of June. You can have no conception how backward everything is here this spring. Except three fine days we have had nothing but the most bitter weather, with sleet and snow showers, and there are scarcely any vestiges of vegetation as yet. I drove to the Islands to-day in an open carriage, but was very glad of my large fur cloak and hot water bottle. Everything looks arid and sapless. I suppose whenever the weather does change the burst of spring will surprise us, but I think the spring here is far worse than the winter. One can make up one's mind to severe weather in December and January, but the end of May, when the days are so long (it is quite light till past 10 o'clock P.M.) and the sun is powerful, one does look for something more genial than frost and snow, particularly after having had them uninterruptedly for seven months.

Thank God ! I am pretty well now, though so very thin my bones quite hurt me. I do long to get to the country, and

hope we shall be settled there soon; but moving is a great business, for one has to take out all one's comforts, and every single article of furniture for the bedrooms. We feel so entirely cut off from the rest of the world, and especially from our own people, that the hope of seeing any one from home is a great delight. Our last accounts from Ireland were a little less hopeless than they have been, and we trust the worst of the famine is nearly over, otherwise I really do not know what would happen; for our resources are well-nigh exhausted, and I cannot think what those landed proprietors who have nothing to depend upon but their rent will do. I had a very interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Connolly the other day. He says the people themselves admit that the curse of blood cruelly spilt had fallen on the ground. At a relief committee he attended, some men said, 'Badly we deserve all this from your reverence, for faith we were often told that it would be no harm to kill you and all like you, because you asked us to read your "Book;" but now we know that you loved us, and we wish we could have that Book to learn to love God as you do, and each other as you have often told us we should.' God grant these feelings may be encouraged and strengthened, and our poor fellow-countrymen raised from the abyss of moral and physical degradation and misery in which they have been so long.

The Emperor Nicholas returned from Italy on January 11. He travelled, as he always did, with extraordinary rapidity, spent Christmas Day at Warsaw, and came on to St. Petersburg without stopping. He rested for three hours after his arrival, but attended the parade of the guards at eleven o'clock, after which he walked about the town and paid a number of visits. His activity was really remarkable. On the 13th H.I.M. received the gentlemen of the Corps Diplomatique; shook hands with my husband, and said, with reference to his marriage, which had taken place since last they had met, 'Ah! so the event which caused us so much anxiety has taken place.'

During the Carnival masked balls occur frequently, and the Emperor always attended these, and often heard some very

home truths. We were told that a gentleman of our acquaintance was rather making up to two ladies who were great friends, so they determined to puzzle him, and take it by turns to attend the masked balls, always telling each other what took place. As they were about the same height, dressed alike in a domino, and imitated each other's voices, the man was thoroughly taken in. On the last night of the Carnival he implored his partner to reveal her name, but this she positively refused to do, but promised him a rendezvous at Gatchina the following evening. Instead, however, of going there herself she sent her maid, and the gentleman, suspecting a hoax, sent his valet; therefore, these two, who were perfect strangers to each other, met, and the result was very ludicrous. The Russians consider it sinful to wear a mask, as they say that God made man's face, and he has therefore no right to conceal it; but, though wrong, they do it; and then, by way of washing away their sin, they jump into the Neva after the blessing of the waters on the Feast of the Epiphany, though the thermometer is then often many degrees below freezing.

The Bible is allowed in Russia, but it was published in Slavonic, which few people can read, and is very expensive. As late as the reign of the Emperor Alexander an ukase was printed forbidding a blessing to be carried in a hat. It seems that formerly when a Pope<sup>1</sup> was sent for to administer extreme unction, if anything hindered his going to the dying man he whispered a blessing in the messenger's hat, which was covered in his presence, and uncovered before the sick man, and this was supposed to convey a special blessing equivalent to the sacrament of extreme unction. When a baby was born, an icon, or image, with the head and hands painted, and the drapery in metal, was made the same size as the child, dedicated to the patron saint of the day of its birth, and hung up over the child's cradle. If the child died, the icon was often decorated with any jewellery which happened to have belonged to it, and sometimes they are richly decorated, and hung up as memorials in the churches.

<sup>1</sup> In Russia the priests are called Popes.

Some years ago a priest translated the Psalms and New Testament into modern Russian, but, as this work differed in some respects from the Authorised Version, the Emperor forbade its publication. We were told that an ambulating chapel had been sent to the Baltic provinces, and the Protestants were promised great privileges if they would join the Greek Church, which they did in great numbers; but it frequently happened that the men allowed themselves to be re-baptized, whilst the women and children remained Protestants. This caused great schism and distress in families, and after the peasants had joined the Greek Church the chapel moved on, and they were left without any religious instruction or means of worship, and found out too late that the promises on which they had relied were false; then, if they attempted to return to their own church, they were severely punished. Great distress prevailed in the Baltic provinces in the winter of 1845-6, and a number of poor people were starved to death. In the body of one man which was opened was found a quantity of leather, and in other cases the poor had mixed sawdust with their flour, which they could not digest. It often happened that the poor things left their homes and came to St. Petersburg in search of food. They walked several hundred versts, and the excitement kept them up during the journey, but they died in great numbers on arriving. On one occasion a woman walked 300 versts with her daughter, reached one of the hospitals where she would have found relief, but sank from want and exhaustion an hour after her arrival. The Russians are generous, and one day when we had a large dinner party, I received a letter from my mother-in-law, mentioning the sad state of a clergyman's wife in Sussex, who had been left a widow with a large family totally unprovided for, her husband having suddenly died of apoplexy. I was much impressed by this story, and happened to mention it to Count Nesselrode, who was sitting next me at dinner. He immediately said, 'Why don't you make a collection for the widow?' I answered, 'I had not thought of doing so, as I imagined the Russians had poor enough of their own to support.' However, he said, 'If you will make a collection, I

will give you a hundred roubles.' Encouraged by this offer, I mentioned the case to others, and had the satisfaction of sending home a cheque for one hundred pounds for the poor widow, to whom it came so unexpectedly that she quite felt it had been sent her by 'the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow.'

The gelinotte, a bird something between a grouse and a partridge, is common in Russia. Its plumage is grey, and it feeds principally upon the young shoots of the fir, which give the flesh a strong flavour of turpentine, but otherwise it is good. The peasants have a tradition that the gelinotte was once the largest and finest bird in the forest; but it rebelled against the Great Spirit, and in consequence was reduced in size, while a portion of its flesh was given to the black-cock, which remained faithful in its allegiance, and it is thus that the Russian peasants account for the difference of colour in a black-cock's breast. The double snipes in August and September are excellent, and afford good sport to those who are fond of shooting. They are so fat at that season that it frequently happens they burst in falling, and they are really delicious. I am ashamed to say we also often had young black-cocks not larger than quails, which were also very good, and the ortolans from the south of Russia were supplied in great quantities. There is no salt-water fish at St. Petersburg, as the Baltic is fresh, and the ships take in their supply of water at Cronstadt; but the water of the Neva is unwholesome. The best fish are soudac, séguis, sturgeon, and sterlet; the latter is very delicate and good. There are fish boats on the Neva, and fish is taken all through the winter, by breaking the ice when the fish come up to breathe, and are easily caught. The caviare at St. Petersburg, which is considered a great luxury, is infinitely better than one can get elsewhere, as it is eaten fresh, whereas it must be salted before being exported. Sturgeon were Imperial property, and a high tax was put upon them. The Russians are very fond of a fish-soup, which is made of beer, fish, cucumbers, and various herbs. I thought it rather nasty, but the inhabitants relish it very much.



*January 24, 1846.*—The cold was very severe indeed—as much as 30 degrees of frost Réaumur, which is about 60 of Fahr. Breathing in such an atmosphere is painful, and makes one feel as if one were swallowing pins and needles. Long icicles hang from the horses' bits; the carriages make a crackling noise, as if they were passing over glass; and though the temperature indoors may be kept up to any heat, in the morning there was ice between the double windows, and I felt feverish and parched.

I heard a characteristic anecdote of the Emperor; viz. that when he was in Italy he found that the feld-jägers, or Government couriers, took longer time on their journeys than His Majesty considered necessary; and, on inquiry, it was proved that they were very much over-loaded with things for the different members of the Court, and carried all kinds of goods as well as despatches. To prevent the recurrence of this abuse, the Emperor now despatches the couriers himself, and the Ministers send their despatch-bags to him. There are terrible abuses in the Custom House; duty is so very high, every one tries to evade it in every possible way. It is well known that a rich Russian noble, who had a service of plate sent from England, asked leave to have it examined at his own house. This was granted; but the officer who was sent to examine it received a large bribe, and consequently reported it at one quarter of its real value. When General Count Benkendorf was Minister of Police, on returning home one night from his club, he found his pocket-book, which was full of rouble notes, missing. He accordingly gave the police notice of the fact, stating the sum he had lost. A few days after this sum was returned to him, without the pocket-book, which was reported lost; but in the meantime it had been found, notes and all, in his fur pelisse, having slipped down between the lining and the cloth. The police, to show their zeal and activity, had collected the money among themselves, and presented it to their superior officer!

*February 5, 1846.*—We visited the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame de Casan, the first stone of which was laid by the

Emperor Alexander in 1801. It is built in the form of a cross, and the interior is very magnificent, divided by a double row of granite Corinthian columns, with bronze bases and chapiters. The keys of the different fortresses taken by the Russians are kept there; and there is also a large collection of standards—among others I noticed some of the French Imperial eagles. Afternoon service commenced whilst we were in the Cathedral, which was attended by about fifty or sixty people of all classes, who approached the altar, where they remained alternately standing and crossing themselves, kneeling and touching the ground with their foreheads, whilst the priests chanted the service in a monotonous tone of voice. These priests were dressed in a simple black caftan; but presently another priest, attired in a magnificent cloth of gold cope, and carrying a silver censer, appeared, and walked about incensing the various pictures of saints. Afterwards a number of candles were lighted, the two large doors at the back of the altar were flung open, and showed a picture of the Assumption of the Virgin. During the whole time the priests continued chanting, but occasionally the one in the cope said something to which the others seemed to respond. At the end of a few minutes the doors were closed, and the service went on as before. There was no music, but the priests had fine voices.

The Czar always went to the Casan Church before commencing or when returning from a journey, and also when any great event occurred. He went without form or ceremony, knelt before the altar, and prostrated himself. There seemed no particular form of worship, the congregation either knelt or stood as they pleased; but no one is allowed to sit in the Greek Church. There were a number of small altars before the various pictures, and high up over the high altar there was a large representation of the Last Supper. No woman is permitted within the rails of the altar; and should such a thing occur accidentally, the church is considered desecrated, and must be re-consecrated. Both sexes partake of the Holy Communion, which is also administered to infants. The consecrated elements are on no account to be allowed to fall, so when an infant offers

opposition to taking them, its mouth is held open and the priest puts them down its throat. During parts of the service the words 'Gospodi, Gospodi Pamilui'—'Lord, have mercy on us,'—are repeated very frequently and rapidly by the deacons, sometimes forty times running, and the voices seem to rise in a sort of gamut.

*February 9.*—We went to see some Laplanders, who had established themselves with their reindeer on the Neva. They lived in a small hut made of hides, within which was a woman and child dressed entirely in fur, lying on a couch of the same. The men were excessively ugly, with very dark complexions, flat noses, and eyes which turned up at the corners. They are entirely clothed in fur, and wear a small skull-cap of the same. They drive in wooden sledges drawn by four reindeer, and fly along at tremendous speed, looking very wild. We also visited one of the fish boats, and saw a quantity of various kinds of frozen fish, immense sturgeon and sterlet from the Volga, perch, pike, smelts, cod, and a large flat fish. The large fish are sawn in half, and it was very curious to see them frozen as hard as stone. The caviare is kept in barrels, and the man offered us two little wooden sticks, like the Chinese chop-sticks, to partake of some, which I declined. The vegetables in Russia are generally preserved, but it is difficult to tell them from fresh.

*February 21.*—I went to a private rehearsal of the choir of the Emperor's chapel, and I was surprised and delighted with the beauty of the music, which certainly exceeded any I had ever heard. I only regretted that the music was performed in too small a room for the voices to be sufficiently appreciated; the effect would have been so much grander had I been at a greater distance from the choir. There were about eighty-six voices altogether, which was not the full complement; but with his usual magnificence, the Emperor sent twelve of the finest voices to Rome, that on her arrival there the Empress might have her own choir. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the voices, and their gradual swelling and decreasing was very striking. On another occasion, General Lwoff, who was himself a great musician, was ordered by the Emperor to superintend

the practising of the various choirs of the regiments of Guards quartered at St. Petersburg. This he did for a year and a half, and then invited me to come and hear them. There were six hundred and thirty voices, without accompaniment. The finest voices come from White Russia; but whenever any one throughout the Empire has an unusually rich voice he is engaged, and certainly I never heard such voices—from the deepest diapason bass to the highest tenor. Bartniansky's music is very impressive. The words are Slavonic; and those which are sung during the administration of the Holy Communion are in the following sense: 'Let us not approach Thee, O Lord, in this Thy holy sacrament, like the traitor Judas, who betrayed Thee with a kiss; but as the thief upon the cross, let us, with deep humility and unfeigned sorrow, confess our own sinfulness, and cry, "Lord, remember me."' "

The Emperor was very proud of his choir. The boys were dressed in a simple uniform, and we saw the preparations for their dinner. General Lwoff composed the Russian National Hymn, 'Boje Tsar Chrani;' and he told me that once he was travelling on the Rhine, when a brass band came and performed it very badly under his windows. His *amour propre* as the composer was so injured, that he sent for the leader of the band and told him that if he would bring him the score he would correct it, as it was all wrong. The man accordingly brought him the music, which he took pains to rectify, and then he made the men repeat it several times till they played it correctly, when he told them they might go; but the leader said he would not do so until he was paid one hundred francs,—that General Lwoff had kept them for two hours for his own gratification—though it was a matter of perfect indifference to them whether they played his composition right or wrong—and therefore he was bound to pay them the loss of their time.

I had a visit from Count Nesselrode, who but lately arrived from Italy. He was not a striking man, as he was very short, looked rather Jewish, and wore spectacles; but his conversation was very clever and animated, and his manner perfectly easy. He was delighted with his first visit to Italy, and also spoke

with much pleasure of the visit he paid to England two years ago. He is a most remarkable man, having been at the head of affairs in Russia for the last twenty-seven years, and before that he bore a distinguished part at the Congress of Vienna. He is particularly shrewd and clever, an excellent man of business, and altogether well fitted for the important post he filled. Count Nesselrode was christened on board an English frigate in the Tagus, and always considered himself a member of the Church of England. In Russia no official can receive his salary till he can prove that he has received the Holy Communion in whatever church he belongs to. Consequently, once a year, generally on Holy Thursday, Count Nesselrode, when Chancellor of the Empire and Minister for Foreign Affairs, used to attend the English Chapel on the English Quay, and receive the Holy Communion according to the forms of the Church of England, which, however, he never attended on other occasions, or, I believe, any other place of worship, though of course he had to be officially present at all the great ceremonies of the Greek Church. I remember his dining with us in January 1848, and his saying to me that no political event seemed of any importance nowadays, 'when public affairs are as regular as a sheet of music paper.'

Within a very few weeks after that the whole of Europe was in a blaze—revolution broke out in Prussia, Austria, and France. Louis Philippe was driven out of Paris, the Tuileries were sacked, and the Republic was declared. Well might one exclaim, Who can tell what a day may bring forth?

The intelligence of the projected marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg caused great pleasure to the Emperor.

The Prince met the Emperor at Vienna, and there he told him that though he (the Emperor) did not wish to influence his or the Grand Duchess's inclinations in any way, nothing would afford him greater satisfaction than seeing them united; and therefore he freely consented to the Crown Prince's intention of going to Palermo with a view of trying to engage the Grand Duchess's affections. The Prince accordingly went to Palermo,

where he met with a gracious reception from the Empress and her daughter, and at the end of five days he proposed and was accepted, to the great satisfaction of all parties.

The Carnival opened on Tuesday, February 22, 1846. The day was bright and fine—the first time it had been enjoyable for many weeks. The whole of the great Admiralty Place was filled with temporary booths and wooden theatres, circus, roundabouts, ice hills, &c. &c., for the amusement of the lower orders. The road opposite the Winter Palace was lined with carriages, which paraded in regular succession, most of them filled with children. Altogether the sight was gay and pretty, like a large fair. During the Carnival week people of all classes seemed quite demented, their one thought being how much amusement and dissipation they could crowd into it. The theatres were open morning and evening. Private parties began in the afternoon, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

The last party was given by H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, 'to bury the Carnival,' as the Russians said. Dancing commenced at three o'clock P.M. At six the company retired to dine and change their dress—they returned at eight; and though dancing should have ceased as the clock struck twelve, the guests did not retire till a late hour. During Lent the theatres are closed, no balls are given, and the fast was so strictly observed that the common people ate no meat whatever; and even the upper classes would not touch sugar which had been refined with blood, and put lemon instead of milk into their tea. Great sickness was caused by the sudden transition from feasting to fasting; and the food, which was very unwholesome, consisted principally of dried and often bad fish, decayed cabbage, dried fungus or gribuïs, which the Russians are very fond of. The consequence was, that there was a greater prevalence of fever during Lent than at any other season of the year; but this may also have been owing to the break-up of the frost, because during the winter all the drainage and offal of the town was thrown upon the canals. When these thawed the stench was dreadful; the streets during the thaw were in the most terrible state, as the ice, which was often several feet

thick, was broken up and left to melt, so it was almost impossible to drive either in a sledge or a carriage; and the roads were full of deep holes, which threatened to break not only every spring in our carriage, but every bone in our skin!

*March 10.*—We went to see Count Nesselrode's villa at Kamini Ostroff, and the Botanical Gardens. The flowers at the villa were in great beauty; the camellias, especially, were as fine as any I ever saw in England, and the greenhouses were beautifully arranged and very extensive. The houses in the Botanical Gardens were also very large, and we walked a mile before we had gone through them. The Gardens were created by Peter the Great; but after his death they were much neglected till 1822, when they were put into good order, and Mr. Fisher was appointed manager. He had the care of them for many years; but was only allowed 2,000*l.* a year for keeping them up, and had only twenty men under him. As there were above two hundred thousand plants in the collection, and these required constant attention, &c. &c., he complained that he had not hands enough to do the work properly. Some of the tropical plants were very fine, and a house was being erected for them two hundred and sixty feet long and sixty-seven high. There were not many flowers in bloom, and the collection is more scientific than ornamental; but I particularly admired the *Maranta sanguinea* and the *Narcissus augustifolia*, the *Primula nevalis*, and the *Acacia hertulata*. There was also a small bright purple azalea, called *Rodosa*, which was very pretty.

*March 20, 1846.*—We visited the Corps des Mines with Count Rayneval, our French colleague, who was a very clever, agreeable man. We looked over a very large collection of minerals, antediluvian remains, models, &c. &c., and were much struck by one fine nugget of gold which weighed eighty pounds. There was a large collection of uncut precious stones—emeralds, rubies, sapphires, beryls, and garnets—still embedded in the rock in which they were found. We descended to a subterranean passage, which is arranged exactly like the various mines in Russia, and the strata are accurately preserved. The head of the establishment afterwards pointed out to me some

of the most interesting models, among others the one which showed how the gold dust is separated from the sand in Siberia. The sand is placed in a long trough, underneath which there is a reservoir of water; this is admitted through cocks into different trays. Men are constantly employed in raking the sand, which is carried away by the water; but the gold dust sinks, and is carefully preserved.

*April 10, 1846.*—The ice on the Neva, which for some time had looked very black and porous, began to move. The stream first appeared in the middle of the river, and the next morning the ice was gone! None but those who have experienced it can know the delightful sensation of feeling that the winter is indeed over. The impracticability of moving during the winter months (there were then no railways in Russia) made me feel exactly as if I were in prison, and when the ice disappeared I felt as if the prison doors had been thrown open, and home became accessible. The river presented a most curious appearance. Huge masses of ice were floating down, some railed round looking like skating grounds; others, covered with heaps of snow, like small pyramids; and while at one moment the river was almost clear, at another it was blocked with pieces of ice of every variety of shape and size. When the ice breaks up, the Governor of the Fortress goes, according to an ancient custom, to the Czar, and presents a goblet of fresh water to his Imperial Majesty, who returns it filled with gold ducats. Then he rows down the river in his State barge to show that the navigation is safe, and shortly afterwards the ferry boats are seen plying in all directions; but they are never allowed till the Governor has crossed over the Neva from the Fortress. The ice lasts on an average one hundred and forty-six days, but this year, 1846, it only lasted one hundred and twenty. The season had been unhealthy. Typhus fever raged among the lower classes, and carried off more people than the cholera did; and instead of forty-six deaths, which is the average a day, as many as one hundred and forty died within twenty-four hours. The hospitals were so crowded the poor could not gain admittance; and I was told by Dr. Rogers that no less than fifty



cases were refused in one day, most of whom were in the last stage of disease—actually dying. The fever was first brought into the town from the provinces, where there had been a great scarcity of provisions. It was so catching, that all the attendants at the hospitals suffered from it more or less, especially the laundresses; but it was almost entirely confined to the lower classes. The upper classes suffered severely from influenza, which was so prevalent that very few persons escaped.

*Easter Eve, April 18, 1846.*—The weather has been bright during the last week, but bitterly cold, with sharp north-easterly winds. The ice began coming down from the Ladoga Lake; the Admiralty Place was again filled precisely as it was during the last week of the Carnival, for the celebration of Easter. I was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from attending the midnight Mass in the chapel at the Winter Palace. The Court all attend in full dress, the music is very fine, and the Czar embraces those present, saying, 'Christus vos Krest!' (Christ is risen), which is the Russian salutation on Easter Day. I was told that once the Emperor greeted the sentinel with those words who, to his astonishment, responded 'That is a lie.' On inquiry it turned out that the man was a Jew.

We went to the Woronzow Daschkow's to see a French play acted by amateurs, called 'Le Mari à la Campagne,' and 'La Fille à marier.' The players were Countesses Woronzow, Bray, Madame Salavoy, and Madame Orloff Denisoff, Monsieur de Jomini, Count Bylandt, and M. Albedinsky, who would all have done credit to any stage.

I visited the Winter Palace and the far-famed Hermitage, and was delighted and astonished at their splendour and size; but I was struck there, as elsewhere in this curious town, with the roughness and want of finish one sees at every turn. Splendid palaces over shops, shabby liveries, carriages and four with ragged postilions, noble stone staircases with dirty green baize carpeting, and a general appearance of dirt and untidiness which is distressing to an eye accustomed to English neatness and cleanliness.

We saw the collection of pictures left by M. Tatishcheff, late

Russian Ambassador at Vienna, to the Emperor, but they are most of them allowed to be copies, and not very good. We then proceeded to the Gallery lately constructed to contain the pictures of the Romanoff dynasty, from the first Patriarch who ascended the throne, to the present Emperor and his children; but their portraits were not completed. I was delighted with the works of art at the Hermitage, especially the Dutch school, which is the finest in the world, and rich in Rembrandts, Wouwermans, P. Potters, Teniers, Berghems, Van Osts, and Ruysdaals. The Italian school is much poorer, far from complete, and I doubt the veracity of some of the pictures said to be originals. Besides the pictures, there is a large collection of curiosities; among the rest some very ancient ornaments, gold chaplets, &c. &c., which were discovered in tombs in the Crimea. Some of the bracelets resembled in shape and make the Indian ornaments, and there was also a fine collection of gems, caskets, goblets, &c. &c. We saw lastly the theatre belonging to the Palace, where the Empress Katherine had private theatricals. It is now dismantled, and the Loges de Raphael are packed up in wooden cases. We saw a curious piece of German mechanism made during the reign of the Empress Katherine—an owl, a peacock, and a cock on a golden tree. The owl moves its head and eyes, and beats time with its claw to music played by bells. The peacock moves its head and feathers, turns round and spreads its tail with all the pride and dignity of the real bird. The cock also moves its head and crows loudly. This curiosity was taken to England, and at one time there was a question of its being bought and sent to India; but the price demanded was too exorbitant, so it was brought to St. Petersburg and sold to Prince Potemkin. After his death it came to the Empress Katherine.

Over the riding house of the Palace there is a garden, and it is curious to walk up eighty or one hundred steps, and then suddenly find a large garden planted with trees and shrubs, broad gravel walks, flower beds, &c. &c. At one time the trees had grown to a considerable size, but some time since repairs were required, and they have not grown large again, though

the lilacs were a good size. The Russians have very magnificent ideas about their winter gardens. One day I was complaining to the Grand Duchess Marie, that I missed the evergreens I was used to at home, so she said, 'Why, Madam, you have a courtyard, why not make a winter garden?' As if it was the simplest thing in the world to glaze the court of a hired house and turn it into a garden! Truly, I thought, 'Impossible' is a word only in a fool's dictionary, as Napoleon said.

*Friday, May 8.*—I met the Emperor Nicholas for the first time at a party given by the Woronzow Daschkoffs. I arrived late, in consequence of the milliner not sending my dress till the last moment, and the play had already begun. However, I was pushed on to the front row, and had no sooner taken my seat, when the Emperor observed me, and I saw him evidently asking the Hereditary Grand Duke who I was, after which he looked at me for some time. As soon as the act was over, the Grand Duchess Marie came up and shook hands with me, expressing her pleasure at seeing me again. Then the Emperor came up, and talked to me for a long time. He was certainly the finest, handsomest man I ever saw, and his voice and manner were most attractive. He expressed regret at not having made my acquaintance sooner, hoped I had not suffered from the severity of the climate, adding that he did not remember such intense cold and such damp as we had had for some months. I ventured to insinuate that as His Imperial Majesty had come straight from Palermo in the month of December, he probably felt the sudden change very much; and this he allowed had been the case. His Majesty asked much after the Queen, and said how greatly he wished she could be induced to visit St. Petersburg, though he feared the distance was almost too great for him to expect that pleasure. When first the Emperor approached me I felt very shy, but such was his kindness and gentleness of manner, that before he left me I was quite at my ease. The difference in his countenance when speaking to ladies, and when he is commanding his troops, is very remarkable. He looked thinner than he

did when I saw him in England in 1844, and he was dressed in a plain uniform, and moved without the least ceremony. Instead of sitting opposite the stage in the first row, the Emperor chose a small chair on one side close to the musicians; and though he frequently smiled and applauded, the expression of his fine countenance was grave, almost sad. After the performance, the Grand Duke Michael requested my husband to present him to me, when he talked to me for some time, referred with pleasure to his visit to England, and said how much gratified he had been by a kind letter of condolence he had received from the Queen, when he lost his daughter a year and a half ago.

*May 11, 1846.*—We went to a fine ball at Count Colloredo's, the Austrian Ambassador, which was attended by the Czar and Imperial family. Out of compliment, gentlemen were requested to wear full uniform. The Emperor and Grand Dukes wore Austrian uniforms, which were more becoming and much handsomer than the simple General's uniform they usually wear, and the Emperor looked, if possible, handsomer than ever. He again came up and talked to me, and told me of the arrival of the first English steamer that year, which is always rather an event at St. Petersburg. He seemed almost annoyed that there were only six passengers on board, and asked me if I did not expect some of my relations or friends; and when I answered 'No,' His Majesty shook his head, and said he feared I had not reported favourably of his capital and the Russian climate, adding that he should have much pleasure in seeing any of my family or friends! I conversed with the Grand Dukes Héritier and Michael, and with the Duc de Leuchtenberg, who amused me by complaining that the Emperor and their highnesses filled up all the doors; and that therefore, there was no getting about, he himself being almost in the door-way at that moment. The ball-room was most brilliantly lighted, and the house, the Palais Soltykoff on the great quay, is exceedingly fine; the quantity of servants in State liveries who lined the staircase, made the first entry very striking. Count Colloredo not being then married, Baroness

Seebach, the wife of the Saxon Minister, *née* Nesselrode, did the honours. Supper was served upon small round tables for twelve each, but there was no profusion of plate.

*May 13.*—This being the Russian May-day, there was a *fête* at Katerinhof, which is the Longchamps of St. Petersburg. Though the wind was cold, the weather was bright and fine, and an immense crowd turned out on foot and in every kind of conveyance, so that the whole road to Katerinhof was lined with carriages and foot-passengers, and the scene was very animated, pretty, and characteristic. There was the chinovnik (merchant), evidently well to do in the world, seated in a droschky, side by side with his wife, who, turned out in her holiday costume, generally appeared much younger than her mate. The various uniforms were very striking, especially the Cossack and Circassian, and the contrast of the features of the several nations most remarkable. Vegetation was very backward—the trees scarcely budding.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Parade on the Champs de Mars—The Empress Katherine, her Death—The Isaac Church—Visit to Tzarskoe Selo and Peterhof—Visit to Hanover—Return to England—Marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga—Death of my father-in-law, Benjamin, Lord Bloomfield—We visit the Rhine—Curious ghost story—Berlin—Return to Russia—Blessing of the Neva—I am presented to the Empress—Funeral of Prince Vassiltchikoff—Christening in the Winter Palace—Easter Eve.

*May 14, 1846.*—I witnessed a magnificent sight—the Emperor Nicholas reviewing forty thousand men on the Champs de Mars. The day was fine and bright, and I had an excellent place at a window in the Duke of Oldenburgh's palace. At one o'clock—the troops being then all on the ground—the Emperor and his suite, which also comprised all the military men in the Corps Diplomatique—my husband among the rest—rode up and down the ranks, the troops cheering, and the sound of such a multitude of voices was quite thrilling. The Emperor then took his stand near the summer garden, and all the troops defiled before him. First, the Infantry, then the Light Artillery, then the Cavalry, followed by the Heavy Artillery. As the weather was still cold the Infantry wore their winter clothing, and though they marched well, their appearance was not nearly so striking as the Cavalry regiments. These were headed by a small body of Circassians, in their scarlet uniforms, covered with coat of mail, and they charged without much regard to order, and looked very wild. The regular motion of the bayonets of the Infantry resembled the waving of a field of corn in the summer breeze, the glitter of the helmets and the brilliant colours of the cavalry were dazzling. The

Emperor Nicholas looked superb, the Grand Dukes Héritier and Michael rode at his side, and the air was positively rent with the cheers of the mighty mass of human beings who, all dependent upon the Sovereign's will, anxiously awaited the approving look which told them that he was satisfied. When he testifies approval, the soldiers answer, 'We rejoice, father; but we will try and do better next time.' I little thought when looking at those troops that in a few short years many of them would be fighting the English and French in the Crimea, from which the large majority never returned. We heard that regiments which left the North one thousand strong had dwindled to two hundred men before a shot was fired; and after the war was over Sir Fenwick Williams, who traversed the length of the land when Kars capitulated, told me he could scarcely see an able-bodied man cultivating the soil—nothing remained in the villages but old men and females.

At a dinner we gave on the 19th, Count Bloudoff, who was a great talker and very agreeable, told me some interesting anecdotes about Dr. Rogerson, who was the Empress Katherine's physician. Perhaps had she listened to his advice her life might have been prolonged; for the day before she was seized with the apoplectic fit which killed her, Dr. Rogerson dined at the Hermitage. That morning the Empress had received the intelligence of an important victory, the news of which elated her very much; and during the evening she looked so flushed and excited that Dr. Rogerson was struck by her manner, and when she took leave of her guests he followed her to her room, and begged to be allowed to feel her pulse. That caused him so much anxiety, he ordered her to be bled instantly. The Empress, however, laughed at his fears, declined his advice, saying it would be time enough on the morrow; but at four o'clock in the morning she was struck by the hand of death, and never rallied.

Dr. Rogerson, who was fond of society, and liked a game at whist, was furious with a certain Princess G——, who was in the habit of sending for him at most inconvenient seasons to prescribe for imaginary ailments. She sent for him once in the

middle of the night, saying that she was dying, and begged him to come instantly. When he arrived he found that, as usual, it was a false alarm; however, he looked very serious, assured the Princess she was in great danger, and that he was not at all sure he could save her; but she must instantly drink several glasses of cold water, and get up and walk fifty times up and down the English Quay. As the night was bitterly cold, and it was snowing hard, this was considered an extraordinary remedy for a dying woman; but, however, the learned physician insisted, and took his leave. The Princess, in fear and trembling, got out of her bed, and placing implicit trust in the efficacy of the remedy, followed the Doctor's advice. The following day Dr. Rogerson called, and found his patient perfectly well; he then told her that he had been so perpetually annoyed by being called in without necessity, he had determined upon giving her a lesson, and he hoped henceforward his services would be dispensed with, except in case of real necessity.

*Saturday, May 30, 1846.*—The weather was beautiful, and the evening so mild, we drove from nine to eleven in the open carriage, and the air was delicious. There is no night at this season of the year, the sun scarcely disappears for more than two or three hours, the sky is always light, and the atmosphere often hot; but the frost hardly gets thoroughly out of the ground—July being the only month in the year one is safe from frost. People began to move out to the Islands, boats and carts full of furniture were constantly going forth, and the move is one of the important events of the year. We had the double windows taken out, which is always pleasant, as the want of fresh air in the house is very trying. One side of our house looking to the river was hermetically sealed in winter, and though I had a 'Was ist das,' or single pane, made to open in my bedroom and boudoir, this caused such a draught in the cold weather, that I was sometimes obliged to leave the room.

*June 1.*—We visited the Isaac's Church with Mr. Baird. The interior was unfinished, except a very small portion, where there are still the remains of the old church. In Russia a church may not be entirely demolished and rebuilt, but a por-



tion of the old structure must always be retained. I admired the model of the old church almost more than the new. We went into Vitali's *ateliers*, and saw some of his models—a large bas-relief of the Adoration of the Magi over the north door is very fine. The paintings in the interior are all by Neff, Bruloff, Bruno; and Montferrand is the architect. The dome is built on a new principle, and is entirely formed of cast iron. We ascended two hundred and seventy-five steps to the cupola on the top of the church, and the view from thence is very extensive; but the country all round St. Petersburg is so perfectly flat that it is uninteresting, and the town itself, with its many gilt domes and spires, is what strikes the eye most. We were told that Montferrand had painted a picture representing an inundation at St. Petersburg, and the only two objects which were visible were the Isaac's Church and the Alexander pillar, which were both constructed by him!—rather characteristic of French vanity.

This reminds me of an anecdote of my dear husband, who was taken to Paris when he was fifteen by his father, and one day ascended the pillar in the Place Vendôme. There he found an old soldier of the guard, who showed him Paris, and then said, 'Paris is a much larger and finer city than London, is it not?' This excited the young Englishman's anger, and he answered, 'Oh, as to that, one might take Paris away from London and it would never be missed!'

We visited the manufactory where the eight malachite pillars ordered by the Emperor are being constructed. The pillars are first cast in bronze, then the malachite, about half-an-inch thick, is laid upon it in innumerable small pieces, cemented together with a composition made of malachite and mastic, and then the whole is polished.

June 2, 1846.—We went to see the private apartments in the Winter Palace and the Crown Jewels, which are kept in glass cases. Some of the diamonds were very large and fine. The Emperor and Empress' crowns are entirely composed of diamonds set clear, and at the top of the Emperor's crown there is a famous ruby of immense size. The diamond which forms

the top of the sceptre is also enormous, and there were several splendid necklaces, earrings, and sets of emeralds and diamonds, rubies and diamonds, pearls and diamonds, sapphires—in short, nearly all the fine jewels except those the Empress took to Italy. We saw the Empress' *salon*, a very pretty room, looking on the Neva, from which one passes into a covered garden filled with exotics. We also saw the Emperor's small private chapel, where divine service is performed daily, and the apartments of the Cezarewna, and the late Grand Duchess Alexandrine, which last were fitted up at the time of her marriage to the Prince of Hesse, and have never been used since her death. Almost all the Malmaison collection of pictures, which were removed from the Hermitage, have been hung up in some large apartments beyond those of the Cezarewna, and I was much delighted with them, especially with a wonderful Paul Potter, representing a farm with various groups of horses and other animals, and some beautiful Murillos, Claudes, Rubens, and Poussins—all of which are to be taken to the Hermitage when the gallery which is in process of construction is completed.

*June 9, 1846.*—M. Sabouroff having kindly offered to take us to see Tzarskoe Selo and Pavloffsky, we went there by the one o'clock train. We found a pony carriage waiting, and drove first to the new palace built by the Emperor Alexander. The Emperor and Empress' private apartments have been completely altered since the death of their lovely daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandrine, in order that no trace of that painful event should recall it to the Empress' mind. The room where the Grand Duchess died has been divided into three, but the place where her bed stood is separated and turned into an oratory. Some very fine old Dresden china now in the Empress' boudoir was discovered in an attic where it had been cast aside as lumber. The Emperor's apartment is small, and contains models of all the different cavalry regiments in Russia, beautifully executed; there were also a number of modern pictures representing different battles and parades. I remarked a great many fought by the Emperor Napoleon, for whom the Czar had a great admiration.

After seeing the Palace, we drove to the Farm, which was only remarkable for its extreme neatness and cleanliness—a rare thing in Russia. We then went to see a very fine elephant, which has been sent from Persia, thirteen feet high, and large in proportion. It seems that during the great inundation of 1826 the waters entered an elephant's stable. The keeper, in order to escape, got up into the manger; but as the water rose the elephant thought the man was playing him a trick, so he kept sucking the water up in his trunk and shooting it at his keeper, who was nearly drowned.

We drove to a pretty spot where a summer-house has been erected to the memory of the Grand Duchess Alexandrine, as it was a favourite spot of hers when she went to feed her swans. The Emperor has erected a monument in black and white marble, where a statue of the Grand Duchess is placed in a niche, holding a baby in her arms, and she is represented as in the act of ascending to heaven. The head is said to be like, but the body is too long and out of proportion. The drive through the park to the arsenal was very pretty, and the whole place was beautifully kept. The day was bright and fine, so we saw it to advantage; and as the trees were clad in the first brilliant green of spring, vegetation looked more luxuriant than any I had yet seen in Russia; but the growth is almost entirely confined to birch, fir, oak, elm, and lime. The three latter are rather rare, and there is but little variety in the drive through long straight-alleys, but they are very extensive, and there are as many as one hundred and thirty versts of drive in the park. The arsenal is a Gothic tower, where there is a large and fine collection of armour and different kinds of arms, also two splendid Turkish saddle-cloths and accoutrements, embroidered in diamonds; a breakfast service which belonged to Napoleon, and a lock of his hair sent from St. Helena after his death. From the Arsenal we drove to the Gardens. As nothing flourishes in Russia out of doors through the winter, all the fruit trees are under glass, and consequently the range of green-houses is immense. Then we drove to 'La Chine,' where there is a collection of small houses which are inhabited by the

attendants of the Court during a residence at Tzarskoe Selo, and then we went to see the Chapel and apartments at the Old Palace, where the Grand Duke Héritier was living. The chapel is very richly decorated in blue and gold, and the ante-room leading to it is white and gold.

The Emperor Alexander's apartments are just as they were when he left them. His writing materials, scissors, pens, &c. &c., lying on his table; and his coat, boots, hat, gloves, and shirt laid out in his bed-room. The bed was very small, and looked particularly uncomfortable, as did also his shaving apparatus—there never was a room with less air of luxury than his. From Tzarskoe we drove through the park to Pavloffsky, where the Grand Duke Michael has a palace. The ground is prettily varied, and the Vauxhall, where we dined, is a favourite resort in the summer. Every *fête* day crowds go down by the railroad from St. Petersburg, and a number of people live in villas there during the summer months. As the Imperial grounds are open to the public, it is one of the nicest places near St. Petersburg.

June 12, 1846.—We started immediately after breakfast in an open carriage, and drove to Peterhof. The weather was very fine, with a hot sun and pleasant breeze. There are villas and gardens on each side of the road, with occasional glimpses of the gulf, and, though it is not particularly striking, the fresh green of spring made it look bright and pretty. As we had not been able to make arrangements beforehand we depended entirely on ourselves and our jäger, and when first we arrived at the Great Palace at Peterhof, things seemed rather hopeless, for we could only find some workpeople about, and could not make ourselves understood. At last, however, we found one of the Court servants, who spoke German, and he showed us all over the palace. It was being prepared for the Grand Duchess Olga's marriage. The architecture reminded me of an old French palace; the church had just been regilt, as the marriage was to be solemnised there. The preparations for the illuminations were erected. A framework, twenty or thirty feet high, lined each alley, which was to be entirely covered with coloured

lamps; and as the alleys are numerous, the effect must resemble Aladdin's wonderful garden in the 'Arabian Nights.' On the *fête* day the grounds are thrown open to the public, and everyone who can goes to Peterhof. The guests are to be invited to a ball, and will drive up and down the illuminated alleys in *chars-à-bancs*.

From the great palace we drove to the Empress' cottage: The rooms there are quite small, simply furnished, and the view from the windows, which were plate glass, was beautiful. The Empress was expected, and a number of pictures commemorating her visit to Palermo had been hung up. All her things were lying about her boudoir; and on one side of the house there was a beautiful statue of the Virgin by Vitali. It is enclosed on three sides with trees and flowers, and faces a fine view of the grounds and gulf. Another small cottage close by was inhabited by the young Grand Dukes, Michael and Nicholas, and we saw the place where they practised their gymnastic exercises. The place was full of flowers, and must be very enjoyable. From the cottage we drove along the shores of the gulf to Mon Bijou, which is a large pavilion with a terrace over the gulf, and some good-sized trees. When the actors and actresses are summoned to Peterhof they are lodged there. We next proceeded to Marly, a small palace that was inhabited by Peter the Great. His coats, hats, boots, sticks, and bed are still preserved there, and it is said that one of the rooms was wainscoted by his own hands. There is a fishpond in front of the palace full of old carp, which come to be fed when a bell is rung. These are of enormous size, and have a small chain round their necks, which was put on during the life of Peter the Great. From Marly we passed on to the English Palace, which is inhabited by the Corps Diplomatique during the *fêtes*, and then visited the pheasantry, farm, and after a long drive arrived at the Isba, or Russian cabin, which is a lovely little log-house, where the Empress occasionally went to have tea.

Then we saw the Isola Madre and the Isola Bella, two islands on a artificial lake, where Italian buildings were being erected for the Empress: these would make very good houses, and are

surrounded with gardens, flowers, and statues. People in general are not allowed to visit these islands, but as we were bent on seeing everything, we bribed a gardener to ferry us across in a miserable little cranky raft which was used for carrying flower-pots, so it was full of mud and dirt. A soldier brought us back, but as he did not understand the management of our frail barque he kept turning round and round, and I fully expected that we should be upset in the middle of the lake; but by good luck more than good management we landed safely, and after resting at a little public-house, called the Samson, where we lunched, we drove six versts further to the Grand Duchess Marie's palace at Serguieffsky. The situation of the house was pretty, and more elevated than is usual in this flat country. As the Grand Duchess was out we did not drive up, but returned to Peterhof, and went to a place called Znamenska, where the Grand Duchess Olga was to spend her honeymoon. One room was very characteristic of Russia, for the columns were covered with trellis work and ivy, and formed a vaulted roof, above which the ceiling rose. The effect was pretty and singular! We stopped to see Strelna on our way home, a large palace which was inhabited by the late Grand Duke Constantine, but has not been inhabited since his death. On Saturday, June 13, we left St. Petersburg, having been summoned to England by the serious illness of my dear father-in-law. After a rough and disagreeable passage we landed at Lubeck, and never can I forget the delightful change in the feeling of the air, and the sight of the lovely flowers which we bought for a penny! When we left Russia the lilacs were only just budding, the tulips, narcissus, and other spring flowers were out; but the drive from Lubeck to Hamburg in the cool of the evening was delightful—the air perfumed with honeysuckle and wild flowers. I was struck by the immense quantity of cranes, which were all building, and we saw a nest upon almost every farmhouse along the road.

At Lubeck, M. Benecke, the Consul, brought me a box, which he said had arrived for me by the last messenger from England; as he did not know what it contained, I did not

even open it till we got to Hamburg. Then I found it was neither more nor less than two jewel cases—one of turquoises and diamonds, and the other sapphires and diamonds. My husband, much surprised, asked me whether I expected any jewels from England, and on my answering in the negative he said they must have been sent by some jeweller to my address to escape duty, and that it was a great liberty. So we carefully repacked them, and brought them back to England. My brother-in-law, Colonel Kingscote, met us on our arrival, and his first words were, 'Have you received the jewels?' We said 'Yes, but what are they?' He then told us they were two *parures* old Lord Bloomfield had sent me as a present to wear at the Grand Duchess Olga's wedding, which he thought I should have to attend.

We drove from Hamburg to Celle, and my delight was great when an old lady at one of the post-houses gave me a beautiful bouquet of roses. I suppose I testified it, much to her astonishment, for she asked me where I came from, and when I told her Russia, she opened her eyes, and looked at me almost as if I had been a bear. We visited the royal palace at Celle, where Quén Matilda, George the Second's unfortunate sister, was imprisoned. Her rooms are shown, and her picture, which is curiously like our Queen. The hair is much fairer, but the features are the same. The palace had lately been put into excellent repair by Ernest, King of Hanover, who occasionally visited Celle. His Majesty received us very kindly at Hanover, and wished us to stay a day or two; but as we were in a hurry to reach home, we begged to be excused, but he received my husband, and kept him an hour and a half. The environs of Hanover are pretty and enjoyable. We dined with Mr. Bligh, and he drove us to see the mausoleum the King has lately erected for his wife's remains. For some years after her death he would not allow any change to be made in her establishment. Her rooms were left exactly as they were when she died; at night candles were lighted, the pages and dressers were in attendance, and the King went regularly to pray at her bedside.

The King was very angry at the political state of affairs in

England, and the abolition of the Corn Laws. He declared he was born an Englishman, and always had the interest of England much at heart, and he could not bear to witness the growth of Radicalism in his native land.

Whilst my husband had his audience, I visited the Palace, and saw the plate, which is very handsome. The Palace had lately been enlarged, and the King received there; but he resided in a small house opposite the Palace in some wretched small rooms on the ground floor. We left Hanover in the afternoon, slept at Bückeberg, where we drank tea with my old friend, Baroness Lehzen, who resided at Bückeberg with her sister in a comfortable small house, where she seemed perfectly contented and happy. She was as much devoted to the Queen as ever, and her rooms were filled with pictures and prints of Her Majesty. She told me that the Prince and Princess of Bückeberg were very kind to her, and she had as much society as she liked or required. I was very glad to see this remarkable woman again. She was always kind and friendly to me when I was Maid of Honour, and I had a great regard for her. We reached London without misadventure, after a long and very hot journey.

*Extracts of Letters written to my Husband (1846), who returned to St. Petersburg for the Grand Duchess Olga's Marriage, leaving me in England:—*

14 *Portman Square, July 1, 1846.*—I have been sitting with your father, and read Psalm ciii. and chapter xiv. of St. John to him. He remarked upon their great beauty, and the consolation they conveyed. He was, if possible, more dear and kind than ever, and repeated what he said the first time he saw me after we were engaged, that he never remembers the day when you had done what he could have wished undone, or left undone what he wished done. How few fathers could put their hand on their heart and say the like! and surely I, as a wife, must deeply feel the blessing of having such a husband and such a father-in-law. It is such a comfort being able really to love



one's husband's relations as much as I can yours. All so kind, and so truly excellent. Your dear mother is as cheerful as ever, and so *very* comical. This morning she was taking off a man she once saw at the Pavilion, who had St. Vitus's dance, and she nearly killed us with laughing.

*Sydney Lodge, July 13, 1846.*—We dined last night with Mrs. Webber at Hamble Cliff. She is a pretty widow, the sister of the Bishop of Salisbury's first wife. We had a pleasant party, and I sat next Captain Hornby, R.N., who told me he lived near Woolwich, and knows you and your father. He has lately returned from the coast of Africa, and gave me a dreadful account of the coast fever; and also of the slave ships—three of which he captured. The fever was quite as severe in his ship as it was in the *Éclair*; out of nine officers who left England a year ago, he and one Lieutenant are the only survivors, and the number of men who have died is shocking. It is little short of murder sending our ships out there; and it seems that our present mode, instead of putting down the slave trade, only increases its horrors tenfold. For instead of the slave ships having proper accommodation for the poor creatures, they are built with the sole view of secrecy and speed; the consequence is, that out of four hundred and fifty thousand slaves who annually leave Africa, not more than one-fourth reach their destination. I am afraid to say the size of the cabin which contained three hundred and fifty slaves in the ship he captured, but I think it was thirty feet long, eighteen wide, and only two feet eight inches high, so that a man could hardly sit upright in it. The ship had only been twenty-four hours at sea when she was captured; but Captain Hornby said, that though he is not squeamish, the state of filth in the slave cabin was so dreadful that he was obliged to leave it instantly, and was nearly sick when he got on deck.

14 *Portman Square, July 19, 1846.*—Hardwicke arrived at Sydney Lodge from Plymouth on Friday, but he had a narrow escape in the *Susan*. He could not purchase either an anchor or cable at Plymouth for love or money, and being anxious not to disappoint Susan (my sixth sister, the Countess of Hard-

wicke), he very rashly left Plymouth without either in a gale of wind. It blew very hard on Thursday, but he would not put in to Dartmouth or any of the other ports on the coast, but made a run for Portland. The night was pitch dark, blowing a hurricane, with violent gusts of wind and rain—the sea mountains high; and he declares that for about two hours he expected to founder every minute. The fatigue and anxiety were very great; and when at last, by God's mercy, he got into comparatively smooth water off Portland, from not having an anchor he was obliged to keep tacking all night, steering between the vessels, which were there in great numbers; and when he reached Sydney Lodge at two P.M. on Friday he had not left the helm for thirty-two hours, and was so dead beat he could hardly stand or speak. Susan luckily was spared great anxiety, for seeing how bad the weather was we all gave him credit for being prudent, and thought he would put into port till the gale subsided. His old servant, John Butler, who was many years at sea, said to his wife, 'Well, I only hope my lord has not started, for if he *is* out in an open boat on such a night as this he can never weather it!' Luckily the boat was a very fine one, and never shipped a drop of water.

*Dyrrham Park, Thursday, July 27, 1846.*—I went with Lady Canning to a concert at Lansdowne House last night, which I enjoyed very much. The music was beautiful; and I saw heaps of people I like, all of whom seemed really glad to see me again, which was pleasant. They all looked rather as if I was Banquo's ghost, but nevertheless greeted me heartily. I sat next Lady Palmerston, and had a long chat with her. She assured me she did not believe there is any question of your being moved from St. Petersburg. Lord Westmoreland stays at Berlin and Sir Robert Gordon remains at Vienna for the present. Lady Waterford was looking more perfectly lovely than ever. I think she is the handsomest creature I ever saw, and so nice. Those two sisters (Charlotte, Viscountess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, the daughters of Lord Stuart de Rothesay) are so genuine and charming; and Lady Waterford's late drawings are full of talent, and beautiful both in colour and design.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband.*

*St. Petersburg, July 12.*—I have just returned from the Palace, and the ceremony went off beautifully. We assembled in a room adjoining the Chapel, and the company passed close by, so I had innumerable greetings from all sides. When all was ready, we, the *Chefs de Mission*, advanced to the Chapel, and took up our position to the right, headed by the Marshal, Prince Paskewitch, and the Ministers of State. Then came the Chamberlains and officers of the Court, and then the Imperial family. The bride looked lovely, but deadly pale; she was dressed in a white dress of course, embroidered in silver, and a diamond crown. The Prince of Wurtemberg (the bridegroom) seemed very nervous, and as the ceremony was very long, it must have been trying. The Emperor (Nicholas) was even more magnificent than usual, and I was rejoiced to see the Empress look composed and better than I expected. The Grand Duchesses Cezarewna and Marie each had their eldest daughters with them, and the children behaved admirably. It was altogether a very fine sight, and I am sorry, for many reasons, that you were not present at it. Many honours have been conferred to-day, the sun shone brightly, the artillery did their duty well, and loud and long was the cheering of the thousands assembled in the garden, who had a good sight of the happy couple. As for the Grand Duchess Olga, she really surpassed herself in beauty, and her whole demeanour was so easy and natural, that it was most striking.

*Peterhof, July 15, 1846.*—We sallied forth about one o'clock to see the Parade and the Empress review the Chevalier Guards. The Emperor looked splendid, and went through all the forms of an officer commanding a regiment, which the Empress was inspecting. The usual evolutions took place, and after the Empress, who was accompanied by the bride and her sister, the Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, and the Cezarewna, had gone round the hollow square, she went to a window in the Palace, as unfortunately the rain came down most inopport-

tunely. The two young Grand Dukes, Nicholas and Michael, are made cavalry officers, and had to go through the duties of orderly officers and soldiers, to the great satisfaction of the Emperor and Empress.

At eight we proceeded to the ball; and before dancing began we were presented to the bride and bridegroom. She looked most beautiful, in a rose crape gown, which was perfection, and was most amiable to me, saying everything that it was possible to say about my having returned here for her marriage. After the ball, we all drove out in *lignes (chairs-à-bancs)*, to see the illuminations, which were really splendid, and the water-works magnificent. Do you recollect a piece of water in front of the Palace? Round this there were rows of lamps, and then illuminated temples, bosquets, and trees of various coloured lamps, a boat with blue lights, showing the outline of it, perpetually moving on the lake, bands playing in the grounds; in fact, one might have fancied oneself in fairy-land, realising some wonderful scene in the 'Arabian Nights.' To crown all, the night was lovely—perfectly still and sufficiently dark to give the illuminations their full effect. The sky was of an Italian blue, the dancing was gay, and the humour of all the folk good. I am still in all the bewilderment of the scene, and doubt much if I shall ever again witness anything so beautiful. I cannot but deeply regret that you were not present. The crowd was awful, and, as I had never before mixed with the public in this way, I was much amused.

The Emperor was *most gracious*; I never was spoken to by him in a tone of such kindness, and his acknowledgment of my father's desire that I should return here for this occasion was really beautiful.

Lieut.-General Lord Bloomfield was seriously ill at this time, which was the reason of our having returned to England, and my being absent from the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga.

My husband went back to St. Petersburg alone, leaving me in Portman Square with his father, but returned in time to

attend his death-bed. He died peacefully on August 15, 1846, and was buried at Loughton, King's Co. We went to Ireland for a short time, and returned to Russia in the autumn.

*October 8, 1846.*—We left London on our return to St. Petersburg, but made a little round by Belgium and the Rhine, visiting Antwerp, where we were greatly delighted with Rubens' great works—the 'Elevation of the Cross' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' in the Cathedral, though they were unfortunately so badly lighted it was difficult to see them. At Bonn we met Count Bjornsterna, an old friend of my husband's, then, I think, Swedish Minister in London. He took us to see his sister, who was the Lady Superior of the Hospital, attached to the Palace at Bonn. Having had a disappointment in early life, when the gentleman she was engaged to marry died, she determined to devote the rest of her life to charity and good works. She lived in a little room very like a cell, and spent all her time in nursing the sick and conducting the large establishment of which she was head. A bright, cheerful old lady, who seemed to reap the reward of the path she had chosen, by being at peace with God and man.

The weather was very fine, and we greatly enjoyed our drive up the right bank of the Rhine. We stopped to see Stolzenfels, where the King of Prussia received the Queen in 1845. It is beautifully situated on a high rock overhanging the river, and the interior was well fitted up. Part of the old castle remains, but has been so well restored that it is not to be distinguished from the modern part of the building. We spent one day at Frankfort, then visited Aschaffenburg, where there is a very fine palace belonging to the King of Bavaria. Princess Reuss told me the following strange story about her aunt, the late Queen Theresa, of Bavaria. It appears that in the Bavarian Royal family, there is a tradition of the appearance of a black lady before any death; just as in the Prussian Royal family a white lady is seen. One evening, Queen Theresa was sitting with her brother, on the eve of her departure for Munich, when her lady-in-waiting came into Her Majesty's room, and

asked whether she was going to give an audience, because though she, the lady-in-waiting, had not been apprised of that intention, a lady was waiting in the ante-room! The Queen, much astonished, said she had no intention of seeing any one that evening, as she meant to start very early the next morning for Munich, and wished to retire to rest in good time. Her Majesty then asked her brother to go and see the lady in question, and inquire what she wanted. On entering the ante-room, he saw the figure dressed in black, sitting; but as he approached it disappeared, so he came back to the Queen and said, 'Es ist sehr unheimlich, es muss die Schwarze Frau gewesen seyn' (it is very uncanny, but it must have been the black lady). The next morning, at 6 A.M., the Queen started for Munich. As she was leaving Aschaffenburg, she told her chaplain she had left various petitions on her writing table, which she wished him to attend to, and as soon as the carriage drove off he went to get the papers, and there, standing by the Queen's table, was again the same figure dressed in black. That evening, after the Castellan and his wife had retired to rest, they were surprised at hearing the great bell of the Castle toll. The key of the bell tower was hanging up as usual in their room; but they noted the hour, and at that moment Queen Theresa died at Munich of cholera, which seized her on her arrival in the town at 6 P.M., and carried her off in a few hours.

Wurzburg is an interesting and very picturesque old town. The Dom Kirche is very fine. As it was the Queen of Bavaria's name day, and a high festival, the church was filled with officers in full uniform, and a great crowd attended high mass. The priests were splendidly attired, the music was very fine, and the whole scene most striking. The old fortress, which crowns the hill above the town, commands a magnificent view of Wurzburg and the Main. The place was besieged by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, and one of their cannon balls may still be seen imbedded in the wall. The church is said to have been originally a temple built by the Romans, and dedicated to the Goddess Diana. It contains a number of

relics; among others, a thorn from our Lord's crown is contained in a fine gold and crystal cup, which is 300 years old, and was brought from Rome. The Royal Palace is very large. The Queen slept there one night on her way to Coburg; but in general it is not inhabited, though kept in very good repair. The staircase is extremely handsome, the rooms very numerous. It was built and inhabited by the Prince Bishops of Wurzburg, and is not above 120 years old. The cellars are enormous, and celebrated for the Steinberg wine, which belongs exclusively to the King.

Bamberg is another interesting old town, especially the Rathhaus, where there are some curious frescoes on the outer walls. The Cathedral is chiefly remarkable for two distinct styles of architecture—the Byzantine and the Gothic. It is very simple, but the proportions of its massive pillars and the great height of the groined roof make it striking, and reminded me of one of our own fine Gothic cathedrals. The crypts are curious, and were used for divine service very early in the thirteenth century. We spent a day at Nuremberg, visited the famous Lorenz and St. Sebaldus churches, which are very fine, and contain some interesting sculpture. There are also some very good pictures to be seen, especially some Albert Dürers. The house where he resided is still shown. Altogether, Nuremberg is the most picturesque town in Germany; some of the houses have inner courts and stone balconies, which are very ornamental.

At Berlin I made the acquaintance of H.R.H. the Princess of Prussia. She received me most kindly, showed me her Palace, which was very pretty, and from that day never varied in her friendship towards us, which she testified on many occasions—a friendship I value very much, and which added greatly to the pleasure of our residence at Berlin from 1851 to 1860.

We dined with Lord and Lady Westmoreland at Berlin, and went to a party at M. Antonini's, the Neapolitan Minister, where we had the pleasure of hearing Countess Rossi, *née* Sontag, sing. Her voice was as fresh and beautiful as ever,

and nothing could be more perfect than her style. I believe she always regretted having left the stage, and she returned to it some years later, and died whilst on a professional tour in America. She had magnificent light hair, and once when she was singing with Pasta in 'Otello,' the latter in the last scene seized her by the hair, and dragged her across the stage. Poor Sontag shrieked with pain, but the audience thought she was acting splendidly, and applauded enthusiastically!

We returned to St. Petersburg on November 4, 1846, and on the 6th I was presented to old Countess Nesselrode, *née* Gourieff. She was very kind to me, but was rather an alarming woman, with brusque manners! She smoked a great deal, but was clever and agreeable, and talked pleasantly.

On Monday, January  $\frac{6}{17}$ , 1847, I went to the Winter Palace to witness the ceremony of the blessing of the Neva, which takes place every year at the Feast of Epiphany. I had a very good place in a window immediately opposite the chapel, which is erected on the ice over the spot where a hole is made and the cross is immersed. The ceremony began by a procession of Priests, Bishops, Archbishops, Archimandrite, and lastly, the Metropolitan. The Priests walked two and two, carrying banners, candles, and lastly, an immense cross. They then formed in a triple line on each side of the way to the chapel, which was covered with crimson cloth. Then the Emperor came out attended by the Grand Dukes Héritier and Michael, and all the General Officers, Aides-de-camp, and Court in full uniform, and bareheaded. The Czar walked to the chapel, and stood there whilst mass was performed and the cross immersed, after which he went forward and kissed the Metropolitan's hand, who blessed him, and sprinkled him and the Grand Dukes with holy water. Then the procession returned in the same order in which it went; the Metropolitan dipped a sprig of rosemary in a cup which was carried before him, sprinkling all those who were fortunate enough to be within reach. The scene was very striking—such a vast multitude assembled to witness the ceremony; and at the moment the cross was immersed the fortress guns fired and the crowd uncovered their



heads in one instant. The greatest order prevailed, but there was a tremendous rush as soon as the ceremony was over, and the last priest had left the chapel. The water is put into barrels, and sent off to the various great churches in Russia, and sometimes women dip their babes in the hole, and believe, if the poor infants die, that they go straight to heaven! The Empress was too unwell to attend the ceremony, so none of the Court ladies were present. Fortunately, there were only three degrees of frost, which was very unusual at that season of the year; but, however severe the weather, the Czar always attends the ceremony bareheaded, and in full uniform, without a cloak.

I was asking General Berg one day how the troops could stand the extreme cold, and he told me that when they are kept standing very long during the great winter parades some soldiers are almost always frozen. He said the most intense cold he ever experienced was once in the reign of the Emperor Alexander, when he was out in full uniform from three A.M. to four P.M. in 26° of frost Réaumur. This was on the occasion of the reception of a Persian Ambassador, and the road for several versts was lined with troops. His Excellency rode on an elephant, and the poor beast had to wear fur shoes; and sometimes when one of these dropped off the whole procession stopped, and the animal put its foot out to have its shoe replaced.

*Friday, January 28, 1847.*—I received a note from Count Nesselrode to inform me that the Empress would receive me at the Winter Palace at half-past eight that evening. Her Majesty had had the influenza, and therefore my presentation was to be quite private, and I was to wear a plain evening dress without a train. On arriving at the Winter Palace I was immediately shown up to the Empress's apartments, where I was received by two friends, Countess Julie Bobrinsky, maid of honour in waiting, and Prince Michael Kotchubey. Soon after Madame Baranoff, the Grande Maîtresse, arrived, and took me to the Empress's boudoir, where Her Majesty received me. She was seated when I went in, but rose to meet me, and then

desired me to sit down beside her. She looked very thin, but not so ill as I expected, and her face bore the traces of great refinement and beauty. Her eyes, which were blue, were set deep in her head, and the expression was more intelligent than pleasing. Her voice was soft, but she spoke rapidly and with decision. Her Majesty was dressed in a plain black velvet gown made high and with long sleeves. She wore a small coquettish black hat and feather, which was fastened by a handsome diamond aigrette, and she had on a magnificent pearl necklace composed of five rows, each pearl as large as a hazel nut, which rested on her knees as she was sitting. I remained about half an hour with Her Majesty, who talked a great deal on various subjects. I mentioned that I had lately received a letter from the Queen; this seemed to astonish her not a little, and she said, 'What! in her own handwriting? is it possible that the Queen finds time to write letters?' The Empress admired the Queen's activity, and said the Emperor had been so much struck by it, and that she believed that Queen Victoria and the Queen of Greece were the only two female sovereigns who occupied themselves so much, mind and body. The Empress also spoke much and most kindly of my dear friend, Countess Sophie Bobrinsky; then she suddenly asked me when the Queen was to open Parliament. I answered that Her Majesty had already done so, in the beginning of last week; 'but,' the Empress rejoined, 'the Speech has not arrived;' and she seemed surprised when I mentioned that my husband had received it that morning from Count Nesselrode. The Empress asked me what it contained, and what the Queen had said about the Montpensier marriage? I thought the conversation was then touching delicate subjects, and that the annexation of Cracow to the Austrian dominions would be the next topic, so, 'as prudence is the better part of valour,' I said, to tell the honest truth, I had not read the Speech myself, as it arrived just at the moment I received Her Majesty's summons, and I was more taken up with the thoughts of my audience than I was with the Speech. Her Majesty laughed, and said, 'Oh, that was just like a young woman!' and I was content to get

out of the scrape with this gentle reproof. Her Majesty had got a beautiful little English spaniel, which attracted my admiration, and I was amused at hearing her say to it, 'Oh, you young rascal!' When I took leave she said, 'Well, we have met at last, but God only knows when we may meet again.' I could not but think that possibly it might be my first and last interview, for Her Majesty's health was so sadly delicate everything was an effort to her, and she seldom appeared in public; but I had many more opportunities of seeing her, and she lived till the year 1860, outliving her husband by five years.

*February, 1847.*—I went to a morning concert to hear the Moscow gipsies sing. There were about twelve women and six men, not dressed, as I had expected, in their national costumes, but in tawdry, dirty finery, with wreaths and toques upon their heads. They looked disgustingly impudent, and nothing could exceed the savage wildness of their singing. The airs were national and very pretty, and occasionally when they sang piano the effect was pleasing; but the screaming, shrieking, and roaring of the choruses was deafening. They got excessively excited, flung their limbs about, and banged the guitars with which they accompanied themselves. What struck me most was that although the din was so great that it was next to impossible to follow the melody, they all sang in perfect time, and kept their parts well. The music would have been much more pleasing in the open air. The women were all handsome, and had, without exception, beautiful expressive black eyes and lovely hands; but otherwise they were very coarse, and most of them were middle-aged and *passée*.

*March 6.*—We went to a party at Princess Yousouppoff's fine palace. At the top of the staircase there was a garden and a fountain playing, which almost made one forget the want of external vegetation. The Princess's jewels were exposed to view in glass cases. Her pearls and diamonds were very fine indeed, and she possessed one called the *Pérégrine*, which alone was valued at 6,000*l*. It was very large, pear-shaped, and formed the drop of an earring.

*March 9.*—We attended Prince Vassiltchikoff's funeral, which was performed in the Strass-Préobrajensky Church. The deceased was President of the Council of the Empire, Aide-de camp Général, and a man universally esteemed and regretted—a personal friend of the Emperor. When we arrived the church was quite full. The Corps Diplomatique attended in full uniform, and the sight was very striking. The coffin was on a raised catafalque in the middle of the church. The body, dressed in full uniform, was in a sitting posture, and covered with a cloth of gold pall; but the head was exposed and looked very ghastly, and the expression extremely painful. The female relatives stood on the right, the Emperor, Hereditary Grand Duke, and the male relatives on the left side of the coffin, and all round it were velvet cushions, with the various decorations of the deceased. The service was performed by a number of priests, headed by the Metropolitan, and lasted about an hour and a half. The priests wore black velvet copes embroidered in silver, and every one present held a taper; six large tapers burnt round the coffin. Towards the conclusion of the ceremony, the Metropolitan read a paper, containing the Prince's profession of faith and declaration that he died an orthodox member of the Greek Church. This paper was placed in the hands of the corpse, then the relatives went up one by one to kiss the hands and cheek of the deceased, and take their final leave of him, which was the most touching part of the whole ceremony. The body was then covered with wadding, and the coffin lid was put on. It was carried out of the church by the Cezarewitch, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and the different members of the Prince's family, and was to be interred at the family seat some hundred of versts distant. The Emperor accompanied the hearse to the Moscow Gate, and it was followed by a large file of cavalry, in spite of 20° of frost.

*Saturday, March 13.*—We were invited, with the rest of the Corps Diplomatique, to attend the christening of the Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg's second son, Prince Eugene Maximilianowitch, which took place in the chapel of the Winter

Palace. We assembled at half-past ten in full Court dress, and at eleven the Emperor and Empress arrived, followed by their four sons, the Cezarewitch, Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duke Michael, the Duke of Oldenburg and the whole Court. The effect at that moment was most striking, the chapel gorgeous with gilding, and the splendour of the dresses was the finest scene I ever witnessed. The Empress was dressed in a robe of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, and wore three rows of large diamonds on her red velvet kakoschkin. This is a semi-circular diadem, from which hangs a long veil, and is the characteristic of the Russian Court dress. The ladies-in-waiting and maids of honour were all dressed alike—in velvet trains embroidered in gold,—except that the ladies wore green, the maids of honour crimson. The dress was very handsome, the petticoats were white satin embroidered in gold; some of the kakoschkins were ornamented with jewels, but generally they were plain, with a row of pearls top and bottom. Madame Zacharjewsky, the lady-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess Marie, carried the infant immediately after the Emperor and Empress. I had an excellent place next the rail, which divided the chapel into two parts, and within which no one stood except the Imperial family. The ceremony was performed by the Metropolitan, attended by two other high dignitaries of the Greek Church and about ten priests. Their vestments were magnificent, silver tissue with a pattern of crimson velvet, and the Metropolitan's mitre was covered with jewels. The Emperor and his grandchild, the Grand Duchess Marie's eldest girl, were sponsors, and each carried tapers. The baby was stripped, and completely immersed in holy water, and was afterwards wrapped up in wadding covered with cambric, and then rolled in a white mantle. As soon as the christening was over mass was said, after which the Empress, supported on one side by the Emperor and on the other by the Cezarewitch, carried the baby up to the Metropolitan, who administered to it the Holy Communion. This singular custom is, I believe, peculiar

to the Greek Church, in which children of all ages are communicants. The Emperor then invested the infant with the order and ribbon of St. Michael. The Duke of Leuchtenberg being a Roman Catholic was not present during the christening; but he came as soon as it was over, and embraced his relatives, and received their congratulations. The ceremony lasted till one o'clock, when the Court retired in the order in which it arrived; the sun was then shining brightly, and the play of light upon the rich dresses was strikingly beautiful as the procession marched through the State apartments, which were lined with troops.

*Saturday, April 3.*—Being Easter Eve I went with Countess Julie Strogonoff to the midnight mass at the Winter Palace. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress were able to attend it. I was allowed to go to a gallery, which commanded a view of the chapel. The body of the church was completely filled with officers of State and the whole Court in full dress. As soon as the Cezarewitch and other members of the Imperial family appeared, the service began by the choristers heading a procession, followed by the priests, who carried the icons, and these were followed by the Imperial family. After having traversed the principal apartments the procession re-entered the chapel, and vespers began. Soon after midnight the Metropolitan left the altar bearing a gold jewelled crucifix, with which he first made the sign of the cross, and then presented it to the Cezarewitch, who kissed it, and then embraced the Metropolitan on both cheeks. The priests wore the same gorgeous vestments they had on at the christening, and each carried either a folio bound in gold and inlaid with pictures, or else an icon. The Cezarewitch approached each and kissed them, as he had done the Metropolitan, and he was followed by the Grand Duchess Marie and the rest of the Imperial family. When the Emperor comes to the ceremony he is embraced by all present from the first to the last, and this takes several hours; but as this is only an act of fealty to the reigning sovereign it did not take place in his absence, but as soon as the Imperial family returned

to their places mass was said. People congratulated each other on Christ being risen, and much embracing went on; but I retired about two o'clock before the service was quite over. The chapel was brilliantly illuminated, and the sight was very fine indeed. When the Bible was read the Metropolitan stood at the altar within the doors; but three other reading desks were placed at the different sides of the chapel, and the priests read from them alternately, which typified the preaching of the Gospel throughout the world!

## CHAPTER IX.

The Islands—Visits to the Emperor and Empress at Peterhof, and the Camp at Krasnoe Selo.

*June 8 (17 N.S.), 1847.*—We moved out to the Strogonoff Datcha at the Islands. The weather was still cold, and the leaves only just beginning to come out; but the Islands are pretty in the summer, the houses all decorated with a profusion of flowers and evergreens, and when the Court visits Jelaguine, where there is a small Palace, the Islands are very gay and animated. There was a band of music every evening at Jelaguine, and the Emperor, driving the Empress in a little open pony carriage, came every evening to listen to it. The day the Court went away the Islands seemed almost deserted, and though the weather was very fine, we scarcely met a soul driving. When once vegetation begins the progress it makes is so rapid, it reminded me of the tale of Jack's bean-stalk, which grew up in one night. I literally could sometimes hear the buds cracking, and the wild flowers were very pretty; many of them were new to me. The white orchis, called 'Belle de nuit,' which grew luxuriantly in some places, was deliciously sweet, and the wormwood smelt very fragrant in the pine woods in summer. The lilies of the valley were plentiful, and the finest I ever saw.

*Tuesday, June 15.*—Count Nesselrode paid us a visit, and told me the Emperor intended inviting us to Peterhof; on Thursday we received a summons from Count Schouvaloff inviting us for the following Saturday, and saying the Empress would receive us that evening. This we expected would be conclusive, but on Saturday morning a Feldjäger arrived at half



past ten o'clock to say we were to dine at the Empress's cottage that day at four o'clock, so we started as soon as possible, and arrived in time. The Emperor and Empress received us most graciously and kindly, and both expressed their pleasure at being able to receive us *en famille*. The party was very small, Madame Baranoff and Mademoiselle Nélidoff being the only ladies besides myself. When dinner was announced, the Empress walked into the dining-room by herself; the Emperor gave me his arm, and placed me next himself, the Empress being on his other side, and my husband next Her Majesty. Nothing could have been less formal or pleasanter than the dinner; their Majesties both talked a great deal, and during dinner the Cezarewitch's two eldest children, and their two cousins, the Grand Duchess Marie's, came into the room and played about. It was charming to see the Emperor and Empress's manner with their children and grandchildren; it was so very kind and affectionate, and the little ones were as merry and playful as possible. During dinner the Emperor told me the great delight it gave him and the Empress to live quietly at their cottage, which was given to the Empress by the Emperor Alexander just before his departure to the Crimea, where he died. It had been a favourite spot of the Empress's, and she chose it in preference to any other; and when the Emperor Alexander gave her the ground, she sent for an old English architect, who had been sixty years in Russia, who made the plan of the cottage. Before the addition of the dining-room, it consisted of five rooms only on the ground floor—a room to the right of the entrance, the drawing-room facing the sea, next that the Empress's boudoir, bed-room and dressing-room. The Emperor's room was on the first floor over the dining-room, and commanded a beautiful view of Cronstadt on one side, and St. Petersburg on the other. The other rooms were occupied by the Imperial family, and the Emperor told me he had lived for several years with his wife, four children, and two servants, and regretted exceedingly when his increasing family, and obligations as Emperor, obliged him to enlarge the

house a little by building a dining-room, 'when' (to use his own words) 'we had to change our simple habits. It was only a chance, Madam, which caused me to ascend the throne. Before that we lived very simply, and, whilst fulfilling the duties of our high station, I assure you we always keep our simple tastes. We especially love the home which we owe to my brother's kindness, who gave it to us when we did not possess an acre of ground; yet I can truly say that all you see was created by my wife.'

When dinner was over, and we had adjourned to the drawing-room, the Empress said she must show me her private apartments herself. She took me into her sitting-room, bed-room, and dressing-room, and then into the garden. We went all round the cottage, and Her Majesty re-entered by a different door from that she went out at, to the no small surprise of her attendants, who did not expect to see us arrive on that side. The Empress was amused at their astonishment. She then took leave of us, and invited us to drive with her at seven o'clock. We returned to our apartments in the 'Grand Palais,' where I changed my dress, and at seven we went back to the cottage. The Empress got into her little pony carriage, and invited Lord Bloomfield to sit next her, whilst I sat next the Emperor, who drove. The young Grand Dukes followed in their pony carriage, and the attendants in a third. We drove through the gardens, where the fountains were playing beautifully; the sun shone brightly, and the fresh green of the foliage made everything look gay and cheerful. The Emperor pointed out several improvements he had been making, and seemed to take the greatest interest in the place. I took an opportunity of expressing to His Majesty my great regret that my dear father-in-law's illness had obliged us to return home the previous year, and prevented my attending the Grand Duchess Olga's marriage. He said he too had regretted my absence, and especially the cause of it; for that he had the greatest regard and highest esteem for my father-in-law, who was one of his oldest friends, he having known him when he visited George IV. in 1814, and that he had always entertained a great friendship for him. I

said I had often heard the late Lord Bloomfield speak with the warmest gratitude of his Imperial Majesty's kindness not only towards himself but towards his son, upon which the Emperor said, 'Oh! as to your husband, madam, he is so good it would be impossible to know him without loving and esteeming him, and we consider ourselves happy at having him in Russia.'

After driving for about an hour and a half, we arrived at the Isola Bella, where tea was prepared. It is a beautiful little spot, fitted up like an Italian villa, the walls painted in the Etruscan style, and the rooms supported by marble pillars. The Empress was very fond of it, and frequently went there. It was full of flowers, and reminded one of Italy. I could not help smiling when I thought under what a different aspect I saw the Island then, to when I had crossed over, as a tourist, in the rickety flower raft the preceding summer. After tea we drove again, but the Grand Duchess Marie, who had joined the party, took my husband's place next the Empress. We drove to Znamenska, and I was shown into a private room, where I found my maid, and arranged my dress for the evening. The Court had all been invited to spend the evening at Znamenska, and it went off very gaily. There were *petits-jeux*, but the Empress expressed a wish to hear me sing, and had had her own pianoforte brought from the cottage for that purpose. Nothing could have exceeded her kindness to me. She said how much she regretted that the delicate state of her health had prevented her seeing me oftener during the winter, that she had made a great effort to receive me, which had given her the wish to see me again, and that she was delighted to have us as her guests at Peterhof. She called me to her table at supper, and treated me with the greatest condescension and distinction. It was midnight when we returned to the Palace.

On Sunday morning there was mass, which we did not attend, and then a parade. The Empress sent to desire that I would join her on the balcony, where luncheon was served, but Her Majesty did not remain very long, as she was fatigued. The parade, which the Emperor attended, was interesting, and I was especially struck by the picturesque appearance of the

Circassians. A piece of paper was fastened to the ground, and each man shot at it as he galloped past, till it was rent in pieces. At four o'clock there was a dinner of 100 people at the Grand Palais. The Emperor sat between the Empress and the Grand Duchess Marie, whilst I was placed next the Grand Duke Michael, who sat on the Empress's left. After dinner the Empress said she was aware that no amusements are allowed in England on Sunday; but she begged me nevertheless to attend the theatre that evening, as she wished to see me again. Between the acts the Emperor came himself to fetch me, and took me to a room where I found the Empress and the Grand Duchess Marie at tea. There the Empress took leave of me, the Emperor conducting me back to the box.

After the play, Julie Bobrinsky proposed driving with me in an open carriage to hear the nightingales, which abound in the environs of Peterhof. It was quite light, the weather was delightful, not a leaf was stirring, and the still waters of the gulf were like a mirror. We drove along the shore from 'Mon Plaisir' to a new pavilion, which the Emperor built in imitation of one at Palermo, which His Majesty greatly admired. The nightingales were singing sweetly, and the night was so still, each note was distinctly heard. We stayed out for about a couple of hours, and enjoyed the drive extremely; but I could not help comparing the liberty of the maids of honour in Russia to that enjoyed at Windsor, and thinking how scandalised the Queen would have been had Her Majesty heard of our driving about the Park and visiting Virginia Water in the middle of the night! On Monday morning we called on Madame Baranoff, Countess Tiesenhausen, the Barténiéffs, Julie Bobrinsky, Madame Schouvaloff, and Countess Razoumoffsky, and at one o'clock we went to pay our respects to the Grand Duchess Marie, at Serieffsky. She and the Duke of Leuchtenberg received us very kindly, and showed us all over the house and gardens. We lunched on the balcony, and then drove through the grounds. The place belonged to M. Narischkine, but was bought by the Emperor and given to the Grand Duchess when she married. Near the sea there is a little Roman Catholic

chapel, which is the room where the Grand Duchess's eldest girl died. It was in another place, but was moved, and the Duke turned it into a chapel for himself, and built a Greek chapel for the Grand Duchess on the spot where it had stood. On leaving Serieffsky we returned home to the islands, having enjoyed our visit to Peterhof extremely.

*Saturday, June 26.*—We dined with our kind friends, Count and Countess Koucheleff, at their country house on the Peterhof road. The place was very enjoyable and well kept. The Count took great pains with his farm, and had some good English stock. On July 28, we went a large party to Pergola, a pretty place, belonging to Count Schouvaloff, about twenty versts from St. Petersburg. Differing from the surrounding country, the ground there is prettily undulated, and the timber is larger and finer than one usually sees. Princess Butera, Count Schouvaloff's mother, married first Count Schouvaloff, then a M. Pollier, and thirdly Prince Butera. Her first two husbands are buried at Pergola, and M. Pollier's tomb is in a beautiful little garden, which is kept with the greatest care. Some years previous to this date, my husband was Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, where Prince Butera called upon him, and offered to stay for dinner. Mr. Bloomfield said nothing would give him greater pleasure, only unfortunately he had already invited eleven guests, and that he knew there is a great objection to sitting down thirteen to dinner! Prince Butera laughed, and said, Oh! that was all nonsense, and he should come, which he did. Exactly the same thing occurred on another occasion, when he again came up from the country, and unexpectedly proposed staying to dinner; but it is a melancholy fact, that before the year was out he died, though apparently in the full vigour of health when he dined with my husband.

*Thursday, July 29.*—At six o'clock we received a letter from Count Orloff, to say the Emperor invited us to the camp at Krasnoe Selo, and hoped we should go there that evening, to be ready for the cavalry manœuvres on Friday morning. My husband started immediately, but I was unfortunately

obliged to give up seeing the manœuvres, as I was indisposed; but I went to Krasnoë Selo the next morning, and arrived there about one. We were lodged in a small house, with our colleagues, Prince Hohenlohe and M. Nordin, the Wurtemberg and Swedish Ministers. Soon after my arrival the troops returned from their field-day, and it was a beautiful sight, the sun shining upon the cuirasses and standards of the Chevalier Guards, and lighting up the road as far as the eye could reach. Krasnoë Selo is a village situated upon an immense open down; the ground rises there considerably, and the place is admirably adapted for the manœuvres, which take place there every year, during about six weeks. The troops live in tents, and the air is so fine that, generally speaking, they are more healthy in camp than in their barracks. In the village there are a few small houses, which were occupied by the female members of the Imperial family and their suites, but the Emperor always lived in a tent. We were invited to dine with the Grand Duchess Marie at four o'clock, as the Empress was unwell, and had not arrived; but her sister, Princess Louise of the Netherlands, and her daughter had accompanied the Grand Duchess to the camp, and we sat down twenty to dinner, which was as many as the small room would hold. Dinner lasted about an hour and a half, after which we returned to our apartments till seven, when we were summoned to attend the Imperial family, and just as we were starting, the Empress arrived, and went with us to the camp. The evening threatened to be rainy, and all round the horizon the rain seemed to be falling heavily; but it fortunately kept off, and the effect of the sun setting behind a heavy mass of clouds, lighting up the camp, which spread far and wide in all directions, and the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers, was very striking. Every evening the troops formed in line in front of their tents; all the bands belonging to the different regiments assembled in front of the Emperor's, and played till nine o'clock, when three rockets were sent off, the artillery fired on every side of the camp, the retreat was sounded, and the bands struck up the Evening Hymn. At that instant every helmet was doffed, and the troops made the sign

of the cross, after which the Lord's Prayer was repeated and then all retired to rest. The effect was the most electrical I ever witnessed before or since, and I never heard anything so grand as the Evening Hymn played by about 2,000 men. Altogether, the army at the camp amounted to 53,000 men.

As soon as we reached the camp, we went to the Emperor's tent, which was not much larger than the others, or in any way distinguishable. Tea was served there, after which the Empress got into her carriage, which took up its position opposite the bands. As the evening was fine the rest of the party remained on foot, and a good many people came from town to hear the retreat. The Emperor, as usual, was most kind and courteous to me. He shook me cordially by the hand, and said how happy he was to see me at the camp; and when I expressed my gratitude to His Majesty for his kindness, in allowing me to witness such a magnificent sight, he said that, on the contrary, he was much flattered at my taking the trouble to come, and he only hoped I should not be over fatigued.

The Emperor Nicholas certainly had the most winning, chivalrous manner I ever saw, and it was touching and charming to see his behaviour to the Empress: it was so attentive and affectionate, and at the same time so respectful. He looked magnificent, standing alone among the multitude, his grand head towering above them all, his figure so erect and commanding; no one could for an instant mistake him. As soon as the Lord's Prayer was concluded, the Emperor dismissed the troops, wished the Empress 'good night,' embraced his sons, and retired to his tent. The Empress returned to her tent, and I was invited alone to sup with Her Majesty. I sat next her all the evening, and conversed on many different subjects. Her conversation was easy and agreeable, and I thought Her Majesty looked better and younger than I had ever seen her. Her head always shook a little, and had done so since the day the Emperor ascended the throne in 1826, when there was an *émeute* at St. Petersburg, and he took the Grand Duke Héritier in his arms and showed him to the mob. This was such a shock to the Empress's nerves, she never really recovered it.

At nine o'clock on Saturday morning we all assembled again at the Empress's, and adjourned to a 'pavilion' of the Emperor's, in the garden, where, with the aid of an excellent telescope, we could perfectly distinguish and follow the manœuvres on the hill opposite. There was a feigned attack on the village of Krasnoe Selo, and the infantry forded a piece of water, which lay in a hollow between the camp and the village. I was amused at seeing one soldier who, after crossing the water, quietly sat down on a stone, turned up his dripping white trousers, pulled off his boots and emptied the water out of them, wrung out the rags the soldiers wore round their legs in lieu of stockings, and then, after quietly replacing these various articles, continued his march.

About eleven we drove with the Empress to a different part of the camp, where her tent was pitched, where we stayed whilst Her Majesty drove with her sister and the Grand Duchess Marie to inspect the troops. On her return the infantry and artillery performed various evolutions, and then luncheon was served. The Empress desired me to sit next her, and told me to help myself without ceremony, adding that 'one must not be particular in time of war.' Presently a young aide-de-camp of the Emperor's arrived, with a message about the movement of the troops, and the Empress thanked him *en le tutoyant*. She then laughingly turned to me, and said, 'I must explain this to Lady Bloomfield, or else, if she writes a memoir she would say, "I was surprised to hear the Empress of Russia 'tutoyer' all the Emperor's aide-de-camps.'" I laughed, and said, 'Ce serait bien une histoire de voyageuse, Madame!' which amused the Empress, who, nevertheless, went on to explain the circumstance by saying, that one or two young men had been brought up and educated with the Hereditary Grand Duke, and that she always looked upon them almost as her sons, and not only *tutoyé'd* them, but generally embraced them into the bargain.

The young officer in question was Count Apraxine, and the Empress further showed her goodwill towards him by giving him a good luncheon, which he fully appreciated. A violent



thunderstorm brought the exercises to an end sooner than was expected, so we returned to our home and dined alone. At seven we went to a cottage of the Empress's, at Doudouroff, about four miles from Krasnoe Selo, where the Court assembled for tea. The cottage was prettily situated at the top of a wooded hill; it was built in the Swiss style, and the Empress told me she was very fond of it, as it was exactly like a favourite residence of her aunt, Princess William of Prussia, in Silesia. A large party assembled, for, besides the Court, most of the general officers had been invited. Unfortunately, so much rain had fallen we were not able to see the walks, which looked pretty. The cottage was surrounded by peasants in their picturesque dresses, who carried plates of wild fruits and flowers, which they offered for sale. The scene was very pretty, and the Empress commemorated the evening by making us all write our names in a book which she kept for that purpose. From Doudouroff we drove back to the camp, and to reach the Emperor's tent we had to drive from one end of it to the other. The soldiers were in line, but in each regiment a group was singing, with one man in the middle of it dancing. The men's voices sounded very harmonious, as they were singing their national melodies in parts, and the effect was striking and good. When we arrived at the spot where the band was stationed, the Emperor left the Empress's carriage, and came to fetch me, saying, 'My wife begs you to come and take my place.' He then ordered our carriage to drive alongside the Empress's, in order that I might not wet my feet, opened the carriage door himself, and handed me out. I remained with the Empress till after the retreat, the Emperor leaning on the carriage door, talking to us most familiarly, and I drove back with Her Majesty to Krasnoe Selo, where she took a most kind and gracious leave of me, shook my hand, and wished me adieu. We left the camp immediately, and reached home about two o'clock in the morning, our return having been delayed by the breaking of the axle-tree of our carriage. The accident happened about two versts from Mr. Anderson's country house, so we got assistance there, and he gave us the means of returning home.

General Count Berg, Aide-de-Camp General, and a distinguished officer, who had served in Turkey, told me that on one occasion he had been selected by the Emperor to command the army which was to be beaten at one of the sham fights, which take place at the manœuvres. Being an old and experienced officer, he determined to do his best to avoid this catastrophe, so, a few days before the fight, he went down and examined the ground carefully, and when the day arrived he made such a skilful retreat, that he and his men were not forthcoming, and could not be found. The Emperor was furious, and the next day he sent for General Count Berg, gave him a severe reprimand, and told him he should never be employed again, which was, in fact, exactly what the Count wished, as he was getting old, and did not care for the work. He, however, defended his case, told the Emperor that in real warfare it would have been the right course to pursue, and he could not regret what, as a military man, he felt was right. The Empress had arranged a ball at Gatchina, which was a failure, owing to the lack of officers, and this perhaps had added to the Emperor's annoyance.

Once, at a review my husband attended, an officer in command made an egregious mistake, by leading his men up a hill in the face of a strong force of artillery, which was blazing away at them. The Emperor's quick eye speedily detected the error, and, in a perfect fury, he drew his sword and rode at the wretched officer in command, and my husband said he hardly knew what would happen, but thought the Emperor was going to cut off the culprit's épaulettes. After, however, giving him a severe reprimand, the Emperor turned round to the suite, and said, 'Gentlemen, after the humiliating spectacle we have just witnessed, I think the review had better conclude, so adieu;' and he turned his horse's head, and galloped off the field.

## CHAPTER X.

Finland—Moscow—Churches—Imperial Palace—The Sparrow Hills—  
Foundling Hospital—Troitzka—Archangliska—Melnitza—Novgorod.

*August 14–26, 1847.*—We left the islands at 6 P.M. for an expedition into Finland. Soon after eleven we reached the frontier; the road so far was badly paved and execrable, and where this was not the case there was no road at all, but deep sand. The moment we crossed into Finland the change was most remarkable, and the roads, though hilly, were very good. We stopped at Pampela, the second station in Finland, where we lunched at a clean post house upon provisions we had brought with us, for one could get little besides milk and eggs. The post houses generally were very small, and would have afforded but bad accommodation. The rope harness was very primitive, the horses were small but active, and the drivers looked very wild, and drove at a tremendous pace. The road was hilly, and the speed with which we descended the hills fortunately carried us up them with a swing, as otherwise the little horses, which looked almost like cats harnessed to our heavy chariot, would inevitably have jibbed. The country was wooded, but monotonous, as the vegetation is almost entirely birch and fir, but after the flat roads in Russia the mere undulation was agreeable.

The first view of Viborg, which we reached a little past seven P.M., struck me as picturesque. The sun was setting behind the towers of the old town, and the hill from which we looked down upon it was covered, like the rest of Finland, with huge boulder stones. An inlet from the Gulf of Finland runs up past Viborg. The fortifications erected by the Swedes were

much as they were when the Russians took the place, except that the moats were dry, and the place looked neglected, though Viborg is a garrison town. There was a curious picturesque old tower, formerly a fort, now a prison. We drove through the town to Baron Nicolay's place, 'Mon Repos,' situated about one mile and a half from the town. Our host was for thirty years Russian Minister at Copenhagen, and had only lately retired from the Diplomatic Service to end his days at 'Mon Repos.' The house was clean and comfortable, and the garden well kept. The grounds were prettily undulated and rocky, bounded on one side by the sea. Baron Nicolay was very fond of England and everything English, and piqued himself upon keeping his place in an English fashion. He was a widower, and had three sons and three daughters. We spent Friday quietly at 'Mon Repos,' and started Saturday morning at six A.M. for the falls of Imatra, sixty versts off. The road was very hilly, but good, and we reached Imatra a little after eleven A.M. There we found a sort of pavilion erected for the accommodation of travellers, just over the falls, where we rested and dined. The two small inns looked very dirty and bad, and I should have been sorry to lodge in either of them. The rapids are fine, and the banks wooded. We went on to Sitola to see the upper fall, crossed the river Voxa, and drove in *telegas* (little carts) to see the lake Saima, where the Voxa takes its source.

The view was very wild, the ground covered with rocks and heather, which was more agreeable to our sight than it was to our limbs, for the Finn boys who drove the little carts, which had no springs, were so proud of having us in lieu of a bundle of hay, that they insisted upon driving us full gallop across country, up hill and down dale, and as we could not make ourselves understood, there was nothing for it but to hold on like grim death, and be shaken to pieces. After spending a very pleasant day, we returned to 'Mon Repos' in the evening and spent Sunday there quietly. M. Kotin, the Governor of Viborg, came to dinner, and told me he was much interested in watching a plan of his, by which convicts were

employed making a canal to unite the river Voxa to the sea. The men were not watched, and were under no restraint, only worked upon morally, and so far the plan had succeeded. They were well fed, and regularly paid for their labour. He told me, also, a curious anecdote of an event which happened about three weeks previously, in the parish of Kemlin, where there were a great number of wolves. A girl was working in the fields, when she was attacked by one of those ferocious creatures, which first bit her arm, and then leapt upon her back, with its paws on her shoulders. The girl, with great courage and presence of mind, put her hand into the animal's mouth and seized its tongue, which she held firmly till her cries brought assistance, and she was released from her perilous position, and the animal was killed. This fact was officially announced to M. Kotin, and reported by him to the Emperor. To give an idea of the primitive way in which horses are harnessed in Finland, I may mention that the harness is so made as to slip on and off at once. During our drive I heard a strange noise, and on looking out of the carriage I saw the harness of the off horse (we were driving four abreast) trailing on the ground, but the horse was cantering quietly along, as if nothing had happened.

*Monday, September 30, 1847.*—We left our pretty Villa Strogonoff, in the islands, where we had passed a very pleasant summer. The house was cheerful and comfortable, and my little garden so gay and full of flowers it was the astonishment of all beholders, and proved what could be done with a little care and trouble, for there were no flowers belonging to the place, so I planted all we had. We started at nine o'clock for Moscow, dined at 'Pomeranie,' drank tea at 'Sparskaia Polish,' travelled all night, breakfasted at Jagelbitze, and reached 'Vidropoursk,' where, as we found the post house tolerably clean, we halted, as I was very tired. We travelled in a chariot, and a fourgon followed with my maid and camp bed, which was a very necessary luxury, as most of the post houses are infested with bugs. At ten A.M. we left 'Vidropoursk,' and soon after met the Grand Duchess Marie and her husband returning to

St. Petersburg at full gallop, which is the only way one ever wishes to travel in Russia, the roads are so uninteresting and the country so flat and ugly. Four horses were harnessed abreast, the driver generally stood up, his long hair streaming in the breeze, and he kept constantly hallooing to the horses, which all appeared to be going in different directions. The harness and carriage generally break once, if not twice, every stage, but people are so used to such accidents that they soon repair them, and one starts off again at full gallop.

Tver, where we dined on Wednesday, is the only picturesque town between Petersburg and Moscow. It is situated on the Volga, and looks Eastern; contains several large churches and convents, with domed roofs and high belfries. Torjok (famous for its embroidered leather) is also a considerable place, but otherwise we saw nothing but long straggling villages, and often travelled miles and miles without seeing a human habitation of any sort or kind. We had thought of resting at Zavidowa, but found the place so dirty and uninviting, we pushed on to Moscow, which we reached on Thursday morning about 7.30 A.M. The first thing of interest one sees on approaching that town is the Palace of Petroffski, a large red and white building which was inhabited by Napoleon during his stay at Moscow. On the opposite side of the wood there was an immense plain, used as a race-course, and also for the military manœuvres. We saw the white tents of the soldiers in the distance, and to the right the domes, minarets, and towers of Moscow stretched far and wide. After driving through some uninteresting suburbs, we passed a boulevard and reached Howard's private hotel, which was clean and tolerably comfortable. Before leaving St. Petersburg we had heard uncomfortable reports that the cholera was travelling towards Moscow, and that there had been some cases there; but on our arrival we were told this was not true, though the terrible disease was undoubtedly approaching, and the Jean Tolstoys, who had just arrived from their estate at Varonesh, had lost their baby, maid, and nurse on the road. This was bad news, and made us rather anxious. However, having come so far, we determined to lionise the town, and we called on the

governor and his wife, Prince and Princess Tcherbatoff, who received us with great courtesy and civility, and invited us to a ball the following Sunday, to meet the Grand Duke Michael. We then drove to the Kremlin, which is different from anything I had ever seen. Words fail me to describe its high battlemented walls, curious towers, and gilded domes, which are as unique as they are striking; and certainly the panoramic view of Moscow from the ramparts of the Kremlin is one of the finest sights in the world. The weather was very clear and bright, and I could hardly tear myself away from this wonderful view, but individually the churches disappointed me, as they are generally small.

We first visited the famous 'Vassili,' situated just outside the walls of the Kremlin. It is most curious and grotesque. The towers and domes are painted in bright colours, and the eye can with difficulty follow their outline. On the basement there is one small, dark, vaulted chapel, which contains the tomb of the saint, but on the first floor there is a perfect labyrinth of chapels and passages—one in the centre, and six others round it, connected by exterior and interior corridors.

The walls are immensely thick, and curiously painted in arabesque. The church was built in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and it is said that after it was constructed he sent for the architect and expressed his approval of the building, asking at the same time, whether the architect thought he could build a still more elaborate church. He took a week to consider his answer; then his vanity got the better of his prudence, and he told the Czar he thought he *could* erect a still more curious church, upon which his eyes were put out, and he was imprisoned for life, the Czar declaring no one should have a finer church than himself. It certainly remains a standing memorial of the architect's ingenuity to satisfy the tyrant's caprice. Friday we went to see the five churches of the Kremlin, viz. the Assumption, the Annunciation, Archangel, St. Saviour's of the Miracles, and the Church of the Nunnery. The Assumption, or Cathedral, contains the tombs of the patriarchs, and is the church where the Emperors of Russia are crowned. It is

very high, but dim and dingy, ill-kept, and we were particularly struck with the slovenly appearance of the priests, who were doing the service. The screen, which is said to be of real silver, is very high, and covered with icons, many of which were ornamented with large precious stones. Before the occupation of the town by the French the treasures of the various churches were all sent to the Troitzka monastery, about fifty versts from Moscow; and strange to say that place has never yet been taken, so the Russians consider it is under the immediate protection of Heaven, and miraculously preserved.

We saw the library and treasures of the Patriarchs—a curious collection of old plate, manuscripts, and some wonderful mitres and vestments richly embroidered in pearls. The service at the Church of the Nunnery is performed by the nuns; the Abbess, surrounded by nuns, was reading aloud (the Psalms, I believe) in a gallery just above us, while below the nuns prostrated themselves before the different images; but I fear our presence disturbed their devotions, for they examined us with their eyes, and when we left they all ran to the church door to see us drive off. Friday is the day service is performed in the mosque, so we drove to see the Mohammedans at their worship.

The building itself was wretched, in an out-of-the-way part of the town, not even plastered inside, and looked most dilapidated. The first thing we saw when we entered was a collection of dirty shoes, which the worshippers take off before entering the sacred precincts of the mosque. About thirty Asiatics, in their turbans and caftans, were present; they were either sitting in silence cross-legged on their carpets, or prostrating themselves and touching the ground with their foreheads. Before the conclusion of the service one of the men, dressed like the rest, but who we presumed was a Mufti, took the lead, and uttered a monotonous chant; after which he shut his eyes and spread out his hands, when all the others did the like. They remained in that attitude for a minute or two, then covered their faces with their hands, as if uttering a prayer; then the ceremony concluded, and they took their shoes and departed. I believed this is the only mosque a woman is allowed to enter. From thence



we visited the Library of the Patriarchs, opposite the Church of the Assumption. We mounted a considerable flight of stairs, passed through several vaulted passages, and at length reached a small door guarded by a sentinel, when we met an old priest, who showed us the treasures. The first room contained a collection of ancient copes and vestments, some of which were very magnificent indeed, made of cloth of gold embroidered with real pearls. These were presents given by the Czars to the patriarchs, and some were as old as the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. In the second room we found a large collection of curious old plate and the silver vessels which contain the holy oil, which is made at Moscow every three years, and then sent to various churches in Russia; there was also a collection of watches, chains, crosses, and relics which had belonged to the patriarchs. Beyond this room there was a small oratory, which was only remarkable as containing a curious vase in mother-of-pearl, which had been sent from Jerusalem, and was said to be copied from one used by Mary Magdalene!

On Saturday, Baron Bode, the Chamberlain, conducted us over the new Imperial Palace, which is very large and handsome. We first saw the throne-room, then the staircase, order-room, and lastly, St. George's Hall, which was not completed, but which is two hundred and ten feet long, seventy wide, and proportionately high—a very splendid apartment. We were particularly struck by the beauty of the doors, made of Caucasian wood, which takes a high polish, and is beautifully veined and very ornamental. The kitchens in this new palace were very well arranged, and very large. On leaving the new palace we entered the old one, formerly the residence of the Czars, by far the most curious and interesting part of the Kremlin. The architecture is something between Venetian and Moresque, Italian architects having been employed by the Czar. The staircase, in painted stone, was picturesque and curious. The rooms were small, but also richly painted and gilt. The Cezarewna's rooms, which consisted of two for herself and children, were immediately over the Czar's; and the staircase

leading to them was exceedingly narrow, and formerly was open to the outer air, which, as the cold in winter is intense at Moscow, does not agree with our notions of comfort and convenience. Peter the Great's father was the last Czar who lived in these apartments; his bed and furniture are still there, also his Psalter, which was curiously illuminated. The window of the Czar's room was distinguishable externally by its having a small column on either side, and petitioners had a right to enter the inner court of the palace, in order that they might be seen by the Czar, who then sent for their petitions. There are no less than seven small chapels in the old palace, most of them low and very dark, but richly gilt and decorated. One of them is curious from adjoining a room divided from it by arches, where the Cezarewnas (who were not allowed by the Greek Church to enter a church ere forty days had elapsed after their confinement) were brought before childbirth, in order that they might take part in the services of the church, without being actually within the sacred precincts. In one of the very ancient chapels some workmen were employed, when they found that the wall sounded hollow; and on breaking through the wall a niche was discovered which, it is said, was inhabited for many years by a recluse. It is much too small to allow even a very small man to stand up or lie down in any comfort, so it must have been a painful abode. On leaving the palace we went to a large ugly building erected by the Emperor Alexander, where the Crown treasures were deposited. The first room was filled with armour, flags, and trophies of different kinds, and lying neglected and dusty in one corner was the Constitution of Poland, shut up in an old velvet case. Fit emblem of the decadence of that once prosperous and powerful kingdom, which was civilised and flourishing when Russia was uncivilised and barbarous. In the second room there was a fine collection of old plate, and a case containing several relics of Peter the Great. The third room contained many crowns of different shapes, sizes, and countries, the thrones of the various Czars, and a vast quantity of jewels. The precious stones are, however, badly cut, and are therefore less striking than they ought to be, but

there is a wonderful profusion of them ; the crowns and several of the thrones were richly inlaid with them. The Coronation robes were many of them embroidered with pearls. In another room, filled with arms of different sizes and dates, we saw Napoleon's camp bed taken during the retreat from Moscow in 1812-13. It was a small soft downy couch, and in a pocket of the pillow-case the Emperor kept his private papers. M. Kakoschkine—a clever, agreeable man—did the honours of this part of the Krenlin, and showed us the most remarkable things ; but the collection was much too large to be seen in detail in one day. Among other curiosities there were a number of old carriages, which had belonged to the patriarchs and Czars. One had been painted by Watteau, and another little vehicle belonged to Peter the Great as a child.

We visited the Simonoff convent at the outskirts of the town—a large and curious building, from which there is a fine view of Moscow. The chanting in that church was peculiar, but I thought it very monotonous and uninteresting. The Archimandrite who was present was a fine old man, with a long grey beard and benign expression of countenance. The black flowing dress of the monks and their high caps were striking and picturesque. On leaving the Simonoff convent we visited St. Sauveur's. Service was going on, and the church was quite full, so I declined pressing through the crowd—never a pleasant operation, but particularly odious when it is composed of Russians in their filthy sheepskins ; and woe to the unhappy wight who comes in contact with the peasants in Russia ! As it was, I generally returned from my trips richer than when I left home ; though I was fortunate in escaping all vermin, except the light cavalry, which tormented me dreadfully.

*Sunday, September 27.*—We attended divine service in the English chapel, where we found a large and very respectable congregation. Immediately after church we drove up to the Sparrow Hills to see the departure of the prisoners for Siberia, who are sent off every Sunday between one and two o'clock. The prison was a wretched place, merely a collection of small

wooden houses which had been erected in the time of the cholera in 1831, in order that the prisoners, who come from all parts of the country, should not be brought into the infected town. We first entered a room where the prisoners were being examined by Dr. Haas. That excellent man had devoted himself to them for seventeen years, and had obtained great influence over them and the authorities. He talked and reasoned with them, listened to their various tales and complaints, tried to lead them to repentance and dependence on their Saviour. Before starting every prisoner received a present of money, clothes, and books. The sight of so many fellow creatures doomed, in consequence of fearful crimes, to spend the rest of their days in hardship and suffering, was a very sad one, and impressed me deeply. Two texts of Scripture came into my mind, viz., 'To whom much is given, of him shall much be required,' and 'Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first;' and I felt as if I had never realised them as fully as I did at that moment.

There were in all about eighty prisoners—men, women, and children; twenty-eight were going to the mines for life, having committed dreadful murders. The other prisoners were going to the different governments and stations in Siberia, exiled for life, but able, if they behaved well, to earn a tolerable and respectable livelihood. They were all warmly clad, with good new shoes, and looked fairly clean. The men had one side of their heads, beards, and eyebrows shaved clean off, which gave them a most ghastly appearance; but this is done in order that they may be recognised in case they escape during the march.

A few had fearful countenances, but generally they looked more apathetic and stupid than either wicked or unhappy. When I entered the prison one wretched convict was on his knees at Haas' feet, in an attitude of the humblest but most earnest supplication, and sobbing as if his heart would break. His history was curious. He was sent to Siberia for murder, and his wife declined accompanying him thither, which wives have always the option of doing if they please; but in case they refuse the marriage is considered annulled, and the woman is at

liberty to marry again. In the present case this convict had contrived to escape, and had walked back to his village in White Russia, living upon roots, hiding by day, and walking by night. When he reached his home he found his wife had married another man; he was again taken prisoner, and when I saw him, was being sent back to Tobolsk, to take his trial as a renegade; but he was earnestly begging to be allowed to take his wife back with him. In vain he was told that this was out of the question, he would not be tranquillised, until, at length, after having exhausted all his powers of persuasion, Dr. Haas referred him to a priest, who told him he must endeavour to resign himself to God's will, who saw fit to deny the wish of his heart in order to lead him to repentance, and wean his affections from all earthly blessings, that he might fix them more entirely upon heaven and heavenly things. The poor wretch listened with attention and apparent thankfulness, but despair and misery were written on his countenance, and he looked the picture of guilt and sorrow, and went away weeping bitterly.

I next saw a Jew and his wife and children. The two former were accused of being the accomplices of a servant who had murdered his master, but they were going all together to the colonies, and looked thoroughly contented and jolly! The last thing he tried was to get some money from Dr. Haas, to pay a small tax levied on the Jews, to make up a sum which one of them had robbed and carried off. He was delighted when we gave him the small sum of twenty kopecks. Dr. Haas next led me up to another Jew, with whom he reasoned, asking him how he could conceive that the Messiah had *not* come, when the prophecies concerning Him have been accomplished, and the sceptre has departed from Judah. The man looked rather puzzled, but immediately said, 'Oh, that's all very well, and what you Gentiles tell us, but our Rabbis teach us very differently, and I do not believe the sceptre *has* departed from Judah.' Haas, rather taken aback at this assertion, said, 'Well, but you know Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans, and there has been no king since.' 'Oh,' said the man, 'there is a

king somewhere,' pointing to the East, 'I do not know exactly where ; but somewhere in India.'

Before the prisoners started they were all placed in a row and their names called over, then all the Christians turned their faces towards the Church and crossed themselves, one or two of them prostrating themselves, and touching the ground with their foreheads after the manner of the Greeks. They then approached Haas, kissed his hands and the hem of his garment, blessed and thanked him for all his goodness and kindness towards them. He took leave of each individually, giving a few words of consolation and advice, and when they were off he turned to me and said very solemnly that his prayer always was, not only for himself, but for all the authorities, that at the great day of judgment when all met again in the presence of God, they might not in their turn be accused by the very men who were undergoing the severest punishment for their crimes.

A hospital was attached to the prison under Dr. Haas' superintendence, who was himself a medical man, and never allowed the prisoners to start if they were sick or in an unfit condition to undertake the journey, which lasts five months and a half. They walk about twenty miles a day, and rest every third day. They are allowed carts to carry their luggage, women, and children ; and when they start their clothes are in good order, but I believe they undergo dreadful hardships on the march, from cold, fatigue, and ill-treatment, though Dr. Haas assured me that very few die on the way. The sight was curious, interesting, and impressive, but extremely sad.

The view of Moscow from the Sparrow Hills is very grand indeed. The river winds below, the town spreads far beyond with its gilt domes and towers. On returning we stopped to see the Empress's Villa Alexandria, which was not remarkable, and there was such a pestilential smell there from the sewers, which were just outside the barrier, and a very short distance from the Palace, that I was glad to get away from it. The Domscoi convent is the most celebrated in the environs of Moscow. It is surrounded by a very curious brick wall with

battlements and towers, and the church is very large and fine; but to my mind all Greek churches are more or less alike, and the profusion of gilt images in them may give them a rich appearance, but at the same time a very barbarous one, and I remembered with pleasure the simple grandeur of our fine Gothic cathedrals, so much more conducive, I imagine, to devotional feeling than the glitter and bad taste of a Greek church.

*Monday, September 28.*—We visited the wonderful Foundling Hospital, which we were told contained the day we were there 7,000 souls! We first went through the establishment for the education of young girls, chiefly officers' daughters. The different classes seemed arranged with great care, and those who wish to learn may there have a very good education. They are taught French and German, drawing, music, geography, arithmetic, and various kinds of needlework. They are educated to be governesses, and at the age of eighteen or nineteen are sent out of the school. They are clothed, fed, and educated solely at the expense of the Crown, and when they leave the establishment each receives a small sum of money. During six years after leaving, should they lose their situations or their health, they have a right to return as to a home, and are well taken care of. I heard several of the girls play the pianoforte, which they certainly did very well; but the lady at the head of the establishment, who took us over it, told me that when any girl shows a decided talent for any particular branch of education, it is always cultivated, and therefore the young ladies I heard play were among those in the school who showed the greatest talent for music. There were then 700 pupils in the establishment, and we saw their dormitory and dinners. The upper story of the house was given up to the Foundlings, and is quite apart from the school. When a baby is left at the door of the hospital, it is washed and christened, unless a small cross is found hung round its neck in token that it has already been baptized. It is then given a wet nurse, and kept a month at the hospital to ascertain that it is in good health, after which the nurse takes it away to her village, and keeps it to the age

of fourteen, receiving a silver rouble (3s. 2d.) a week for its keep. It must then work for its livelihood; but all children left at the Foundling Hospital were free, which was considered a great privilege. The numbers dependent upon the hospital were immense, and amounted, we were informed, to 30,000. The nurses were all dressed alike in the Russian costume, and it was a pretty sight to see them ranged in line as we passed through the rooms; but the atmosphere was anything but agreeable, and I was glad to get away from it; in winter, when the house is shut up, it must be dreadful.

We passed an ancient gateway, called 'La porte rouge, which was picturesque; and an old tower, called 'La tour de sucre,' now used as a reservoir to supply the fountains in Moscow, was very fine.

We went to a pleasant small party at Princess Lwoff's in the evening, and Tuesday started at twelve o'clock for General Boutourlines' place, Troitzka, fourteen versts from Moscow. The first half of the way was on the road, but the latter half gave me a specimen of Russian roads, and certainly all I had heard of their atrocity had given me but a faint notion of the reality. Deep sand, always uneven, and sometimes full of immense holes, threatened to break the carriage at every step. Occasionally, in a village trees were laid down by way of improvement, which used to be called corderoy roads, but as these very soon decay, they make the road worse than it was before. However, more by good luck than good management, we arrived safely, and found a nice country house overlooking the Moskwa, and close to a very fine church, which was built by Peter the Great's mother. It was much better painted than one usually sees, and the architecture was very pretty. After luncheon the Boutourlines drove us to Archangliska, a magnificent place belonging to Prince Yousouppoff. It was in bad repair, but a very large house, with a stone colonnade, and the rooms immensely large. The best-pictures had been removed to St. Petersburg, but there were two pyramidal sideboards covered with very fine old china. The garden was in the French style, with groves of straight-cut lime-trees, and a large collection of



marble busts and statues. The orangery was immense, and contained some of the finest orange-trees I ever saw. There was also a curious collection of old state carriages, like those at the Kremlin, which had been used at different coronations.

Mints of money must have been laid out at Archangliska, which nevertheless looked neglected and forlorn. It seems, Prince Yousouppoff, in spite of having such a magnificent place, was not famous for his liberality. He gave a *fête* to the Emperor Alexander during the King of Prussia's visit to Moscow, which every one expected would be very splendid, instead of which there was a simple cold collation; after which he proposed his guests should go to his theatre, which was in the garden. There they found half a dozen musicians in the orchestra, and whilst these performed some indifferent music, the curtain lifted and displayed a scene, but no actors; this was repeated several times, till all the scenes had been shown, when the entertainment was said to be finished, and the guests returned to Moscow grumbling at the shabby reception they had met with! We went back to Troitzka for dinner, and then took our leave of our kind hosts, as I did not like the idea of travelling over such a perilous road in the dark. Wednesday, we visited Melnitze, Prince Galitzin's place, fourteen versts across an uninteresting sandy plain. The house was not large, but the grounds were extensive and beautifully kept; from Melnitze we drove to Kuskowa, Count Schérémetieff's. Also a large place with a French garden and quantities of statues and orange-trees. There was a large and curious collection of portraits, and a grotto made of shells with figures of the same, more singular than artistic. We left Moscow on Friday morning on our return to St. Petersburg; the weather was very sultry and hot, and as I was very tired, we stopped to sleep at Mednoja. The next morning we felt a great change in the atmosphere, and rain fell Saturday and Saturday night. On reaching Novgorod Sunday morning, we found the post-house so filthy, we were glad to get out of it as quickly as possible. The cold there was intense, and a bitter wind was blowing; we, however, determined to see a famous convent in the neigh-

bourhood, which is one of the richest in Russia, having been endowed by a certain Countess Orloff in memory of her father, to redeem his soul from purgatory. The road was very rough, and on arriving we found service going on in the principal church, where the jewels are kept, so we could not examine them minutely, but they are very fine; and one cross, in an icon of John the Baptist, was made of five large diamonds. Countess Orloff was Abbess of the convent, and lived there many years. She died quite suddenly at the altar when she was in the act of receiving the Holy Communion. A very blessed ending to a holy life devoted to charity and prayer. The altar was in silver, the music was good, the priests' vestments very fine, and altogether the service was better done than in any other church I had visited. The convent itself is very large, and there were three churches within its precincts.

Whilst we were drinking tea that evening at Pomerania, a vehicle arrived with snow on the roof, and our dismay was great when, shortly after we had started, a violent snowstorm began. I never was out in such a fearful night. The wind howled and the snow fell so heavily, that it was soon up to the axle-trees of the carriages, and obliterated all traces of the road. All the post-houses were closed, so that there was much delay in getting horses; and instead of reaching home comfortably at bed-time, we thought ourselves very fortunate in arriving, without serious accident, the following morning at 5 A.M., dead tired with our long and weary journey, but very thankful to be once more in our own clean and comfortable house, Dom Strukoff, on the English quay.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Grand Duke Constantine took the Oath of Allegiance—The Cholera—I return to England—Letter from Lord Bloomfield—Letter from General Baron L.—A Portrait of General Lamoricière—Visits to Welikina and Narva—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Russian Superstitions—Ball at the Winter Palace—A Story of Cracow—We leave St. Petersburg and visit Warsaw.

*December 8, 1847.*—The Corps Diplomatique were invited to assist at the ceremony of the Grand Duke Constantine taking the oath of allegiance to his father, elder brother, and his heirs, according to the rule established by the Emperor Nicholas: each Grand Duke, on coming of age, is obliged to take the oath of allegiance in order to avoid all doubt as to the succession. On our arrival at the Winter Palace we were conducted to the Chapel. The Imperial family had already taken their places within the altar rails. After a short service, performed by the Metropolitan and his attendant priests, who wore splendid vestments, there was some beautiful music, and then the Emperor led the Grand Duke Constantine up to the altar, and after making the sign of the cross and kissing the Bible, the latter read the oath in a clear voice, and with his hand upraised. He seemed very much impressed, and, as soon as he had read the oath, he was blessed and embraced by his father and mother, who were both much affected. He then embraced his brothers and sisters, and his betrothed, the young Princess Alexandrine of Saxe-Altenburg, who stood immediately in front of me. She was tall and had a fine figure; the upper part of her face was exceedingly handsome. It was a curious coincidence that she was said to resemble the late Grand Duchess Alexandrine so much, that when first the Empress saw her on her arrival Her

Majesty burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Oh, Aline, ma chère, chère enfant.' After the service in the chapel, we all went to St. George's Hall, which was full of soldiers, and we took up our places immediately on the right of the throne. The room was very large and handsome, and opposite the throne was a small altar, and the Emperor's confessor, in full canonicals, stood by it. A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the Imperial family, followed by the officers of state and court. The Emperor led the Empress up to the throne, the Hereditary Grand Duchess stood to the right, the other Grand Duchesses and the Princess of Altenburg to the left, the Czar himself stood next his son near the altar, and again the Grand Duke Constantine repeated the oath of allegiance after the confessor. As soon as it was ended, the Emperor turned to the troops, and, as head of the army, gave the word of command, upon which they presented arms. This act was so characteristic of the Emperor that every one was struck by it. It completed the ceremony, which was one of the most impressive and interesting I ever witnessed.

In the spring of 1848, revolutions broke out all over Europe. Count de Rayneval was at that time 'Chargé d'Affaires of France at St. Petersburg, and one day my husband was paying him a visit, when suddenly the secretary walked into the room, and to his intense dismay and astonishment, addressed him with the words—'Citizen of France, the Republic is declared.' Poor M. de Rayneval nearly fell backwards, he was so taken by surprise; but sure enough we soon after heard that Louis Philippe had fled, and Paris was in arms.

The cholera which, as I have already stated, had shown itself in the south of Russia in 1847, ceased during the winter; but every one said it would break out again in the spring, and advance, as it had done previously, about 30 versts a day!

Sure enough, early in the spring, we heard of it at Moscow, then at Twer, Novgorod, and at last a few cases appeared at St. Petersburg. Then it rapidly increased, and the whole city was plague-stricken. The air was excessively sultry and oppressive. The doctors ordered the people not to fast; but they would

sooner have died than obey this injunction; and when the cholera was at its height, and as many as eleven hundred people dying a day, the churches were full of open coffins, as it is usual to bless the bodies and sprinkle them with holy water before interment.

We moved out to the Nicholl's Datcha in the island, and soon after that, as I was very much out of health, the doctors ordered me to quit St. Petersburg. I went down to Peterhof to take leave of the Emperor and Empress, and, in order to do so, had to drive through the town and past the cholera hospital. As we approached it, I saw a poor man driving up in a droschky, supported by another man, and as he passed close by my side of the carriage, I saw that his jaw had dropped; he was quite blue, and looked ghastly. I own I was much alarmed and greatly shocked. I felt as if an electric current had passed through me, and I turned icy cold; but I said nothing to my husband, who was sitting by my side. As soon as I got to Peterhof, I asked for some sherry, and drank off a glass, which restored animation, and I got through my audience, and was none the worse for the fright. Two days after I departed for England. Two boats were leaving, one for Lubeck, the other, twenty-four hours later, for Stettin, and I begged hard to be allowed to take the shorter passage; but my husband, who was anxious I should get off, decided I had better leave by the Lubeck boat, which I did, and, thank God, had a prosperous and fine passage.

No less than three people died on board the boat, which sailed the next day for Stettin, and had this occurred whilst I was on board, the consequences might have been serious. Of course my husband had to send in to town every day for his letters; but he only went in once a week himself to despatch the messengers. One day our *chasseur* begged to be allowed to fetch the post instead of the Chancery servant, as he wished to see some friends. On arriving at their house, he saw nine coffins carried out one after the other, and this gave him such a shock, he returned home, and was seized soon after; but the doctor, who was sent for immediately, declared it was more fright than cholera, and after a few hours of bed and a dose of

brandy the man was all right. Except this false alarm our household mercifully escaped, which my husband attributed, in some measure, to the strong rice-soup with which he fed his servants. One very terrible castastrophe happened. Twenty young students, who had passed their examination satisfactorily, determined to celebrate the event by a dinner. Whether they drank more champagne than was good for them or not I know not, but the following day out of twenty eighteen were dead; and our friends, the Bobrinskys, who lived near us in the Islands, had no less than seventeen cases of cholera in their house.

The question of drainage was very little understood when I was at St. Petersburg, and nothing could well be worse than it was then. The odours in the spring were most offensive, and the Neva water was very deleterious, so that no one could drink it with impunity.

*Letters from my Husband during the Visitation of the  
Cholera at St. Petersburg.*

*St. Petersburg, July 3, 1848.*—There was a little disturbance in town on Saturday, and it was found necessary to punish the ringleaders of the mob which got up the poisoning row. Some were publicly flogged at Vassili Ostroff, and the Emperor Nicholas made his appearance in the middle of the punishment and ordered it to be stopped; but spoke to the people in the firm manner which he recommends to others; told them that these rows were a disgrace to Russia; but that as long as he was alive they should never have any serious consequences. He then addressed the soldiers who were drawn up near the scene of punishment, told them he knew he could always count upon them; they answered by a cheer, and the mob dispersed after having obtained of the Emperor the promise of a Greek Church procession. This came off yesterday, and the streets were crowded with people, but no disorder took place. All this proves the unbounded influence possessed by the Emperor over his people, their confidence in him, and the tact with which he

can always manage them. However, the procession has had one very unfortunate effect; this bringing the masses together has greatly increased the number of cases of cholera. I am taking every human precaution against the disease. Hitherto God has been very merciful to me and my house, and I pray for a continuance of His protecting hand over all belonging to us.

*July 6.*—Poor S—— is no more. He has been suffering from a tendency to paralysis for years past; he was seized with the prevailing epidemic, and died almost without pain. I saw him a short time ago in my room in town, when he spoke to me under great apprehensions of cholera; his last words were: ‘God knows if we shall ever meet again—watch and be careful.’ This is one of the victims of the system of passports in this country; the poor man has been applying for six months past for permission to go abroad for his health; he would have gone at the opening of the navigation if his passport had been granted, and here is the result!

*July 13.*—I saw Mianoffsky, just returned from a trip to Peterhof; he seemed more dead than alive; but he comforted us by the assurance that there is every appearance of the cholera being on the decline, as fewer new cases have been brought into the hospital, and there were actually unoccupied beds! so that if the disease decreases in the present ratio, we may expect that the epidemic will cease altogether in about three weeks! I do not believe all this, but it was consoling to our spirits. The S—— house is dreadful in one respect, for they really talk and think of nothing else, and work themselves into a state of nervousness which is painful to behold, and must tend to bring on the disease. All the Corps Diplomatique have taken up their quarters in the Islands, and there is not a creature in St. Petersburg that can possibly be away from it. This is satisfactory, as one may hope the disease will thus have less spread, and cease the sooner. However, it is sad enough to know that it has reappeared, and with great violence too, in almost all the towns in Russia which it visited last year. This is a melancholy fact, as it makes one fear that cholera will take root in this country, and if it does so in Russia, it may

possibly do so in the rest of Europe, or at all events in those parts where the population live upon food calculated to produce and keep up the disease.

*July 17.*—I have just been perusing a paper which Count Nesselrode has sent me, which makes us both hope that an armistice has really been signed between the Germans and Danes. I shall rejoice most sincerely at this event, as an armistice once signed, we may confidently hope that peace will naturally follow. Indeed, I believe both parties would gladly get out of this business, and that but for those gentlemen at Frankfort, the affair would have been settled long since.

I went into town yesterday for the first time since you left and it is a dismal affair: one meets nothing but coffins, people in mourning, and an anxious look on the countenance of every person. The air in the town (the day was hot) was dreadfully oppressive, and I felt I breathed much more comfortably in the Islands. I had a visit from General Berg—he has 2,000 people living in the ‘*État Major*,’ but he says he has established a system of police and cleanliness which has succeeded admirably so far, for he has had but one case of cholera under his roof. I met Doctor Mianoffsky at the Strogonoffs, a Pole, who has performed wonders in his hospital by the use of laudanum to a vast extent. He told me he certainly considers the disease to be less intense, though the cases perhaps are still on the increase. Dr. Wrangel paid me a visit this morning. He never leaves the Islands night or day, so one has a chance of getting him if wanted, a better one at least than if he attended some town hospital, which almost all the doctors do. The poor man looked fearfully worked, and told me he had not been in bed for four nights, that all he could find time to do was to dress and wash himself, that sleep was out of the question. I cannot think that the disease is contagious, because out of the 800 doctors in St. Petersburg, only one has taken the cholera. He died.

*August 1, 1848.*—The sanitary condition of the metropolis is improving, but the apple season is coming on, and people are horribly afraid that when this fruit is blessed by the bishops (which is a sort of religious ceremony in this country, and about



to take place) the lower orders will devour it with avidity, and produce a return of the disease. It is now very bad at Riga, and about 160,000 people have died of cholera in Russia from its appearance last autumn to the 1st of July!

Lord Bloomfield joined me in England in October, and the following year went to meet the Queen on Her Majesty's first visit to Ireland.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband.*

*Palmerston House, August 7, 1849.*—Little did I think when I was writing to you last night from the cabin of the 'Cambria,' that the rain was so soon to come down in torrents. It began as soon as we made the lights, and poured incessantly the whole night, so my landing was not particularly pleasant. When we got to Dublin station there was not a car to be seen, or any conveyance; but after a little patience, and the services of an intelligent little boy, I got a car, and in the midst of a deluge started for Palmerston, which I was told was five miles off, instead of three, as I had calculated. How you would have laughed to see my start from Dublin, bringing a ragged boy to hold the trunks together, as we had no ropes to fasten them, and then the driver did not know the place well! We picked up another boy to show us the gate, but arrived safe at last about 1 A.M.! Fortunately the weather was lovely for the Queen's landing, and everything went off well. Dublin and Kingstown were brilliantly illuminated, and as the rain did not begin till ten o'clock, the public had enough of it.

*Palmerston, August 8.*—I am just come back from the Review, which was perfection. The Queen was immensely cheered, and there must have been at least 150,000 people out! Her Majesty seemed greatly pleased; the weather charming, no rain or dust, but very sultry. Last night I was at the Phoenix Park till nearly twelve. There was some Irish music, but the society did not seem very lively. Lord Clarendon seems greatly pleased about the Queen's reception, and told me that Her Majesty's visit to Dublin with Lady Clarendon

yesterday, without any body or escort, was a famous *coup d'état* ! I must say that I never saw such good feeling, or apparent attachment to the Sovereign, displayed in any country. It was very pleasant to see, and the more so as it was quite spontaneous, and certainly not got up by drink or anything of the kind. I hear the landing at Kingstown was a most beautiful sight, the enthusiasm of the people, and the cheering deafening.

Old Mrs. George Villiers is here, and her motherly feelings have been much gratified by the success which has attended all the arrangements for Her Majesty's reception, and she thinks it is Lord Clarendon's triumph, as it seems that he it was who first proposed the journey.

Lady Londonderry (Frances Anne) has got the first floor at Morrisson's, and drives about in her fine coach and grey horses. She brought over her washing and other things, all in silver, to the astonishment of poor Paddy, who is unaccustomed to such luxuries ! The Prince had a little Review this morning, and the artillery were banging away at half-past eight. The day is dreadfully close and disagreeable, and as there will be a fearful crush at the levée, I do not know what will become of us all.

We returned to Russia in October 1849, and remained there till we quitted St. Petersburg in 1851 for Berlin.

*Copy of a Letter from General Baron Lünenstern.*

*St. Petersburg, October, 1849.*—You ask if I know and see General Lamoricière ? I answer in the affirmative, yes. I know him, I talk to him, and he pretends to listen, but more often 'tis he who talks ; and I listen with pleasure, because he talks well, reasons admirably and even logically. He knows a great many things, and without being pedantic, as diplomatists often are, he allows himself to be led away by his subject in conversation, and then says more than those gentlemen generally allow themselves to say.

He is short in stature, wears enormous moustaches and a

large *imperial*; looks very sly, without however being false; is very amiable and pleasant, especially with ladies, who take very readily to him. He sometimes reminds me of the heroes in Paul de Kock's novels, who generally recall the tavern, without however being coarse or ridiculous. In short, one easily perceives that Lamoricière does not belong to the high aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain or the Chaussée d'Antin in Paris, but that he is a pupil of St. Cyr or the Polytechnic School, who knows something better than how to make bows.

I had allowed the first Republican Mission to leave St. Petersburg without making its acquaintance. Red (Republicanism) is hateful to me, and I only like that colour on the cuffs of our uniforms. I imagined that General Lamoricière belonged to that set, but I was mistaken.

At a great dinner party, which was given by the Minister of Woods and Forests, the amiable Count Kisseleff introduced us to each other. Then I paid the French General compliments on his African antecedents, which, however, any French hair-dresser would have expressed better, but to which a Frenchman, were he ever so intrepid a swordsman, would always be open to accept. After dinner our host took us to his smoking-room, where we sat round the fire and were supplied with good cigars, which tended to make us sociable. Then my intrepid conqueror of barricades began to unfreeze, for you must know that Lamoricière does not understand society without the help of a narcotic, but when once he had a cigar in his lips he felt quite at ease, and soon transported us to Africa, Isly, and the submission of the chief, Abdel Kader. I had taken the initiative to lead the conversation to topics interesting to us all, and I had put my various wheels in motion, viz., I only speak to men of that stamp about themselves and what interests them, carefully avoiding to speak of ourselves and our interests, so that he soon found himself at ease, and his words flowed readily; he was on his own ground, the battle-field, and analysed with great lucidity and much frankness the composition and portraiture of the new French Ministry which has just been formed. One must have been stupid indeed not to take an interest in this subject.

On leaving the house after me, Lamoricière thanked General Kisseleff for having given him the opportunity of making the acquaintance 'of an old trooper.' Mind, I had said little or nothing; he only had talked. I had merely treated him as I should a frisky horse, who must occasionally feel the curb and the snaffle, in order to make him step properly. Therefore my only merit consisted in making him speak, which with men gifted with imagination is always the cord which must be pulled to make them agreeable in society. This is a social secret I confide to you, and there is more address in this than people imagine. What does it signify to me that he should think our battalions superb, our squadrons magnificent, our military institutions admirable, and our hospitals worthy of all praise? I know all that, but what I want to know is, what they do at home. That surely is more instructive than the compliments addressed to us, which we know well enough how to pay ourselves.

Now the nickname of the 'old trooper' sticks to me; I had always escaped one till now, and it was necessary that a representative of the people of la Sarthe should come here to dub me with one. We often meet now, and it would appear as if the modern swordsman has taken a fancy to the 'old trooper,' who, however, he does not venture to call by that name, though he willingly addresses him by that of 'my veteran,' a title frequently made use of in French military circles, when one wishes to show an individual the friendship and esteem one entertains for them. You see from what I have said that he is far from being anything remarkable, though he has no difficulty in expressing himself agreeably or wittily. His phrases are well turned, never too sweet, and that is what some people here find fault with, not taking in that a man in our days cannot resemble the marquis of a former generation. Lamoricière's answers are always to the point, short, and honest. He does not twist his words to conceal his thoughts or his opinions. For example, when the Empress did him the honour to inquire what he thought of her fine regiment of horse guards when it made its entry into St. Petersburg from Poland, Lamo-

ricière said, 'Madam, your regiment is very fine, magnificent, but the horses all looked ill, as if they were tucked up.' His remark was quite true, the Emperor having been dissatisfied with the condition of the regiment; but people thought, and I think with good reason, that Lamoricière's remark savoured too much of the barrack-room or stable.

This incongruity, which is much blamed here, was however made up for by the happy words he addressed to the Emperor, who asked his opinion of our Grenadiers, giving him due notice that he respected compliments without, however, wishing for them, being too much accustomed to them. 'Sir,' said Lamoricière, 'with such chaps as those one can easily carry out one's politics.'

His views are always prompt, decisive; he is eminently a man of action. The other day at a review, when he was in the Emperor's suite, the horse of one of the Lancers slipped on the ice and fell. Every one saw the accident, but no one had the presence of mind to help. Lamoricière with one jump threw himself off his horse, lifted up the Lancer, and then returned and quietly took up his position in the suite of the Emperor. He starts shortly on his return to Paris. His last word is not yet spoken, just as the bullet which was to reach Napoleon was never cast. His energy, his courage, his parliamentary eloquence will always tell, and the circumstances over which he has no control will oblige him to play a great part. I conclude by saying I should be sorry to meet that man metamorphosed into an enemy.

I knew General Lamoricière very well, and this description of him is true and characteristic. He was diffident and rather shy in ladies' society, and extremely sensitive. One evening when I was alone he came to pay me a visit, and found me occupied with my crochet, which I did not think it necessary to discontinue, as it in no way interfered with my giving my full attention to my guest. However, at the end of a very few minutes he took his hat to depart. I asked, rather surprised, whether he was going elsewhere, and why he was in such a hurry; so he assured me he had not disposed of his evening,

but as I did not give him my undivided attention, he imagined I did not care for his society! On another occasion we met at a ball, and after looking at some pretty girls who were dancing, he turned round to me with a satirical smile, and said, 'Ah! madam, if you only knew how much it amuses me to see the women knitting thus with their feet!'

He was such an inveterate smoker that at home he had a pipe or a cigar in different parts of the room. When my husband called upon him on business, he never sat down, but kept walking up and down the room, taking a puff first at one and then at the other.

Old General Löwenstern, the writer of the above letter, was one of the cleverest and most entertaining men at St. Petersburg; he had been in the army which followed the French in the retreat from Moscow, and he told me the whole road was strewn with the bodies of men and horses. The Russians were so hardened to this sight, that frequently when they halted for dinner or supper, instead of sitting down on the snow, the officers called out, 'Daï Franzuski' ('give me a Frenchman'), and they threw a cloak or horse-rug over the frozen corpse, and sat upon it. The hospitals were overcrowded, and pestilential. At one place the cold was so intense that the broken windows had been blocked up with pieces of human flesh instead of glass!

We left the Forestier's, where we had spent the summer, on July 4, to pay Count and Countess Zavadoffsky a visit at Welikina, their nice place near Narva. The country there is prettier than anything I had seen in Russia. The ground was varied, wooded and very wild. The house was comfortable, and remarkably well furnished; it was situated opposite a deep ravine, and the view from the windows was charming. The grounds and garden were well laid out, and except from the roughness of the roads the drives in the neighbourhood would have been delightful. Several large lakes were within easy reach, and the Gulf of Finland was only ten versts off. We spent three very pleasant days at Welikina, but the weather at first was intensely hot, and the first night, as our room was immediately under the copper roof of the house and very low, I

thought we should have been smothered. We were obliged to leave the windows open, the consequence being that we were devoured by mosquitoes, and when we rose in the morning our faces and hands looked as if we had the small-pox. I had a French maid with me who amused herself killing these cruel insects whilst I was at breakfast, and when I came up to my room she said to me, 'Milady, just look at the bodies,' and sure enough I counted ninety-three on the window-sill; but the following night we rested in peace.

The dress of the peasants at Welikina was exceedingly pretty and picturesque; they brought large plates full of wild strawberries for sale every day, which had the peculiar flavour and aroma of the Alpine strawberries, and were, I thought, very much better than the large fruit we have in England.

On Monday, July 8, we left our kind friends to visit Narva, where Baron Stieglitz, the owner of a large cloth manufactory, had kindly placed his apartment at our disposal. It was situated on the banks of the Narowa, about four versts from Narva, but close to the waterfalls, which were one of the objects of our visit. M. Pelzer showed us over the manufactory, which was very large, and employed about 800 persons. They worked thirteen hours a day, and only received three roubles and a half a month, about eleven shillings; one rouble and a half went for food. There were several Englishmen in the factory, who told me the poor creatures were wretchedly fed, and seldom remained more than a year in the establishment.

The population of the villages through which we passed looked very, *very* poor. The houses, which were all of wood, were generally in bad repair, and one or two of them which I looked into contained little or no furniture. We visited the town of Narva, and went first to the old fortress called Ivan Gorod, after John the Terrible, who built it to the no small dismay of the Swedes. The only remarkable thing inside the walls is a church containing an image, said to be miraculous, and a very small round chapel, which traditionally was erected for John the Terrible in twenty-four hours, but which is no longer used as a place of worship. After the fortress we visited

Peter the Great's house, which is left in the same state as when he slept there for one night. We were shown a pair of shoes made by him, a thick walking-stick with which he used to belabour his courtiers, a deed with his signature, and the model of a boat he made. The Emperor Nicholas, during his visits to Narva, never inhabited that palace, but lived in a house next door. The Cathedral, which was formerly a Roman Catholic one, differs in shape from the Greek churches, and contains some curious old tombs much defaced. At the Hôtel de Ville we saw some curious documents, signed by Charles XII., and then leaving Narva we drove to Tola, about two miles on the opposite side of the river, which is wide, and from whence there was a fine sunset, lighting up the town, which looked picturesque.

*St. Petersburg, March 4, 1850.*—A policeman was accosted here one day by a little boy of five years old, who stated that he was an officer's son, who had died, leaving his widow in great poverty and distress. She also died shortly after giving birth to a second boy, no one being with her at the time but her eldest child, who, not knowing what to do with the infant, wrapped it up in an old shawl, and carried it to a kennel in the yard to a dog who had had puppies, whilst he went to get assistance. The policeman desired to be taken to the spot immediately, where, sure enough, he found the newborn babe lying among the puppies, and sucking their mother. The little boy's story was verified, and the Emperor Nicholas, having been informed of these curious facts, adopted the orphans. The eldest was sent to the Corps des Cadets, and the youngest to the Foundling Hospital, to be nursed. This story was related to me by Count Wilihorsky, one of the managers of the hospital, who had just heard it from the Czar.

*St. Petersburg, July 14, 1850.*—The sad intelligence of Sir Robert Peel's death reached us by a telegraphic despatch at the same time as the news of his accident, and deeply indeed did we mourn the loss of so great and good a man, and felt that England had been deprived of one of her greatest statesmen, and the Queen of a most valuable and devoted servant and



subject. All parties, however much they may have differed from Sir Robert politically, united in expressing appreciation of his character; and on hearing the sad news of his death, the Emperor Nicholas immediately wrote himself to Lady Peel, to express his condolence and the personal regard and respect he had for Sir Robert. The Queen was very much distressed at his loss, and wrote me a touching letter on that occasion.

*St. Petersburg, November 26, 1850.*—To my great relief and surprise, Lord Bloomfield walked into my room to inform me that he had just had an interview with Count Nesselrode, who told him that Baron Brunnow announced that the Queen having been graciously pleased to request Lord Palmerston to give us another post less trying to my health, we were to be removed from St. Petersburg. We had not yet heard ourselves from Lord Palmerston, and were naturally anxious to know where we were to be sent; but Count Nesselrode said Sir Hamilton Seymour was named as Lord Bloomfield's successor, and shortly after we heard my husband was to succeed Lord Westmoreland at Berlin, who was sent to Vienna. We left St. Petersburg the following spring.

In the summer of 1850, when we were living at the Forestier's, we were just starting one lovely evening for a row on the Neva, when a carriage drove up with two ladies in it, who turned out to be Princess R—— and her cousin ———. The latter, a charming Pole, had but lately arrived at St. Petersburg, having been ordered to come there for political reasons. She was living at Paris when one day the Russian Chargé d'Affaires walked into her room, and to her great surprise and consternation informed her she was to go to St. Petersburg instantly. She happened to be in delicate health, and quite unfit to travel in the middle of winter, so with some difficulty she was allowed to postpone her departure till the navigation opened, and then she arrived, having never been in Russia before. The first visit she paid was to a countrywoman of her own, who exclaimed, 'Good heavens! what are you doing here? are they going to send you to Siberia?' This was not promising, and she begged in vain to be brought face to face with her accusers,

or to be told what she had done. She was merely told she must remain at St. Petersburg, or run the risk of having all her property confiscated. One day we were all invited to a party at the Islands to visit a gipsy camp and hear their music. — — — arrived, looking as pale as death, so I went up to her and inquired whether she was ill. She said no, only worried, and could she speak a few words to me privately ; so we drove together to the gipsy camp, and then she informed me she had heard that her only son, a boy of seven or eight years old, was dangerously ill at Vienna, that she had applied that morning for leave to go to see him, but had been refused, and that she was so unhappy she knew not what to do. I did my best to comfort her, and from that time we became very intimate, and I saw a great deal of her. She was kept about six months at St. Petersburg, whilst her papers were being examined ; at the end of that time the head of the police told her that as there was no proof against her, she was at liberty to depart ; so to her intense delight she was able to return to her family.

I knew the head of the Secret Police very well, and he told me one day he had a report every day of what went on in our house, that he knew every one who went in or out ; so I laughed and said he was quite welcome to know all that happened as far as *I* was concerned, as he could not send *me* off to Siberia. He then made me a speech I shall never forget, saying, ‘Do you suppose it would be necessary I should *speak* to take away a person’s character? Not at all: if there was a question of that person in society, and that I shrugged my shoulders and seemed as if they were suspected, this person’s reputation would be irretrievably injured.’

It frequently happened that people were arrested in the night, and sent off without trial ; and one lady who was living in an hotel received notice that she had better be on her guard as to what she said or did in her room, as she was watched. The walls of her room looked all right, but on tapping them she found one place hollow, and on further examination she discovered that the winter supply of wood was piled up in the yard of the hotel against the wall of her room. In that there was a

space where a man could watch everything that went on in the room without the occupant being the least aware of the fact.

Another story of a friend of mine was a very remarkable one. She was married at sixteen, and lived in an old castle in Poland, where she gave birth to a son, but after her confinement she was paralysed, and lost the use of her legs. Her husband left her, and led a very wild life at St. Petersburg, and he persuaded her to sign away her property, which he squandered and mortgaged twice over. After some years she became aware of his treachery, and this had such an effect upon her that she fell into very bad health, and had to undergo several terrible operations. She was twice branded with hot irons without chloroform, which in those days had not been discovered, and she was subject to cataleptic attacks, during which she was in a state of *clairvoyance*, and in one of them she became aware of a conspiracy against the Emperor Nicholas' life, and she wrote to the Emperor and gave him information, which gave him a very kindly feeling towards her. During her illness a neighbour arrived on a visit, bringing a clever doctor with him. He saw — and insisted upon her seeing a very celebrated surgeon from Warsaw, who was the means of saving her life. After this, Dr. — persuaded her to leave Poland and go to Constantinople, where she resided for some time, and made the acquaintance of the captain of an English frigate. She afterwards went to Greece, and there her faithful attendant was taken ill of fever. She, still paralysed, heard his moans in the room next her own, but was unable to go to him; and they were so poor they had scarcely any food in the house, when fortunately Captain —'s ship arrived at the Piræus, and he, hearing she was at Athens, went to call upon her. He found her in the most helpless condition, not daring to consult a Greek doctor, her own medical man having especially enjoined that whatever happened she was never to trust a Greek physician, so Captain — brought the ship's doctor to the invalid, and supplied — with the necessaries of life.

When I made her acquaintance at St. Petersburg she had come there to try and recover her property, and the case was

tried in thirteen different courts, which all gave it against her, but the Emperor was the final appeal, and he reversed the sentence of all the courts, and by a stroke of his pen gave her back her estate. Many years after I met her again at Vienna; she had then recovered the use of her limbs, and was very flourishing. It was just at the beginning of the Franco-German war, before the battle of Wörth. We were discussing the probable results of the war, and she said to me, 'Oh, you may be sure the French will be beaten, and Paris will be burnt.' I answered, 'What makes you say that? I think it just as likely the Prussians will be beaten.' 'Oh, no,' she said; 'have you not seen the famous prophecy?' I said 'No; what prophecy?' so she said, 'Why, the prophecy of Orval, which I read many years ago, and have just seen again at Rome.' She then informed me that during the French Revolution some Poles were travelling, and came to a monastery, where they first heard of the execution of Louis XVI. An old monk further told them that the queen would be executed also, and when they asked him what made him say so, he answered that he was the librarian of the monastery, and had found an ancient prophecy of the fifteenth century, which foretold all the principal events which had happened since, among others the French Revolution.

I myself have since seen the prophecy, which certainly foretold the Wars of Napoleon, the Restoration, the Revolution of '30, when the Fleur de Lys gave place to the Gallican cock, and a king was elected by the people, &c. The prophecy went on to say that after many wars there would be fifteen years of great peace and prosperity, but these would be succeeded by terrible wars, and all further vision was impeded by a wall of fire which the writer believed was the end of the world. An old Roman Catholic bishop I knew at Vienna assured me he himself had read the prophecy at least sixty years ago when he was a boy at school, and before some of the events I have described had occurred.

A friend of mine, Countess S—— D——, told me the following curious story, which was corroborated by her husband. When she was engaged to be married, she was invited, without

her betrothed, to a ball at the Grand Duchess Marie's at the Palais Leuchtenberg. Shortly after her arrival she was overpowered by sleep, and quite unable to keep her eyes open she withdrew to the corridor, where she fell fast asleep on a settee. She slept so soundly that, though all the company had to pass by her going in to supper, she never awoke, and the Grand Duchess, thinking she was very tired, desired she might not be disturbed, so she slept on till about 3 A.M., when the ball being over she returned home with her mother. When she arrived at her own door she found P—— D—— ready to hand her out of the carriage, and he inquired how she had liked the ball, and whether she had had a good sleep? She was much astonished, and answered that she had been sound asleep most of the time, but asked how he knew it? So he smiled, and said that he had *willed* it, to console himself for not having been invited to the ball, which omission had annoyed him very much. He was of a very jealous disposition—the marriage was not a happy one, and ended in a separation; but when I knew them they were living together, and both assured me that the fact I have just related was perfectly true.

Count and Countess M—— were living in the S—— house on the great quay at St. Petersburg, but as they were not rich they only had an apartment there, and the door of the Countess's boudoir was walled off from the rest of the house, but communicated with the drawing-room. One night when the Count and Countess were sitting together they saw the figure of a *chasseur* pass through the drawing-room into the boudoir. They were rather surprised, and the Countess asked her husband to go and see what the man wanted in her boudoir, so the Count got up, and when he went into the boudoir he saw the same figure, which disappeared behind the curtain of the door, which was walled up. He looked behind the curtain, but the figure had disappeared, and they saw it no more. Some days after the Count went to dine with the Grand Duchess Helen, and there he met an old friend, the Grand Duchess's brother, Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg. They shook hands, and the Prince expressed great pleasure at meeting him again, asked after the

Countess, who had lately married, and inquired where they were living, as he wished to call upon her. Count M—— said they had an apartment in the S—— house, upon which the Prince remarked he had not been there for some years, and that the last time it had been on a painful occasion, as he was called upon to identify the body of a Polish *chasseur*, who had hung himself over a door-way. My dear husband perfectly recollected the fact, which occurred soon after he went to St. Petersburg, but the Count and Countess were *not* aware of it when they saw the apparition.

There was a singular tradition in the B——'s family, that whenever any member of that family broke a looking-glass it was a sure sign of a death. My friend, Countess B——, who was a very sensible, clever woman, told me she could not of course associate the two things, but the fact was undeniable, and she instanced several times in her own married life when the coincidence occurred. One day, Count B—— had gone on a shooting expedition with his friend, Mr. Arthur Magenis, who at that time was Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg; they had travelled a considerable distance to the place where they were to shoot, and arrived there late in the evening. The following morning, whilst he was shaving, Count B—— knocked down the little looking-glass belonging to his dressing-box, and broke it. He was much alarmed and annoyed, and told his friend he was very sorry to disappoint him, but he felt convinced some misfortune had happened at home, and he must return at once. Mr. Magenis tried to convince him it was all superstition and nonsense. Count B—— persisted in his resolution, and returned at once to St. Petersburg. He drove straight to his house there, and inquired whether all was well. The answer was that nothing had occurred, but the family were at that time living in the Islands, so Count B—— drove out there at once, and when he arrived he found his mother had died that morning of apoplexy, and they were in the act of laying out the body.

At another time, after the death of her only brother, Countess B—— was looking over his things, and among others

there was a very fine English dressing-case. She and Count B—— were looking at it, when the lid fell down with considerable violence. They looked at each other in alarm, and said they hoped nothing was broken, but found on re-opening the box that the looking-glass was shivered to atoms. That very day Prince G——, the Count's brother-in-law, was shot dead coming out of his office in St. Petersburg. Countess B—— told me one or two more instances which had happened to herself, which, unfortunately, I did not write down at the time, and have forgotten.

On one occasion Mr. N—— went to stay with Mr., now Sir A. Buchanan, in the country, where the latter was Secretary of Legation. He showed Mr. N—— various kinds of baths for washing purposes, and asked which he would like to have in his room. Mr. N—— smiled, but said he had quite given up washing, as he was sure it was a very dangerous habit. That having been educated in England he was always accustomed to using a tub; but he found all his contemporaries died, and as he was sure it was owing to their tubbing so much, he had quite given up that bad habit, and now only had a bath occasionally, for cleanliness!

In the winter of 1850 I was invited to a great ball at the Grand Duke Héritier's at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. I was sitting at the end of the ball-room, a magnificent long gallery, on a sofa with Pauline Bartenieff, one of the maids-of-honour, when the Empress came up to us and took her place beside me, where Her Imperial Majesty remained a considerable time. When she rose she turned round to me and said, 'Follow me,' which I did for some time; but people evidently wondered why I was in close attendance on the Empress, and what business I had to follow her about, so after a time I got annoyed, and returned to my seat. Presently there was a great hubbub in the crowd, and various chamberlains hurried to and fro asking for me; at last one came up and said the Empress wanted me.

I immediately got up and followed him to where Her Majesty was standing, upon which she playfully struck me with

her fan saying, 'You naughty creature, why did you leave me? had I not told you to follow me?' I tried to explain that I thought I had done so long enough, and was unwilling to appear intrusive, but the Empress would listen to no excuse, but said, 'No, no, follow me.' After a time we reached the middle of the gallery, where the Cotillon was being danced, then the Empress to my extreme astonishment sent for two chairs, sat upon one herself and ordered me to sit on the other! The surprise of the by-standers was undisguised, and I could not myself account for this sudden expression of Imperial favour, except by supposing it was a freak of the Empress's to gratify my intimate friend, the Countess Sophie Bobrinsky, who was a great favourite with the Empress. I was amused some time after on paying a visit to Princess G——, who spoke to me about her anxiety to get one of her daughters appointed a maid of honour, at her saying in answer to my observation that I did not imagine it would be very difficult, 'Not for you, madam, who are so favoured at court, but for a humble individual like me such a favour is not to be expected.'

In Russia, where a smile or a nod from any member of the Imperial family was valued beyond all belief, such a proof of favour as I had received made a tremendous sensation, but, as far as I was concerned, it had no results.

The balls at the Winter Palace were by far the finest I ever saw anywhere. The splendour of the uniforms, jewels, and dresses was quite unique, and the rooms were so brilliantly lighted! One day I asked out of curiosity how many candles were used for one *fête*, and was told the number was about 36,000, which I can quite believe, as all the immense rooms were lighted with candles--there was no gas. The supper tables were gorgeous, and so constructed as to admit large orange-trees, covered with golden fruit, at distances which gave a most fairy-like appearance to the whole scene.

One day Dr. Gutzlaff, the famous Chinese missionary, dined with us, and his conversation was extremely interesting and amusing. He lived twenty-three years in China, and looked exactly like a Chinese. He had a dry but very comical way of



relating stories, which amused us exceedingly, and his report of the progress of Christianity in China was deeply interesting. Since 1844, when liberty of conscience was first allowed, the number of converts seems to have increased rapidly, and now it appears that places of Christian worship have been established throughout the land. There are a vast number of missionaries among the Chinese themselves, and though they need much instruction, God's blessing seems to attend their simple efforts, and they have done great good. Dr. Gutzlaff came to Europe for the sake of enlisting the sympathy of his Christian brethren in behalf of the Chinese, and told me he hoped he had secured the services of fifty men and ten women, who were ready to go to China to instruct the native missionaries.

We went to a *fête* at Count Kousheleff Bezborodko's, which was one of the prettiest I ever saw. The large garden was entirely lit with coloured lamps, and the borders of a good-sized lake were lighted with lamps in the shape of stars. We proceeded to an island, where there was some pretty music, and then very good fireworks and Bengal lights: the public were admitted to another part of the garden, and the reflection in the waters of such a number of different figures and costumes had a most weird and beautiful effect. The entertainment ended with a ball and supper. The night was perfectly still and very warm, so everything was favourable for the success of the *fête*. The weather was extremely hot, the thermometer constantly above 80° night and day, with occasional terrific thunderstorms, and vivid flashes of lightning, which reminded me of Martin's picture of the Siege of Jerusalem!

The last winter we spent in Russia was very severe. For six weeks the thermometer varied between 15 and 30 degrees of frost Réaumur, which is between zero and 30 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Captain Robbins, one of the Queen's messengers, arrived, having made a perilous journey. The weather was so bad that before he reached Warsaw, his fellow-traveller refused to go on. Captain Robbins declared he would not stop till

he was obliged, and started in his britzka. The cold was so intense he fell asleep, and woke to find his carriage upset in a ditch, the postilion and horses gone, and the window smashed. The night was dark and stormy, the snow falling heavily, and he heard wolves howling, so he kept firing off pistols during the night; and early the next morning his friend, who was following him to Warsaw, arrived, saw the head of the carriage above the snow, and wondered what had become of Robbins, who was extricated from his perilous position and came on to St. Petersburg; but when he arrived his travelling cap was frozen to his head and he was so petrified with cold that he was some days recovering. There were no railroads in Russia when I left it in 1851, and travelling in winter was very difficult, and still more so at the break-up of the ice in the spring; for the rivers had then to be crossed in ferry-boats, and these were often smashed by the ice coming down. The snow, too, instead of being smooth and pleasant for sledging, got into what the Russians called 'uchabs,' or like ridge and furrow, so that the motion was extremely disagreeable, like the rocking of a boat at sea, and the immense tracts of flat country, without a tree or a house, were dreary in the extreme.

The following story was told me on December 25, 1850, by Princess L—— as having happened to her maternal grandfather:—

In the year 17— Count R——, a Polish nobleman, between forty and fifty years of age, went to Cracow for the Carnival. He was there invited to a large dinner party of gentlemen, many of whom were old friends whom he had not met for many years. After dinner the cup went merrily round, the guests partook of it very freely, and several stories were related; among others, one was told by Count R——, when in a state of intoxication, which was so very dreadful many of the guests left the room. When the Count became sober his friends told him what he had revealed, which greatly distressed him, as he had bound himself by a solemn oath never to speak on the painful subject; but he could not recall his words, and was relieved at hearing he had betrayed no names.

In consequence of what had occurred he made a vow never to touch wine again, which resolution he observed to his dying day; but he once related the following facts to his granddaughter, who, in turn, confided them to her daughter, my informant.

When a very young man, Count R—— was living on terms of great intimacy with a family at Cracow, which consisted of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen. Being suddenly ordered to quit Cracow, the Count went to a great ball to take leave of his friends, who were all three present at it. They quitted the ball-room shortly before him, but when he returned home, having finished all his preparations for his journey, he determined to spend his few remaining hours at his friend's house, and thither he accordingly went. He was surprised to find the entrance-door open, lights burning, but no servants were visible. However, he ascended the principal staircase, passed through a long suite of apartments to the room usually occupied by his friend; but when he entered, he found, to his extreme horror and consternation, his friend standing with a drawn sword on the point of beheading his lovely daughter. Count R—— rushed forward, and arresting his arm, asked him, in God's name, to desist from perpetrating so horrible and atrocious a crime. The other man answered with the utmost calmness that his prayers and entreaties were perfectly useless, that he could not tell him the family mystery which forced him to such an act, but that his child's doom was irrevocably fixed, and that he must insist upon Count R——'s swearing upon the Bible never to reveal what he had accidentally discovered. Count R——, who could not bring himself to believe his senses, had no choice but to take the oath; but on seeing his friend approach the girl to carry the deed into execution he fainted, and when he came to himself no trace of what had occurred remained, and he immediately left Cracow.

Nothing further transpired except that he heard some time after a report that the young lady had been carried off by a sudden attack of illness, but no suspicion rested upon her

parents, and every circumstance of that dreadful night seemed buried in oblivion ; but in the year 1825 a young Polish nobleman attended by a priest arrived at Cracow, and alighted at one of the principal hotels. On entering the large room which had been assigned to them, the priest showed signs of great agitation. He was interrogated as to the cause of his being so deeply affected, when he declared that many years previously he had nearly witnessed a horrible murder in that very room. At that period he was living in a monastery, where it was customary for one priest to keep watch during the night in case of a sudden summons to a sick person requiring extreme unction. It was his turn to watch, when, being summoned, he found two men in masks waiting for him at the monastery gate, who blindfolded him and pushed him into a carriage. He was driven through the streets for a considerable time, with the evident intention of puzzling him as to the locality, when at last they got out, and he was led up a staircase and through a suite of rooms, till arriving at a boudoir the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in the presence of a lovely girl and a middle-aged man, apparently her father, who told him he must receive the girl's confession, and immediately after administer extreme unction, as she was about to die, and no mortal power could save her. The young lady herself assured the priest that her doom was irrevocably fixed, and that all intercession would be perfectly useless ; so he fulfilled the duties of his office, but then threw himself at the man's feet and used every argument to dissuade him from this deed of violence. He was, however, silenced, and carried into an adjoining apartment. Presently the gentleman he had seen came towards him, and offered him a glass of wine, which he durst not refuse ; but suspecting foul play he did not swallow it ; but spat it into his handkerchief, after which he was again blindfolded, and conducted back to his monastery. He at once went to the prior, and told him everything that had happened. On examining the handkerchief they found it was burnt into holes, evidently from the effects of a most powerful poison, but as they had no clue whatever to the locality where

the events narrated had occurred, and the priest having no proof in support of his story, they determined to wait and see whether some circumstance would not transpire which might lead to the discovery of the crime; but after waiting some months in vain, the priest begged to be allowed to leave Cracow, and he was sent to a monastery in a distant part of Poland, after having made a deposition of the above facts, and declaring most solemnly that in her confession the young lady avowed herself perfectly pure and innocent, so that he could not in any way account for the murder. Upon this, most minute inquiries were made as to the former proprietors of the mansion, but nothing was ever discovered as to the perpetrators of the crime, only the priest's story curiously corroborated Count R——'s evidence.

Old Countess R—— was an agreeable old lady who frequented the parties at St. Petersburg, and was always beautifully dressed, though, as she was considerably past seventy, the rose-coloured satin she was in the habit of wearing was scarcely suitable. I heard one day that she had lost her brother, and as it is usual in Russia to pay visits of condolence, I hastened to call upon her. I found the rooms darkened, the blinds down, and when I entered her room instead of my brilliant friend I had difficulty in distinguishing a heap of something black, and a feeble voice greeted me. I suppose I was unable to disguise my astonishment, which was great, when my friend informed me that the Russians consider all ornament superfluous when they are in deep mourning, so they doff their wigs, leave off their rouge and false teeth, and wear a most unbecoming cap, which comes half over their foreheads in a point. In the present instance the change was so remarkable that I literally did not recognise my friend, but I was equally surprised and astonished when about six weeks after she reappeared in society in her pink satin and lace, wig, rouge, and false teeth.

Lord Bloomfield having been appointed to Berlin, we left St. Petersburg on May 26, 1851, for Warsaw, where we went that I might take leave of the Emperor and Empress. The road was excellent, and the post-houses we stopped at tolerably

clean, as they had been prepared for the Empress, who had preceded us a few days previously. Every house had been whitewashed, and every post repainted, but beyond clean rooms and a leather sofa, we found but little accommodation, and travellers were obliged to take all they required with them. The distance between the two capitals is 1,057 versts. We slept at Katejnoi, Régitsa, Ouziany, Marianpol, and Lomza. In Russia, when persons of distinction travelled they got an official order, called a padorojni, for horses and admittance into the best rooms at the post-houses, and when we reached Lomza we were informed rooms had been ordered for us at the Government House. We were accordingly shown into an enormous apartment, which had been occupied by the Empress, but which was nevertheless full of bugs, and the slops had never been emptied, so the rooms were anything but odoriferous. At Marianpol I found the post-house so cold I begged to have the stove lighted, which was done; but my French maid did not see that the damper was closed, so I was very nearly asphyxiated with the fumes of the charcoal. I woke feeling very queer, and with a most violent headache, but as I luckily discovered the cause of my discomfort I opened the window, and the fresh air soon restored me. The Louga, Dwina, Niemen, and Vistula are all fine large rivers, but the country we travelled through was perfectly flat and uninteresting, and nothing could be more monotonous than the road—boundless plains, very thinly populated and badly cultivated, only occasionally varied by fir-forests. There was, however, a marked difference in the vegetation as we approached Warsaw. When we left St. Petersburg the leaves of the lilacs and birches were only budding, whereas at Vilkomir, which we passed on the third day, the lilacs and horse-chestnuts were already in full flower.

The weather was wet and cold, and the only place the least picturesque was Kowno, formerly the frontier town between Russia and Poland. Now the Russians have endeavoured to destroy all trace of the frontier, the Russian colours are painted everywhere, and Kowno seemed entirely peopled by Jews—a

dirtier, more disgusting population I never beheld; but the women looked picturesque, and wore a kind of turban, and the men wore long beards, in spite of their being forbidden under a heavy penalty. Nearly all the business in the villages in Poland was in the hands of the Jews, and it was curious to see the cottages nearly one and all lighted up on the Sabbath eve when, as the Messiah is expected, the men go to the synagogue, and the women stay at home baking unleavened bread. At Ostrolenka, where the last great battle was fought between the Poles and the Russians in 1831, a gaudy Imperial monument had been raised in memory of the Russians who fell there, whilst a few wooden crosses marked the graves of the poor Poles, very emblematic of the condition of the two countries. The evening was beautiful as we approached Warsaw, and the lights and shadows on the palaces and churches very fine, as they rose up above the Vistula.

*Sunday, June 8.*—After divine service at the English chapel, which was performed in one of the old palaces, we walked in the Saxon garden, so called from its having belonged to a palace where the Electors of Saxony, who wished to become Kings of Poland, resided.

On Monday we received an invitation to dine with the Emperor and Empress at Lazineki, the palace which formerly belonged to Poniatowski, and which is exceedingly pretty—not large, but the rooms well proportioned, and where there were some fine pictures. There we met at dinner General Prince Windischgrätz, General Hess, and Prince François Lichtenstein, and their respective suites. The Emperor Nicholas wore the Austrian uniform, out of compliment to them, but with his usual courtesy apologised to us for receiving us in that costume. Marshal Prince Paskéwitch and a number of Russians were at dinner; but no Poles, except Prince and Princess Léon Radziwill and Count Krasinsky. The rule established at St. Petersburg of receiving no Poles except those who are in the Russian service was also strictly observed at Warsaw, the consequence being that scarcely any of the Polish nobility went to Court, and most of them strictly avoided it. As nothing

was done to conciliate them, they made no secret of their dislike of the Russians, and kept as much aloof from them as possible.

On Tuesday, my husband attended a parade, and in the evening we were invited to a ballet in the theatre at Lazinski, which was elegantly fitted up, but to my great disappointment instead of seeing something national there was a stupid ballet called the 'Bandit's Daughter.'

On Wednesday morning the Empress sent for me at eleven o'clock, and kept me an hour and a half. She was most kind in her expressions of regret at our leaving Russia, and at having had so few opportunities of seeing me during my residence at St. Petersburg. Certainly but little civility and attention was shown to the Corps Diplomatique as a body there, and though all the members of the Imperial family were kind and gracious when we did meet them, the opportunities of doing so were few and far between. Just as I was leaving the Emperor came in from a parade, and I took leave of him, and never saw him again.

We dined at Count Auguste Potocki's country seat, Willany, the finest place in the vicinity of Warsaw, one might almost say, in Poland; for it is one of the very few properties which has never been confiscated, and abounds in interesting pictures and historical recollections. It was built by Jean Sobieski after his return from Vienna, and one wing of the house remains exactly as it was in his day. The gardens were well kept and the trees very fine. I was particularly struck by one black poplar, which five men could not reach round; and the difference in the growth and appearance of vegetation in Poland to what it is at St. Petersburg was very remarkable—everything there looks so stunted and poor. There is a hospital for sixty patients at Willany, schools, and altogether it is a fine establishment. Countess Potocki had unfortunately left home, but Count Auguste received us most kindly, showed us all over the place, and gave us a very good dinner. On our return home we visited the fine church of St. Croix. In the crypt below we saw the body of a monk lying in his coffin surrounded



with tapers, and the vaults of the Czartoryskis and Lubomirskis, which were well aired, and the coffins were bricked in, so there was scarcely any disagreeable smell in this last resting-place of the distinguished dead. On June 5 I left Warsaw for Breslau. I arrived at Berlin on the 8th, having travelled through a flat and most uninteresting country, but a remarkable difference was observable in the villages and cultivation as soon as we reached the Prussian frontier. There was a much greater appearance of wealth, civilisation, and cleanliness—the peasants were much better clad; and altogether I had the feeling of being once more in Europe.

## CHAPTER XII.

Breslau—Paris—Interesting Conversation with the Prince Consort—Lord Bloomfield presents his Letters of Credence to the King of Prussia—Our first visit to Strelitz—I was presented to the King—We visit Paris, Nice, Genoa, and Rome—Candlemas—Naples—Sir William Temple—Florence, Venice—Return to Berlin.

*Extracts from Letters written to my Husband after  
I left Russia.*

*Breslau, June 6, 1851.*—This is such a fine picturesque old town. I cannot tell you what a difference there is in the appearance of everything, as soon as one crosses the Russian frontier. Such a far greater air of comfort and civilisation. The cathedral here is Roman Catholic, but there is a fine large Protestant Church, and they contain beautiful tombs. There is a painted glass window in the Protestant Church, which was given by the king, but I did not admire it. The Town Hall is extremely picturesque, and there are fine public walks, which were crowded with people.

*British Embassy, Paris, June 27, 1851.*—I went to the Assembly with the Normanbys yesterday. M. Thiers was to have spoken, but unfortunately M. de St. Beuve made such a long speech on his free trade motion that M. Thiers put off answering him till to-day, when he spoke for an hour. He has the most wonderful command of language, and such a memory for figures that in the most complicated financial debates he hardly ever refers to notes. His voice is audible, but uncommonly harsh.

I saw the President Louis Napoleon and his suite returning from the Parade yesterday. There was rather a Socialist

demonstration as he was going there in the morning, and he was met with cries of 'Hurrah for the democratic and socialist Republic!' so he thought it prudent to return by a different road. Everything seems quiet for the moment, but no one anticipates a continuance of the lull; on the contrary, the general opinion seems to be that it precedes a storm. The revision of the Constitution is to come on in the Assembly soon, and it is to be hoped the President will get an extension of power, or rather that his re-election will be legalised, but no one knows whether this very important point will be carried or not. I saw Lamoricière yesterday at the Assembly; Changarnier, Molé, and both Baroche and Fould spoke. We are invited to dine with the President to-morrow. The heat just now is tremendous, but the air much lighter than it is in hot weather in Russia.

17 *Eaton Place, July 8, 1851.*—I had a most interesting conversation with Prince Albert the other day, and he expressed himself strongly about the line the Emperor took respecting the Great Exhibition here. I said how delighted and thankful we had been to hear that everything went off so well, and that in my last interview with the Empress at Warsaw I could not help dwelling upon the complete success of the whole undertaking. The Prince smiled and said, 'Yes; but what they cannot understand in Russia or forgive is its being, as it were, a *national fête*. Brunnow said the other day we have no nation, we only recognise the Emperor; now though unfortunately this may be the case, in these days it is a very dangerous doctrine to promulgate. I understand the Emperor was very angry at the Prince of Prussia coming here, and said all he could to alarm the King, who wrote to me to state he knew there was danger, and asked whether I would be responsible for the Prince's safety. I answered that if the King knew there was danger, in God's name not to let the Prince come, as I could not be responsible for anything; but that as far as my own convictions went, I considered the only danger was in people's own minds, and I classed that danger with the malicious reports the enemies of the undertaking had industriously spread about fifty millions of sparrows spoiling the goods, the roof of the building

not being waterproof, and the whole enterprise being an arrogant, wicked work, which would infallibly bring down God's wrath upon us all.

'All these things I say I classed together, and the King was then ashamed, and allowed his brother to come, but you know just at the last the Diplomatic Corps failed us, and were very ungracious. The Empress of Russia also wrote a letter, in which she only dwelt upon the great fatigue and excitement of the Exhibition, and said she wondered how we had been able to bear it.'

The Queen was most kind, and said she hoped we should like Berlin, which she considered a most desirable change on my account. She said how very fond she is of all the Prussian Royal family, especially the Princess of Prussia, to whom she had particularly recommended us. I saw Bunsen at the concert at Buckingham Palace last night. He was very cordial and civil, and said he was delighted to hear we are going to Berlin, and that the other day he had had the satisfaction of presenting a letter to the Queen from the King of Prussia, expressing his very great satisfaction at your appointment. The party last night was not large, but after Russia it amused me to see how many members of the Corps Diplomatique were invited, when comparatively few of the society were—very different from St. Petersburg!

*Berlin, July 17, 1851.*—Lord Bloomfield presented his letters of credence to King Frederic William IV., at Belle Vue Palace. His Majesty was particularly gracious, spoke most affectionately of the Queen, and most properly about England, and he wore no order on that occasion except the garter. Baron Manteuffel, the Minister President and Minister for Foreign Affairs, was present, so politics were not discussed. Baron Manteuffel was a small man, nervous and embarrassed in society, but shrewd and intelligent. I returned to Berlin on August 2.

We made a very pleasant though rather fatiguing expedition to Mecklenburg Strelitz, where my husband was accredited, as well as at Mecklenburg Schwerin and Anhalt Dessau. The

first thing that occurred after our arrival was that I learnt, to my great surprise and dismay, that there was to be a great court reception the following day in honour of the King of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and that I should therefore be expected to appear in full court dress, for which I was not in the least prepared. The shops were already shut; nevertheless I sallied forth to try and purchase material for making up a train, and owing to the good nature of the lady at whose house we were lodged (there being no room for us in the Palace), I succeeded in finding that and a tailor, who, with my clever French maid, made up a handsome court dress.

The next day at twelve o'clock we were invited to a breakfast, when I was presented to the King and the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses. They were all extremely gracious, and expressed great satisfaction at my having accompanied Lord Bloomfield on his first visit. After standing about for a long while we rushed home to dress in full court attire, and then returned to the Palace, where we had to stand for about two hours and a half during the reception, and then marched straight to the banqueting-hall, where there was a magnificent dinner for 200 people! Nothing could be handsomer than the plate, liveries, and arrangements. The dinner lasted till seven o'clock, when we were allowed an hour's rest, and then had to go to a ball and dance, which we had neither of us done for some years. The Grand Duke, who was an agreeable and most courteous old gentleman, was the brother of Louisa, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, who was so insulted by Napoleon after the battle of Jena. The Hereditary Grand Duchess was the daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, and inherited all the charm of manner of our Royal family, often reminding me of the dear Duchess of Gloucester, my mother's best and kindest friend.

Lord Palmerston having given my husband six months' leave to take me to Italy, we left London on November 11, and spent a few days with the Normanbys, my brother-in-law being then Ambassador at Paris. We were invited to a party at the Elysée, and presented to the President, Louis Napoleon. There

was nothing striking in his general appearance ; he was short, with rather a heavy expression of countenance, and his manners were quiet and dignified. He was extremely civil to us, expressing regret at the shortness of our visit to Paris, where he said he hoped to see us again. He spoke with kindness of the reception the late Lord Bloomfield gave him at Woolwich. Louis Napoleon fancied he was predestined to be the saviour of France. Alas ! how little he then foresaw the humiliation and ruin his policy would bring upon that unfortunate country. One day Lord Normanby was at the Elysée, when he saw the Emperor conversing with San Giacomo. They beckoned to Lord Normanby to approach, and then Louis Napoleon said he was reminding San Giacomo of a curious interview they had when young men with a somnambulist. The President added she predicted three things :—That I should be some time in prison, then reign over an empire, and lastly that I should die a violent death. He added, ‘Two of these events have occurred ; the third will happen.’

We twice visited the National Assembly, and were amazed at the shamefully disorderly conduct of the representatives. They paid no sort of deference to the attempts of the President to maintain order, and the howling, shouting, and noise of all kinds was deafening ; one really could not have conceived that a like confusion could prevail in the mode of carrying on the business of a great country. The Mountain were like ravenous wolves, and unfortunately they were a very strong party, amounting to nearly 300. Their support of the President maintained his advisers in office, and the Conservative party were furious. Paris was quiet, but it was like the lull before a storm, no one felt secure or seemed to know what was pending, and there was a general feeling of mistrust in the Government, which was fully justified very shortly after by the famous *coup d'état*.

We left Paris on November 21, stayed one day at Lyons, and then embarked on board a miserably dirty steamer for Valence ; unfortunately it did not leave Lyons till the afternoon, so instead of reaching Valence, as we had hoped, we had

to spend a wretched night at Ste. Valérie. The weather was excessively cold, the hills about Lyons covered with snow; and the following morning before daybreak we had to embark, but were again doomed to disappointment, for we had hardly started before such a dense fog came on, that we were forced to anchor for six mortal hours. Fortunately our carriage was on board, so I was able to sit in comfort; but there was no food to be had, and the captain consoled us by saying that sometimes the fogs lasted forty-eight hours at that season on the Rhone. Luckily the fog cleared sufficiently to allow of our reaching Valence, where, having had enough of the boat, we landed, and proceeded by road to Avignon, where I was much interested in seeing the cathedral and the ancient Palace of the Popes. The next day we went by rail to Marseilles, and were fortunate in witnessing the most glorious sunrise I ever saw. The railroad passed through rather a desolate country, bounded to the east by mountains, behind which the sun rose majestically, lighting up the whole landscape with such gorgeous golden tints. The sky was perfectly clear, with just one or two little bright clouds; and then, to use the expressive language of Scripture, the sun 'came forth like a bridegroom out of his closet, rejoicing as a giant to run his course;' neither before nor since have I ever seen so striking an effect.

There was a tunnel five kilometres long before we reached Marseilles, which seemed interminable; but when we emerged from it the first view of the town, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and the orange groves and vineyards delighted me. The road from Marseilles to Nice was bad, the inns and the food detestable. When we got to Fréjus the best apartment was taken, and my husband, who had a dread of damp beds, insisted upon it that the mattresses were not aired; after vainly attempting to tranquillise his fears the chambermaid at last got impatient, and vociferated: 'But, your Excellency, I assure you two commercial travellers turned out for your Excellency!' I thought to myself, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' and after that I implored my husband not to inquire too narrowly as to who had preceded us in the rooms

we occupied. Fréjus is a pretty little place, where there is a small Roman amphitheatre, and it is also interesting as being the spot where Napoleon I. landed when he escaped from Elba.

We spent three delightful weeks at Nice, which was then a pretty quiet country town, surrounded by beautiful gardens. The weather was brilliant and the society very agreeable. I there made the acquaintance of Monsieur Paul de la Roche, and visited his studio, where I saw three of his famous pictures, the Two Princes in the Tower, a Stabat Mater, and a small but most beautiful Descent from the Cross, painted for Lord Ellesmere. Paul de la Roche was then a middle-aged man, with a remarkably intelligent expression, dry and rather caustic manners, satirical, but full of animation and quickness in conversation. He was living at Nice for the benefit of his two sons, Horace and René, who were both delicate, and to whom he was very much devoted, and he also found the quiet of the place conducive to his art. We met him at a pleasant dinner given by Countess Delphine Potocka, who, though no longer young, had still great traces of beauty and a lovely voice, which she managed with consummate skill. When poor Chopin was dying he asked her to sing to him, and I have been told that the effect of her singing at that solemn moment, when the room was filled by his friends all in an agony of grief, was most touching.

On leaving Nice, which we did with regret on December 22, we proceeded along the beautiful Corniche to Genoa. The luxuriant growth of olives, palms, myrtle, and cactus all along the road delighted me, and I was much struck by the first view of Genoa the superb, from Arrezzano. It may well be called the city of palaces, but on entering the town we were much struck by the exceeding narrowness of the streets, as well as by the picturesque dresses of the inhabitants. We visited the Balbi, Brignole, Durazzo, Doria, and Pallavicini Palaces, and were delighted with the treasures of art they contained. We also drove to the Villa Pallavicini, about six miles from Genoa, where it is said the garden and grottoes cost



three millions of francs. Water, conveyed a distance of five miles, supplies a cascade and small lake, or rather pond, and the grotto, which is considered the chief wonder of the garden, is formed of rocks and stalactites brought from Spezia and other parts of the coast. The day was bright, but bitterly cold, and though the place was worth seeing as a specimen of Italian taste, I regretted the time we spent in going there. The costume of the peasants struck me as very picturesque: they wore a scarf of coloured cotton over their head and shoulders, gracefully draped, and producing a very artistic effect. On January 30 we left Genoa, and spent a delightful afternoon at Sestri, which is one of the most beautiful spots on the Riviera. The sunset was glorious, and the eye stretched far away across the Gulf of Genoa to the snow-capped Alps behind the Corniche.

After visiting Spezia, Lucca, Pisa, and Siena, we reached Rome. I shall not attempt to describe our stay at Rome, but merely record that we had hardly settled ourselves comfortably in a nice lodging, with the hope of spending at least two months there, when one day, to our surprise and dismay, on fetching our letters at the post-office, one arrived for my husband with the terrible letters O.H.M.S. He immediately said, 'Oh, that is to order me back to my post!' and sure enough it was an official letter from Lord Granville, who had just succeeded Lord Palmerston as Minister for Foreign Affairs in England, desiring Lord Bloomfield to return to Berlin at once. This was a terrible blow and disappointment to us both. I had been ordered to Italy for my health, and durst not undertake the long cold journey north, so after considerable hesitation it was decided that I should remain in Italy with one of my nephews till the spring. This unfortunate event of course spoilt all my pleasure in Italy, but there is no standing against fate, and we had to submit and bear our disappointment as best we could.

On February 2 we attended Candlemas in the Sistine chapel, where the Pope officiated in person surrounded by the cardinals. After blessing the large wax tapers, the Pope dis-

tributed them to whoever approached him; and after the cardinals, bishops, and clergy had received theirs, the Corps Diplomatique approached, and after kissing the Pope's toe each received a taper. I remarked that not a single *unofficial* person approached his Holiness except a few English, who had lately joined the Roman Catholic Church; among others, Lord Campden, Lord Fielding, and Aubrey de Vere. The Pope was seated under a canopy to the left of the altar, with a white mitre on his head, and attired in a crimson cope. During the procession he was carried on a chair raised on men's shoulders. He gave his blessing as he passed, and all the Roman Catholics prostrated themselves before him. During high mass the Pope was seated before the altar on a low sort of throne, whilst mass was said by one of the cardinals assisted by the bishop. The music disappointed me, and I thought it much less fine than the church music I had often heard at St. Petersburg. The ceremony lasted about a couple of hours, and though the sight was fine it did not impress me at all, or excite the smallest feeling of devotion.

One day before Lord Bloomfield left Rome Count Rayneval, then French Ambassador at Rome, and an old friend of my husband's, invited him to go to a shooting-box he had at Ostia. They were to start very early in the morning, but the weather was so extremely wet my husband gave up the expedition. That evening we dined at the Embassy, and he asked Count Rayneval whether he had had a good day's sport. He answered, to our great amusement, 'No, my dear fellow; I only killed a crow and a thrush,' having travelled forty miles there and as many back to accomplish this remarkable feat. On February 3 my dear husband left me.

*Tuesday, February 17.*—I went to the Usedom's balcony on the Corso to witness the end of the Carnival. People were pelting each other to any extent with bouquets, bonbons, flour, and lime. The races began about five o'clock, and were run by about six poor horses without riders. As soon as it was dusk the *moccoletti* or candles were lighted, and then came the great excitement of the day, every one trying to extinguish

his neighbour's light. The view up the Corso was very gay and pretty, but the general effect was spoiled, because the mob, to show the discontent which prevailed generally, had no candles. When Charles Albert entered Milan the Pope permitted the populace to testify their joy by carrying moccoletti, but they have never carried them since.

Early in March I left Rome for Naples, where I had the pleasure of making Sir William Temple's acquaintance, who was then Minister there. I had some very interesting conversation with him about the state of the country, which though quiet was then much oppressed. The King was completely in the hands of the Jesuits, and was a despotic sovereign. The number of people imprisoned for political offences was great, and they were treated with brutal severity, chained two and two night and day, and the state of the prisons was said to be deplorable. I heard that about forty prisoners who had been confined at Ischia were removed in the dead of the night to another prison in the interior of the country, where they were confined in a dungeon and treated with great cruelty. The surveillance of the police was insufferable, but led sometimes to very funny stories. Once ten or twelve young men dined together, and having drunk freely they expressed their opinions more openly than prudence permitted, so the next morning each went to make his report to the police, and there were as many reports as there had been guests!

*Florence, April, 1852. (Extract of a Letter to the Hon. Mrs. Trotter.)*—I have just arrived from Naples; unfortunately the weather was as bad as any I ever felt at Brighton in March, viz. bitter N.E. winds and hot sun. The mountains were covered with snow, which is rare at Naples even in mid-winter, so I saw the place to great disadvantage, but certainly the bay with Vesuvius towering up above it is most lovely, and Sorrento and Castelamare must be enchanting in the spring. I think it is a mistake coming to Italy when the leaves are off the vines, and I have been seriously disappointed in the mildness of the air, especially in the spring, which is as backward as it is in England. When I left Rome a week ago the hedges were still

quite brown. I travelled a lovely road, *viâ* Terni, Perugia, and Arezzo. I went at Rome to hear a famous French preacher, the Abbé de la Vigne, who was giving a course of Lent lectures. He was eloquent, and his lectures were very edifying, and, as he did not touch upon our doctrinal differences, I listened to him with great pleasure and I hope profit. I think I have never felt the differences which rend the Church of Christ more painfully than I have done since I came to Italy; for there is certainly much that is great and good in the Roman Catholic Church, much we might do well to imitate. A devotion to the cause of religion; a self-denial, and conscientiousness about what is believed to be right which often shames me; and though the superstition is painful, I cannot help thinking that sometimes we fall into contrary extremes equally grievous. As far as I am able to judge, I certainly think that the Church of England is the *juste milieu*; and the more I see of other forms and other churches, the more I cling to the simple, scriptural, and beautiful Liturgy of our own Book of Common Prayer, and hope that in time it may be more generally adopted throughout Europe than it is now. An attempt is being made in Piedmont now to unite with the Vaudois, and the first Protestant Church is being erected at Turin, which possibly may be the beginning of a better and purer worship throughout Italy. One thing seems quite certain, viz. that the Papacy has received a shake from which it will not recover, and though many still nominally belong to the Church of Rome, I believe thousands would leave that communion if they dared. The power of the priests is gone, and there is a spirit of inquiry abroad which I believe is the precursor of a great change.

As to describing Rome, that is quite out of the question. There is such a strange mixture there of past and present, palace and hovel, luxury and filth, one feels quite bewildered; and at the same time such deep interest is attached to almost every stone in the place, there is abundant food for the mind. After the Holy Land, I think there is no place so full of interest as Rome; and it is impossible to see so many spots connected with the early days of Christianity and the martyrs without

deep emotion, mingled with regret that so much which calls forth our best and holiest feelings should be mingled with such gross superstition, not to say idolatry. I cannot tell you, for instance, the sort of turn it gave me on first entering the Coliseum to see it filled with little altars dedicated to different saints, and two small crosses let into the old walls, with an inscription on them offering a hundred and forty days' plenary indulgence to whoever should kiss them ! Then the feelings of intense wonder and admiration St. Peter's calls forth are considerably damped when one reflects that the riches of art it contains were bought with the price of indulgences ; and it is melancholy to see people prostrating themselves before the bronze statue of St. Peter (said to be that of Jupiter Tonans), whose toe is completely worn away with being kissed. Of course, every church has its relics ; and yesterday, at St. John Lateran, we were shown the table where our Saviour took the last supper, the well where He spoke with the woman of Samaria, and a block of granite, said to be our Lord's height. I own these things do not touch me, but there are some places in Rome which certainly call forth one's deepest feelings of veneration. For instance, there is no mistaking the Coliseum, Titus' Arch, with the bas-reliefs of the golden candlesticks, the table and trumpets of the Temple at Jerusalem. Then the main features of the surrounding country are doubtless very much the same as they were when St. Paul entered Rome by the Appian Way : with so much that is real, one need not care about what is doubtful or false.

From all I can learn, things here are going on as badly as possible, and there is but one voice as to the misgovernment of this wretched country and the oppression of the priesthood. If it was not for the French army things could not go on for a day, and a zealous Roman Catholic told us a few days ago that he believed if the troops were withdrawn there would be a massacre of the priests—they are so hated. I know for a positive fact that a Roman *dare* not have a Bible in his house, domiciliary visits are constantly taking place, and people are exiled and imprisoned without trial ; in short, if you have read Mr. Glad-

stone's account of the state of things at Naples, you may have some idea of what they are at Rome at this moment. As for the poverty and dirt of Rome it exceeds all belief, and when Cardinal Wiseman talks of the purlieu of Westminster, I only wish he would turn his attention to those of the Vatican. During the Revolution a vast number of Bibles were sold, but they were bought up and burnt, and neither at Rome nor in Tuscany would a Roman Catholic dare enter a Protestant Church. Our place of worship at Rome is a large room, which holds seven or eight hundred people, without the walls; but it is always full, and I trust God will hear and answer the prayers that are there offered up for all those that 'err and are deceived,' and enable all who profess and call themselves Christians to 'hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.'

The colouring here is only too lovely, and affords no end of subjects to an artist. The galleries, too, are so rich in works of art, many of which are familiar to me from copies or engravings, and often remind me of our beloved mother, who so enjoyed seeing the beauties of art and nature, but who is now, I trust, in a far more blessed place, with the 'spirits of just men made perfect.'

From Florence I went to Bologna and Venice. There I witnessed a *fête* given in honour of the Archduchess Sophie of Austria. The town was hung with tapestries, banners, and velvet draperies, which added much to its picturesque appearance, and there was a large procession of gondolas, chiefly filled by the lower classes, as very few of the Venetian nobility were present. Not a single cheer was heard, and certainly Her Imperial Highness's reception was anything but hearty. On leaving Venice I proceeded to Berlin, which I reached happily in the beginning of May.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Interview with the Empress of Russia—Letters from Lord Bloomfield at the commencement of the Crimean War—Painful state of political feeling at Berlin—The Kreuz Zeitung party—Dismissal of General Bonin—Dinner at Potsdam—The Princess of Prussia—Death of my father, Lord Ravensworth—Visit to Switzerland—Confirmation of Princess Louise—Letters of the King—Princess Louise's marriage—Prince Frederic William's engagement to the Princess Royal.

*Berlin, June 1852.*—We had not the pleasure of seeing the Emperor Nicholas during his visit to Berlin. The Empress sent for us and received us with great kindness and cordiality, but gave us clearly to understand that she saw us as old acquaintances and not as members of the Corps Diplomatique, which, as a rule, received but little attention at the Court of Russia, and the Empress made a sort of apology for not having seen us before, by saying she understood my husband only had asked for an audience, intimating she should not have received him officially. We found the Empress much altered since we took leave of her the previous year. She was much fallen away, and seemed weak, though she said she had derived benefit from change of air. We never saw Her Imperial Majesty after the Crimean War, and she died on October 20, 1860.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband, written during my absence from Berlin. 1852.*

Webster came by express on his way to Constantinople, and brought another cartload of despatches. One to Sir Hamilton Seymour, containing a strong but *amiable* remonstrance, approves of all Lord Stratford has done, and a declaration that we cannot approve of the proposed Convention.

Things look so far bad, and I fear negotiations will drag slowly on. Lord Clarendon writes an excellent *exposé* of the affair, conciliatory but firm, and if the Czar understands our language he will take it in good part, but I fear Menschikoff's disappointment! Prussia is all right; I hope better too of Austria, and if so, it will be hard if the affair does not end satisfactorily.

The Russian boat has arrived, and poor Seymour is frantic . . . I should think that he could not remain at St. Petersburg with any comfort to himself, or even be able to hold, what is called, confidential intercourse with Count Nesselrode and his Imperial master. As to the question of peace or war, I think the Porte will accept the modified Note demanded, which will settle the matter *until next time*! If not accepted, the Russians will enter and keep the Principalities, thus taking another and a good slice of Turkey in Europe. Oh, how thankful I am to the Queen for having removed us from Russia!

Seymour had seen the Emperor, who declares that he will not be satisfied with anything less than a certain recall of Note presented by Menschikoff to the Porte. This is certainly better than the Convention that was required, and, at all events, it opens the way for negotiations. Gortschakoff is to command the army; and I presume they will march into the Principalities and occupy them as a beginning.

I thought you would be amused at Lord Lyndhurst's opinion of Count Nesselrode's circular. The expressions were very appropriate, and he spoke of the composition as a lawyer no doubt. I think he went rather far, but the tone of every composition which has issued from the Russian Foreign Office within the last few months has the same character. The reasoning is based on false premisses, and consequently is easily pulled to pieces. They think their honour engaged in carrying out their schemes, but they have nothing to go on but the traditional policy which characterises their conduct with regard to Turkey.

I have just seen the Manifesto published on the 30th at St. Petersburg, on the rejection by the Porte of the last



*generous* (?) offer of the Emperor. It talks of little else than the bounden duty of Russia to protect the orthodox religion ! but though it announces the intended occupation of the Principalities, it declares that Russia does not make *war*. Now, what else is this act ? The stronger, according to Russia, has the right to force the weak to do whatever is required ; there is no other argument ; she will try and tire us out, I suppose !

The Emperor has written to his Belgian brother with a view to his communicating with England on the crisis. This sounds well, and as if the Czar felt he was in the wrong box, and wanted the help of a third hand. But we have now taken our line, and I trust that we shall know our duty and do it. The country, it is evident from the general expression of public opinion, will give the Government all the support that is wanting to make them energetic. There is no use in looking forward to what may not happen, but if the present storm does blow over, we must not easily forget the lesson which we have received, and prepare for coming events, which cannot be very far distant.

I had a long talk this morning with Baron Manteuffel ; I read to him portions of the despatch to Seymour, asking for explanations, and left it with him as I was asked to do. He was very satisfactory, but from all I learn I doubt Austria going with us. She is so full of internal weakness and difficulties that I doubt her doing anything against Russia if it came to the point.

The messenger from St. Petersburg came this evening ; the accounts are very unsatisfactory, and the further one looks behind the scenes in Russia the greater is one's disgust.

The Emperor *will* enter the Principalities or obtain his Note : but this is not war, and as our ships would not go up the Dardanelles if he entered the Principalities, this complication will be avoided. What I apprehend is that the Turks will refuse the Russian conditions, and that then an interminable negotiation will be opened. The Baltic fleet is being fitted out.

*Berlin, June 18, 1853.*—The Russian aspersions on the

character of our Ambassador at Constantinople are too shabby, and because Russia fails in carrying out her object of destroying the independence of a country which, by her treaties with other Powers, she is bound to support, she must now cast the blame of her ill success on the English Ambassador, whereas the real cause of the failure was the nature of the instructions under which Prince Menschikoff was acting, and which instructions were quite different from those made known to us!

We had counted on assurances by the Russian Government, and acted a noble and becoming part in believing the Emperor Nicholas incapable of acting otherwise than he had told us it was his intention to do, but we have been taught a lesson which we should not easily forget.

The English Government has no fault to find with Lord Stratford; and his colleagues of France, Austria, and Prussia knew as little as he did himself of the secret and false information upon which the Russian Government based their unjustifiable attacks. England ought to be proud of having in her service so conscientious, so honourable, so straightforward a representative, and instead of meriting blame he deserves the nation's thanks for his conduct. Russia may have one opinion, but Europe has another, of the late negotiation. Further, it stands to reason that Russia expected a defeat, or why should she have prepared 160,000 men to back her negotiation?

There never was a man more unjustly maligned than Lord Stratford, or one better supported by his own country! Seymour (Sir Hamilton) told Count Nesselrode that Lord Stratford is quite approved of at home, and if, therefore, he wants to find fault with anybody he should address his complaints to the Government and not to its agent.

At 2 I started the Bishop of Ripon<sup>1</sup> (Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), with Manteuffel and Mr. Bellson (then chaplain at Berlin), to Potsdam. The party have returned greatly delighted, and the Bishop appears to have had an interesting conversation with the King, and a

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop came to Berlin to hold a Confirmation.

nice drive at Sans Souci. I am so sorry you are not here to talk to him, he is so simple in his ways, and yet very earnest, and has such a nice manner with young people.

*Berlin, Sunday, June 19.*—This morning the little chapel was crowded to excess. The Bishop preached a most excellent sermon from St. Matt. xxi. 12: 'My house shall be a house of prayer.' He has a plain, impressive delivery, and his whole demeanour is exactly what one likes to see. This afternoon he read us the service at 3 o'clock.

I yesterday made the acquaintance of your new French colleague, the Marquise de Moustier, *née* de Mérode. Neither she nor her husband know anything about their profession, but I daresay will soon learn. She was asking me about the Court, and I told her all I could to prepare her; she finished by saying she had never been at a Court in her life, and did not know how she should behave herself! Moustier is a pleasant, unpretending gentleman; very desirous to cultivate the English Legation, which I shall duly reciprocate!

*Berlin, July 7, 1853.*—I have had a letter to-day from Lord Clarendon, which looks as if public opinion would force the Government to change their pacific policy. The debate to-morrow evening will probably bring the matter out. Austria and Prussia are morally with us, and both Governments are furious with the Russian Manifesto of the [14 o.s.] 26 June, and the entrance into the Principalities has confirmed them in the hopelessness of obtaining any concession. In fact the Czar has treated us all like children, and it is time he should be taught a lesson. If he don't give in he will get more than he bargains for! Budberg has been trying to bully Manteuffel and Moustier, but he finds himself and his policy a good deal isolated. However, the 'Kreuz Zeitung' is Russian to the backbone, so much so that I think it injures its cause. The more one sees of the Russian correspondence—and there is a New Circular come out, which you will probably read in 'Galignani'—the greater appear the fallacies of her arguments. Russia, has not, as far as I can discover, been able to establish a single point in her favour, or in support of

her position, except that she is strong, and that she is determined at any price to maintain her fallacious doctrines. The treaties she quotes give her no right to the extended protection she claims over the Greek Church. If Austria would act as she ought to do, and as I really believe she would like to do, and we could count upon her co-operation, I am satisfied we must gain all we require. All I now hope is that we may be able to establish something for *hereafter*.

*Berlin, July 11, 1853.*—The messenger has arrived, but no new light is thrown on the Eastern question. The debate being postponed looks as if the Government does not wish to be forced into war, or to the expression of opinion in Parliament which would render negotiations more difficult. You ask what is to happen if our fleet enters the Dardanelles? That movement would mean that we had reason to believe that the Russians were preparing an *extensive* attack on the Turkish dominions; which cannot be at present, for Russia declares she does not intend to make war, and has no plan of conquest.

The natural conclusion, therefore, is that our fleet will not enter. If they did, it would be to prevent an attack on Constantinople, or to retard the movements of the Russians in the Black Sea, and perhaps do them as much damage as we could. Our doing this, or advancing, *would be war*, and we should no doubt be able to do them an immense injury and seriously retard their progress, though I very much doubt *our* being able ultimately to prevent their marching south; but if a general war followed, it is impossible to foresee what complications might arise, and the question would then be who would be on our side, and who against us. If Austria and Prussia were with us, there could be no doubt that with the divisions on her south and western frontiers, and with the movement that would take place in the Caucasus, and the blockade of the two outlets for her trade, Russia would be brought to book, but I fear neither the one nor the other Power will take the offensive. Peace may then be preserved, and *Russia will carry her point*, though she will have lost immensely in moral influence by her conduct. If a general war were to follow, *in*

*a few years we should probably lose sight of the original cause of the quarrel, and finish by fighting amongst ourselves.* Up to this moment we have right so clearly on our side that I feel satisfied we must gain all we want, and I am far from feeling the least uneasiness as to the future. The small Powers are all against Russia, and see in her present pretensions the complete setting of all rights at defiance, and that her law is that of the stronger against the weaker. I trust that all will feel the same, but it is only amongst Russia's immediate neighbours that this will be the case.

There are reported dissensions in the Cabinet in London. The country is united, which is the main thing, and though all are opposed to war, all are for the maintenance of England's honour!

*Berlin, July 12, 1853.*—The telegraph brings the news that Lord Clanricarde's motion has come on, that he has moved an address to the Queen, and that there are serious rumours of Lord Aberdeen's leaving the Ministry. If so, the war party is rising, and after that second circular of Nesselrode's, I am not surprised at it; for a more ill-judged document, if peace was the object of Russia, could not have been put forth. At the same time I wish some means could be devised to prevent so fearful a calamity.

The Prussians have been writing a good despatch to Constantinople and to St. Petersburg, and Buol, I hear, has spoken out more firmly, so that I hope for better things—but really each day brings forward some new complication, and one's hopes and fears are perpetually rising and falling!

*Berlin, July 19, 1853.*—I saw Manteuffel this morning, and had a long conversation with him, which I did not think satisfactory. He is evidently put out by the 'Kreuz Zeitung,' and has not carried his point as I should wish him to have done. That party have decidedly got the upper hand, and though if he would but speak out, I think he might beat them, he does not venture to do so. The King wishes to keep him as he is, and to leave the others their newspaper! The consequence is there can be strength nowhere; but this suits His Majesty, who thus fancies he governs all. I hear the Russians have already got

50,000 men in the Principalities, and are marching more and more to the south. How is it all to end?

On my return from Kreuznach I met the Prince of Prussia, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, on board one of the Rhine steamers, but as I had not an opportunity then of being officially presented, and was travelling alone, I was placed in rather an awkward position whilst sitting close to His Royal Highness all the way from Coblenz to Cologne; but soon after my return to Berlin I was presented to His Royal Highness by the Princess of Prussia, and both condoled with me on the great national loss we sustained by the death of the Duke of Wellington, which took place on September 14, but expressed their thankfulness that this great man had not outlived his faculties, and had been spared a long, lingering illness.

*Berlin, March 1854.*—The state of affairs at Berlin at this date rendered our position there extremely painful and disagreeable. Political feeling ran so very high the town was divided into two camps, and those who were well with Russia, which included the Queen of Prussia and the whole of the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party, almost cut us and our French colleagues. The Princess of Prussia, who was very English in her sympathies and political opinions, was looked upon with great suspicion, her motives were misrepresented, and her desire to strengthen the alliance between England and Prussia, which was so very desirable both in a political and religious point of view, exposed her to the enmity of the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party, so that her residence at Berlin was very trying to Her Royal Highness. It was at this time that we gave a ball to the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, which the King and Queen attended, it being the etiquette in Prussia that the Court should be present at any *fête* given in honour of the members of a Royal family. There were actually bets in the town as to whether the Court would come to our ball or not, and the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party were furious at their doing so, and chose to consider it a political demonstration.

The night of our ball the King asked the Queen at dinner at

what hour she intended going to the Bloomfields'. Her answer was that 'indeed she was not sure she should go at all;' to this the King simply said, 'Du muss' ('you must'). Their Majesties accordingly arrived about 10 o'clock. Lord Bloomfield and I went down to the hall door to receive them, and the Queen took my husband's arm, but the only remark she made was 'Your staircase is very steep, my lord.' She scarcely took any notice of me all that evening, though, of course, I had to attend Her Majesty, and she positively insisted upon the King leaving before supper, which His Majesty wished to stay for, but the Queen stood in her cloak at the top of the staircase, and sent three messages to the King, who at last and very reluctantly was obliged to give way. The Queen tried as a counterbalance to persuade the King to attend a concert our Russian colleagues the Budbergs gave the old Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz two days after our ball, but this the King positively refused, saying, 'I will go to Lord Bloomfield's, and I will also go to Baron Budberg's, but only on condition of the arrival of a Russian Grand-Duchess.' I endeavoured as much as possible to keep clear of all political differences and intrigues. I felt that my position was one of conciliation, and that it was my business to try and smooth the difficulties in my husband's path as much as possible, but our position was so difficult and painful that nothing but a strong sense of the duty we owed our Queen and our country would have induced us to remain at Berlin, and we almost envied Sir Hamilton and Lady Seymour when they passed through Berlin on their way home at the breaking out of the Crimean War.

*Berlin, March 30, 1854.*—The King was completely in the hands of the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party, and acted in accordance with their views, not only without the consent of his ministers, but actually without their knowledge, so that Baron Manteuffel's position was most anomalous, and he only retained it because in the first place he liked being in office, and secondly, because he believed matters would get worse were he to resign. The country had confidence in him, and he was pledged not to go with Russia, though he was unable to go against her. Public

feeling at Berlin ran very high against the King, and I believe that if he had attempted to ally himself with Russia against the Western powers there would have been a revolution. The King refused to see any of the moderate men, and the Emperor of Russia was looked upon by the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party as the representative of order and religion *versus* anarchy and revolution.

The Prince of Prussia's views at this time were so completely at variance with those of the King, that they met but seldom, and then studiously avoided political discussion.

Austria sent General Hesse on a special mission, but General Gerlach, the head of the 'Kreuz Zeitung' party, was appointed to treat with him. When Hesse heard of his nomination he exclaimed he would just as soon treat with Paskewitch!

*Berlin, May 11, 1854.*—General Bonin's, the Minister of War, sudden dismissal caused a great sensation. He had transacted business as usual with the King when, just as he was leaving the room, His Majesty called him back and told him that although he had the greatest esteem and regard for him, and had always found him a most useful and faithful servant, he now disapproved of his opinions, and therefore wished him to leave the War Office. Poor General Bonin, who was completely taken by surprise, entreated the King to tell him how he had offended; the King having the previous day signed the ratification of the Convention with Austria, the General could not understand why he should be dismissed so summarily. The King answered by embracing him, and told him General Dohna would give him the desired information, and dinner being then announced General Bonin had to appear at it as if nothing had happened. The next day General Count Dohna came and said he had received the King's orders to offer him (Bonin) a division, and that the reason of his dismissal from the War Office was because about six weeks previously he had made a speech in the Chambers, wherein he guaranteed that the loan of 30,000,000 thalers should not be employed against the Western Powers. General Bonin begged General Dohna to inform the King that his message had been delivered, but declined any further discussion



as to his political opinions. He went at once to Baron Manteuffel, the Minister President, and told him what had occurred. He said he could hardly believe the thing possible, but that same evening, to every one's astonishment, Baron Manteuffel countersigned his friend and colleague's dismissal from office. The Prince of Prussia thereupon applied for leave of absence, which the King immediately granted, the King telling him he was delighted to think he had succeeded in breaking up his party. The King was entirely surrounded after this by our bitterest adversaries, and our position at Berlin was so uncomfortable my husband thought it best to abstain from giving his usual official dinner in celebration of the Queen's birthday, as he felt it would be perfect mockery to ask those whom he regarded as our enemies to drink the Queen's health; and yet had he only invited our friends in the opposition party it would have been invidious, and done more harm than good. The members of the English Legation were, however, invited to dine at Potsdam on May 24 as usual, the King having made a rule of celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday by inviting all the members of the British Legation ever since his visit to England in 1842, when he stood sponsor to the Prince of Wales.

Nothing could have been more cordial than the *King's* manner to us, and both the King and Queen congratulated us upon the happy anniversary we were invited to celebrate. In the middle of dinner the King stood up, and addressing my husband, who sat opposite to him, said in English: 'My dear Lord, I beg to propose your Queen's health, and may God bless her . . . with all my heart!' emptying his glass. The dinner lasted as short a time as possible, and the Queen was evidently impatient to get it over; and she more than once tried to hurry the King, till at last he got quite provoked. After dinner the King took Lord Bloomfield out on the terrace, and was just getting into conversation with him, when the Queen inquired what train we could return to Berlin by: being informed there was one at five o'clock, she said we must go at once, and she went up herself to the King and told him he must dismiss us, evidently wishing to prevent further con-

versation, or the King seeing any one who might have what the Queen considered a bad influence. In the few words which passed between the King and Lord Bloomfield, the former referred to M. de Bunsen's dismissal, and said he had written a letter of fifteen pages to explain it to Queen Victoria, adding it was impossible for him to retain as his representative in England a man whose policy differed from his own, and who refused to obey his orders. During dinner I sat next the King, the Queen sat on his other side, next her the Crown Prince of Meiningen, and next him Lady Augustus Loftus, the wife of the Secretary of Legation. The Queen kept telling the Crown Prince to ask all sorts of questions about the war, the size of our army, the operations of the Fleet, &c.; and at last he summed up by saying, 'But, after all, what can you do? England is so small and Russia so large, how can you attack her?' Lady Augustus answered very properly that 'that was not the moment to discuss the relative power of the two nations, but that England had not proved herself insignificant in history, and therefore it would be better to wait and see the result of the war.' The King was determined to maintain his neutral position, but the feeling of the country became more and more demonstrative, and one day at Kroll's Coffee House in the Thier Garten, the audience asked for the Austrian National Hymn, which was played, after which a number of people marched down the Linden to the Prince of Prussia's palace, where they stopped and gave three cheers, after which they dispersed quietly, but then the little wooden shed where the band played was taken down by the police, and orders were given that the music was to cease, as it gave rise to mischievous political demonstrations?

When first we went to Berlin, the Church of England service was held in a small room in the Hôtel du Nord. It was a very unsuitable place, and often when we were going to church, as we had to pass through the passages of the hotel, we found them encumbered with slops and dirty linen! This was so very unpleasant, I one day represented the state of things to the King, who immediately most kindly placed a

large room at Mon Bijou Palace at our disposal, which was fitted up as a chapel by subscription, and opened for divine worship on Whit-Sunday 1854.

Lord Bloomfield had a curious interview at this time with the captain of an English vessel called the 'Anne M'Callister,' who was indignant at the manner in which he had been treated in Russia. He was sent to Warsaw by diligence, with only a rouble to pay his travelling expenses, so he only had six meals on the journey, and had it not been for the kindness of the Vice-Consul at Warsaw, he must have begged his way on from there. This man said eight engineers were detained at Cronstadt whom the Russians had done all in their power to keep, but they would not enter the Russian service.

*Berlin, June 13, 1854.*—The Prince and Princess of Prussia were invited by the King to return to attend a funeral service, which was held in memory of the late king, their father, and a sort of reconciliation took place. Eighty-four addresses were presented to their Royal Highnesses on the anniversary of their silver marriage, and they received many costly presents; the Princess was so much affected during the presentation of the addresses that she shed tears. It was considered advisable that I should not have my usual audience of the Princess at this time; it would have been known immediately, and probably have given rise to many false and mischievous reports. I was told some years later by a friend that my house was tabooed in Berlin, and ladies were warned to avoid the society of such a dangerous *intriguante*. Prussia was governed at that time by a small but most mischievous Camarilla; the country had no voice, every expression of public opinion was instantly hushed and condemned as being revolutionary and disloyal, and whilst making a tour in the provinces the King actually refused to pass through a town which had returned a liberal member, so little were constitutional principles understood or practised. Very little was known as to the result of the King's interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria at Pitschin, but it was supposed to have done more

good than harm. The Prince of Prussia went to Königsberg to meet his brother, the Princess returned to Coblenz.

*Extract of Letters from my Husband.*

All is uncertain at St. Petersburg. The Russians proclaim a willingness to treat, and a desire to do so on all points proposed for consideration, but on the question of the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte, they say that, in spite of themselves, they cannot yield. So I suppose all this row will end in nothing but loss of time and a feeling of satisfaction to a certain great personage (the King of Prussia), that he has done all he could to maintain peace. I hear the Emperor of Russia's expressions have quite touched the Court here, and that his generous consideration of the proposals from here have made them quite happy. But there is no question of his yielding an iota upon the all important points. However, that won't make this government prepare for anything beyond protracted negotiations.

Some further details of the shelling of Bomarsund have arrived, and Captain Hall and two small steamers appear to have done a great deal of damage to the steam batteries and forts, and to have completely silenced them. However, we shall never know the extent of damage done, for probably they will have a *Te Deum* at St. Petersburg, and make out that we were forced to retreat. It appears to have been a well-managed business. A mate named Lucas did a gallant thing; a shell from the fort fell on the deck; he took it up and threw it into the sea. The Emperor of Russia would have given him the *St. George* for such an heroic act. Sir Charles Napier has gone with his squadron to Cronstadt, and was close to it when the last accounts arrived.

*Berlin, November 26, 1854.*—This morning I had a visit from an English engineer from Odessa, who has been employed by the Russians on the Danube and Black Sea. He is now on his way home to offer his services to the Admiralty. Ten of the 'Tiger's' crew are here. Two of the lieutenants have

been with me. They speak well of the treatment they received from private individuals and from officers of the Russian army, but not so of the Government. They are under the impression that the war is very unpopular, and is causing great discontent in Russia, and that in the provinces through which they travelled the population is already drained away. The troops destined for the Crimea are quite out of heart, and believe that they are only going there to be slaughtered, and that Sebastopol is doomed and must be taken.

*Berlin, December 6, 1854.*—The extreme party here is in a fearful state of consternation at our treaty with Austria. They do not know what to be after. One of our colleagues said the other day, 'If Prussia adheres to the treaty she is dishonoured. If she refuses she is lost.' Budberg is frantic, and Gortschakoff considers he has been misled. He knew nothing of our negotiation, and the signature came upon our enemies like a clap of thunder.

*Berlin, December 9, 1854.*—You will find Berlin in a charming state of excitement about the treaty with Austria. The Prussians are furious because they have been completely deceived, and just at the moment that the King was proclaiming the happy *entente* with Austria, she was signing an alliance with the Western Powers. Nothing remains for Prussia but armed neutrality, which will ruin her, and be a most unpopular measure, or to go with us in a half-and-half sort of way, or to join Russia, and bring about a revolution, and that would require more courage than to go with the Western Powers. If Prussia were with us the war would be the sooner ended, but as she never would go heartily with us I incline to think the best thing is to leave her alone.

*Letter to my Sister, the Honourable Mrs. Trotter.*

*Berlin, February 23, 1855.*—Many thanks for your last letter, though, alas! it was anything but cheery, and I fear there is but too much truth in what you say of our army; but I think you and the 'Times' are too prone to blame indi-

viduals instead of a system which is undoubtedly faulty, and requires reforms and changes. I wish, with you, we had not begun by talking so big, it is our national fault; at the same time, the trust Englishmen have in their own superiority leads them to do marvellous things, and really when one sees, as at Inkermann, 8,000 Englishmen withstand, and conquer 60,000 Russians, one cannot wonder at their being rather vain. We have two nephews in the Crimea, and they declare the reports in the 'Times' are exaggerated, and that though the sufferings of our gallant little army have been very great, it is not true that the French have been exempt from them, and I fear great privations and sufferings are inseparable from a winter campaign. Our losses in the Peninsular War were very heavy, and the Russians admit having lost 116,000 men since they entered the Principalities last year. The other day an Austrian dined with us, who served in Hungary in 1849, and he told us the men were often thirty-six hours without any food whatever, and lay out the whole winter in the snow without any covering except their cloaks. I mention these facts not to defend our system, but simply to show what other nations, and those who pretend to a military organisation very superior to our own, have suffered, and that they have lost quite as many men as we have. Altogether, however, the state of things just now is very deplorable, and makes our position abroad anything but agreeable; however, we must wait and hope for the best. I trust our Government will be firm and energetic, and not be induced by internal clamour to listen to any proposals for peace inconsistent with our own national honour and what I most firmly and sincerely believe to be the advance of true civilisation and liberty. If Russia is not beaten now, she will be more powerful than ever, not only in the East, but in the West; and none but those who know, as we do, the fatal effects of her influence in Germany, can estimate the full importance of the present crisis. May God direct and rule the hearts of all who are in authority, so that in the end all may work together for good, and 'peace and justice, religion and piety' may be established amongst us! I believe nations, like individuals, require chastisement, and I

only hope that it will not have been sent to us, as a nation, in vain.

The cold here this winter has been intense, quite Russian; the thermometer has been as low as twelve degrees below zero, but one feels ashamed of grumbling at anything which happens to oneself now when one thinks of what others are suffering. Distress here is very great, food is very dear, work scarce, and the people are complaining on all sides.

The unexpected news of the death of the Emperor Nicholas fell like a thunderbolt at Berlin on March 2, 1855, and plunged the whole town into the deepest mourning. His Majesty died of paralysis of the lungs after a few days' illness. He had a cold, and in spite of the entreaties and warnings of his physicians, he insisted upon attending a parade in very severe weather. He got a severe chill, took to his bed, and never rallied. The defeat of his armies in the Crimea really broke his heart, for he had devoted himself chiefly to military matters, and could not get over the humiliation and disappointment of seeing the labours of his whole life fail. As an individual the Emperor had great charm, but as a sovereign he was despotic and arbitrary, and sacrificed the internal development of his empire to increase his military power.

My dear father's death took place on March 7, at Ravensworth Castle, after a very short illness, and was a great blow to me; the doctors ordered me to Switzerland, where I spent two pleasant months at Thun and Interlachen with my cousin, Lady Young, and her daughters. On July 25 (St. James's Day) we were reading together on the second floor of the great hotel at Thun, when suddenly the room began to shake and the windows rattle, as if a heavy dray cart was being driven under them. We rushed to the door, which was locked. I wrenched it open and got out of the house; as we ran down the stairs they seemed to rock under us, like the companion ladder of a ship in a heavy swell; and when we got out we found all the inhabitants of the hotel looking pale with terror, standing out on the lawn, and we then realised that there had been a severe shock of an earthquake. The sensation I shall never forget;

for the first time in my life I felt the stability of the ground give way under my feet, and as if the mountains and rocks might come down on us. It was very awful, and one felt so utterly powerless. The shock lasted some seconds, and was repeated several times, so that for some nights our rest was much impaired. The village of Wisp, on the Simplon, suffered severely: the waters rose under the houses, and the walls of the great church at Lucerne were rent. Some days afterwards I rode up to see a glacier some miles from Kandersteg: the path was strewn with large pieces of rock which had come down on the day of the earthquake; and as the mountains rose to my left, and there was a roaring torrent on my right, I could not but feel that I should be in rather a perilous position should another shock occur whilst I was riding up the defile.

An old English lady was staying in the hotel at Thun the day of the earthquake, and we were greatly amused at hearing that she gave her servant strict orders to put her umbrella and galoshes ready next her bed-side every night, in case there should be another shock!

Lord Bloomfield joined me in August, and we returned to England *via* Paris. We were at Fontainebleau when the news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol, and the first intimation we had of the victory was hearing the guns, which were fired at Paris in celebration of it. We spent the autumn in Ireland, and returned to Berlin for the winter. The following spring we hired a pretty little villa at Potsdam just under the Pfingstberg, where we spent a very pleasant summer.

*Berlin, May 23, 1855.*— I had a long and deeply interesting interview with the Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Frederick William and Princess Louise, who were all most kind and cordial.

The Princess of Prussia said she had been most anxious to see me again before she left Berlin, to express better than she should have an opportunity of doing at Potsdam, how unalterable was her affection for the Queen, and she also wished to tell me the comfort she had derived from her beloved daughter's confirmation, which took place the other day. When Princess



Louise left the room her mother spoke most feelingly and touchingly of the satisfaction she had experienced at the calm, earnest, and devotional manner in which her child had gone through this solemn event in life; and in the midst of so much that was painful and distressing in the political state of affairs at that moment, the only thing that gave her peace and calmness was her firm trust in God, and entire submission to His will. The dear Princess looked worn and harassed, and each time she came to Berlin her position became more painful and difficult. Her strong sense of what were the real interests of Prussia, her deeply rooted religious principles, and her attachment to England, made her deplore the policy of the Court, which she considered injurious to her beloved country; her noble nature recoiled from the intrigues and unfair means which were employed to influence the King and embitter him against the Western Powers.

We were invited to dine at Potsdam as usual, to celebrate the Queen's birthday, and Lord Bloomfield was the bearer of an autograph letter from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which arrived at a most auspicious moment. It was with a feeling of real satisfaction that the Princess of Prussia begged the King to grant her a few moments' audience before dinner, and read him the Queen's letter, with which he expressed himself perfectly satisfied. I sat next Prince Frederick William, whom I had scarcely seen since his return from Italy, and his visit to England. He talked a great deal of the interest of his visit to Italy, and especially of his stay at Rome, where both at Christmas and Easter he had witnessed the pompous ceremonies of the Romish Church, which, however, he disapproved, and for which he had no sympathy. The King and Queen took leave of us immediately after dinner, but we returned to Berlin in the same train as the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Princess expressed a wish to speak to us for a few minutes in the private waiting-room at the station. She then told us of her conversation with the King, and also kindly read us some passages of Queen Victoria's letter. Nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality of her manner towards us personally,

and when I took leave of her she said it had been such a pleasure and relief to her to express her sentiments and opinions to me, and she added, ' We see each other from afar, dear Lady Bloomfield ; but you know all my sentiments, and will understand me.' I could not help saying that in our difficult, and often very painful position, it was a great comfort and consolation to know that we had such a kind and true friend as Her Royal Highness, and that at least there was one person who understood us and our country, to which the Princess immediately rejoined, ' Do not say one person, but rather two ; for be persuaded that my husband shares all my feelings towards England.'

*January 18.*—We were present at the Court which was held on the occasion of the betrothal of Princess Louise to the Prince Regent of Baden. The Princess, who was extremely graceful and pretty, looked like a fresh rose-bud as she stood next her betrothed. She blushed very much when first she entered the room where all the ladies of the Diplomatic body were assembled to present their congratulations, and her pretty eyes filled with tears, but she recovered her composure immediately, and went through the ceremony, which must have been a trying one for so young a creature, with the greatest dignity and self-possession. The Prince Regent of Baden, without being handsome, was nice looking, and had very pleasing manners, and he found a little word to address to every one. The Princess of Prussia was not present, as it is not the custom that parents should appear on these occasions, but Prince Frederick William watched his sister, of whom he seemed not a little proud, with the deepest interest. At the Court receptions a few days previously, both Lord Bloomfield and I were struck with the change in the Queen of Prussia's manner, and Her Majesty was more gracious and cordial than we had ever known her. The King was kind and civil as he always was, but he was beginning to show symptoms of the fatal malady which developed rapidly the following year ; his walk was uncertain, which gave rise to the report that he drank, instead of which he was a remarkably sober, moral man in all his habits, and had he been a private individual instead of the Sovereign

of a great country, I believe he would have been both a happier and a more useful man; but he was easily acted upon by whoever happened to be present, and unfortunately during the Crimean War the influence was most mischievous.

At a ball at Court the King, who took a great interest in the Church of England service, asked me whether the Penitential Psalms were always sung in the minor key, and requested me to get him a collection of chants from England, which I accordingly did; His Majesty then wrote me the following characteristic letter, which alludes to his being refused permission to send a representative to the Congress of Paris.

Berlin, January 27, 1856.

My Lady,—You have had the extreme kindness of copying in your own hand Lord Mornington's Chaunt and the other Church melodies I was bold enough to speak about. I cannot find words to thank you for the active and engaging indulgence with which you have responded to my desire to obtain instruction. I trust, Madam, that your melodious answer will have a decided influence upon the chaunting of the Psalms, especially in our old cathedral towns of Brandenburg, Merseburg, Naumburg, and Berlin. With this view I shall take courage to ask you, when I have the honour of seeing you again (and probably between a valse and a polka) whether Lord Mornington's Chaunts and Dupuis', which are frequently sung here, are adapted to all the Psalms without exception, or whether certain Psalms, as for example those of penitence and contrition, those of Babylon, or those eminently prophetic, have a different chaunt, as is the case in the old psalter of the Latin Church, which excludes the melodies in question? This is a concert from which the doors will not be closed to me, and to which I should ardently desire admittance, because I could do so without fear or scruple, knowing that it is directed in the last appeal from Lambeth and by the first of God's ministers of peace in the three kingdoms, which (let me add in a parenthesis) are well worth thirty others, under the blessed protection and influence of your adorable Queen!

In offering you my affectionate greetings, I am, my lady,  
your very grateful and devoted servant,

FREDERIC WILLIAM R.

I had a long and interesting interview with the Princess of Prussia previous to Her Royal Highness's departure from Berlin. She told me that her position was one of such great difficulty and constant annoyance, that on rising in the morning she always reflected seriously upon all that was likely to occur during the day, and prayed earnestly for strength to accept the period of her stay in Berlin as one of trial. She was satisfied she had done right in bringing Princess Louise to the capital, that she had enjoyed her carnival very much, and had been treated with kindness and affection. Her Royal Highness seemed very hopeless and discouraged at the political state of affairs, and at Prussia not being represented at the Conferences, which were about to take place at Paris, to discuss the differences between Russia and the Allies, though as her policy had been one not only of neutrality, but of isolation, she could not expect to be consulted. I told Her Royal Highness I thought our only chance of converting Prussia was by making Russia 'Westmächlich;' at the same time there was no doubt of the King's attachment to England and Queen Victoria, but he was so surrounded by those whose object it was to hide the truth from him, that he was not aware of the real state of affairs; he lived in a world of his own, and though now and then some startling event occurred against which he hit himself, His Majesty imagined that his policy was wise and dignified, and the most in accordance with the interests of his country. The Princess told me she was perfectly aware of our painful position at Court, and that she herself had been warned of the imprudence of showing us so much friendliness, but she declared that though much obliged for the hint she considered she was at perfect liberty to show favour to whom she pleased, and that she wished to mark her personal regard for Lord Bloomfield and myself. I asked whether Her Royal Highness thought there was anything we could do to improve our rela-

tions with the Court, and to tell me plainly whether we had ever displeased the Queen of Prussia in any way, as I was not aware of having done so, and could only attribute her want of common courtesy to the political position we occupied. The Princess assured me that she was satisfied Lord Bloomfield and I had done everything in our power to conciliate, and not only this, but that the English Government had shown the greatest moderation and forbearance towards Prussia in the difficult crisis we were passing through. When the Princess took leave of me she gave me a handsome onyx brooch, which she said was the Prussian colours, and she hoped I should often wear it and keep it for her sake.

Prince Frederick William's engagement to the Princess Royal was announced to us by a letter I received from the Queen, just after peace had been concluded with Russia; the political aspect of affairs began to improve from that time, and our own position at Berlin became much pleasanter and easier. The King announced the marriage at dinner. He got up, to the astonishment of all present, and said he begged to propose a toast, and to drink the health of the bridegroom; that he durst not mention the name of the bride, as he had been forbidden to do so, but that he left all present to draw the conclusion they liked from the toast. This was related to me by a person who was present, and who added that Prince Frederick William looked so excessively happy and in such spirits it was quite a pleasure to see him.

Princess Louise was married to the Grand Duke of Baden in September in the chapel of the Neue Palais, Potsdam, at half-past six P.M. Dr. Strauss, who performed the service as the senior Court Chaplain, gave a very long commonplace and tiresome sermon. The bride and bridegroom arrived about half-past seven, and the Royal family followed them, and took their places on three sides of the altar. I was just behind Prince Frederick William, and opposite to the Princess of Prussia, who looked very pale and nervous, but whose admirable self-command never forsook her for a moment. The bride looked touchingly young and charming, so pure and virgin-like, and

so deeply impressed by the solemnity of the moment every one was struck by her manner. She was a most fascinating creature, and certainly her mother's advice and example were not lost upon her.

Immediately after the marriage the company adjourned to the Weisse Saal, and the Corps Diplomatique and society defiled before the Royal family. Then supper was served, and after that the Fackel, or torch dance, which is an old custom at the Prussian Court, and consists of all the great functionaries carrying torches in an interminable polonaise. I happened to be the head of the Corps Diplomatique on this occasion, and therefore presented all my colleagues to the bride and the Grand Duke. I told Prince Frederick William that I hoped the next Royal wedding I attended would nearly concern him, and he smiled and said it seemed a long time to wait, but the Princess Royal was so young both the Queen and the Princess of Prussia felt it was better Her Royal Highness should not be married till the following year, and they also hoped that by that time party spirit would run less high. The high nobility of Prussia made Princess Louise's marriage an occasion for a political demonstration, and avoided coming to Berlin to attend the *fêtes*.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Interview with the Princess Royal—Her marriage—Letter from the Princess of Prussia—The Queen's first visit to Potsdam—Alexander von Humboldt—Birth of Prince William—The Prince of Prussia appointed Regent—Ball to the Prince of Wales—Sir Henry Bentinck—Mr. Carlyle—The Shah of Persia—Prince D——,—The White Lady—Theatricals—I leave Berlin—Lord Bloomfield visits Dantzic and Knauthayn—Funeral of the Grand Duke of Strelitz—The Queen visits Germany.

*London, February 24, 1857.*—I went to England in February; the Queen sent for me to Buckingham Palace, and I had a long talk with the Princess Royal, who is quite charming and very fascinating. Her manners were so perfectly unaffected and unconstrained, and she was full of fun! I felt sure she would win all hearts at Berlin.

Mrs. Anderson, the Princess's music mistress, dotes upon her, and told me such a nice trait of her yesterday. She was with her when she burnt her arm, and she says the Princess behaved like a heroine, never uttered a cry, and only said, 'Don't frighten mamma, send [for papa first.' It was such a mercy that there was a rug in the room, with which the bystanders extinguished the flames, but the arm was a terrible sight, the muslin sleeve burnt into it. Mrs. Anderson remained with the Princess till the [wound was dressed, and returned to the Palace in the evening, when Princess Alice ran to her sister and said, 'Here's Andy, I knew *she* would come to inquire after you.' And then the Princess Royal said, 'Then I can be my own postman.' And she gave Mrs. Anderson a letter she had dictated, and signed with her left hand, saying,

‘I knew, Andy, you would be anxious and would like to have my own signature, though it *is* all up and down.’

*February* 25, 1857.—I went to the House of Lords last night, and heard Lord Derby’s speech, which lasted above two hours. His address to the bishops was really magnificent, and most effective. Lord Clarendon rose to answer him, but was feeble ; and as I could not hear him, I was leaving when I met Lord Redesdale, who told me Lord Lyndhurst would speak next, and he therefore strongly advised me to remain, and I am so glad I did, for Lord Lyndhurst spoke admirably, with so much precision, that it was quite a thing to remember ; and as he is eighty-five, God knows whether I might ever have another opportunity of hearing him. He leant upon two sticks, but his voice never faltered, and he hardly ever referred to his notes.

The marriage of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William took place at St. James’s Palace, on January 25, 1858, and we celebrated the happy event by giving a great ball, and illuminating our house with gas, which was unusual at Berlin, and created a great sensation. The result was so successful other people adopted the idea, and on the night of the Princess’s entry into Berlin, when the illuminations were repeated, we were horrified on our return from the Palace by seeing the English Legation quite dark, with only a feeble glimmer of gas here and there, instead of the brilliant illumination it had been on the wedding day. Unfortunately the Gas Company had undertaken more than it could supply, the consequence being the utter failure of our beautiful design, which was most humiliating and disappointing.

Lord Bloomfield went to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet the bride and bridegroom ; I was unfortunately too unwell to accompany him, but received them on their arrival, and assisted at all the *fêtes* which took place on the auspicious occasion, which gave general satisfaction in Prussia.

I have received the Empress of Germany’s gracious permission to publish the letter Her Royal Highness wrote to me after the marriage.



Coblentz, January 29, 1858.

My dear Lady Bloomfield,—I seize with pleasure the opportunity afforded me to send you in the Queen's name, our dear and excellent Queen Victoria, a fragment of our bride's wreath, and to tell you that everything went off admirably without the smallest shadow to a picture of a family gathering which became a national one owing to the respect England has for her Royal family, and the deep and grateful attachment she bears towards the august wife and mother God has given her as Queen, who is appreciated as the wise sovereign of the most noble and powerful of nations!

I feel that our beloved Princess's new country will greet her arrival with joy and confidence. I have always been convinced that this marriage would be popular, but what I learn surpasses my expectations, and proves that the instincts of the people lead them to the side of the alliance of truth and strength, whilst looking forward to that of dynastic happiness and progress. Pray be the interpreter of my feelings to Lord Bloomfield and the Loftus. I cannot say enough of Lord Clarendon's care of us. I found that great statesman in full possession of all those amiable qualities which the heavy weight of public affairs can never trouble. He is a great blessing to England. I had the pleasure of seeing your sisters, my dear Lady Bloomfield,  
God bless you!

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

This letter was accompanied by a piece of the orange flower and myrtle wreath worn by H.R.H. the Princess Royal at her marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858.

Princess Charles of Prussia, who attended a ball we gave on the wedding day, told me her son, Prince Frederick Charles, had written quite enthusiastically about England, and as he was not usually 'expansif,' this was the more gratifying. Unfortunately the poor King's malady (softening of the brain) had

increased so much he was not able to be present at any of the marriage *fêtes*, but he and the Queen drove into Berlin from Sans-Souci to hear the salute which was fired when the telegraphic news of the marriage arrived. The sight from the Palace up the Linden the day the Princess arrived was beautiful; the weather was very bright though extremely cold, and the procession, as it moved up between the crowd on each side, was as striking and imposing a sight as it was possible to witness. The crowd was quiet and orderly, and there was a spontaneous display of loyalty and good feeling which was very gratifying. At the first reception the Princess Royal made a most favourable impression. Her manner was quiet, dignified, and self-possessed, but she found a kind word to say to every one. After the presentations, which were very numerous, Her Royal Highness polonaised with twenty-two Princes. She looked remarkably well, and her dress was very becoming. I did not see much of Her Royal Highness, as the feeling of jealousy ran so high it was not considered advisable, and we studiously avoided giving any cause of offence. I spent the summer in England, and was not present during the Queen and Prince Consort's visit to Berlin, which took place in September.

In the summer of 1858 I went alone to Ireland, as Lord Bloomfield was ordered to Kissingen. In August the Queen went to Prussia, and the following extracts are taken from my husband's letters.

*Dusseldorf, August 11, 1858.*—The day has been fine, and everything has gone off admirably. The Queen is looking better than ever. I only had a word from Her Majesty at Aix-la-Chapelle, we were there only a few minutes. I told Her Majesty that you were, I trust, better, but had unwillingly accepted her gracious permission to remain away, and be saved the long journey; but that it was a great privation to you to be absent on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Prussia. The Queen was very kind, and looked particularly so.

The night is splendid, and there have been the most lovely illuminations. The Dusseldorf artistes have taken delight in showing off their powers of decoration by lamps and fireworks.

It was all spontaneous, and Prussia is showing her attachment to the mother of the Princess Royal! There were about a dozen Rhine boats flagged and moored on both sides of the bridge, and they fired salutes as we crossed the river. I travelled with Lord Malmesbury, and a funny incident occurred as we drove to dinner. One of the hind wheels of the carriage in which Prince Albert of Prussia and Prince Hohenzollern were, came off, and they were upset. So Lord Malmesbury and I, who were in the carriage with the ladies, got out and offered them our places. This they accepted, and we followed in the next carriage, taking the places of the equerries, who went on the box, to the astonishment of the people who looked on!

*Potsdam Palace, August 14, 1858.*—I have been living in such a state of bustle since we arrived here, that I have not had a moment to myself, or should have liked to give you a detailed account of everything. But you know what Court life is, and what it can be with the thermometer at 83°. The nights too are fearfully hot, so one does not get an over-abundance of sleep. We had such a hot journey on the 12th. Clear sun and clouds of dust!

We got to Hanover at 12.40, and after washing our hands and cleaning ourselves as best we could, we had a long luncheon of 100 people, the Royal family being together. The King made many tender inquiries about you, and so did the Queen. They had come from Nordeney with the reigning Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, who is to marry the Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg, who, together with her mother, had also come from the sea-side to greet the Royal *cortège*. At Hanover we stayed more than three hours, and departed a good hour after the time fixed, so the Princess Royal lost much time waiting for us. We tried to keep ourselves cool by taking off all the clothes in our power, and certainly had not the appearance of being part of the Royal society! The Princess met us at the Wildpark station, and got into the Queen's carriage. Potsdam station was illuminated, and we were met by the Royal family, some of the Ministers, Field-Marschals, Generals, &c. &c.

We had some supper, and retired about midnight, but oh!

how hot it was! I am grandly lodged—Lord Malmesbury is next door; Bidwell, Dashwood, and Morier live upstairs. Poor Lady Macdonald is all alone at Babelsberg, and very solitary, as the Royal family live together, and do not see any one in the morning. Yesterday we drove out to the Pfingstberg, and admired the views; the evening was lovely. I sat next the Princess Royal, who is looking well, and was very kind and amiable, and said she was very glad to hear you were better. After dinner we went out on the terrace, and it was so pleasant, like an Italian evening without the mosquitos! The drive home was very nice, and all was so except the atmosphere of the apartments. They were magnificently lighted, and the effect was splendid from the outside. The Royal British ensign is flying on the Castle, and the hours we keep would make one fancy oneself at Windsor! Breakfast at nine; luncheon at two; dinner at eight! What must the Germans say! but it is not the Queen's doing, as Her Majesty proposed to follow the usages of the Prussian Court as to meals; but it is a great blessing that we have not done so, or the whole day would have gone.

*Potsdam, August 15, 1858.*—We have had a tremendous storm of rain, but the air is not much cooled by it. The parade ground, moreover, is a mass of water, and one can breathe a wee bit. Old Baron Humboldt was here to-day, and is gone to lunch with the Queen at Babelsberg. He charged me with many messages for you; he says he is getting weak, and he certainly does not look as he used, though I do not observe any remarkable change.

[Alexander von Humboldt was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769, and died on May 6, 1859. As a young man he was soon immersed in the study of botany, chemistry, geology, and other physical sciences. He began his travels in Italy in 1797, and in July 1799 he landed on American soil near Cumana. On June 23, 1802, he climbed Chimborazo to a height greater than any that had till then been reached, viz. 19,300 feet, a performance he was very proud of, and often alluded to, calling himself 'the old man of the mountain.' In

1826 he took up his residence in Berlin, and engaged in political life, enjoying the most intimate intercourse with the King of Prussia, at whose table he was always a welcome guest; and though he occasionally travelled, Berlin was his home, where for many years he was the centre of literary and scientific circles. I had the great pleasure and privilege of knowing Baron Humboldt intimately. I first made his acquaintance at Windsor, when he came with the King of Prussia to attend the Prince of Wales's christening in February 1842. During my long residence at Berlin I had frequent opportunities of seeing Baron Humboldt, who was always particularly kind and friendly to us, and I believe the very last time he dined out was to celebrate my birthday on April 13, 1859. He was then so weak he could scarcely rise off his chair, but his mind was perfectly clear, and he made very particular inquiries about his friend the Marquis of Bristol, who was taken prisoner during the French war. His speech had become very indistinct, and his voice was so feeble I had great difficulty in keeping up conversation; but he was very tenacious on that point, and liked talking himself. He was short in stature, and a small made man, with an exceedingly sharp, intelligent, and satirical countenance; but I hardly ever heard him speak unkindly of any one, and he was always willing to use his influence in forwarding the interests of those whom he considered worthy of his protection. His memory was wonderful, and I was particularly struck by it one day when I called upon him with Lord Bloomfield, who wished to speak to him about Schlagintweit, the traveller, who was missing in Africa. Lord Bloomfield could not remember the name of one of the African Roman Catholic Bishops who, he thought, might be able to give information. Humboldt, though suffering at the time, mentioned it immediately. I several times heard him speak of having been at Warren Hastings' trial, and heard a debate in which Burke, Pitt, and Fox took part! He never spoke on matters of religion, but once when he was speaking of the King's illness, which affected him deeply, he sighed and said the failure of *such* a mind was a great mystery, but was

ordered and permitted by God, and that therefore we should submit to such trials humbly.]

Yesterday we had a large dinner at Babelsberg. The evening was delicious, and the Queen and all the Royalties sat out on the terrace. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere still, and the music of the 1st Life Guards admirable. The Queen seems very well, and all is going off well—it is a pleasure to see the whole Royal family so happy, and joy is depicted on every countenance. The Princess Royal looks rather pale and tired, and on my telling her I wished she could manage to rest a little more, she said, ‘When the mind is perpetually at work, there can be no rest for the body.’ She has always a quaint original way of expressing herself.

*Potsdam, August 18, 1858.*—The Review yesterday was extremely pretty on the square of the Palace. The Queen was in an open carriage with the Princess of Prussia, the Princess Royal with Princess Charles. They first drove round the line, and then the troops defiled past Her Majesty, whose manner was quite perfect on the occasion. This evening after a dinner at the Marshal’s table, we are all to go to the Pfauen Insel. If the evening is as fine as the morning, it will be extremely pleasant. There never was anything like the care taken of everybody of the Queen’s suite.

*Potsdam, August 21, 1858.*—Yesterday the day was passed sight-seeing at Berlin, but Lord Malmesbury and I departed from the Court and lunched with Baron Manteuffel and some members of the Corps Diplomatique. Lord Malmesbury is very amusing, and the easiest man in the world to get on with. I must say I never saw a Minister for Foreign Affairs more desirous than he is to put the right man in the right place, and promote good public servants without giving any consideration to their political creed.

*Potsdam, August 22, 1858.*—I have just heard that Lord Malmesbury has submitted my name to the Queen for a G.C.B., so you will soon see me with a broad red ribbon, which will, I hope, be a source of gratification to you. I hope to have an opportunity of thanking Her Majesty for her gracious inten-

tion. There was divine service yesterday in the Round Room, and Mr. Belson came down for the occasion, and did the service very well. Some of the Dom choir were ordered down, and we had some English hymns. I presented Mr. Belson afterwards to the Queen. I have just been writing to the Consul at Cologne to say that the Queen wishes to have divine service at the Hotel Deutz next Sunday, but begs not to interfere with the usual service at the English Chapel.

*Belle Vue Hotel, Deutz, August 28.*—I have only time to say we arrived here at ten o'clock. We leave on Monday, and the Queen will see the Cathedral to-morrow at one. It will be brilliantly illuminated at 9 p.m., but Her Majesty declines any other demonstration. Phipps has just told me that the Queen will probably land at Dover, and that I am to accompany Her Majesty and cross over in the yacht. I hope to reach London on Tuesday.

The Princess Royal was confined of a son on January 27, 1859, and it was a very anxious moment. Lord Bloomfield was sent for about noon, and kept sending me messages to say the Princess was very ill; and therefore it was an inexpressible relief when the welcome news came that all was happily over, but at first it was supposed the baby was dead, and it was only by the doctors inflating his lungs that he was brought round. An accident happened which might have cost the Princess her life! She was to be attended by Dr. Martin, as well as her own household doctor. About 8 a.m. the latter wrote to Dr. Martin to say his services were required immediately, but the servant to whom the letter was entrusted, instead of taking it, put it into the post; the consequence was it never reached Dr. Martin till past 1 p.m., and when he arrived at the Palace he found it was too late to do what ought to have been done hours before; he was very much alarmed, but the Princess and her child were both saved.

I saw the baby a few hours later—he was a pretty little child, and was sleeping very contentedly in the nurse's arms. When the Princess was so ill she kept begging those present to pray for her, and she looked up to her husband, who held

her in his arms the whole time, and asked him to forgive her for being impatient. Countess Blücher who was present told me she never expected the Princess would have strength to get through her confinement, and one of the doctors told her he thought she would die and the baby too. It was a terrible moment for poor Countess Blücher, who was a great personal friend of the Queen's and the Princess of Prussia, and an extremely nice person.

I had a most charming letter from the Queen a few days after. Her Majesty, after saying how much she had gone through, wrote, 'but thank God, in spite of severe sufferings and some anxiety for our dear little grandson, whom we are very proud of, though he has conferred this somewhat ancient dignity on us at the age of thirty-nine (I think *my* dear Prince is one of the youngest grandfathers in existence), all has gone off satisfactorily, and we are extremely satisfied and pleased.'

The child had forty-two godfathers and godmothers, of all kinds of creeds, from the Emperor of Russia to the Emperor of Austria! I could not help thinking the poor baby's religion would be a sort of political *pot-pourri* in consequence!

The Prince and Princess Royal moved into their own Palace for the Princess's birthday, where they received us most kindly, on November 24, in a handsome room hung with dark blue damask; the furniture and picture frames were in silver. Prince Frederick William drew our attention especially to the frame of the looking-glass, which had been designed by the Princess, of which he seemed very proud. The staircase was handsome and hung with family portraits, but the rooms were not well proportioned.

I was much amused one night at a concert at the Prince Regent's, where I was placed on a sofa among the Prussian ladies, one of them a very bitter politician of the ex-ministerial party. I was hardly seated when the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Schleinitz, came and sat down by me, and as he was a very agreeable man we chatted pleasantly for a long time, in spite of the angry glances which were shot at me by the Prussians, who no doubt were confirmed in their precon-



ceived opinion that I was a most dangerous *intriguante*. The 'Kreuz Zeitung' party were in despair, and talked as if we were on the verge of destruction, or what they considered worse, a Red Republic. On our return from England we found the poor King's malady had increased so much, the Prince of Prussia was appointed Regent. A new ministry came in. Prussian politics took a turn for the better; our position improved greatly, and things seemed much more hopeful. I heard a pretty anecdote of the young Duchess of Malakoff before she was married. She was walking in the garden when she saw the Duke approaching, and at that moment she picked a beautiful rose. The Duke inquired, 'Is that rose for me?' to which she answered, 'No, sir, for you I should have gathered laurels.'

We gave a ball to the Prince of Wales, which was attended by the Royal family, and which was opened by the Prince of Wales and Princess Frederick Charles. I danced with Prince Frederick William as their *vis-à-vis*. It was rather a curious coincidence that my first waiting was at the time of the Prince of Wales's christening, and his first ball seventeen years after was in my house. He seemed very much amused with his first cotillon, and had a thoroughly amiable unaffected manner.

My friend, Countess B——, gave me a most amusing account of Naples at this time. When the King heard that the French and English fleets were going to leave Naples, he only remarked 'so much the better,' and he wished all the other foreigners would go too!

I was talking one day to Dr. Vehsemeyer about his experience as a medical man. He told me one of the most curious cases was that of a servant of the King of Prussia's, whom he attended on his death-bed. The man invariably spoke of himself as his own father, and used to remark that 'the poor fellow's cough has been very distressing,' or that he had had a very bad night; but he *never* spoke in the first person. One day when the doctor called he found the room darkened, and on approaching the bed he saw his patient laid out, so he thought he was dead, and was leaving the room, when a voice

called out very gently, 'Doctor, Doctor!' He therefore went back to the bed, when his patient said, 'The old man was so ill last night he will be dead by six o'clock, so I thought I would lay him out,' and he had actually laid himself out like a corpse, and remained in that position till six o'clock, when he died.

General Sir Henry Bentinck, G.C.B., who came to Berlin in the month of May, told me the following curious detail relating to the battle of Inkermann, which, though he commanded the Guards at that battle, he was unaware of till the circumstance was related to him by Baron von Usedom, who heard it from General Todleben, the celebrated Russian engineer, who made such a magnificent defence at Sebastopol. When the Russians attacked the English army on the plateau of Inkermann, they posted, unknown to the English, a considerable force of artillery in a valley which borders the plateau, with the intention of bringing it up as a reserve in the middle of the battle. An aide-de-camp was accordingly despatched from the Russian head-quarters to order up the guns after the battle had been raging on the plateau for about three hours, but when he reached the valley not a single gun could be moved! The English shot and shell passing over the plateau had fallen so thickly upon the unfortunate Russian artillery, that scarcely a man or horse was left alive.

Sir Henry also related an anecdote proving the courage of the men he commanded. He said that in the thickest of the fight, when not more than 6,000 English had to withstand the whole force of the Russian army, he saw a Guardsman coolly step out of the ranks, and on inquiring why he did so, the man answered that having observed at the battle of Alma that the wounded Russians often shot at their enemies, he was determined this should not happen again, so he quietly broke the stocks of the guns of all the Russians who were lying within his reach, and then joined the ranks again just as if he was attending a review in Hyde Park.

Mr. Carlyle, the historian, came to Berlin before he began writing his history of Frederick the Great, and he paid us a visit the day he had been to Potsdam, so I asked him what he

thought of the place. His answer was very characteristic. He said, in his broad Scotch, 'Well, I thought it a queer sort of an amphibious place, and that I had never seen Neptune coming out of duckweed before,' referring to one of the old fountains. I expressed a hope that he had found the materials he required for his work, upon which he said, 'I shall have to sift through a very cartload of rubbish, and may be I shall find the materials I require; if I do, I will write my book, and if I don't I hope God will give me grace to leave it alone!'

*London, November 12.*—I had a very agreeable visit from Henry Taylor, who was an old friend of mine. He talked about Carlyle, whom he knows intimately, but considers one of the strangest men he ever met. Once Carlyle was staying with the Taylors when there was a most beautiful appearance of a meteor in the sky, which every one admired extremely. Carlyle merely observed, 'Oh, I believe it is nothing but some phosphoric oxygen, or some rubbish of that sort.' Taylor said he called his beard 'Wormwood Scrubs,' because what comes out of his mouth is so bitter.

We met the young Maharajah Duleep Singh at Windsor, whose dress, half European and half Eastern, struck me very much. On his head he wore a turban made of grey and gold stripes, fastened on the left side by a most magnificent aigrette of diamonds and several strings of fine pearls. His dark blue velvet frock coat was embroidered with gold and pearls, and under it he wore a yellow tunic fitting tight, also embroidered. Dark trowsers with gold stripes, very large gold earrings with a huge emerald fastening, and six rows of pearls round his neck, each as big as a hazel nut, and an emerald ornament the size of half a crown. The Queen introduced me to him, and he was very chatty and agreeable.

M. Aristarchi Bey, Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin, told me that he was at Ispahan with our minister, Colonel Shiel, and Dolgorouky, the Russian minister.

On New Year's Day it is customary for the Shah to appear before his subjects on the balcony of his palace, and they are made aware, by the colour of his robe, what temper he is in;

when he wears green, it is a sign of gentleness and goodwill, but when he appears in scarlet it is certain some deed of cruelty is in contemplation. Mrs. Shiel proposed accompanying her husband and the two gentlemen named above when they walked to the square opposite the palace, but Colonel Shiel, not knowing what might occur, advised her not; and it was fortunate he did so, for on arriving before the balcony, to their horror the Shah appeared clad in bright scarlet, and at a given signal fifty unhappy prisoners were dragged forward, bound hand and foot, and in one moment their fifty heads flew off, and—the Shah retired.

Whenever he travels in Persia, the ladies of every town he passes through assemble to select the most beautiful girl in the place, who is presented to the Shah on his arrival with a request that he will accept her for his harem.

I have heard Lord Bloomfield say that he read a despatch from Persia whilst he was at St. Petersburg which stated that the Shah had invented a new torture for some political offenders, and had ordered their own teeth to be drawn out, and then hammered one by one into their skulls!

I had a long visit from Prince D—— whom I had met at Moscow in 1847, at which time he was in a kind of exile, and not allowed to come to St. Petersburg, as he had written a book displeasing to the Emperor Nicholas. He was a man of liberal opinions, fond of literature, and spoke quite openly about the faults and failures of the Russian Government. In the course of conversation I happened to remark that I thought the Emperor Alexander had shown considerable moral courage in making peace after the Crimean War, contrary to the general feeling in Russia, and Prince D—— gave me the following curious details of what occurred on that occasion, which he said had been related to him by one of the ministers present. The Emperor called a council of war at St. Petersburg, which was composed of the following members: Prince Dolgorouky, Minister of War; the Grand Duke Constantine, Minister of Marine; M. de Broek, Minister of Finance; Count Bloudoff, Prince Woronzow, and, I think, M. Lapouchine, Minister of

the Interior. The Emperor first called on the Minister of War to report on the state of the army, and he said the resources were exhausted, that more recruiting was almost impossible, and that he did not see how the war could be continued. The Emperor next addressed himself to his brother, who, together with Count Bloudoff, was in favour of continuing hostilities at all risks. The Emperor asked what was the state of the navy? The Grand Duke answered, 'Sire, we have a fleet in the Baltic, and another in the Black Sea.' The Emperor acquiesced, but added, 'True, but those fleets have never left our harbours. Are they fit to oppose the English and French fleets?' The Grand Duke was obliged to reply in the negative. 'Then,' said the Emperor, 'it appears we have no army and no fleet.' The Grand Duke sighed, looked down, but made no answer. The Emperor next addressed the Minister of Finance, and asked what report he could give. He said, 'Sire, we have just made one disadvantageous loan, upon conditions imposed upon us at Hamburg, and I believe another to be impossible.' The Emperor then addressed the Council and said, 'Gentlemen, it appears from what we have just heard that we have neither army, navy, nor money; how, then, is it possible for me to continue the war?' Count Bloudoff then stepped forward and said, with deep emotion, 'Sire, after the report we have just heard, it is clear that your Majesty is forced to make peace, but at the same time you must dismiss your incompetent ministers, who have not known how to serve either your father or yourself, dismiss us all.' The consternation of the other members of the Council at this outburst was great, but—peace was signed forthwith.

I heard another curious illustration of the frauds practised by Russian officials during the war. The Government was charged a large sum of money for oxen, for the use of the army, which, however, were never purchased. At the end of a certain period another large bill was brought in for feeding these said oxen, and the General at the head of the Commissariat inquired whether they were to be killed and salted. The Government answered in the affirmative, and a number of cases were accord-

ingly forwarded to the Crimea, but when they were opened the contents were so completely rotten they were totally unfit for use, having been originally filled with refuse instead of good meat; but first and last the sum paid and pocketed by the officials was fabulous.

Prince D—— informed me that he was a member of the committee in the Government of Toula, which had been called together to discuss the question of the emancipation of the serfs. About 400 members met in the Town Hall at Toula, but the moujiks, isvoschieks (coachmen), and peasants knew perfectly the opinion of the different members; and one day, coming away from the meeting, the Prince's coachman was asleep, and did not answer to his name. A moujik woke him up rudely saying, 'What business have *you* to be asleep, Ivan Ivanowitch, when you know that *your* master is in favour of emancipation?'

I was very intimate at Berlin with Marie de la Motte Fouqué, the daughter of the author of 'Ondine,' whose mother married secondly M. de Rochow. Her son was minister to King Frederick William III., and another son was General Rochow, afterwards Prussian Minister at Petersburg. Marie de la Motte Fouqué had very delicate health, and lived at Berlin with her half-brother. One day he came home from the palace and told her that great excitement prevailed there in consequence of the apparition of the white lady. The lady-in-waiting, on coming out of the Queen's apartments, found the *sé*ntinel on guard in a dead faint. She immediately called the officer-in-waiting, and when the sentinel came to himself he declared he had seen the white lady, and Monsieur de Rochow told his sister the circumstance, adding that it had caused great alarm. The following Sunday a small party was given to the Royal family by Prince Albrecht of Prussia, to which Monsieur de Rochow, in his capacity of Prime Minister, was invited. In the course of the evening the King complained of feeling ill, and told M. de Rochow that he felt so unwell he must return home, and indeed that he never should have come out that evening had he not been unwilling to disappoint his son, who had arranged the family gathering for him. The King took to his bed

that evening, and never left it again; he died very shortly afterwards.

Once whilst we were at Potsdam we heard that the sentinel on guard at the Neue Palais declared he had seen a funeral procession pass by and go towards the Garrison Church. We were not aware of any member of the Royal family being ill, but the next day the news arrived of the sudden and unexpected death of Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, the King's niece.

Some private theatricals were successfully got up for a charitable purpose, in which the Attachés took part. The plays were acted in a great room attached to the theatre, and the young men who had to be rouged and dressed for their respective parts dressed at the theatre, where 'Marie Stuart' was being acted. Mr. J——, who was to represent an Italian brigand, lost his way in the intricacies of the theatre, and as nearly as possible found himself appearing before the audience who had come to see the tragedy. He had only just time to fall back: the effect, had he suddenly appeared on the stage, would have been too absurd! Then we heard that three of the young men dressed as brigands met a wretched little ballet dancer in one of the passages, who was so terrified at their ruffianly appearance that she fell down in a fit of hysterics!

We dined the other day at Prince Frederick William's, and I had a pleasant chat with him after dinner. He told me that when he was only seventeen he stood at the window of the Queen's room when the first shot was fired during the revolution of 1848, from the bridge opposite the Palace, and that had found an echo in his heart which no time could ever silence; he only hoped to God he might never live to witness such a scene again. He laughed at the reports which have been circulated of his marriage being unhappy and of his illtreating his wife, and certainly it would not be possible to see a happier couple.

My dear husband received the kindest possible letter from the Prince Regent, saying he had greatly wished to give him a public mark of esteem, in the shape of a decoration; but as that is contrary to the rule of our diplomatic service, he could not

refuse himself the pleasure of giving us a souvenir of the interesting and important events we had witnessed at Berlin, and therefore he had ordered two large china vases to be painted, to commemorate them, which he hopes we shall like and value.

At this time a Parisian *bon mot* went the round of the diplomatic society at Berlin, which caused great amusement. It was said that when Count Pourtales heard the Emperor's speech at the opening of the Chambers, he felt as if 'il avait reçu un coup d'épée aux reins!' Some months afterwards, Lord Clarendon met Count Perponcher at Windsor, and they were discussing the attitude of France at that moment. Count Perponcher observed that either Prussia or England ought to interfere, upon which Lord Clarendon, with his usual happy way of turning the tables, said, 'Yes, and we with our habitual courtesy shall be happy to give you precedence.'

I left Berlin in May, and never returned there.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband.*

*Danzig, August 19, 1860.*—Here I am, after a very good journey. . . . I met old General Gröben in the train, who awakened me from my slumbers about 4 o'clock A.M., and was as much surprised to see me as I was to see him. What, think you, he is longing to do? To go and slay the Druses and Turks in Syria! His Christian blood is boiling within him, and he is seriously bent on revenge. He is a wonderful talker, and went on without stopping till he left the train at 9:30. I wanted to sleep, but it was useless thinking of it. The Berlin papers having announced my intention of visiting Danzig, of course our Consul-General Plaw came to the station to meet me, and asked me to go and dine with him in the country. He has a charming place—Oliva, a sort of Royal residence lent to him by the King.

Well, no sooner had I done luncheon than the Vice-Consul walked in; so I have not had a quiet moment. As far as I have seen the town, it is a most curious, quaint place; but, oh!



such an ugly journey to reach it. The only nice-looking places along the line are the stations, which are charmingly kept. The bridge across the Vistula at Dirschau is a splendid work. There are such beautiful old wardrobes in the hall of this hotel. You would, I am sure, be tempted to purchase them.

*Danzig, August 20, 1860.*—You will be glad to hear that the weather is fine, which is an immense boon when one is sight-seeing; and I am just returned from a trip to the Fair-water, which is the entrance to the harbour, and rather an interesting trip in a steamer. There seems a deal of trade going on, and the masses of floating timber from Poland are enormous. I have not as yet had time to see the town in detail. The impression of the quaint old houses and architecture is that one is suddenly transported to Venice, only there are no canals and no gondoliers. (This reminded me of an anecdote of Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, when an enthusiastic lady remarked that the entrance of the Bay of Dublin reminded her of Switzerland; the Archbishop immediately rejoined, ‘Yes, ma’am; only in Switzerland there is no sea, and here there are no Alps!’)

You would be delighted with the architecture of Danzig, and could find hundreds of subjects for sketching. The market-boats on the river are so picturesque, and the Exchange is a most curious place. This hotel was formerly the English factory, and our countrymen are great favourites in Danzig.

Yesterday, at two o’clock, we drove to Oliva, formerly the residence of the Abbot of the same name, and now turned into a Royal Palace, which has been kindly lent by the King and the Regent to Mr. Plaw. Nice gardens, good timber, and charming walks, which we inspected before dinner. We had a most sumptuous dinner, and a variety of choice wines, all of which I would gladly have dispensed with. After tea we drove into town, a distance of about seven miles; and I was very glad to go to bed, and had a very comfortable, quiet room.

Lord Bloomfield was suddenly recalled to Berlin, by the death of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, as he was ordered to attend the funeral as the Queen’s representative. Before that sad ceremony he accompanied Mr. Paget to Count

Hohenthal's place, Knauthayn, near Leipsic, from which place he wrote me the following letters :—

*Knauthayn, August 27, 1860.*—We have fallen into most comfortable quarters, and Paget (who was then engaged to be married to Countess Wally Hohenthal, a maid of honour of the Crown Princess's) is quite *l'enfant de la maison*, and all seem delighted with him. This is an immense château in a village through which one drives from the main road, but of which one knows nothing at the house. The country is as flat as a pancake; but there is some nice vegetation, a garden with good flowers, and a pleasure ground well kept, a pond in front of my window on which two swans are disporting themselves; and altogether it is exactly the sort of place one sees represented on Meissen plates and dishes.

This house is remarkably well furnished and handsome, but not gaudy—altogether the sort of place where one might lead a very comfortable existence. I have a capital bedroom, beautifully clean. I got to Leipsic at five yesterday, where I found Hohenthal's carriage; and Crowe, our Consul, came to meet me, and drove part of the way with me. It is about a nine miles drive. We are a family party, with the exception of an old M. Küster, the wise man of this neighbourhood. After breakfast, the Countess read, as she does every day, a short sermon, at which we all assisted; but not the servants. She is very kind to her poor people, and very thoughtful about them.

The day is lovely; and, oh! such a moon as we had last night. Wally looks very well indeed, and seems supremely happy.

*Knauthayn, August 28, 1860.* Yesterday was a fearfully oppressive day till about six o'clock, when we returned from a drive and walk to Count Hohenthal's model farm, which is a most magnificent and extensive concern. A fine building, with some forty cows, and lots of pigs, &c. &c.; but he says it brings in nothing. We drove in a sort of van and four horses, through a nice wood, in which there were some good oaks; deer and roe are said to be there, but we saw none. I thought we should have been literally devoured with gnats, which, owing

to the great floods that have prevailed, have increased fearfully; but, happily, they have not invaded the house, so there we are in comparative peace. †

The hours would just suit you. On being asked on Sunday, by the hostess, what were the habits in England, I told her it was usual to breakfast at 9.30 or 10, lunch at 2, and dine at 8; and so it was arranged. But what I did not approve of was having to sit up gossiping till 1 o'clock this morning. The Budbergs are expected to-day; but the weather has changed, and there was an awful storm of wind, thunder, and lightning about seven o'clock, and some hailstones of gigantic dimensions that had fallen two miles from here were brought to the house. They had, of course, much diminished in size when I saw them; but they were then the size of half-a-crown, and so thick that Hohenthal declares if they had fallen on the house every window would have been smashed.

*Knauthayn, August 29, 1860.*—There are fearful accounts of the damage done to houses and people by the hailstorm of Monday afternoon, and serious damage has been caused to the picture gallery at Leipsic: a large and very valuable picture of Napoleon I. has been, they say, irremediably injured by the hail, which, after breaking the thick skylight, came like grape-shot through the canvas, and all the collection has suffered more or less. Countess Hohenthal has just taken us over the house—such a sight of house linen as I have seen, and all in such perfect order! Nothing could be cleaner or nicer than the house, and one might eat one's dinner off the floor of any of the rooms, master's and servants'. It is all so deliciously sweet—the air nearer perfection than anything I have felt in Germany. The Countess desires me to tell you she should so much like to see you here, and hopes she may do so some day. She has just been playing on a capital harmonium, made at Leipsic, which you would like to have for choral music. She plays the instrument well, and hopes her boy will take to it in course of time.

*Knauthayn, August 30, 1860.*—Such dreadful accounts of the hailstorm! Fancy hailstones as big as eggs and billiard

balls! People and animals have suffered as well as houses. Countess Hohenthal (Dölken), with whom we dined yesterday, and who lives about twelve miles off, said that all the tiles on the roof of her husband's house at Leipsic have been destroyed. The papers give an account of the serious damage done to the Palace of Gotha; but, happily, this is false. Fire caught in the guard-room, but was soon put out; and so the newspapers, having nothing to write about, declared that everything was destroyed, and the progress of the flames was only arrested by the firing of cannon!

Dölken is a fine place—such oaks! We had a very good dinner, and then went out on the lake. I start for Berlin this evening.

*Berlin, September 3, 1860.*—Things look very bad all over Europe; but still I hope that nothing serious will come out of it all this year—at least, that we shall escape a general war; though in Italy events are progressing so rapidly that one may expect Venetia to be attacked any day, after the Roman people have upset the existing government; and we are already told that Victor Emanuel is no longer master of the situation. . . . Austria is in a frightful mess, in consequence of the Italian troubles, and the Hungarians and Kossuth are ready to respond to the movement. All these things naturally make me suppose that a complication in the affairs of Europe may be expected any day or hour; and the state of Turkey in Europe and Asia is such that there also one may look for bad work.

I have had a most agreeable conversation with Prince William of Baden, who was with me for nearly an hour. He is, I am sorry to say, about to take leave of the Prussian service.

*Berlin, September 12, 1860.*—Just returned from my melancholy mission to Strelitz. Fortunately the weather was extremely fine for the funeral, or I know not what would have happened to us all, in open carriages, travelling fourteen miles over deep sand. At nine on Thursday morning I went to the Palace, and saw the two Grand Duchesses and the young Grand Duke, who were most amiable—the poor widow much touched at the Queen having ordered me to attend the funeral. The

King of Hanover and his son, the Prince Regent of Prussia, Prince Charles, and the Prince of Hesse were there. I drove to Mirow, the church, with the Grand Duchess and King of Hanover, and back with the two poor blind sovereigns, which was sad.

I am going to meet the Queen at Aix-la-Chapelle next week. All along the road to Strelitz, through Prussia, there were triumphal arches and garlands to welcome the Prince Regent, and a display of Prussian and English flags; and the instant we entered the frontier town of Fürstenberg, all was dark—black flags from the houses, and every one in deep mourning for the late Grand Duke, who was universally beloved and respected. Mirow, where the funeral took place, is a small Palace, where I believe Queen Charlotte was born.

*Berlin, September 26, 1860.*—I have just returned from Verviers. The weather was perfectly lovely—like summer; in fact, I believe that Monday last was the first fine day that the royal party have seen in the course of this year. We were in a fuss, as news arrived of the dangerous illness of Prince Albert's step-mother, and probability of her death. The Prince Regent reached Aix-la-Chapelle at half-past ten, and was uncertain what to expect. He asked me what I thought, and I answered that the Queen is not in the habit of changing her plans; and so it proved.

The news of the Duchess Dowager of Coburg's death reached Her Majesty between Liège and Verviers. The blinds were down as the train drove up; but all went on as had been previously arranged. The Queen and Prince were very kind and gracious, but there was no time for conversation. At Coblenz I surrendered my rights to Sir A. Malet. The Princess of Prussia and the Duke and Duchess of Baden came to meet the Queen at Frankfort. I dined with the household, and returned here.

*Berlin, October 2, 1860.*—The Macdonald affair is very disagreeable, and may lead to unpleasant complications. I have just been penning a note to Schleinitz, in plain, strong terms.

I am sure he would willingly do anything in his power, but is not supported by the other members of the Cabinet.<sup>1</sup>

I think it is lucky I am not at Coburg; for my absence at this moment might have been detrimental to the interests of our countrymen at Bonn.

The Prince Consort was run away with in a carriage, on his return from the chase, and jumped out. What a mercy His Royal Highness was not seriously injured by this accident!

*Berlin, October 3, 1860.*—The Macdonald affair takes up my whole time. The Ministers here are furious with me for the tone I have been compelled to use in my communications with the Prussian Government, which is very different from that of all my former letters; but the case is becoming an interesting and exciting one, though it is not pleasant to have to lay it bare. I have shown the correspondence to Lord Wensleydale, and asked his advice. He cannot give any, as he does not understand Prussian law; but he says such a thing could not possibly happen in England.

You will be glad to know that I have just received by telegraph Lord John Russell's entire approbation of the note I addressed yesterday to Schleinitz on this odious Macdonald affair.

The English at Bonn, who signed the protest, did a most imprudent thing, and will get into trouble: for their proceeding was unquestionably illegal and in opposition to the Prussian laws, but their English patriotic feelings at hearing their nation abused in open court got the better of their prudence. If they had not printed the abuse of the Prussian Prosecutor, we should have had a better cause against Müller. It is a most disagreeable business.

*Cologne, October 10, 1860.*—The Queen comes down the

<sup>1</sup> On September 12, 1860, Capt. Macdonald was committed to prison at Bonn for resisting the railway authorities. The English residents appealed and were also censured. A correspondence ensued between the Prussian Government and the British Foreign Secretary; and strong language was uttered in the House of Commons and in the Prussian Chambers.—See Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*.

Rhine in the 'Fairy' to-morrow from Mayence to Coblenz; Saturday, to Cologne and Brussels.

*Coblenz, October 11, 1860.*—What a kind, civil, thoughtful person is the Princess of Prussia! I arrived at the station here at 5.15 yesterday, and met Her Royal Highness there, who had come to receive the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. She said a few kind words to me, and desired me to come and dine with her at six; so I hustled off to dress, and luckily arrived at the Palace in time. The dinner was soon over, and the Princess told me to come back to tea at nine; but as all the guests had had long journeys we were dismissed early.

The Queen is expected this afternoon at four. Unfortunately the rain has been falling rapidly; but it is clearing a little, and I hope it will not rain when Her Majesty comes.

We are to keep the same hours as at Babelsberg; and the Princess of Prussia has got some artists to enliven the evenings by music.

*Coblenz, October 12, 1860.*—The weather is bitter; to-day we had a hailstorm, and it was not pleasant for a drive to Stolzenfels in an open carriage, with Sir Charles Phipps and the ladies in waiting. The royalty went before, and it was, oh! so bitterly cold up there; but we had some fine glimpses of the rocks and Rhine, and the sun peeped forth and lighted up the scene, which would have been lovely in other weather. Not satisfied with this drive, we were taken over the Moselle to a distant fort. Lord John Russell, like a sensible man, left us and walked home. Conceive that after reading my correspondence on the Macdonald affair! Lord Palmerston marked on the despatches, 'If we don't get satisfaction the whole Mission should be recalled from Berlin'! But it won't go so far as this, I hope.

The yacht was sent home to-day, and the Queen leaves at 10.30 to-morrow, reaches Aix-la-Chapelle at 2.15; and I hope to return to Berlin immediately. I spoke to Lord John about leave; and he will give it to me, but not at this moment. He said, 'This is not pleasant weather for travelling;' as much

as to say, are you not better at home? He is the most cheery little man that ever was, and kept us all in roars of laughter in the railroad carriage. He and Schleinitz got on capitally, and the latter is much pleased with Lord John; so I hope we shall pull well for some time to come, and their meeting has done good. The Paget marriage is fixed for Saturday, the 20th, and will take place at the Legation. The Princess Royal will attend.



## CHAPTER XV.

Lord Bloomfield is offered the post of Ambassador at Vienna—We visit Windsor—Lord Bloomfield returns to Berlin to present his letters of recall—Attends the King's funeral, and arrives at Vienna—Is presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph—Vienna society—I arrive at Vienna—Account of Prince Metternich's flight in 1848—I visit Upper Austria—Letters from Lord Bloomfield—Death of the Prince Consort.

*Extracts of Letters from Lord Bloomfield.*

*Berlin, October 26, 1860.*—I have a startling communication to make to you. . . I wish you were with me to decide and settle what answer I must send to a most gracious proposal from Lord John Russell that my name should be submitted to the Queen for the post of Ambassador at Vienna. I will transcribe Lord John's letter :—

'The question of your coming home on leave of absence brings me to treat of another matter of considerable importance.

'The Queen has approved of my opening at Vienna and St. Petersburg the conversion of these two missions into embassies. But if this is done I shall think it but due to your long and meritorious services to propose you to Her Majesty as her Ambassador at Vienna. You are fully entitled to that distinction, and it will be a fit climax to your diplomatic career. Of course I do not enter into the question of your private and domestic arrangements ; I am only solicitous to show you that consideration which the Foreign Secretary is bound to show to one who has served so long, so well, and so honourably as yourself.'

I know not when I have been so taken by surprise as by this news. It is certainly very flattering; and if I am to serve a while longer, it is perhaps as well I should do so in a capacity which will give me the highest rank in my profession. But I do not like the undertaking or the change to a new post where I shall have to begin life over again—a serious matter when one is verging on fifty-eight. At the same time, Vienna is a pleasant residence, the country about is pretty and enjoyable, there are nice summer residences to be had in the neighbourhood, and though the climate is severe in winter, the spring, summer, and autumn are extremely pleasant.

What shall you say to all this? and how shall I answer Lord John? for of course I cannot accept the offer unless I know that you will be disposed to share my fate—I must have my ambassadress with me!

Of course, though I was in very bad health at that time, and quite unequal to the fatigues of diplomatic life, I could only express gratification at my dear husband's promotion; and accordingly he was officially appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Vienna, and came to England to get his letters of credence. We were invited to Windsor, and that was the last time I had the honour of seeing the Prince Consort. On that occasion I sat next the Prince at dinner, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He said his great object through life had been to learn as much as possible, not with a view of doing much himself—as, he observed, any branch of study or art required a lifetime—but simply for the sake of appreciating the works of others; for he added quite simply and without any self-consciousness or vanity, 'No one knows the difficulties of a thing till they have tried to do it themselves; and it was with this idea that I learnt oil painting, water-colour, etching, fresco painting, chalks, and lithography, and in music I studied the organ, pianoforte, and violin, thorough bass, and singing.'

What a noble view this was of the duties of his position! and how well it agreed with the modest, unselfish, and studious character of that remarkable man!

I had a very dangerous illness, which prevented my leaving England with Lord Bloomfield when he went to present his letters of recall at Berlin. He arrived there just as King Frederick William IV. died; and the following letters were written during our separation, which lasted for some months:—

*Extracts of Letters from Lord Bloomfield.*

*Berlin, January 6, 1861.*—I received a telegram ordering me to convey the Queen's condolence on the death of King Frederick William; so I went to Potsdam yesterday in uniform, and to Sans-Souci, where all the Royal family are living. The Princess of Prussia excused herself; but the Prince—now King—received me at once, and was most kind: very much affected at first, and I shall be glad when to-morrow's ceremony is over, on his account. We conversed for some time, and then in came the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who seemed pleased to see me again. I paid my respects to the Crown Prince and Princess at 3.30. The Princess was well; the Crown Prince looked ill and fatigued. Half the sovereigns of Germany are coming to the funeral.

*Berlin, January 7, 1861.*—The sad ceremony at Potsdam is over, and it would have been difficult to select a colder day in Russia for the removal of the body to its last earthly home: there were upwards of 20 degrees of frost, Réaumur, last night. We got off about half-past nine, accompanied by a mass of cavalry, and whilst we were waiting at the station for their disembarkation, we heard a whistle, and shortly afterwards another train came hard against us, but fortunately did us no serious harm beyond a severe shake. Then we proceeded, partly in a carriage and partly on foot, to the Friedenskirche, where we found apartments for us to wait in that were fortunately well warmed. We waited a full hour in the church; for the procession only moved at half-past twelve. The King conducted the poor Queen Dowager, and all the Royal family were deeply affected. The service was performed by Dr. Heym, and everything went off well, considering the weather. I believe all

walked from the Palace of Sans-Souci, and it will be wonderful if there are not many deaths in consequence. It is quite providential that you did not undertake the journey to Berlin, for the cold would have been unbearable to you. I have felt nothing so like Russia since we left that country.

*Berlin, January 23, 1861.*—I am most thankful for the good accounts of your progress towards recovery, and it was not necessary to remind me to think of you in church; I have been praying for you constantly, and have returned my poor thanks to the Almighty for His great mercy under your present severe illness. He has dealt very graciously with both of us, and I am ever mindful of His goodness, and pray that I may be worthy of it.

You may judge of the great kindness of the King and Queen of Prussia yesterday when I took leave of their Majesties. Both were quite touching about you as well as about myself. The King again expressed his sorrow not to give me his Order, and promised me his picture. Both His Majesty and the Queen spoke with such unfeigned kindness of the services I have rendered here during my long residence, that I begin to fancy I have done more than is the case; for after all I have only been guided by the endeavour conscientiously to discharge my duty, and certainly the great desire I have always had has been to keep matters straight between the two countries.

The Princess Royal was so kind, and seems really sorry to lose us. She said I had always spoilt her! She has given us a charming bust of her little boy, in plaster, made by her own hands, and handsome medallions of herself and the Prince. That branch of the Royal family seem to look upon our residence here as an epoch in their history, and to consider us identified with so many of their sad and happy days. God grant that the events of coming years may leave an equally happy impression!

The weather is not bad, but the frost has returned, not however with intensity; and I hope not to suffer from cold on my journey to Vienna.

*Vienna, January 26, 1861.*—I arrived here safely last night; the journey was not too disagreeable as to weather, and when I

got here it felt comparatively mild. The streets are very well kept and clean ; it is a great blessing, moreover, to have good pavement for one's feet and horses, and no *open* drains. On arriving at the Austrian frontier I found orders had been given to facilitate my progress, and I had a splendid saloon carriage with tables and chairs—very comfortable—in fact, I was received with all the honours. At Berlin the Attachés saw me off, and seemed low at parting with their ancient chief. Here I was met by Julian Fane, and all the members of the Chancery, with joy depicted on their countenances ; and I must say one seldom sees a nicer lot of young men than Lytton, Antrobus, Kennedy, and Dillon.

Count Rechberg has just returned my visit, and announced to me that the Emperor will receive me to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

*Vienna, January 30, 1861.*—The day was very fine. At half-past twelve soldiers marched to the house, court footmen, and state carriages. The Introducer of Ambassadors came in proper time, and put me into my carriage. He preceded me in his carriage ; two state chariots ; a third followed with Fane and Lytton, and a fourth with the others ; and a handsome lot they were. The carriages were peculiar, very rich and handsome ; and such fine cream-coloured horses ! There were cavalry to escort me, and all the world in the streets saluted and uncovered their heads as I drove by. The young men declared they heard cheering amongst the crowd : I cannot say that such sounds reached my ears ; but the restoration of the Embassy is most popular. The guard at the Burg turned out, and there was a whole lot of household troops and the Palace guards, who lined the way up to the audience room. The Grand Chamberlain, Count Lanskaronsky (an old acquaintance) received me and announced my arrival to the Emperor. The folding doors were opened, and I made my best bow to His Imperial Majesty, who was very gracious and dignified, and has made a most agreeable impression upon me. He is not handsome ; but he has a fine figure, a good countenance, and a great deal of beard, which is, I should think, an improvement. The Emperor asked about you, and wanted to know when you are coming to Vienna.

He kept me a quarter of an hour, and then I retired walking backwards and brought in the gentlemen of the Embassy, whom I presented one after the other. We returned home in the same order; and I am very glad the ceremony is over.

*Vienna, February 5, 1861.*—I have found many acquaintances here; one and all were most kind, and seem to be resolved to be on the most friendly terms with us.

I have paved the way for our future existence, and it is pleasant to see how the Austrians recollect an acquaintance of years ago!<sup>1</sup> My house is besieged with visitors. The ladies look nice, and how they *do* dance and amuse themselves! The Viennese manners are very different from those in North Germany, and there is an absence of stiffness in them which strikes one. Old Prince Paul Esterhazy has just been here, and I delivered your message by reading him the part of your letter which referred to himself; he is wonderfully kind and most friendly.

*February 7, 1861.*—We had a splendid dinner last night at Rothschild's—people are so very civil; but then just now I am a lion, and this will wear off! I went to a great Magyar ball last night—the men wore their national costume, and some of them were very handsome. The national dance was rather amusing, very wild, Hungarian music, and the dancing something between a jig, a reel, and a mazurka! very hard work, I should think. All the great Hungarians were there, and I made the acquaintance of the Chancellor Vay and Count Scéczen, two of the leading characters of the day.

*Vienna, February 9, 1861.*—Yesterday I had an audience of the Archduke Francis Charles (the Emperor's father), and his wife, the Archduchess Sophie. They were so gracious that I was detained at the Burg for nearly an hour, and the Master of the Ceremonies said usually these audiences are terminated in five minutes! There is no mistake as to the reactionary politics of this Court, and there is no concealment of their sentiments, which are also general throughout the mass of the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bloomfield began his diplomatic career at Vienna in 1818 as an Attaché.

society here. Last night I called at Princess Schönburg's, *née* Schwarzenberg. She lives in the Faubourg, and is a very agreeable person. Her sister-in-law, Princess Lori Schwarzenberg, is the leader of society in Vienna. She is not young now, having attended the Queen's coronation, but she is still good-looking and amusing. These two ladies are types of the society of this place, and their *salons* the principal resource of Vienna.

Do you remember Bela Szécheny, a young Hungarian who came to our ball at Berlin, and who has been a great deal in England? He came from Pesth this morning, and wore his national costume. He is intelligent and very good-looking, and knows a great deal of what is passing now in his own country. I do not see how the Hungarians are to be satisfied with less than the restoration of everything they obtained in '48, and the establishment of a mere personal union with Austria under the same sovereign, as is the case between Norway and Sweden. I believe, though it sounds strange, that the Hungarians are among the most loyal of all the Emperor's subjects; but they won't hear of him except as their King, and the difficulty is to discover some mode of representation for them here. They want to have their King and Court at Pesth, and a little personal concession on this point would be very useful!

*Vienna, February 27, 1861.*—To-day we are very busy translating this tremendous constitution for the Empire. I cannot yet form any opinion on the subject, and am here too short a time to be justified in having one; but I fear it will not give satisfaction to either party. It goes too far for some and of course not half far enough for others; and the Hungarians will never consent to send, as it is intended, a mass of representatives to the Lower House which shall have any right of decision in the affairs of the kingdom!

I joined my husband at Vienna in the spring of 1861. I arrived just as the Schmerling Government was formed and the Constitution proclaimed. The Emperor opened Parliament in person, and I was amused to hear that some of the remoter

Provinces of the Austrian Dominion, such as the Buckowina, selected peasants as their representatives, who could neither read, write, nor understand a word of German! And when they voted in a way disapproved of by their constituents, they were flogged by them on their return home.

The Empress was absent in Madeira when I arrived, but I was presented to the Emperor and Archduchesses, and then held my receptions, which were rather formidable. One of the ladies of high rank at Court, Countess Buquoy, was appointed to introduce the Vienna society to me. I sat in full Court dress upon a sofa in the middle of the drawing-room at the Embassy, and the person of highest rank present, after being introduced, sat down next to me till a lady of still higher rank arrived, when she immediately got up and gave up her place. This went on till all the society had been introduced to me, and lasted for three evenings; every one being in Court dress. One of the Chamberlains presented the gentlemen, and after my receptions were over I was expected to return the visits. The Empress returned at the end of May, and received me shortly after.

She was very beautiful, tall, and had the greatest profusion of rich brown hair, which hung in curls down her back. She wore a magenta-coloured satin train, and when the folding doors were thrown wide open, and I saw Her Majesty, for the first time, she appeared like a beautiful vision. We were a considerable distance from each other, as the Empress stood in one room, I in another, and there was a large empty room between us. No one was present; when the folding doors were opened we curtsied to one another, then each advanced a few steps, curtsied again, and finally we met in the centre of the middle room. Her eyes were very fine, her complexion brilliant, and altogether she was most striking. She spoke in English, which she informed me she learnt from her father's grooms! She was passionately fond of dogs and horses, rode splendidly, and sometimes drove a four-in-hand.

We spent a pleasant summer at Hietzing, visited the environs, which are exceedingly pretty, and went one day to



the convent of Heiligen Kreuz, near the Brühl. The frescoes there represent the life of St. Bernard, and one of them amused me exceedingly. It represented the saint as a young man tempted by a lovely female, so he threw her headlong into a fountain full of ice, but is represented sitting warmly clad upon a bench contemplating her struggles. This curious episode reminded me of an anecdote of the late Lord Alvanley, the famous wit. Gunter, the confectioner, was run away with in the hunting field, and nearly ran over Lord Alvanley. The next day he apologised saying, 'Really, my Lord, I was very sorry, but my 'orse was so 'ot I couldn't 'old him.' Lord Alvanley immediately rejoined, 'Ice him, Gunter, ice him !'

Mr. Bonamy Price dined with us, and was a great talker, but very amusing. He came to Vienna to collect materials for a political pamphlet. Among other anecdotes he told one of Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, who asked a young man 'how it happened that truth, which every one is by way of seeking after, is so rarely found?' When the youth demurred answering, the Archbishop said, 'I'll tell you why—because men always prefer getting truth on their side to being on the side of truth.'

Count Rechberg, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs when we went to Vienna in 1861, gave me the following interesting details of Prince and Princess Metternich's flight from Vienna, in March 1848 :—The Prince's longer residence in Vienna had become extremely dangerous—the mob was exasperated against him, the town was in a state of revolution, and the streets full of barricades. Prince and Princess Metternich were, therefore, unable to start from their own house, and when Count Rechberg called to take leave, the Prince begged him, as an old and intimate friend, to come and see the Princess at a friend's house, from which she and the Prince intended starting in a *fiacre* for Felsberg, a country house belonging to Prince Lichtenstein, about thirty leagues from Vienna, leaving their children to follow by railway. About five o'clock in the afternoon Count Rechberg accordingly went to see the Princess. He found her terribly anxious, for the gentleman upon whom they

had depended to escort their children failed them at the last minute, so they asked Count Rechberg whether he would undertake the responsibility. Not a moment was to be lost, the mob was getting more and more violent, and any delay might have proved fatal ; so, all unprepared as he was, Count Rechberg put the Prince and Princess into their *fiacre*, and then gave his arm to their eldest unmarried daughter, Princess Mélanie, the present Countess Zichy, and accompanied by Princess Herminie, who was lame, and her two brothers, they started to walk through the streets as best they could, Count Rechberg having ordered his *fiacre* to meet them just outside the Rothethurm Gate, on the banks of the Danube. Unfortunately, before they reached that gate they were recognised by the mob, who with ferocious yells and shrieks attacked the Princesses and threatened to tear them to pieces. Count Rechberg contrived to place them against a wall and defend them, when, unable to resist the great pressure of the crowd, there was a sudden move, and they were all carried on through the gate. There they were recognised by the drivers of the *fiacres* who, seeing their danger, flogged the horses into a gallop, and drove at the crowd, which dispersed for a moment, so that the fugitives escaped, and drove off to the railroad station near the Prater. But they found to their consternation that they must wait three hours ; a train with troops, having been delayed, blocked up the line. A citizen of Vienna who recognised the party, told Count Rechberg he might depend upon him, that he would keep near, and in case of need come to their assistance. The students, having got wind of the Prince's intended departure, came to the station to watch for him, and every five minutes kept going up and down among the passengers, requiring their passports ; but, luckily, an official took the fugitives under his protection, showed his passport, and said they belonged to his party ; so they escaped detection and started for Lunenburg. On arriving there, on a cold winter's night, they found the station was some miles from Felsberg, and there were no conveyances to take them on, so they went to the small inn, but had scarcely arrived when a mob assembled and required the innkeeper

to give them up. He in the meanwhile pushed the whole party through a back door and locked it, and they found themselves upon a narrow back staircase, or rather ladder, which communicated with the stables. They found a one-horse carriage into which they all got, and drove off at the back of the inn, whilst the mob was besieging the front. They arrived at Felsberg, where they found Prince and Princess Metternich, but they hadn't a change of linen, or any sort of comfort, were wet to the skin, and the house was uninhabited. They remained there, however, three days, and in the meantime Count Rechberg returned to Vienna with instructions from Prince Metternich to Count Ficquelmont, who succeeded him as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and also in order to procure money and the means of continuing the journey. On leaving Vienna for Felsberg he had desired his servant to follow him with his luggage, &c. &c., but the man missed the train, so Count Rechberg started without him, but brought Princess Schandor back with him, who had entreated him to allow her to accompany him to see her father. They arrived at Felsberg at three o'clock in the morning, and Princess Metternich was waiting for them on the staircase. She told them that their retreat had been discovered, the house had been surrounded, and the mob had declared that if they did not leave the place immediately it should be burnt down over their heads! Nothing, therefore, remained but instant flight, and the Princess asked Count Rechberg whether he would undertake to escort them to Olmütz, where the Prince had a friend he thought he might rely upon, to whose house they intended going. After a little reflection, Count Rechberg said he could only undertake the responsibility of escorting them on one condition, viz. that they should separate from their children, and send them back to Vienna, with their sister, Princess Schandor.<sup>1</sup> This Princess Metternich at first positively refused to do, but, seeing that resistance was hopeless, she took

<sup>1</sup> Since the publication of this work I have been told that Prince and Princess Metternich were accompanied in their flight from Felsberg by Baron Charles von Hügel.

leave of her children, and pale and trembling with emotion, the tears rolling down her cheeks, she took Count Rechberg's arm, and followed by her husband they started. As soon as they entered the carriage the poor Princess threw herself into her husband's arms, and said she felt she had given way and shown great weakness, but that from that moment she should never do so again; and truly, in spite of being in very delicate health, she never wavered, but went through fatigue and anxiety with the greatest courage and cheerfulness, whenever Prince Metternich was present, watching him with the utmost tenderness and devotion, and attending to all his wants and wishes, but at nights, when alone, she used to break down and weep bitterly. When the party reached Olmütz they found a message from the gentleman to whose house they were going declining to receive them, and an order from the governor of the town forbidding them to enter it! They were recognised by a mob, who had intimation of their expected arrival, and who with yells and hisses attacked Prince Metternich, tore his coat, and would probably have ill-treated him had not Count Rechberg dragged him back to the railway carriage, just as the train was starting.

They found themselves seated in the same compartment as one of the Polish revolutionary agents who a few days previously had made a most inflammatory speech before the Foreign Office at Vienna. The Prince was in the habit of wearing a peculiar hat, and Count Rechberg implored him to exchange it for a cap, but he positively declined doing so, saying he would not make himself look like a mad Englishman (*ein verrückter Engländer*), and he was much more annoyed at being unable to light his cigar, because his lucifer-match would not burn, than he was with his torn and muddy garments. They had no money and no tickets, and were in the greatest dilemma, when Count Rechberg found one of the directors in the next carriage, who was a well-intentioned man, so he applied to him. He said it would be fatal for them to attempt going to Prague, as nothing could be worse than the state of political feeling there, and that the only chance of

their escaping would be by stopping the train suddenly in the middle of a field, where the fugitives must alight as quickly as possible, and be left behind before the other passengers were aware of their escape; for at all the stations the other passengers got out and surrounded the Prince's carriage, abusing him in the most offensive language and threatening his life.

Accordingly, a few miles from Prague, the train stopped suddenly, the Prince, Princess, and Count Rechberg alighted, and before the other passengers knew what was happening the train went on again. The ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold; the fugitives, however, managed to reach the next village, and, avoiding Prague, arrived at Dresden, where they could not remain; but Mr. Forbes, the English Minister, met them and took them under his protection, accompanying them to Leipsic. From thence they reached Arnheim in safety; but whilst they were dining there the waiter began talking very violently, and saying he understood the famous Prince Metternich was coming; but he had better not, for if he dared show his face nothing would give him (the waiter) greater pleasure than to murder him. The poor Princess was much alarmed and wished to decamp immediately, but the Prince assured her that it never was the person who brags most loudly of committing murder who did the act; and not long after the Municipal Authorities arrived at the inn, and desired to be shown up to Prince Metternich's room, whereupon the same waiter came in, pale and trembling, to announce them, and during the remainder of the Prince's stay at Arnheim he waited upon them with the utmost attention and respect! The Prince and Princess proceeded from Holland to England, where they were joined by their children, and thus ended one of the most adventurous and perilous escapes recorded in history.

In July, Victor Williamson and I made a charming tour in Upper Austria, which I enjoyed exceedingly. The following letters were written to my husband at that time:—

*Adler Hotel, Gmunden, July 10, 1861.*—You will be glad to hear that we arrived here safely, and are charmed with

this place: the view is lovely. The Stockhausens (Baron S. was Hanoverian Minister at Vienna) met us at the station. The view is quite worth coming to see; the mountains are such a beautiful shape—very different to those we have been used to lately, which are like ‘one’s knees under the counterpane,’ as my brother Thomas used to describe Cheviot. Victor is a charming companion. We travelled with Countess Kolowitz and her daughter, and another lady who got out half-way; she had just come from Russia, and amused herself by performing gymnastic exercises with her lower jaw and false teeth! We have been to the falls of the Traun, where I sketched.

*Ischl, Tuesday, July 16, 1861.*—We left pretty Gmunden by the one o’clock boat, and had a nice trip to Ebensee, where we found a small carriage which took us to Landbadsee. Such a wild, though narrow, gorge, and fine views! The lake itself is very pretty, and I sat and sketched whilst Victor walked up to the second lake.

We dined at a small inn half-way between Ebensee and Landbadsee, where we were accosted by a Protestant pastor from Buda, who has come to these regions for his health. He looked very ill; but had an intelligent countenance. I asked him how he thought things were going on in Hungary; and he said, he hoped better, and that the Moderate party would get the ascendancy. We had an excellent dinner; got back to Ebensee a quarter before seven, and had a most lovely drive here in the cool of the evening. The road is excellent—nearly flat, as it follows the course of the Traun all the way—and I saw *such* subjects; but it was too late to sketch much.

I slept badly, and suffered from one of the *fire* panics, which I sometimes get when I am lodged at the top of a large hotel with a wooden staircase. I lay awake for hours thinking what we *should* do if the house caught fire. (N.B.—The hotel, the ‘Kaiserin Elizabeth,’ was burnt to the ground not very long after that.) I think one reason I am subject to these fancies is that when I was a girl I saw the awful fire in Dover Street which destroyed Raggett’s Hotel. I had been at a party at Lady Jersey’s with my sister Lady Normanby, who was then

residing in Dover Street. When we got near to her house, we observed a great crowd in the street, and did not know what it was; so my sister bade me get out of the carriage, and we ran upstairs, threw open the drawing-room window, and then saw that a house a few doors down was burning. Lady Mulgrave was expecting her first confinement, and my sister was afraid of her being alarmed, and went gently to wake her up, and wrap her in a dressing-gown previous to taking her to Percy's Cross in my father's carriage. My sister then proceeded to put all the valuables she could collect into the pillow cases, and we started in about ten minutes; but by that time the fire had got such hold that the house was completely gutted, and presented a frightful appearance as we drove through Berkeley Square. Alas! seven people lost their lives, among them Mrs. Round, who had just returned from the Opera. During the night, her sons, in great alarm, knocked at every door in Dover Street, asking whether their mother had been seen; but she was never found, and must have perished. A gentleman whose infant was sleeping at the top of the house rushed up to take it. The nurse said, 'Let me dress it first;' but he answered, 'Good God! woman, the house is on fire: follow me.' When he reached the top of the staircase he saw it was burning; but he thought he should get down, which he did with difficulty—the baby's eyebrows were singed, but it was saved. The nurse, who stayed behind to put on some clothes, perished.

Ischl is a regular fashionable watering-place, with people parading about in smart dresses, and villas in all directions. Very nice, I dare say, for those who like this sort of thing; but not *nearly* as beautiful as Gmunden. We got a view of a snow mountain (the Dachstein) last night.

*Archduke Charles Hotel, Salzburg, July 19, 1861.*—The weather looks very settled and fine, and we are going on to Golling this morning; it is only three hours' drive from here. To-morrow we hope to arrive at Lend, and stay there on Sunday. The sunset last night was splendid, and the views lovely.

*Golling, July 20, 1861.*—After finishing my letter yesterday

I went out sketching. I walked into a private garden, where I thought there *must* be a beautiful view. A lady was sitting before her villa; so I said who I was, and asked leave to sketch. She was extremely civil and amiable, granted my request, and, when the sun got too hot, took me up into her drawing-room whence there was a lovely view of the fortress and the beautiful mountains round Salzburg! We dined at three, started soon after four, and arrived here about seven, when we got an *Einspänner* (or one-horse carriage) and drove up to see the waterfall, which is beautiful. The drive last night was quite lovely all the way, and the Alpenglühn at sunset glorious.

*Lend, Saturday Evening, July 20, 1861.*—You will be glad to hear that we have had a most beautiful day for seeing some of the grandest scenery I ever beheld. We left Golling at nine; and the Pass Leug is magnificent. There are perpendicular rocks on each side of the road, and the river Salza roars down between them! We reached Werfen at 11.15, and rested quietly there in a delightfully clean, cool room till four. The morning was very hot; I walked through part of the Pass. We dined at 3.30, and came on here, along a very pretty road, but comparatively tame after the Pass Leug. The position of the Castle of Werfen is very fine, with mountains above it and the river running below. This is quite a country inn; but kept by the brother of M. Staudiger, the great hotel-keeper at Gastein. We have got clean, comfortable rooms, with the river running just under our windows; and I think we could not have found a better place for spending a quiet Sunday. The Klamm Pass begins here.

*Lend, Sunday Evening, July 21, 1861.*—This has been a sultry day, and there must have been a thunder-storm somewhere, as we heard it rumbling a long way off, and a few drops of rain fell about three o'clock. Victor and I walked up to see the Klamm Pass, which runs up a narrow gorge just above this inn, with a torrent rushing down and tumbling over rocks and precipices. It was very hot whilst we were walking.

We have been exceedingly comfortable here; such a clean, tidy house, and the food very fair indeed! The situation is



pretty, but not nearly so fine as some of the other places we have seen. I tried to make a little sketch to-day; but the colouring was monotonous, and the river that cold, grey, muddy colour of the snow-water, very different to the beautiful bright Traun. Altogether I think Gmunden quite as beautiful as anything I have seen since I left it, though the mountains about Salzburg and the Pass Leug are higher.

*Lend, Monday Evening, July 22, 1861.*—We have had a most successful expedition to Gastein, and have enjoyed our day very much. We started at 9 A.M., and reached Bad-Gastein about 12.30. The Pass Klamm is very, very wild and awful, the road very narrow, in parts shelved out of the rock, with a tremendous precipice and roaring torrent below. The Boothbys were waiting for us, and we went first to their lodging, and had not been there long when Prince Windischgrätz arrived, and sat a long time with me, and invited us all to dine with him at three. Before dinner I took a little walk to see the waterfall, which is very fine indeed. Such a body of water, falling almost perpendicularly, roaring and foaming most tremendously! At dinner I met Baron Meyendorf and his son, old Marshal Waldmoden, the Prince's A.D.C., and his son. I was very glad to see Meyendorf again; his wife is staying with her brother, Count Buol, at the Brühl. After dinner, Meyendorf and I walked up to call on old Marshal Wrangel, and you never saw anything more affectionate than our meeting. He opened his arms wide and embraced me on the high-road, to the great astonishment and amusement of the many passers-by; and then he took me to his house, and would hardly let me go again—he wanted me to stay. We then all drove to a Swiss châlet, where Marshal Windischgrätz and a large party were assembled, and where we heard some very pretty Tyrolese music. I was presented to several charming Austrian ladies. To-morrow we travel on to St. Johann and Saalfelden. I walked back the last two miles down the Pass as it was getting so dark. The next day we had a very pretty drive to Saalfelden, and then over the Hirschbühl to Berchtesgaden. I was very sleepy and tired, and much annoyed when, at Saalfelden, some builders began knock-

ing at daybreak. My room was only divided from Victor's by a thin partition; and, to my great disgust, when the knocking began I heard him cry out 'All right!' as he thought the servant was calling him to get up. 'All right!' said I, in a growling tone of voice: 'I should say it's all wrong.'

The Hirschbühl is a very high mountain, and we lunched at the top, where we met a priest, with whom I had some conversation. I told him how much struck and distressed I had been at seeing the terrible *goîtres* nearly all the women suffer from in those regions, and I asked him whether there were no remedies to prevent their growth. To my extreme astonishment, he answered, 'Oh, dear, yes! they can easily be cured in the first instance; but here the peasants admire them, and think them ornamental. Just as in your country people admire fine hair, here the *goître* is considered national, and the people would not on any account destroy them.' I thought to myself there is no accounting for taste. The *rhododendron hirsutum* was in full bloom as we passed over the Hirschbühl, and I never saw anything more lovely than the 'Alpine rose,' as it is commonly called. The weather changed suddenly and, after ten days of very fine settled weather, it began to pour when we reached Berchtesgaden; so, instead of sleeping there as we intended, we drove on to Salzburg, arriving there unexpectedly late at night. The hotel was quite full, and to my extreme surprise and annoyance the landlord told me he had not got a room. It was nearly midnight, and we were very tired and knew not what to do; so, after some parleying, the landlord said there was a house in the town where he sometimes sent people in an emergency, and that, if we would wait in the carriage, he would send there and see whether any rooms were to be had.

In course of time the messenger came back, and said we could have beds: so, accordingly, we drove into one of the old narrow streets near the river, and stopped under an archway. We were shown up a stone staircase three stories high, where at last we found two clean vaulted rooms, which we were too thankful to get, and go to bed. The beds were straw, and very

hard, but clean. The next morning Victor knocked at my door, and called out, 'Aunt Georgy, do you know where you are?' To his great amusement it turned out that we had been sleeping in the 'Brauerei zur Hölle,' or 'Hell Brewery,'—not a very aristocratic lodging for an Ambadress, who was, nevertheless, very thankful to have had it.

That day I returned to Hietzing, having enjoyed a most delightful trip, to which I often look back with pleasure.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband during my absence from Vienna.*

*Vienna, July 19, 1861.*—We are rather in a state of excitement at the resignation of Vay and Széczen, and at the expectation that other Hungarian *employés* will follow their example. The actual deduction from these facts is that the Austrian Government are bent on adopting more stringent measures towards Hungary, and cease temporising with the Diet, and to endeavour to re-establish the Emperor's authority by putting an end, *by force*, to the horrors which are committed by the local authorities on those who pay their taxes. It is said that the whole Diet of Pesth will retire and leave Austria in possession, and that they will continue their system of passive resistance and refuse to pay anything. Schmerling has carried the day, at all events, *versus* the Nationalities, and all I hope is that he will not have sown the seeds of disaffection elsewhere than in Hungary.

*Vienna, July 23, 1861.*—I went to the Herren House today to hear the Rescript to the Hungarian Diet read by Schmerling. It is a tremendously long affair, and has been ill received at Pesth. There was no demonstration in either Chamber, because the Government desired that there should be none; but in the Lords there would no doubt have otherwise been cheering. There was not a sound to be heard but the three everlasting 'Hochs!'

It is believed that on Saturday something will be done at Pesth; but what, nobody knows. I suspect there will be an answer, and another Rescript; then the Reichsrath must meet

and vote the money next month, with or without the Hungarians; and 'the absent are always in the wrong' is a principle that may be applied to the present case.

I went to Princess Auersperg's last night, and the Germans were all enchanted at the indications of a change of policy towards Hungary.

*Vienna, December 18, 1861.*—On the 14th we dined with Prince Paul Esterhazy. The papers had mentioned the Prince Consort's indisposition; but we were not at all alarmed, and therefore I was dreadfully shocked when my husband hurried into my room on Sunday morning, the 15th, and informed me that the accounts of the Prince were so bad they caused him (Lord Bloomfield) the deepest anxiety. We attended morning service in the private chapel of the Embassy, and hardly had we returned to our apartments when Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg brought the terrible news which plunged us into the profoundest grief—grief which was shared by our whole nation. I felt completely stunned, and for many days could think of nothing but our beloved Queen and her afflicted family, and pray God to support and comfort them, as He alone can. We received great sympathy in our distress; but such a blow seemed to shake the very ground under our feet, and to bring home the solemn truth that man's life is indeed like the flower of the field—'in the morning it is green and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

Visit to Pesth—I go home—Visit the Queen of Prussia at Baden Baden—Death of Lord Canning—Monsieur Thiers—Visit to Windsor—Party at Lady Palmerston's—The Danish Question—Birth of Prince George of Wales—Debate in the House of Lords—I go to Paris—Princess Metternich—Letters from Lord Bloomfield during the Danish War.

LORD BLOOMFIELD and I left Vienna on March 14 for Pesth. We were lodged in a nice apartment in the Hôtel de l'Europe, overlooking the Danube, immediately opposite the fine suspension bridge which separates Pesth from the old town of Buda, which rises very finely above the river, the hill being crowned with the King's Palace. The full moon was shining brightly, and the aspect of the town was very striking. Soon after our arrival we had a visit from Count Béla Széchényi and Count Henri Zichy, who very kindly placed themselves at our disposal during our visit to Hungary, offering to act as our cicerones. The weather on Saturday, the 15th, was beautiful, and quite warm. We walked through the Weiler Strasse (one of the gayest and most fashionable streets in Pesth) to the Museum, which is a very fine building situated in a garden, with a handsome portico and a flight of stone steps. In 1861, the Lower House of Representatives sat in one of the large halls of the Museum, and the empty benches were still there. The proportions of the building are fine, but it is perfectly plain, as the town is too poor to expend any money upon it, so the fittings were all of the commonest kind.

The collection of jewellery and coins was interesting. Most of the former had been found in tombs in different parts of Hungary, and was more curious than beautiful; though some of the shapes

were very classical, and reminded me of the ornaments found at Pompeii. I was also struck by a collection of dark red terra cotta, like that found in Italy; the shapes were very pretty and graceful. Count Széchényi pointed out to us a cane which had belonged to Lord Nelson, which he was in the habit of using when he came to Vienna. A Hungarian nobleman, a friend of Count Széchényi's father, called upon Lord Nelson, who admired a very handsome cane he held in his hand; upon which the Hungarian nobleman said he would most willingly exchange it to have the honour of possessing the stick Lord Nelson was using; so accordingly the exchange was made, and the owner afterwards made a present of the interesting relic to Count Stephan Széchényi, and his son presented it to the Museum, where it is carefully locked up in a glass case.

From the Museum we drove up to the Palace at Buda, which commands a magnificent view of the Danube and the town of Pesth, but the country on the Pesth side of the river is flat, bare, and ugly. There are pretty hills between Buda and Gran, and quantities of villas and vineyards; but after Gran the whole line of railway to Vienna, with the exception of Presburg, is flat and ugly, but richly cultivated. The palace is small, and not remarkable. The park belonging to the town is large, but ill kept, and in order to reach it we had to drive through the Jews' quarter, which was very close and dirty. There are fine trees in the park, and the views of hills in the distance were very pretty. The air felt milder than at Vienna, but the dust was awful; and, as Count Zichy remarked to me, one swallows more dust there in a day than one does in two years in England. I had a long and interesting conversation with Count Széchényi about the state of Hungary, then in opposition to the Government at Vienna, as the dual system of government introduced some years later by Count Beust, and which has tended so much to the reconciliation of the two countries, was not contemplated in 1862; and the Hungarians were determined not to give up their ancient rights and privileges. Although they did not desire a separation from Austria, they insisted upon having their own Diet, the rights

of voting taxes and regulating the size of the army, which privileges were not compatible with the Constitution given by the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1861. The taxation in Hungary was very heavy; but Count Széchenyi informed me it could be borne were it more equally divided. He remarked that 'a strong horse could easily carry seventeen or eighteen stone if properly saddled and weighted; but if the saddle did not fit, the animal's back got sore and then every step caused pain;' and this he said described the condition of Hungary at that time.

On Sunday afternoon we took a drive along the Danube, and the views were beautiful. The quays were lined with the most picturesque boats and figures. The former have not changed their shape for centuries; they have immense, heavy oars, like the ancient Roman galleys, and are filled with merchandise. Some were laden with crockery, others with wooden utensils from Upper Austria; and I was told that in the summer the quantity of fruit, especially melons, is marvellous. A fair was being held during our stay at Pesth, and the variety of costumes was amusing and interesting.

What struck me very much was seeing the whole population, male and female, wearing the national dress, which consisted for the men of a braided coat buttoned at the top, showing the waistcoat, which was likewise braided, tight-fitting pantaloons, long boots and spurs, and a low crowned hat. The women wore small round hats, braided cloaks generally slung over their shoulders, hussar fashion, with the sleeves hanging loose, and always black. The Slavacks look *very* wild in large white cloaks and broad-brimmed hats, long black hair and beards, loose full trousers, and legs and feet in linen sandals like the Italian peasants.

The horse fair was a curious sight, very Eastern in character, which reminded me more of the scenes described in the 'Arabian Nights' than anything I had ever seen in Europe. We did not see many fine horses; but a motley crew of Slavacks, gipsies, and Transylvanians, and the booths with their smoking cauldrons, brimming flagons, and the bright head-dresses of the

women, formed subjects which any artist would be glad to contemplate. Much did I long for the pencil of Rosa Bonheur to commemorate the scene. We dined with Count Zichy, and met Count George Apponyi, who was at that time considered the leader of the Hungarian party.

In the autumn of 1868 we paid Count and Countess Waldstein a pleasant visit at Ščisčo, near Raab. Hungary generally is flat, richly cultivated, but uninteresting. I believe there is beautiful scenery in the Carpathians, but I never visited them. I shall never forget one beautiful scene I saw at Ščisčo. The vintage was going on, and we drove one fine bright afternoon to a large vineyard where the peasants, men and women, in their picturesque national costume, were plucking the grapes. Large baskets full of beautiful black and white fruit were piled up ready for transport; the rich autumn tints were glorious, and the evening lights heightened the whole scene, when suddenly a band arrived, the peasants left their work, and began dancing their tchzardashes with all their might. It was the prettiest ballet scene I ever witnessed, and one which would have delighted an artist's eye.

*Letters to my Husband.*

*Baden Baden, May 18, 1862.*—I arrived here this afternoon, and Countess Blücher met me at the station, bringing a most kind message from the Queen of Prussia, and an invitation to dinner at five, which I declined on the plea of fatigue, and not having my trunks unpacked; but I went to Her Majesty at eight, and she received me as cordially as ever, and was most kind, friendly, and agreeable, especially in all she said about you. The Queen is thinner, and very pale. I am to accompany her to church to-morrow at 11.30, and dine with Her Majesty at five.

Countess Blücher told me the accounts of our dear Queen are very sad. She is so weak; and when Countess Blücher was last at Windsor, her pulse could hardly be felt at all. She says the Queen is resigned to God's will; and speaks constantly about



His knowing best ; but she is quite broken-hearted. She wrote at the bottom of a photograph I saw of herself sitting on a sofa, with Prince Alfred standing by her, Princess Alice kneeling, the Princess Royal stooping over her, and the bust of the Prince Consort with a garland round it, ' Day is turned into night.'

*Baden Baden, May 21, 1862.*—I was above an hour with the Queen of Prussia yesterday, and drove and walked with Her Majesty after dinner ; and certainly I am more than ever struck with her. Depend upon it some day she will be appreciated as she never has been hitherto. Hers is too noble a character to be understood by the great majority, but she is a noble distinguished woman ; and if she never meets her reward in this world, she undoubtedly will in a better place. I have been so touched by all the proofs of confidence and affection I have received from Her Majesty. You know I do not attach much importance to mere phrases, but it has given me real and heartfelt pleasure to find my preconceived ideas more than realised, and I am so glad I came here.

*Nancy, May 22, 1862.*—When I took leave of the Queen of Prussia yesterday, she took off a gold pin she was wearing, with a medal of the King and herself, and gave it to me, saying, ' Now mind you never forget me, my dear ; and whenever you can, whenever you have an opportunity, come and see me, I have been so happy to see you again.'

Countess Blücher told me the Queen had said to her that it was a long time since she had had such a real pleasure. I certainly am very deeply attached to Her Majesty, and always feel so thoroughly at my ease with her that I can talk *à cœur ouvert*, which I suppose she is not used to, as her position necessarily isolates her from people in general.

*44 Belgrave Square, June 4, 1862.*—I have just come back from seeing the International Exhibition, which is beautiful and very interesting. I devoted myself chiefly to the pictures ; and the English and Belgian schools are decidedly the best, with the exceptions of the Ary Scheffers and Paul de la Roche.

The building is endless, and the only plan is to look at the specialities which interest chiefly, as every one must suit their

own taste. I was particularly taken up with the china and pottery. They are wonderfully good, and only inferior to the old in the glaze.

*Hatchlands, June 23, 1862.*—Thank God England is beginning to have its usual good effect upon me, and I feel much better than I did when I arrived. I am charmed with the beauty of this country. I had no idea there was so much unreclaimed land in England as there is about here, and we have been driving through miles and miles of the most lovely old forest, with the thorns and furze in full blossom, perfuming the whole atmosphere, backed by such noble beech and yews, the blue distance stretching out as far as the eye can reach.

I have been much pained to hear of Lord Canning's death, which is indeed most sad; and what a lesson! but I do not pity him. His work was well and nobly done; and he is gone to her whose loss would never have been made up to him in this world. He leaves an honoured and respected name behind him, which will always mark in the history of his country; and probably, had he lived, he would have suffered much, as all his vital organs were more or less affected. He died of abscess on the brain.

*Vienna, July 4, 1863.*—Monsieur Thiers came to dine with us, and I sat next him. He is now past sixty, and looks old for his age; short and stout, with small black sharp eyes, and is a complete type of a clever, intelligent, French *bourgeois*. I think his personal appearance tallies with his writings and character; full of talent, but entirely wanting in dignity; his conversation (which he carried on in a quick, low tone of voice which was rather difficult to follow) was full of anecdotes, and amusing. He was asked by Mr. Fane whether Napoleon I. was in the habit of giving his orders on the field of battle verbally or in writing. He answered almost invariably the former, but that he was so particular about being rightly understood that he used to make his aides-de-camp repeat the order two or three times, and that very often if they were at all excited or flurried he would tell them to speak more distinctly and slower; when assured that the command had been rightly understood, he nodded and

said, 'Go.' M. Thiers told me that he was first initiated into the horrors of war at Marseilles, when part of the Army of the Nile landed there, and was so ill received by the inhabitants that there was a regular battle in the streets, and blood was shed in considerable quantities. 'But,' added he, 'there is nothing one does not get used to. In 1848 I was a member of the provisional government in the terrible days of June! We sat continually in the Chamber of Deputies, because the generals would not act unless some of the ministers shared their responsibility. We were therefore eight or ten days without stirring: we ate whatever was brought to us, and we slept upon straw. Cannon was placed between each column of the Chamber of Deputies opposite the bridge and the Place Carrousel: our lives were in imminent danger. Well! time slipped away; I ate black bread and joked with the soldiers!' So true is it that present dangers never appear so important as past ones, and therefore also the great events which mark most in history pass by us almost unheeded, and even often unknown.

*Brussels, October 26, 1863.*—I spent two days at Coblenz with the Queen of Prussia, who was kindness itself to me. We drove to see a very fine view from the fortress above Coblenz, and she took me all over the palace, and showed me her own rooms and things, saying, 'I show you all this because I know you take an interest in everything.' I dined and spent the evening with Her Majesty, and when I was coming away she took off a brooch with a crown of pearls on it and gave it to me. I had some interesting conversation with M. de Bacourt, who was very clever and agreeable.

*Windsor, November 3, 1863.*—I arrived soon after five, my first visit since the death of the Prince Consort. Lady Augusta Bruce came and sat a long time with me. Just as I had begun to dress for dinner the Queen sent for me. I went with a beating heart to the little audience chamber, and I can never forget my feelings when first I saw my beloved mistress. I thought I must have choked, and all I could do was to kneel and kiss her hand. We neither of us spoke for some minutes, but the Queen was so kind. Her countenance has quite changed, but

she had the sweetest, gentlest, and most benevolent smile I ever saw. There was something in her expression I cannot describe, but it was most touching; and even when the tears rolled down her cheeks she tried to smile. Her Majesty expressed pleasure at seeing me again, and asked most kindly after you and my sisters by name. I think I must have been with her for three-quarters of an hour.

I cannot express what coming back to Windsor was to me. Everything so exactly the same, and yet it seemed as if a great black pall was over the place, such a weight of sorrow pervaded it.

I sat next Sir Charles Phipps at dinner, who gave me some more sad details of the Prince's illness. He was taken ill in his dressing-room, which was a small room next the Queen's; and he would not be moved for some days, as he said the bells rang to his various servants; but one night he desired another room to be got ready, and walked there. He remarked when he got into bed, 'Ah! this is the room George IV. and William IV. died in;' and it is a curious fact that the only night the Queen slept in that room was the night the Duchess of Kent died. Her Majesty's own rooms were being painted, so that one was got ready for her. The Prince told Sir Charles Phipps in very early days that he was sure he should not recover; and when General Phipps said he hoped he would soon be better, he said, 'Look at my tongue;' and it was so bad that from that moment he had very little hope.

The Queen wrote my sister Lady Normanby such a beautiful letter after Normanby's death, saying that having drunk the dregs of the cup of grief herself, she knew how to sympathise with others; but little thought the last time she saw Lady Normanby in April that she too would so soon belong to the sad sisterhood of those who have lost the joy of their life on earth; but, she added, though every day makes her feel her loss more keenly, each day brings us nearer our real home.

*London, November 12, 1863.*—I went to a small party at Cambridge House last night, and very pleasant it was. I met Lady de Grey, Lord Clarendon, Charles Villiers, Charles Gre-

ville, Lady Tankerville, Evelyn Ashley, the Cardwells, and a few others. I had long, interesting talks with Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, and all they said about Austria was most satisfactory and gratifying. Lord Clarendon said he had done the Austrians a good turn at Paris, where he had a long audience of the Emperor, who told him that Austria was quite ready to consider the question of the reconstitution of Poland, not according to the treaties of 1815, but 'the old Poland of 1775;' so Lord Clarendon answered very plainly and curtly that it was the first he had heard of this, and that he simply *didn't believe it*. Upon which the Emperor looked very much surprised, and said, 'What, do you doubt the word of a minister?' Lord Clarendon replied, 'Yes, sire, because everything depends upon who says a thing, to whom it is said, how it is said, and on what occasion. Now, as the reconstitution of Poland would infallibly lead to a war with Russia and the cession of Galicia, I cannot think that Austria can desire it.' Then he told me of a very interesting conversation he had with the Crown Prince of Prussia at Coburg, relative to what passed between his father and the Emperor of Austria at Gastein. It struck me, from all I heard yesterday, that the question of a Congress is considered impracticable at this moment, though, as you say, it sounds plausible. Clarendon told the Crown Prince after the coronation at Königsberg that he hoped the King would not take tickets by the same railway which led Charles X. and Louis Philippe to the Waterloo Bridge terminus, and which unfortunately were not return tickets.

*London, November 25, 1863.*—The Danish question seems to get more complicated every day. I think the only possible solution of it would be to follow the example of the late Lord Enniskillen, who was much respected in Ireland as a magistrate. He was a great foxhunter, and used to hear cases early in the morning when ready dressed for hunting. After hearing the plaintiff, he got up and horsewhipped the defendant, asking him how he could behave in such a blackguard manner. The poor man then opened *his* case; and after hearing that, Lord Enniskillen attacked the plaintiff and horsewhipped him, after which

both parties left his presence *perfectly satisfied*, each saying that his opponent had been horsewhipped by his Honour. If the plaintiffs and defendants in the Sleswig-Holstein affair could all be horsewhipped morally, perhaps it might bring them to reason.

*London, November 18, 1863.*—I dined at the Russells' last night, a small but very pleasant party, with the Argylls, Mr. Gladstone, Robert Meade, and Lord Amberley, who seems a very intelligent youth. Lord Russell appeared quite satisfied with the state of affairs at Vienna, and talked of Julian Fane soon being Chargé d'Affaires there, so I hope you will soon get leave. I went afterwards to see old Lady Jersey, who seemed delighted to see me and have a talk about Vienna. There was quite a party there; the Spencer Ponsonbys, Henry Greville, Lord Vane, Lord Claud Hamilton, Wimpffen, and a young Prince Gortchakoff. The old lady looked well, was dressed in all the colours of the rainbow; but she is a wonderful person for her age, and I cannot help liking her. She has always been very good-natured to me, and I was so fond of her two charming daughters, Sarah, Princess Esterhazy, and Clementina Villiers, who died unmarried.

I dined with the Apponyis last night, and tried to get some news for you; but Apponyi declared he had not had a line from Vienna, and had not heard of a second candidate for the Duchies. He was delighted at our refusing to attend the Congress, and hopes the whole affair will end in smoke—not, however, that from the cannon's mouth, which I fear seems probable.

I went yesterday to call on Mrs. Blomfield, the Bishop's widow, at Richmond, where she has a charming old-fashioned house overlooking the river, and the view was lovely. She was delighted to see me, and says she feels as if every one had forgotten her now. I always feel for people who have been in a prominent position when they lose it, for the world soon ceases to care for those who cannot be of use to it. Mrs. Blomfield seems comfortably off. I believe the Bishop insured his life, but always spent his full income. It is said he gave away 250,000*l.* in charity during his twenty-eight years' episcopacy.

*London, December 10, 1863.*—My brother-in-law, Captain Trotter, gave me some very interesting details about Lord Lyndhurst, whom he visited constantly during his last illness, reading the Bible with him regularly every week for a year and a half before he died. Trotter said at first it was alarming, for Lord Lyndhurst's mind was so wonderfully bright and vigorous: he always bowed to the authority of Scripture, and accepted readily any doctrine founded on that. He died a humble but most sincere Christian.

*Wimpole, January 5, 1864.*—To judge from yesterday's 'Times,' the King of Prussia is in a greater fix than ever: he seems to be behaving much better than his Chambers and adhering to the Treaty of 1852.

Kossuth's Proclamation is plain enough; but how, with example of Poland before their eyes, the so-called Hungarian patriots can try the same game as their unfortunate neighbour is indeed inexplicable! However, it would seem that nations, like individuals, never profit by the experience of others, and that it is a law of nature each must gain their own.

*London, January 9, 1864.*—The guns have been firing to announce the birth of the Prince of Wales's son. The servants are clapping their hands, and every one is delighted. It seems Her Royal Highness was on the ice when the first symptoms of the approaching event showed themselves, so she had to hurry home, and the wags have called the infant 'All but on the ice!' Lady Macclesfield, who was fortunately in waiting, had to play the part of Mrs. Clarke, the monthly nurse, and no preparations had been made for the infant, who had to be wrapped up in wadding!

The news to-day is so bad, I fear we must expect hostilities to break out soon, as there seems no hope of the Sleswig-Holstein question being settled without war.

*London, January 30, 1864.*—Last night rumours were rife of a change of Government. One thing is certain, viz. that Lord Derby went to Osborne after Lord Russell's visit, and it is said he and Disraeli will attack the Ministers at the opening of the session of Parliament, and there is a split in the Cabinet

on our foreign policy. As far as I can learn there is no war party in England, but a very general feeling that the Danes have been ill used, and that in the event of hostilities England ought to support them, as it was chiefly owing to her advice that the Danes gave up Holstein; but the meeting of Parliament will decide the question as far as we are concerned.

*London, January 12, 1864.*—The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne (the French ambassador in London) was a most agreeable, charming man, and a great friend of mine. I had an interesting conversation with him, and he said he had been much gratified by his reception in England, and had found both Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell most amiable, conciliatory, and satisfactory to deal with.

The Prince regretted the manner in which we refused the proposal of a Congress, and said that had left a feeling of soreness at Paris he was labouring to remove, and he sincerely hoped Sir Henry Bulwer's visit might tend to the same end. He saw Lord Russell two days ago, who spoke very kindly about Lord Bloomfield, and regretted his inability to give him leave.

*London, January 21, 1864.*—My brother Augustus has just returned from Osborne, where he heard the following curious story which was related at the Queen's table by Lord William Paulet:—Two soldiers were cleaning their accoutrements at Portsmouth, when one asked the other to lend him a piece of soap, as his was used up. The man said, he had not got any; upon which his comrade said that was not true, as he had seen him put a piece in his pocket. The soldier, upon this, exclaimed, 'God Almighty strike me dumb if I did!' and he *was* struck dumb at that moment. When taken to the hospital, he made signs that he wanted to write, and he wrote 'Struck dumb by the visitation of God.'

*London, February 2, 1864.*—I hear that the Queen has declared that she won't go against Prussia, and accordingly she sent for Lord Derby, but found he was more Danish than the present Government. The Prince of Wales is very Danish, and in the meanwhile Gladstone insists on a reduction of our army, beginning with the artillery; the Duke of Cambridge is furious,



and one cannot wonder at it! The public feeling is decidedly Danish, and people are grumbling at the Government for holding strong language without being prepared to support it. I had a very interesting talk with Lord Russell on Sunday, and he told me I must not return to Vienna at present, as he thought it most probable you would have to come home for a few weeks, so I am just waiting to see what happens when Parliament meets. Sir Hamilton Seymour is very anxious about the state of the Austrian finances, and thinks she is mad to go to war, but supposes her rivalry with Prussia would not admit of her allowing Prussia to attack the Danes alone.

*February 4, 1864.*—I called on Lady Palmerston yesterday, and she kindly said she thought it might interest me to come in after their great political dinner to-night and hear what is going on; so I went and had some very interesting conversation with the Premier (Lord Palmerston), Charles Villiers, Lord Clarendon, Azeglio, &c. I think, from what I culled, there is not much likelihood of an immediate rupture, but we shall know more after this evening's debate; apparently there is a great feeling of sympathy in this country for the Danes, and the Germans are much blamed, however people differ as to the line of policy England ought to adopt. Lord Palmerston seems still to believe that the Allies only wish to keep Sleswig as a material guarantee for the fulfilment of the convention, and that in spite of the war they will consider themselves bound by the Treaty of 1852. I own I can hardly believe this, because I fear that the same force which has brought on the war in spite of the better judgment of the Governments of Prussia and Austria will prevent their ever restoring Sleswig to Denmark after they have conquered it at the price of so much blood and money! At present it does not seem as if we were going to take any active part against the Allies, so I hope nothing will delay my return to Vienna. I am anxious to get back to you as soon as possible, and am weary of all this uncertainty and prolonged separation. Last night Lord Clarendon was, as usual, very funny and agreeable. He certainly is a charming man, though he chaffed me about wishing to return to Vienna, and said it

was all nonsense, and I had much better stay at home! When I asked him to tell me what is likely to happen he looked very sly, and said he could only answer as Prince Metternich did when he was over here in 1848—'Every one asks me what is going to happen, and I, with the frankness which characterises me, answer I don't know.' Sir Henry Lytton-Bulwer was at the Palmerstons' last night; he came mooning in just as I was leaving, and I think he did not remember me, so I did not speak to him. It amuses me sometimes to see people look, when I bow to them, as if they had seen me many years ago in a dream; but considering how long I have been away from London it is not astonishing.

*London, February 5, 1864.*—The debate in the House of Lords last night was very interesting, though I cannot say it has enlightened me much, except that I think it is clear that we shall not take any active part in the war at present. Lord Sligo moved the Address, and was very unintelligible; the seconder even more so; so it was a relief when Lord Derby got up and spoke, as he always does, distinctly and fluently: but he was too flippant, and his allusion to Bottom the weaver was, I thought, in bad taste, though of course it sent the House into roars of laughter. Lord Russell was dignified and clear, but seemed very nervous, and I cannot say I thought he answered Lord Derby's attack, but rather passed over it. I left Lord Grey speaking, as I could not hear him and was tired. I saw my brothers Henry and Hardwicke as I was coming away, and they both seemed to think the debate unfruitful. The Duchess of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Princess Mary were in the Peeresses' gallery, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge sat on the cross benches. The Prince of Wales looked well and dignified; he kept his hat on all the while, and seemed very attentive.

*Paris, February 12, 1864.*—William Grey has just been here, and tells me the carnage in this wretched Danish war has been frightful. 3,000 Danes sacrificed themselves to save the rest of the army, and kept the enemy in check for five

hours, but 2,200 were killed and all the officers—quite another Thermopylæ.

I have seen poor Madame de Roboredo, who is in a sad state about her country, and asked whether I really thought England will do nothing. I said that was a question I was not able to answer; that I thought it would depend upon the turn things take, and whether the Germans throw over the Treaty of 1852 or not; that I believed the sympathy of England is with the Danes; but sympathy is one thing, and active assistance another, all parties at home wishing to avoid war if possible.

*Paris, February 14, 1864.*—Lady Elgin is here and I have just been paying her a sad visit. We knew each other as girls, and she asked to see me. She has gone through a great deal since last we met, and looks worn and aged. She was tolerably calm, though great tears occasionally rolled down her pale cheeks, and my heart ached for her, for she was devotedly attached to Lord Elgin, and says she was so thankful she was with him and able to nurse him through his last painful struggle, which she told me no one could imagine who had not seen it. He was quite conscious of his danger, and thank God, quite resigned. He died of dropsy and disease of the heart.

I dined with the Cowleys last night, sat next M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and made the acquaintance of the Metternichs and Bassanos. Princess Metternich wore a white net gown embroidered all over with swallows flying, which was *fast*, to say the least; of it, and, I thought, remarkably ugly; it was excessively *décolletée*, and she had a bouquet of violets under her arm which looked queer; but then she aims at being a swell, and certainly succeeds.

Some years after this I witnessed a curious scene at Princess Schwarzenberg's at Vienna. Princess Pauline Metternich had acted in some private theatricals at the Auersperg Palace, and the Turkish Ambassador had seen fit to criticise her acting most severely and unjustly, and went about saying that had she acted like that at Paris she would have been pelted with roasted apples. Princess Schwarzenberg was sitting next

me a few evenings afterwards at a party in her own house, when we saw the Turkish Ambassador and Princess Pauline having an altercation in the distance. Princess Schwarzenberg looked at me rather alarmed, and presently afterwards the Ambassador came up to us and said, 'By Jove! I knew well enough people had repeated what I said, that she had acted so badly that in Paris she would have been pelted with roasted apples; and as I have the courage to avow my opinion, I went and told her the same thing to her face!' Princess Schwarzenberg, much annoyed, told him she thought he had acted very uncivilly, and that every one agreed in saying Princess Pauline had acted remarkably well. In the meantime she herself joined the group, and she said, with great good temper, she thought when people went on the stage they subjected themselves to being criticised, and that the Ambassador was at perfect liberty to find fault with her acting if he liked; but then, turning to him, she asked whether he had seen the piece acted at Paris. He said of course he had; so then she said, 'Well then, sir, you think, do you not, that I did not act like ——?' naming a famous actress. 'Oh no, Princess; had you acted like her it would have been a very different story.' Thereupon the Princess made him a little curtsy, and said with the greatest dignity, 'Well then, sir, I beg to thank you, for you have paid me a compliment without intending it. Had you told me I had acted like —— I should have felt humiliated, because you see that would have been quite incorrect; but now I am perfectly satisfied, so good morning;' and she walked away. I never, in all my experience of society, saw a better piece of acting than this was, and it did Princess Metternich infinite credit, for she turned the tables against her adversary with immense tact, dignity, and good humour. Princess Schwarzenberg seemed much relieved at the turn things had taken, as really they might have occasioned a very disagreeable scene.

*Extracts of Letters from my Husband during the Sleswig-Holstein War.*

Vienna, November 7, 1863.—I got back from the Duke (Augustus) of Coburg's last night. I had a most kind and gracious reception. The Princess Clémentine (daughter of Louis Philippe) was particularly amiable and agreeable, and all the family equally so. The weather was not very pleasant, for we had cold heavy rain yesterday, and a good hot luncheon served in the field was not improved by a considerable admixture of rain-water from above, and drippings from one's hat; but it was essential to eat, as the start at 7 A.M. had considerably sharpened our appetites. The afternoon was luckily fine and dry. We killed about 700 hares and a few partridges. The Château 'Ebenthal' is a queer old place—a large courtyard and corridor all round it like a monastery. The rooms very comfortable, and dinner at half-past six, so the evening was not too long, particularly as after dinner we retired to the smoking-room, and then adjourned to the Princess's drawing-room where we had a rubber of whist.

Vienna, November 8, 1863.—We are all on the *qui vive* at the speech of the Emperor Napoleon, and you may conceive that the allusion to the Treaties of 1815 as being no more, is not a pleasant theme for an Austrian to ponder over. I have had a long interview with Count Rechberg, who is beside himself. I know not where you heard that the Archduke Maximilian is to start for Mexico in February. Nothing has passed on the question *here* since the deputation went through, but the Emperor Napoleon seems to consider the affair as arranged. I shall be very anxious to hear what happens on the proposal for a Congress on the Sleswig-Holstein question. Hitherto we have always opposed the idea; but, query, Isn't a Congress better than a War?

November 9, 1863.—The great man on the Seine seems bent on bringing matters to a crisis. His speech is certainly the most perfect and artistic thing of the kind I ever read, there

is so much plausibility in it ; but what stands behind it ? Black and dismal is the look-out in my humble opinion.

*Vienna, November 11, 1863.*—I heard yesterday a graphic account of the scene at Prince Metternich's the other night, when the telegram arrived with the Emperor Napoleon's speech. The Princess read it to the evening visitors who were there, amongst whom was the Duc de Gramont who, on the morning of that eventful day, had written to Rechberg to say he had news from Paris, and that he could assure him the speech would be satisfactory to Austria ! Metternich's face grew longer and longer, and Gramont's paler and paler, as the Princess proceeded with the 'lecture,' and things were at the last pitch when the passage stating the Treaties of 1815 ceased to exist was heard. Here, I must say, the impression is most unfavourable, and there has been a panic on 'change. The value of Austrian paper has fallen alarmingly ; exchange on London has risen in the same ratio. People don't know what to be after ; but after a little time people grow calmer, and so I hope this will be the case now.

*Vienna, November 12, 1863.*—I am happy to tell you that England and Austria are very nearly of one mind as to the answer to be sent to Paris. We don't intend to go in for the purpose of ripping up the last remnants of the Treaty of Vienna, and will take existing territorial arrangements as our basis. In fact we cannot admit that the Treaty of Vienna ceases to exist unless we seek to create confusion all over the world. If Napoleon wants war he will not want a Congress to justify it, and he won't like to enter on one without an ally, for that is his happy position at this moment.

*Vienna, November 15, 1863.*—I am glad to have heard to-day that Prussia is going straight on the Congress question, and I incline to think that all the great Powers, even Russia, will act *correctly*, as is said here. The draft of the answer to Paris is before the Emperor, and its sense will be the same as the Queen's. The French explanation of the letter inviting to a Congress, and the declaration in Napoleon's speech that the Treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist, is, that the latter was

calculated as a piece of oratorical effect, nothing else! It has produced a nice effect out of France, and if the Emperor had wished to unite the Sovereigns of Europe against him he has succeeded.

The news of the Augustenberg claim to the Duchies of Sleswig-Holstein will set Europe in a flame, if Prussia don't act with Austria and the great Powers. It seems only *a speck* in itself, but 'tis quite enough to set everybody by the ears. The Emperor of Austria holds to the Protocol of London, and I hope he will run straight, but he is in a minority at Frankfort. What a mess! and just, too, when we hoped the Danish question might be settled. The new King has aggravated his difficulties with Germany by signing the act of the Constitution, which is tantamount to an incorporation of Sleswig! What a state of excitement Germany is in at this moment with this Sleswig-Holstein question! The Democratic party seem to me to be going ahead, and the small Governments have completely succumbed to the schemes of the National-Verein. Austria and Prussia happily are pulling together, and intending to go all right, but they are outvoted at Frankfort.

*Vienna, November 27, 1863.*—I shall be very anxious to know how the Diet of Frankfort settle the question of the Execution of the Federal occupation of Denmark. Austria and Prussia are for it being carried out at once, in order to maintain some authority in Holstein, where the King-Duke's has nearly ceased in consequence of the *employés* having refused to take the oath of allegiance. How will the occupation of the Duchies take place? Will it be in the interests of Denmark or of the House of Augustenberg? That is the question. Here the Government have no notion of allowing the Treaty of London 1852 to be a dead letter. Matters are very lively I do assure you, and our Queen must be in an anxious state with the different interests that are at stake in Germany. We shall see, I think, the smaller States all adopting a different course from the two great Powers, which will be a novelty if nothing else.

*Vienna, December 1, 1863.*—How very sad it is about Lord

Elgin's death! First of all, the loss to his family and his poor wife, who positively adored him, is irreparable. To the country his loss will be very sensible, for I believe few men were so capable of directing our affairs in India as Lord Elgin. He was laborious, full of resource and firm as a rock, and had, further, an intimate knowledge of the character of the Easterns. The Government will have difficulty in replacing him, and the Queen was personally attached to him and his whole family, so that it will be to Her Majesty another source of grief.

What a comical creature my dear mother is! My carpets being put down I thought a very prosaic proceeding, and she immediately remarked she supposed I have grave matters 'sur le tapis.'

[The revolution in Poland was headed by Langewicz, and much encouraged by democratic meetings in England, which led the unfortunate Poles to believe Lord Palmerston would give them active support. This opinion Lord Bloomfield tried in vain to combat: the Poles at Vienna would not believe him when he said public meetings were one thing, armed intervention another.]

I had a visit from Adam Potocki yesterday, who gives a most deplorable account of the state of things in Poland. The feeling is unsubdued, and is likely to go on through the winter; Galicia as bad as can be. Roebuck is here looking fresh and well; he came to see me, and was very amusing, but very bitter. He told me he had been nearly poisoned in London by the drains, and got an attack of vertigo which almost killed him, only his wife doctored him with champagne, and brought him round.

*Vienna, December 4, 1863.*—I had a visit this morning from Dr. Hitschfeldt, who has brought me the model you wished for of the boxes in which the sick are moved to the hospitals here. It will show exactly what they want to know in London, and is a much better and more practical explanation than any drawing or measurement. The bearers of these machines belong to the hospitals, and their sole business is conveying the sick and dead from their wards to the chapel or dead-room as may be; the



body being always left there three hours before it is removed. These bearers have, however, nothing to do with the funeral arrangements, which are under another department. There must be a great number at the Allgemeine Krankenhaus (the principal hospital at Vienna), as the average number of patients in that establishment is 2,000; the average number of deaths daily is forty-five.

To-day Count Rechberg gives his explanation on the Sleswig-Holstein affair in the Lower House. Austria and Prussia have made up their minds not to be governed by a majority at the Diet, and a circular to the small German Courts, which goes off to-day, will not be very gratifying to their feelings. They are completely under the influence of the National-Verein at this moment, and it is impossible to foresee what their proceedings will lead to. Whether Austria and Prussia will be able to pull through or not is very doubtful, for they literally stand alone, and have not one German ally with them. Reform of the Bund certainly was, and is, necessary. . . . What astonished me is the perfect understanding between Austria and Prussia which is established, and which has been a simple consequence of the action of the small Courts.

*Vienna, December 5, 1863.*—Count Rechberg made his statement to the Reichsrath yesterday on the Sleswig-Holstein affairs, and I admire him for his pluck in facing public opinion on the subject. The House and a large party are for joining the national cause to any length, and walking into Holstein and proclaiming the Prince of Augustenberg without asking with your leave or by your leave. The Germans are so violent that one knows not whether the two great Powers may not be forced from their present policy. If the Danes won't give in, I do not see how the matter can end without war. Lord Wodehouse goes to Copenhagen to congratulate the King of Denmark on his accession, and if he carries good advice it may be listened to. We are in a fearful diplomatic crisis.

I was at Princess Schönburg's last night, and passed a pleasant time there with her and Princess Bretzenheim. I like Princess Schönburg very much; and if one goes to see her once

a week or once a year, she is always the same, and never wishes you to suppose that she has been neglected!

*Vienna, December 6, 1863.*—Things are looking very bad I fear; and I do not see, when the blood of two nations is roused as it now is in Germany and Denmark, how the matter can end without coming to blows.

General von Gablenz, who has lately commanded a division at Vienna, a Saxon by birth, a young and intelligent officer, is selected for the command of the Austrian contingent of the federal army of occupation in Holstein—25,000 men. I saw him last night at the Casino.

*Vienna, December 7, 1863.*—To-day I have seen Count Rechberg and Baron Werther (the Prussian Ministers). The news is that a Danish Admiral who was sent here with letters announcing King Christian IX.'s accession was not received at Berlin by the King, and here they will not receive him officially. I am sorry that he should have been thus treated, as it will make bad blood. It is by way of exercising pressure at Copenhagen, and of gaining popularity in Germany. Under these circumstances, General Bülow (the Danish Minister) will have no chance of presenting his new credentials. I think Germany is resolved to go to war on the Sleswig-Holstein affair, and to finish it once for all.

*Vienna, December 9, 1863.*—The unfortunate Danish Special Envoy has just been to see me, and is gone away frightfully vexed at this Court and that of Berlin having turned a cold shoulder towards his King. There has certainly been a great want of courtesy towards the poor Admiral, who seems a good, honest, straightforward man, and not understanding why, when he is charged with a polite communication, it can be refused. He don't enter into the importance of the fact that his letter being received implies a recognition of the succession in Holstein. Count Rechberg told him that he hoped times would soon change, and that he would come back to Vienna. The old Dane answered with dignity that his impressions of Vienna were not of that agreeable nature which would give him the least wish to return!

This Danish visit is the only little incident of the last days, and in its way it is not devoid of importance; but if Austria and Prussia did not choose to receive the letter notifying the King's accession it would have been more polite and considerate to have saved the Admiral the trouble of the journey. I should much like to have leave for a while to see my dear mother; but I dare not look forward to this pleasure for some time to come, and you know I am not one of those who make plans for months beforehand.

*Vienna, December 17, 1863.*—The result of the departure of the Danish Admiral is that the affairs of the Legation are to be given over to *me*. This is, I think, hard, but it is so. I thought I had plenty to do before, and this will add to my work and my responsibilities. Bülow knows not when the fatal day will come, but he expects that he will have orders to declare his mission over as soon as the federal troops enter Holstein, and that will be in the course of next week. You seem to hope matters may calm down. Alas! I have no such expectation. What Wodehouse may succeed in effecting I cannot guess, but I am sure he will effect all that a man can do. The rest must be left to Him who disposes of all things here below, and who will bring peace or war as He thinks best for us poor mortals at this crisis.

*Vienna, December 19, 1863.*—You ask if there is a question of Schmerling's resigning—not at present. There are troubles in this Cabinet as in others, and Hungary is the point to which the attention of the Austrian Government has been seriously directed for some time past, and Schmerling is a hard man to deal with on this question. He uselessly considers his original programme may be carried out as to Hungary, and he is decidedly wrong. I hope for the best, and that he may yet remain in office, because one knows that he is honest in seeking to establish the Constitutional system in the Empire.

*Vienna, December 20, 1863.*—You ask me what the dissension is in the Austrian Cabinet. I believe a little of everything—Hungary, the Concordat, and Sleswig-Holstein; but up to the present moment I have no reason to suppose that it is

leading to any change. Schmerling is decidedly a Liberal in religious matters; and I don't believe that any of his colleagues, except perhaps Degenfels (Minister of War), partake of these same opinions.

*Vienna, December 22, 1863.*—War may not be this week; but I will answer for nothing after January 1, unless the Danes revoke the new Constitution, and that Austria and Prussia are able to face the torrent of unpopularity which would follow to their holding to the Treaty of London in regard to the succession in the Duchies. I do not think people in England are aware of the excitement prevailing in Germany on this subject at the present moment. We are in the habit of holding to the faith of treaties, but other countries seem to think it as easy to *sidle* out of them as it is for their Princes to consider themselves emancipated from the obligations contracted by their fathers. The long and short of the whole business is, that the Germans are determined that they, and not the Danes, shall have the port of Kiel; but they forget that the Emperor of Russia has a prior claim to the Duke of Augustenberg, and that it was with a view to put aside all other claims that the Treaty of London was signed. Things are in a great mess, and it will be a miracle if blood is not shed within a month.

*Vienna, December 29, 1863.*—Matters are certainly no better than they were in the political world; but we hear from France that there is no wish for war in that country at all events, only Louis Napoleon knows very well what he is about. He will make a pacific speech, no doubt, on New Year's Day; but I hear that he declined a Conference on the Danish question, and that his representative at Constantinople declined also meeting his colleagues to consider the proceedings of the Moldo-Wal-lachian Government in the case of Prince Couza's sequestration of the revenue of the dedicated convents. If we don't choose to go to Paris, I suppose Louis Napoleon will not confer with the Powers.

The placarding some insurrectionary appeals in a few towns in Hungary has turned out a complete fiasco; but the attempt indicates a foreign hand, and the work is evidently not native

—of course here it is supposed to be Italian. All I hear of Poland is that the spirit of the Poles is the same as ever, but that the insurrection is being gradually put down by Berg. It would seem that the peasantry take little part in the movement, and that it is all the townspeople, the women, and the priests.

*Vienna, January 6, 1864.*—Matters are growing very serious indeed, and I am sure, with all the disturbing elements about, I do not see how war can possibly be averted. The Germans won't give in, and the Danes have been counting too hastily on foreign aid and on the Treaty of London. For Germany I must say, as far as the question of the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein is concerned, that she has been consistent in her determination to obtain the fulfilment of promises made to her by Denmark . . . All is confusion in the distance, and no outlet is visible.

*Vienna, January 13, 1864.*—The cold has increased and is now intense. *We* don't care much for this, for the houses are warm and comfortable; but I am always thinking of the long, cold journey you have before you, and I know not what to advise under the circumstances. At Baden Baden the cold is bitter; there has been no warming the houses there. At Venice the gondoliers have been obliged to break the ice to get along; at Trieste there has been fearful frost, and the streets were so slippery it was impossible to move out.

I go about as I used at St. Petersburg, and do not find my furs at all too much. I am expecting an official visit from Baron Henri Gagern, the new Minister from Hesse Darmstadt. He is a very shrewd and remarkable man.

*Vienna, January 16, 1864.*—Last night was so bitterly cold I am sure you would have suffered horribly on the road; and the frost is so hard it kept me awake for several hours thinking what I should do between my desire to have you here, and my fear that the journey would do you harm. By this time you will have received my telegram written under the impression of 9° Réaumur in this sheltered yard and a rising barometer. You could not travel with impunity in such weather, so I shall let you know when the frost becomes bearable; but people here

say no change is to be expected, and that the frost will continue in the ascendant till February.

I was with Count Rechberg, and had to telegraph before dinner to London as usual. Things are in a queer state in Germany. Austria and Prussia have taken the bull by the horns; and I think, though their proceedings are far from regular, we shall have a better chance of coming to an understanding with Denmark than if we were dependent on that motley crew at Frankfort.

Everything must be hard frozen in Sleswig, so the German troops will have no difficulty to contend with in the way of inundations, and I do hope that the King of Denmark will find some means of avoiding a collision. If he does, and can submit to the temporary occupation of Sleswig by the troops of Austria and Prussia, I shall not be afraid of the result of negotiations, and the horrors of war might be averted.

*Vienna, January 17, 1864.*—I am almost glad to find you have decided to wait a little longer in England.

I suppose the Austrian and Prussian Ministers will leave Copenhagen to-morrow; and if the troops of Austria and Prussia, destined to act upon Sleswig, are on the frontier in a fortnight, it will be the earliest date at which they can arrive. Between this and then the Danes must decide to revoke the Constitution, or to leave the Duchy occupied. I hope they won't resist. Their cause would be all the better if they took up their position in Denmark proper pending negotiations. If we can get into Conference I shall not despair.

*Vienna, January 19, 1864.*—There are 14° and 15° of frost every morning, and I must congratulate you on being away from this horrid cold. The great Danube is hard and fast to Presburg, and all up the river it was a marvellous sight. When there is a thaw, it will be awful, and all sorts of preparations are being made to meet the expected inundation. Skating is the order of the day, and there is not much fear of the ice breaking through. The Emperor received some regiments under orders for Holstein yesterday, and the poor fellows are much to be pitied in having to move in such weather. There will be

no end of men frostbitten and general illness amongst them. The Danes don't seem in the least inclined to yield, and if they don't make room for the invading Germans, God knows what the consequences may not be.

I see no indication that the reactionary party is getting ahead in Austria. Rechberg and Schmerling are pulling better together, but it is impossible to say whether they will get ten millions of florins out of the Chambers for the Sleswig-Holstein army, as the Liberals want the Government to go with Frankfort and not against it.

I expect war on the Eider. Had the Danes made up their minds to yield a month ago, it might have been avoided—now it is too late.

*Vienna, January 23, 1864.*—There is a road established across the Danube, which is all fixed and fast. The Bülow (the Danish Minister) are preparing for a start, and I suppose will be off as soon as the Eider is crossed.

What is to happen in the spring I cannot pretend to say; for the moment we are only looking to the Dano-German difficulty.

The Danes would gain nothing by opposing a fruitless resistance to the German armies on the Eider, except the ill-will of Austria and Prussia, who still desire to maintain the Treaty of London, and of course if there is actual war, they will declare to Denmark that they are absolved from it. I hope there is a more conciliatory state of feeling produced at Copenhagen by the pressure that has been exercised, but . . 'tis all too late now.

As to my stay here in the event of a general complication, I can say nothing. Of course if we fought with the Danes against Austria and Prussia, my Embassy would soon come to an end, but things are not sufficiently advanced yet awhile to form an opinion.

There is a serious debate going on just now in the Lower House on the ten millions for the army. The Government are quite uncertain whether they will carry it, but I suspect they will somehow or other.

*Vienna, January 27, 1864.*—With regard to your idea of

postponing your departure till after the meeting of Parliament, I have nothing to say against it except that we shall be so much longer separated. There is no doubt Lord Derby is preparing a serious onslaught on the foreign policy of the Government, but I hardly think Ministers will not be able to defend themselves. Of course if there is a strong war party in England there may be serious complications, but people will think twice before taking a serious decision on the question at issue. There is nothing new here except that Russia has now joined the coalition in favour of giving Denmark more time—six weeks—to revoke her Constitution, but all Germany is violent on the Sleswig-Holstein question; the small states are beyond all treatment, the large states doing what they can to stop a revolutionary movement.

*Vienna, January 30, 1864.*—The weather has turned cold again, so I strongly advise your not being in any hurry. There was a strong frost last night. The vote for money for the Sleswig-Holstein expedition has not passed, but I suppose the debate to-day will be over, and will turn out unfavourably to the Government, but it has enabled them to make declarations as to their intentions which are so far satisfactory, but I do not see how they can stem the torrent that is working against them. If that is the case here, what will it not be in Prussia? Those poor Danes are sadly to be pitied, but they have much to answer for in their long refusal to listen to advice. The Government of the day may have been unable to do so owing to the strong state of public feeling, but it never showed the least disposition to enter into negotiations in a sense that could lead to an amicable settlement of the matter, and always counted on support from abroad to carry it through its difficulties.

It does not seem to me there is the least chance of stopping the Germans from entering Sleswig; they are determined to fight.

We had a hot crowded party last night at Count Rechberg's, which was very solemn and dull, and what between the debate and the movement of troops, always an ominous business, the Viennese who *do* think are not happy in their minds. But still



pleasures go on as usual, and the young people care for nothing else. The distress in Hungary is growing serious, and of course discontent will follow. The news, too, from Galicia is not one bit better than it was, and nearly all the revenues that ought to go to the landed proprietors are paid now to the national fund by the farmers and agents, who dare not do otherwise. All these things should be a warning to Austria to keep out of war I think, and not to go and seek it in Sleswig.

*Vienna, February 5, 1864.*—I can judge of nothing at present. I live in hope, and shall do so to the last, that we may not be involved in active work out of my sphere, but things look very dark.

The Queen's Speech and the mention of the Treaty of 1852, with the details, shows that we are resolved to maintain it if possible. In a few days we shall see what turn Parliament is disposed to give to the whole affair, and I am riding quietly at single anchor. My idea is that we shall do nothing serious till the Danes are obliged to fall back from Sleswig, and then we *must* speak out, but in what way we shall act I really do not know, as we should have to go against the popular craze for nationalities, and stand up for the faith of treaties. The troops are already suffering much from bivouacking, and I should think half the Germans will be in hospital before long. I have had a visit from General Bülow, who starts next week.

How surprised you must have been at a visit from the Secretary of State! <sup>1</sup> I hope he will be able to make a good fight in Parliament. I suspect there is a serious cry getting up in favour of Denmark. It will be the old story, 'We must stand by the weak.' I think the last diplomatic move will have served Denmark well; before then she was to a certain degree in the wrong, but the gallant defence she is sure to make will soon set her right with our public.

Rehberg asked me when you are coming. I said as soon as the weather improved. He replied he should be very glad to see you back here; it would be a good sign. People here are very anxious.

<sup>1</sup> Earl Russell, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

*Vienna, February 7, 1864.*—Never was anything more unexpected than the news which arrived last night that the Danes had evacuated the Danewerk. I am delighted. In the first place there will be less bloodshed, the Danes will save their brave little army, and negotiations will be opened under more favourable circumstances than if it had been destroyed. The papers here this morning call it an Anglo-Danish intrigue, and I have no doubt call us as well as the Danes a race of perfidious islanders. It is amusing to think that the Austrian regiments who occupied the Königsberg and made a brilliant fight had not a single German soldier in them. I think it is a sensible arrangement made here to send no Germans to the north.

Of course this news caused great excitement, and was the great topic of conversation at the ball at the Burg. The Emperor was more pleased than I can describe. He and the Empress made tender inquiries about you and the period of your return, and, in fact, that has become a subject of political importance. I said I hoped you would soon be here—this week, perhaps, as the weather had got milder. Perhaps this may not be, but I suppose the taking of the Danewerk will be followed by an early resumption of negotiations.

I have just finished the debate in our House of Lords. Lord Derby made, as he always does, a spirited and plausible attack, but I think Lord John demolished him, and if parties were not so nicely poised, I do not think much value could be placed on the attack.

The Germans are beginning to shout and grumble at the embargo on their ships and goods ordered by the Danish Government.

*Vienna, February 8, 1864.*—We are at this moment undergoing a tremendous fall of snow. It is not cold, but it may be the precursor of a return of winter, and I should think at all events the railways will be blocked up for a few days.

I have been greatly distressed to hear of this fresh combat, but I suppose one must always expect a retreating enemy to be attacked if possible, though I think it was an unnecessary encounter, and that the Danish army might have been allowed to

retire to its strongholds without unnecessary bloodshed. The Austrians appear to have been up and at the enemy with great vigour, but again they have to deplore a severe loss, and that of one of the best Colonels in the army, a Prince of Würtemberg, who distinguished himself in Italy. He is not dead, but so badly wounded I am told his life is in great danger. I dined yesterday with the Bille Brahes and a few of the neutral Ministers. Those poor Danes are sadly broken down by the retreat from their stronghold, but the manœuvre was the best they could have made, and I am only sorry they did not start earlier, for they might then have saved more of their men. The Count Gröben, killed at Missunde, was a nephew, not a son, of our old friend.

You must have had an amusing party at Lady Palmerston's, and it would have been very wrong of you to have missed the chance of seeing so many interesting people, and picking up a little news. I have just returned from Count Rechberg's, but there is no news from the army. The headquarters are beyond reach of electric wires. The Emperor has made the Prince of Würtemberg a General.

*Vienna, February 9, 1864.*—I have just found your telegram announcing your intended departure, and I am so glad, but I do trust the weather will not be severe; it was very miserable at the Nordbahn Station when I saw the poor Bülow's depart. Several members of the Corps Diplomatique were there—the neutrals of course. The Danes are making a gallant retreat, and I hope they will save a considerable force for the defence of their position in the Island of Alsen; but the Austrians have shown much intelligence in their movements, and they have got a clever youthful general who is trying to prove his worth in case of his services being required elsewhere on more important business to the true interests of Austria than this miserable war in Sleswig. I wish so much bravery had been called forth on her part in a better cause. Last night I heard that the Prince of Würtemberg is badly wounded in the leg, but that there were hopes of saving him. He is a most gallant and brilliant officer; I hope he may be restored to health and

efficiency. The Austrian losses have been heavy, and I am sorry to hear poor Prokesch's son has been killed. There will be endless deaths, no doubt, and the loss of officers seems to me unaccountable, and makes one fancy that the men were not as willing to advance as might have been expected. I hear but one opinion here—regret at the loss of life on both sides, for nobody at Vienna, except some few members of the Reichsrath, who want to make political capital out of the war, say an ill word of the Danes; on the contrary, they all wonder why they are plunged into this bloody war. I fear the same feeling will not, however, prevail at Berlin.

Lord Derby's speech was not one of his best, and there was an absence of dignity at the opening of it which was unworthy of the occasion. I do not think a hole has yet been made in the hard skin of the Government, but the great fight will be when the Blue Book comes down, and I hope that we shall soon get an armistice, and then I suppose matters will rest for a while. Here they are ready for one, but not so at Berlin.

*Vienna, February 10, 1864.*—I am not happy at the state of the weather. The cold is not what we at Vienna call severe, though it is still freezing hard. Yesterday all the sledges in the town turned out for a *corso* in the Prater, and I hear it was rather pretty, but I did not see it, and contented myself with a drive to the Nordbahn to see the Bülow's depart. The trains are all late on account of the snow. I have no news. The Kammer ball at Court was put off last night in consequence of the war, and the number of killed and wounded, and the Vienna public were consequently obliged to pass a somewhat sober evening on Shrove Tuesday compared with their habits on that day. I went to the Casino, and found half of the males of the town there going off to a great ball at the Redoute, where they were going to finish their Carnival. All are full of the war, but the electric wires being out of order, and the headquarters not having a stoker man at hand, there is little certainty in the reports.

It was supposed that the Prussians had by a quick and unexpected movement from Glücksbург cut off the retreat of

the Danes upon Alsen, but this news is not confirmed, and if it had taken place the poor Danes would have been annihilated or forced to lay down their arms. I should like to see the Danish report of the proceedings; they are making a very gallant retreat at all events. The losses are very great on both sides, and I should fear the hospitals will soon be filling with sick as well as wounded men, for bivouacking night after night at this season in Sleswig cannot be pleasant. There appears to have been an awful fight in and about Flensburg. The carnage is horrible, and I have no doubt the Danes, who can ill afford such losses, will have suffered proportionately more than the Germans.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I visit Munich and England—M. de Berg—Lord Rosse—Dr. Goulburn  
—Lady Palmerston—Matinée musicale—Mrs. Sartoris—Extracts of  
Letters from Lord Bloomfield during the Austro-Prussian War.

*Munich, April 18, 1866.*—I went with Sir Henry and Lady Howard yesterday to see the Aretinische Museum, which was begun eleven years ago by the late King Louis for a collection of Bavarian antiquities. M. Aretine, the collector, showed us over it, and it was most interesting. The lower story is full of sculptures, tombs, altar-pieces, carvings, &c. &c., collected in the various old castles and churches in Bavaria from the eleventh century. On the first floor there are 246 frescoes by modern artists representing all the principal events in the history of Bavaria. The doors and ceilings are old and quite beautiful. When finished it will be one of the most complete and instructive collections extant.

*London, June 5.*—I grieve to hear that all idea of a Conference is given up, for, though it was not likely to do much good, it seemed, as Julian Fane said, 'the last peg to hang the hope of peace upon,' and now we can only look forward to a fearful war! I don't think Austria is to blame *now*, but she is reaping the bitter fruit of her mistaken policy two years ago! It comforts me to think that *you* are free from blame, for you certainly did all you could to warn Count Rechberg of danger ahead, and if your advice had been followed things would not be as they are.

I was invited to breakfast at 10 A.M. at the Archbishop of Dublin's, to meet the Bishop of Oxford, and it was a most delightful party. I sat next the Archbishop, and met Count

Strelecky, Lord Wentworth, Mr. Kennaway, two Misses Trench, my old friend Lord Richard Cavendish, and Richmond the artist. The conversation was very animated and extremely entertaining, and the Bishop of Oxford told very amusing stories. It seems that some time ago he preached a sermon which was much commented on and found fault with, on which one of his admirers, an undergraduate at Oxford, took up the cudgels in his defence, and said, 'Poor beggar, he did not mean what he said; do not be so hard upon him.' The Bishop recounted this with great glee. Then he told us that as a young man he went with his father to pay old Gurney a visit, and being obliged to leave early in the morning he was wishing his Quaker host good-bye, when Mr. Gurney said, 'I'm sorry, brother, thou must go, for I thought the Spirit might move me to-morrow morning to address thee and thy family.' The Bishop said he answered rather maliciously that if he were *sure* of that he would stay. On which Mr. Gurney remarked, 'Nay, but thou oughtest to have the moral certainty!'

*London, May 18, 1866.*—I had rather a curious conversation with M. de Berg, the Russian Consul, whom I met at Percy's Cross. He said, 'You see with an Italy, a Germany, a France, there must be an Eastern Empire, and the Turks must be hunted out of Europe!' 'Oh,' said I, 'that's your idea.' Upon which he corrected himself and said, 'Yes, yes, but you know I speak especially of Napoleon; it is he who would wish to take possession of Constantinople.' I laughed and said, 'Oh yes, I understand perfectly; it is of course the French who have always wished to possess Constantinople!' He laughed at this, and we parted very good friends.

Azeglio told me at Holderness House that there is a question of a Conference on the grounds of the cession of Venetia, the Principalities, and the Duchies. I said I was sure Austria would not cede Venetia without a war, and that if she did the Italians would then want the Italian Tyrol, Trieste, &c. &c. Upon which he said, 'Oh no—*we* only want Venice, which we *must* have; the other countries you have mentioned want us, and of course we could not refuse their wish.' Bernstorff then

joined us, and told us the Austrians had refused the Conference, and looking at me and smiling, he added, ' *Les Autrichiens sont si belliqueux, il n'y a pas moyen de les contenter : nous autres sommes pacifiques.*'

Lord Rosse told me a delightful story about the Fenians. It seems there was an apothecary's boy at Birr who was an active Fenian agent, and he wrote to headquarters to say he was getting on so well he knew the cause would soon be triumphant, so he was looking about for a dwelling, and as Birr Castle would probably be pounded to pieces, he thought he should prefer Castle Bernard, and as then he should want a wife, he was hesitating between Miss Westenra and Miss Darby (two of the handsomest young ladies in the neighbourhood), and thought he should prefer the latter. This was counting his chickens before they were hatched with a vengeance!

*London, May 19, 1866.*—I heard Dr. Goulburn preach such a very fine sermon on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. He began by saying that as the Church appointed the first lesson from the first chapter in the Bible, and the Epistle from the last book, the Revelation, she intended thereby to teach us that the doctrines taught throughout the Bible, or *the Book*, are all inspired by one and the self-same Spirit, which, like the sun shining through the different colours of a painted glass window, are expressed in different ways. So God permits the human element in the character of the different writers in Scripture to appear; and therefore the Psalms are quite different to the Proverbs, the books of Moses to the Prophets, and the writings of St. Paul to those of St. John, though they were all members of the self-same body; just as the eye and ear, the hand and foot, are different, and yet united under one head, actuated by one soul. So when one leaves a cathedral one sees the pure, bright, tintless light which shone through the coloured glass and threw such various hues upon the pavement. He said he thought the difficult subject of the Trinity in Unity beautifully exemplified by the different parts of Scripture, the doctrine of the Father being chiefly taught in the Old Testament, that of the Son in the Gospels, and that of the Holy Spirit in the Epistles.



Some days later Dr. Goulburn came to see me, and I happened to remark I thought nowadays people gave themselves no time to think. He said, 'Oh, and what is worse, they give themselves no time to feel !'

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.  
Eternity mourns that.

*London, May 20, 1866.*—I called yesterday on poor old Lady Palmerston, who is living at Breadalbane House, Park Lane. She received me most kindly, and looks pretty well, in spite of a very severe attack of bronchitis she has been suffering from.

She said she was much grieved at the turn affairs have taken since Lord Palmerston's death, and at all the Radical measures the Government have brought forward, which are contrary to *his* opinions. She referred to the estrangement which had taken place between Normanby and Lord Palmerston, but added, as if she wished to feel at peace with every one now, 'I always had a great respect for your sister, so pray when you see her again give her my love, and say I should be very glad if she would call upon me.'

I heard such a very funny anecdote of —, which is so characteristic of him ! It seems he is an immense admirer of Miss —, the actress, and the other day he went behind the scenes to pay her a visit, which it seems is contrary to rule. He found her door locked, so he began knocking at it with his stick. One of the managers came up and said, 'What are you doing here, sir ? You must go away.' — growled out, 'You be quiet,' and went on knocking. The man, very much astonished, said, 'Sir, I must insist upon your leaving, as you have no business here, and it is contrary to the regulations. So if you don't desist, I must call a policeman !' — growled again and went on knocking. The manager, furious, rushed off to call a policeman, but in the meanwhile Miss — opened her door. — entered, and was sitting quietly chatting with her when the manager returned with the policeman, who said, 'Sir, I arrest you.' — quietly said, 'You great fool, you don't

know what you are doing. Be quiet!' Miss ——, in fits of laughter, had to explain that he was a Peer, and her intimate friend, upon which the manager and his companion beat a hasty retreat very much disconcerted!

*London, June 14, 1866.*—I had the most delightful musical party this afternoon; Ella, Jaell the pianiste, Wianewsky, Agneta Yorke, Mr. Wade, and Adelaide Sartoris, whose singing was the most beautiful and dramatic I ever heard. Her whole face lighted up, and she looked like the tragic muse.

She was very much *en train*, and sang several ballads so touchingly I fairly broke down. Her enunciation was wonderful, and she has such a grand face, and so much expression, though it *can* be satirical. She has the sweetest smile imaginable, and is as gentle as a dove.

*June 15.*—I dined at Montagu House last night, and had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop of Oxford (Samuel Wilberforce). I was told a funny story about him the other day, viz. that when he was dining with a large party, a poor curate who was deploring the large family he had to educate with a very small income, said, 'Do you know, my lord, I have nineteen children!' Upon which a very red-faced woman with a squeaky voice exclaimed, 'Only fourteen by me, Mr. Jones!'

I regret to see that the diplomatic relations between Austria and Prussia have been suspended, so Werther's *Leiden* have come to an end at Vienna for the present. (He was Prussian Minister there when the war commenced.)

*June 19.*—Monday's news of the rapid advance of the Prussian army is very alarming, and every one wonders that they have been allowed to march on unchecked. I hope the Austrians will not follow the fatal policy of delay which has so often been disastrous to them. It must be a great advantage to the Prussians carrying the war into the enemy's country. I grieve to think that all your efforts have failed, and that you are now likely to be shut up in Vienna for a long time to come. I was glad to hear that the Austrians had a decided victory at Custoza, and that the Italians had to retreat across the Mincio. I trust this will raise the spirits of the Austrian troops. I was

sorry to hear from the Duchess of Cambridge yesterday that the Duc d'Aumale's son, the Prince de Condé, died of typhus fever at Sydney—a terrible blow, as he was a fine young man of twenty-one.

*Penmaenmawr, July 4.*—The news of the Prussian advance makes me very anxious, for unless Benedek, with an inferior force, succeeds in stopping them, there is nothing to prevent their marching to Prague, and even Vienna, as the Austrians have no army of reserve. The accounts of the devastation in Bohemia are heartrending, and I feel almost ashamed of the peace I am enjoying at this lovely place, which is as beautiful as any place I ever saw abroad.

I was much amused at the following article, which appeared a few days ago, 'The True Cause of Austria's Reverses.' In the church of the Jesuits at Vienna, Father Klinkowström declared in the pulpit that if the Austrian army was beaten, her reverses were not to be attributed to the defective combinations of its chiefs, the needle-gun, or the skill of the Prussian Generals, but solely to the will of Providence, who has thus punished Austria for having confided the chief command to Benedek, *a Protestant*, and an enemy of true religion. The reverend gentleman, however, appeared to have forgotten to explain how and why Providence, having permitted a Protestant to be defeated, had, at the same time, allowed two princes of the same religion to be victorious!

*Extracts from Lord Bloomfield's Letters during the Austrian and Prussian War:*

*Vienna, April 18, 1866.*—I am going to see Count Mensdorff, and am somewhat hopeful that I may do good, but matters are just on the turning point, and much will depend on the course decided on here in the next twenty-four hours.

*Vienna, April 19, 1866.*—I was very busy all day yesterday, and in the evening went to Countess Mensdorff's, where there were very few people. Mensdorff had hurt his leg and did not appear, but the worst is staved off for the time being, and there

will be a simultaneous disarmament, and as Prussia will have it so, Austria will announce her intentions one day before Prussia does the same! In the meantime, Austria has been put to vast trouble and expense to gratify the *amour propre* of the Prussian Minister (Bismarck).

*Vienna, April 20, 1866.*—I am going to see Mensdorff, and 'hope to hear good news, for by this time it is possible there may be some understanding as to the disarmament. Had this been agreed upon a fortnight ago, Austria might have economised the price of a host of artillerymen, but it is part and parcel of Bismarck's policy and love to establish union in Germany, to try and ruin this country's finances. What is being established I look upon merely as a truce, for no lasting understanding will be possible so long as the Duchy question is not settled, and Bismarck continues to rule in Prussia.

There has been a tremendous hubbub in the press here, by an apocryphal despatch published at Stuttgart, attributed to Mensdorff, and addressed to England, in answer to a condition of peace which we are supposed to have made. If Mensdorff would write something in the sense of this *apocryph*, and thereby reassume the position at Frankfort which he ought to occupy, matters would soon be changed, and things brought to a point.

Pray give my love to dear Julian Fane, and tell him that I miss him every day, but am glad he is out of the way of these horrid winds, which never fail at Vienna.

*Vienna, April 21, 1866.*—I cannot tell you how the last communication to Berlin has been received. It is hoped it will produce the desired disarmament.

*Vienna, May 5, 1866.*—Things are looking worse each day. Yesterday I reported the intended issue of Bank notes to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions; to-day I hear the whole Austrian army is to be placed on the war footing in consequence of the mobilisation in Prussia, and the placing of the Prussian army corps at Görlitz and Erfurth to watch the Saxons, and I suppose prevent their slipping away. The Archduke Albert goes off to-morrow to Venetia, so things are looking very serious.

Poor old Prince Paul Esterhazy is dying.

*Vienna, May 8, 1866.*—Things are in a shocking state, both countries still arming, but still I will not give up all hope, because the Government in Prussia have learnt, within the last few days, that the Liberals at home and in Germany will not support the warlike policy of the Berlin Cabinet; but now that things have so far advanced it will be very difficult to know how to creep back again.

The Austrians are preparing vigorously for the fight. On the 18th the army in Venetia will be complete, one hundred and twenty thousand men, and in a month they will have an overwhelming force to defend themselves with in the north, or to attack, if necessary. But may God grant all these horrors may be avoided, and that before it is too late the King of Prussia will allow the question in dispute to take the less expensive and more Christian course of negotiation! Prussia wants a loan, and nobody will give it to her, so that if she goes to war she will soon find herself in the financial condition of Austria; all her savings will soon go for nothing.

*Vienna, May 11, 1866.*—There is nothing particularly new in the situation except the vote of the Frankfort Diet, which improves the position of this country and gives her strength, but I do not suppose Prussia cares for anything or anybody at this moment, and she, I mean her Government, seems perfectly reckless as to the responsibility of producing a bloody war. She has had warning enough, but she is resolved at any price to support her policy by recourse to arms. In the meantime Austria and Germany are preparing, and we must wait to see which is the strongest. Part of the Vienna garrison has left, and the rest is going north in a few days, and we are to have some Gränzers, I believe, to take care of us. I saw young Prince Philip of Coburg the other day, who was to start in a few hours for his regiment, also ordered north, and seemed in great spirits at the prospect of a fight; and I must say there is but one feeling here on the subject, that if war breaks out Austria is on the side of justice, and marches to defend a righteous cause. However, all this will soon be forgotten if

once the dogs of war are let loose, and I will yet cling to the hope that at the last moment Europe may be saved from the carnage which threatens her. I have had a visit this morning from young Baron Pfeil. He came to take leave, and marches in a few days to the north. His regiment has now four complete battalions, upwards of 4,000 men. I hear a fifth battalion is to be formed for each regiment, which looks very serious.

There is the greatest enthusiasm here for war, but none for defence against Italy. Free corps are being formed all over the Empire, and if the fever lasts there will be no lack of soldiers for the fight, but where is the money to come from? The army already costs one million of florins a day. It is curious that a war should be popular here, and not so in Prussia, where they will soon have a big national debt like Austria.

*Vienna, May 22, 1866.*—To-day the telegraph announces the arrival in Roumania of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern.

Things are getting into a terrible mess, and alas! I see no chance of quiet but after *large* blood-letting. A severe remedy, no doubt, and in that case we shall have revolution with all its horrors! Maurice Esterhazy has just told me there is a black cloud in every direction. Famine, war, cholera. The latter, however, don't appear to have got yet to Vienna, and perhaps we may be mercifully spared that visitation. There will be no wine and no fruit this year; a fearful loss for this country.<sup>1</sup>

*Vienna, May 29, 1866.*—Things continue in a very unsettled state, and there is so much excitement in favour of war, that it would be next to impossible to stop it now, unless Prussia were to give way, which is not to be expected. If the Ministers for Foreign Affairs attend a Congress at Paris Mensdorff will go, and there is a question of his being accompanied to Paris; Mensdorff would prefer not to go to Paris,

<sup>1</sup> One of our friends, who had large estates in Bohemia, generally derived an income of 60,000 florins (6,000*l.*) from the sale of his plums alone!

but the Emperor has too much confidence in his good sense and honesty to allow him to resign, and I highly applaud him for so just an opinion of the superior qualifications of this Minister.

This escapade of the young Hohenzollern is a fresh complication. I suppose *we* shall be very angry and yet bow to the accomplished fact! And then . . . where are all our achievements resulting from the Crimean War, and all the blood and treasure which we spent there?

*Vienna, June 17, 1866.*—I drove out yesterday to Dornbach, where we spent a pleasant evening. As we entered the drawing-room, which looks towards Vienna, there was the most beautiful effect of light I ever saw. There were very few ladies, however; nearly all have left; but I met our old friends the Arembergs, Princess Mathilde Windischgrätz, Princess Auersperg, and pretty Madame de Jongh, the wife of the Belgian Minister, who seems a great favourite with everybody. The great sight of the evening was Karolyi, who is looking well, and not at all like poor Werther before he left this. He seems happy to have got home, but speaks very calmly and dispassionately about Prussia. He says the Prussian army is numerically stronger than the Austrian army opposed to it; but here there is a great feeling in the justice of the cause, but hardly any of enthusiasm in the army, though I doubt not that it will do its duty. Politically, Prussia must feel annoyed by the desertion of her cause by all Germany, except, as appears in to-day's paper, by Coburg. I do pity Hanover, Saxony, Brunswick, and Hesse Cassel, for they must be at once overrun, and can make no resistance to the superior power of their adversary. It is neck or nothing with them, and as these small states have no desire to become simple vassals of Prussia, there remained nothing for them but to stand by Austria. The small states were foolish in not having made greater military preparation, but Saxony was the only country ready to march its army towards Austria.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On June 7 there was a meeting of the Federal Diet at Frankfort. The demobilisation of the Prussian army was proposed by Austria, and

The Emperor has addressed a manifesto to his people, and it is moderate and truthful. I hope that his renewed assurances of his intention to go back to constitutional government will do good and show other countries in Germany that Austria is in the right way of improvement. I suppose we shall have fighting next week in poor Saxony. 'Tis there, no doubt, that the great struggle will begin, and where it will be decided whether Germany is to be free.

*Vienna, June 20, 1866.*—The Austrian armies have not yet massed, and are waiting to be attacked, but as yet there seem to be no symptoms of any such intention as immediate, and Mensdorff tells me we must wait for at least another week; in the meantime the Prussians are consolidating themselves in Saxony and elsewhere, and raising contributions according to the old system which they adopted in Sleswig-Holstein on the occasion of the first war in 1848. We are anxious to know the fate of the King of Hanover and his small band, and hope he will escape with it to join the Hessians under Prince Alexander.

I cannot help admiring the conduct of the Elector of Hesse in sending away his successor, Prince Frederick, with the army, and remaining alone without a guard. The Prussians will be puzzled to know how to treat him, but they will devise some means of evading the difficulty. The confidence here in the cause of Austria and Germany is unbounded, and there is reason to expect that the Italians will not be very firm in their attack on the Austrian lines.

I dined on Monday with the Mensdorffs. Karolyi, and Chotek from Berlin were there, and Alphonse Mensdorff, the Count's military elder brother, who is raising a body of Alpenjagers, and hopes to enlist Garibaldi.

voted for by Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse Cassel, Nassau, and others. Prussia declared the Germanic Confederation to be dissolved. June 14, Prince Alexander of Hesse was appointed to command the Federal army. The Prussians declared war against Hanover and Saxony. June 15, justificatory manifestoes were issued by Austria and Prussia. June 17, Prussia declared war.



Karolyi, Chotek, and Bray (the Bavarian Minister) dined with me yesterday, and in the evening we all adjourned to the Volksgarten, where we met the Schwarzenbergs. Princess Schwarzenberg had come in from Dornbach about some hospital arrangements for the poor sick and wounded soldiers, at which all are working in this country. Really the feeling shown in all classes towards the army and the sufferers from the war is admirable here; but they expect also much from them.

I know nothing of the Stockhausens, except that of course they will have to leave Berlin, as all the other German Ministers have done except the Mecklenburgers and Hamburgers. What a lively place Berlin must be just now!

*Vienna, June 21, 1866.*—I went to see Knesebeck (the Hanoverian Minister) yesterday, whom I found at home, but without news of the King. Amongst other visitors I hear we are likely to have the Prince of Augustenburg at Vienna. He has got away from the Prussians, leaving his wife and children at Kiel in the safe keeping of the Prussian Admiral Jackmann, who will, I have no doubt, take very good care of them. To be sure these are terrible times for the small kings and princes of Germany, and whatever turn the war may take I should think a good number of them will be mediatised—perhaps the best thing that can happen in their own interests and those of their people. Nobody here knows anything about Benedek's movements, except that his army is marching on; but so long as his head-quarters continue at Olmütz we cannot expect anything of importance. I hear the Prussians say, that when they have polished off the Austrians they will march to Paris, and therefore those who have had no chance against the Austrians look to one against the French.

The Berlin newspapers have published an address of Benedek's to his army written for the amusement of the Berliners, and which is so absurd it ought not to take in anybody. It is written too in the *Prussian* lingo, to the great amusement of the people here. The telegraph has just brought a piece of uncomfortable news as to our Government at home. It will be an unfortunate complication in the affairs of Europe if we

are to have a new Minister for Foreign Affairs; but if the Government cling to their Reform Bill, they must, I suppose, resign or dissolve.<sup>1</sup>

The Americans appear to have behaved uncommonly well about the Fenians. I hope we shall have no more serious trouble at the present time about them.

*Vienna, June 22, 1866.*—The Italians and Prussians have now declared war against Austria, and Benedek has marched on his headquarters to the junction of the railways. The whole army is marching north, and we shall hear of bloody work in a few days.

St. George Foley is succeeded by Colonel Crealock, who arrives here to-morrow. He was Military Secretary to Lord Elgin in China, and is a capital draughtsman. He has been Military Attaché in Russia.

There was a 'Volksfest' yesterday for patriotic purposes, and the Männer-Gesangverein sang well. There were fireworks afterwards. Pray tell Lord Richard Cavendish that there is no probability of the road from Strasburg to Munich being interfered with.

*Vienna, June 24, 1866.*—I was last night at Princess Schwarzenberg's at Dornbach, where I found the Archduke Louis Victor, who was full of his visits to the King of Saxony at Prague, where he said the enthusiasm for him was boundless. The poor Queen is low and her eyes tearful, the King full of dignity and firmness. The Archduke remains here as Civil Adlatus to the Emperor for receptions and so forth, as the Archduke Charles Louis is gone to the field. We shall hear what happens soon. I confess I see nothing certain in the distance but the most cruel bloodshedding and misery north and south! The Prussians and Italians, I believe, hope to shake hands at Vienna in a month!

I send you an account from the newspapers to-day, which will show you what the ladies of Vienna are doing for the poor

<sup>1</sup> New Reform Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone. The Government was defeated on it on June 18. The third Derby Cabinet formed. Lord Stanley succeeded Lord Clarendon as Minister for Foreign Affairs.

wounded soldiers that will be! and the sacrifices of all kinds that are being made in Austria by all classes is worthy of admiration and example in other countries. Princess Schwarzenberg showed me a letter she had got from the young Crown Prince Rudolph, written by himself, sending her 200 florins out of his savings for her charities, and thanking her so nicely for all her exertions in endeavouring to provide for the comfort and relief of the army of Austria. It is all very, *very* sad, and what will it end in?

I have no news to tell you of the least importance, but next week will be a momentous one north and south, I suspect; and perhaps before this reaches you the telegraph will have reported a battle in Italy. The Federal army seems to be advancing. As the Rhine Province has hardly a soldier, it would seem as if Prince Bismarck could not hold it, and would try and consolidate the monarchy by rounding off its frontiers in another direction. He is playing a great game, and at present we can form no calculations as to the result; but with 33 millions of Austrians and more than 10 millions of Germans opposed to a Prussia of 18 millions, he ought not to succeed but for the alliance with Italy.

I should deplore our Government leaving office at this critical moment, for Europe is not in its normal condition.

*Vienna, June 25, 1866.*—I have heard of Stockhausen, who is Acting Grand Master to the Queen of Hanover at Herrenhausen, the King's country palace, close to Hanover. The bad news has just arrived that the King has been taken prisoner by the Prussians!

*Vienna, June 27, 1866.*—To-day we shall have the official details of the battle of Custozza. The Italian prisoners will be at Comorn to-morrow, I understand. Quick work! The Italian papers say they have got 600 Austrian prisoners, but how they can say their army was obliged to yield to a superior force, when they were two to one, I do not know—history must clear up that point. I fear the King of Hanover will go to Prussia! If the Bavarians had shown a little vigour, they were in a position to save him and his little army; but they are much

more intent on carrying out their own policy and watching their own particular interests, than those of Germany and Austria.

I had Mr. Russell, the 'Times' Correspondent, to dinner yesterday, who is off to Benedek's headquarters to-night. He is a very amusing, clever Irishman. He goes armed with letters, and hopes Benedek won't send him away. He is well disposed, and I think the Austrians ought to be thankful to have such a man to write the history of the war, and he will do nothing likely to divulge the secrets of the army which might be of advantage to the enemy. Lumley<sup>1</sup> is in somewhat of a difficulty, and I do not know what will be the result of his application for instructions, for I cannot learn that any of the foreign Ministers formerly at Dresden are gone to Prague. The King of Saxony was to go to the headquarters of his army to-day.

*Vienna, June 22, 1866.*—I hear Lord Stanley is to go to the Foreign Office. He is very clever, but inexperienced in diplomatic affairs and habits, and we shall have some queer work after a while, only I suppose his papa (Lord Derby) will guide him. He has made speeches favourable to Bismarck's political system for Germany, and I should think his appointment to the Foreign Office will frighten the small states. Bismarck has nearly done for them. The 'Times' of yesterday will no doubt have informed you that there was fighting along the whole Bohemian and Silesian frontiers. The Prussians came on, and as far as we are informed, have been repulsed. It is impossible to form much of an opinion as to the intentions of Prussia, but it would appear that they have extended their line. Benedek has kept his army together. The Austrian artillery is good, and the Prussian needle-gun has not terrorised the Austrians, as was expected, but it is horrid work! We heard of the fighting in the middle of the day, and of the repulse in the afternoon, but it is only this morning that we have the detailed telegram. The Italian reports have arrived, and one cannot help admiring the modest expressions of the Archduke's final telegrams. 4,000

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Savile Lumley had just been appointed British Minister at Dresden.

prisoners and 14 guns. By-the-by I must tell a funny story. Some volunteer Chasseurs *des Gamins de Vienne* were enlisted a month ago. These fellows took one of the guns and were allowed to bring it to Vienna and present it to the Emperor. Yesterday morning they arrived, and went back again to Verona last night. If the whole army is composed of such chaps the Italians and Prussians will not have a pleasant time of it! Lumley is gone in a private capacity to see Beust at Prague. The King of Saxony is with the army, which was engaged yesterday at Münchengrätz.

*Vienna, June 29, 1866.*—Just got a telegram from Princess Mary, who will be received here as a Princess of England, and treated with all due honours.

There has been very heavy fighting in Bohemia. The Austrians have been advancing steadily into the position they wanted, and have, I believe with great loss, obtained what they intended; but in a day or two there will probably be a great battle, and if Benedek succeeds he will get in between the two great Prussian armies like a wedge, and secure a good position for carrying on the war. The Austrian losses in Italy have been sensible. 4,182 Italian prisoners have already passed to Comorn, and there are upwards of 2,000 wounded men in Venetia. The Italian losses at Custozza are estimated at 2,000 men.

We drove last evening to Schönbrunn, and I saw the poor Archduchess Sophie, who is in a great state of agitation. Her sister, the Dowager Queen Mary of Saxony, is at Dresden. I wonder how long the Prussians will hold Saxony. We hear to-day that the Bavarians have entered that kingdom. The Saxons fought admirably; they are in Count Clam Gallas' army corps, and have had two or three days' continued fighting, and it is evident the Prussians want to force him back towards Prague. On my way homewards from the Volksgarten I saw a great crowd looking at some chasseurs, Tyrolese volunteers, who had formed the guard of honour at the Theatre, where the play, 'Andreas Hofer,' was given. It is a curious fact that the chief of this volunteer corps is the grandson of the original man.

The enthusiasm here is great, and we cannot but admire the way the Emperor's cause has become that of the many nations he rules over. The Hungarians, about whom the newspapers abroad talk such nonsense, are sending daily 100 men for the army. I saw Princess Khevenhüller last night, who told me the ladies had already got above 6,000*l.* for the wounded, and they have accommodation for 200; but what is that for the mass of suffering which has been brought on the world. I saw Wimpffen at the Casino, who said the defeat of the Italians was complete. They, however, fought well, and it is to be regretted that General Cialdini did not come on, as the Archduke would have had a good chance of defeating him. It seems the Italian regiments have generally moved; composed of Piedmontese, Neapolitans, Romans, and Tuscans; and they were so completely disorganised by the thrashing they got, that the Archduke don't expect them back very soon. You will have seen the account in the papers of the three Austrian wounded soldiers who were hung up by the Italians. Really one had hoped they had been more civilised, and I fear the account will create a bad impression and produce retaliatory measures on this side. The Austrians and Prussians seem to be fighting like perfect gentlemen.

*Vienna, July 1, 1866.*—There has been a deal of fighting in all directions. Prince Frederick Charles's army is advancing from Reichenberg to the Austrian position, and that of the Crown Prince of Prussia from Glatz. Benedek is taking up a position near the two fortresses of Josefstadt and *Königgrätz*, and in that direction may be fought any day the battle that must have a deciding effect on the war. If Benedek is defeated it will be a bad business. He has not more than 230,000 men to oppose to 300,000 of the enemy, better armed, and with more cavalry than he has. His chances are not so good as the Archduke's in Italy, but we must soon know something more on the subject. In the meantime all traffic between this and Prague is stopped, except the army transport of fresh troops, and wounded being brought back. All the Vienna garrison has gone to guard the railways, and try and prevent the wires

being cut and their communications with the capital being cut off. Vitzthum called on me yesterday. He is going to see his King, and is in very low spirits about everything, and well he may be. I do not know whether you have seen in the papers the proceedings of a Prussian lieutenant in Saxony. Being stationed somewhere near Pilnitz he found out the villa of Baron Beust, the first Minister of the King of Saxony. He asked if any of the family were at home, and on being informed not, he ordered some of his men into the house, and broke open everything, destroyed all the furniture, and when he had completed this work of devastation he left his card. I and others thought this was a hoax, and I understand so did Baron Beust himself, and he only discovered the truth of this villainous proceeding from his wife who has just joined him at Prague. This on one side, and the hanging up of the wounded Austrians by the Italians, are creditable little incidents in this horrid war.

*Vienna, July 2, 1866.*—The events of the war are telling, and if Benedek has no more luck in resisting the Prussians than his generals have had up to the present time, it is impossible to say where we may be next week. There must be a decisive battle very soon, and people here are in very low spirits, as you may imagine, and so few details about anything are known, that the very silence creates an increase of alarm. Prague may be occupied at any moment, and I suspect we may be cut off from all telegraphic communications with the army, for the Prussians seem fully to appreciate the value of railways and telegraphic communications. There have been all sorts of reports of poor General Clam Gallas, but all I know for certain is that he and the Saxon corps have been completely defeated. The Archduke Leopold, to whom the other *corps d'armée* was confided, has failed, and is reported to be very ill. The situation is full of doubt and anxiety, and notwithstanding the great bravery and devotion of the Austrian army, it would seem that they are likely to be overpowered by the numbers of the adversaries and the superiority of the small arms. Those needle-guns have proved murderous weapons. The King of Saxony was at Pardubitz the other day. He had better retreat, or he will be

caught. To be sure, what vigour the Prussians have shown, and how powerfully Bismarck has supported his policy!

I am going to sign a protocol on commercial matters at twelve o'clock to-day. Nice time for such negotiations, is it not? Poor Austria is the victim of weak and uncertain allies, and two powerful rivals both leagued to despoil her of her property and her dominions.

*Vienna, July 4, 1866.*—A most fearful disaster appears to have befallen the Austrian arms. The great battle yesterday ended in the complete success of the Prussians. We have no details beyond the fact of the repulse of the Austrian left wing, and of Benedek's headquarters being in the rear of his fortresses, cut off, I think, from his retreat by rail to Olmütz. It is an awful business for poor Austria. I hear the Empress has just gone off to meet the Archduke William, who has been wounded in the head; I am glad he was not taken prisoner also. Poor General Tassilo Festeticz, a gallant hussar whom you may recollect, and who commanded a *corps d'armée*, has lost a leg. There must have been fearful carnage, and it quite sickens me to think of it all. Had the Bavarians done what was asked of them, and what was agreed on, much of this would have been avoided. I hear Prince Teck has come here to offer his services, but I have not seen him. It was too sad to see Mensdorff on Monday evening when we signed the protocol for the adjournment of the Conferences, and I think he had a presentiment of what was about to happen. The Austrians appear to have fought like lions up to the present time, but the army must be greatly discouraged.

*Vienna, July 5, 1866.*—There is no further news of the army, the remains of which appear to be retreating towards Olmütz, and to have been so far unmolested by the Prussians.

Poor Mensdorff will have a painful business and time of it at headquarters, and no one seems capable of taking the command with a prospect of success at this moment. I think the best thing to do would be to send the Archduke Albert. He has been in luck at all events, and his presence might



inspire confidence. I believe that never was anything so mis-managed.

I have had inquiries from the Queen about the Archduke Joseph and Prince Philip of Würtemberg. The former had four horses shot under him and received a slight wound in the left hand; he is otherwise well, and with the army. Prince Philip is quietly at Baden with his wife. The Emperor did not accept his services, and I hear the same of Prince Teck.

All the accounts I hear of the army are most unpromising. The men appear to have done generally well, but latterly the commissariat was ill provided for, and after the defeat many officers came off in the trains prepared for the wounded. If this sort of spirit has got up, where will the demoralisation end? The Prussian claims will go on increasing with their success, and we shall have terrible complications.

*Vienna, July 7, 1866.*—We are in a most woeful condition here, and I most sincerely hope, in the interests of Austria, that an armistice will be at once concluded, for the army is sadly demoralised and the public very discontented.

Valuables are being sent off to safe places, and in fact everything being prepared as if we really were on the point of having a visit from the Prussians here. I am glad to hear Rudy Khevenhüller is all right: he was supposed to have been killed, and seen to fall over with his horse, but it seems his horse tumbled in the *mêlée*, and both supposed done for, but after being missing for a day he found his way back to headquarters.

*Vienna, July 8, 1866.*—We know nothing positively yet as to the terms of an armistice, but it seems it will be concluded, and most sincerely do I hope so, for it is the only thing for this poor country.

Poor people! I do pity them all so much, and they do look so sad and so painfully humbled! George Esterhazy is safe. His regiment does not appear to have been much engaged, and is almost intact, and in fact the cavalry have suffered little in comparison with the infantry. Prince Windischgrätz (the head of the house) is wounded and a prisoner, but going on well, and at any rate no one can say that the aristocracy of Austria

have not done their duty as brave soldiers. Russell, the 'Times' correspondent, came to see me yesterday. He was very interesting, and described the battle (Königgrätz) as the most fearful and tremendous sight imaginable. He saw it all from a high tower near Königgrätz, from whence he could observe everything, and I have no doubt his account, which you will see in the 'Times,' will be most clever, and truthfully done. He describes the effect of the needle-guns as something marvellous, and as necessitating a complete change in the system of infantry fighting. It is a curious fact, however, that comparatively few of the wounds from them are mortal; but they are irresistible to an attacking force armed with the old-fashioned gun. I wish our Government would make haste and decide on the alterations, or we shall be as behindhand as these poor Austrians have been if we do not adopt a breechloader. Captain Brackenbury, of the Artillery, was with Russell and saw all, and I hope he is capable of making a full report of all he saw and of the way of manœuvring of the Prussians, who have shown immense intelligence in all they have done during the last year.

I have not heard anything as yet of Lord Cowley's successor at Paris. The Government will be puzzled to find anybody at this critical moment, and I hope they will try and keep Cowley, particularly as there will certainly be most important Conferences at Paris on the Italian and German questions.

*Vienna, July 9, 1866.*—We are still without any certain intelligence as to the armistice and mediation proposed by France, and the Prussians are advancing on Vienna! They were yesterday at Iglau in Moravia, and I suppose their intention is to make peace under these walls! The Italians, too, notwithstanding that Venetia is assured to them, are inclined to continue the war. What is to come of it all I know not. The Austrians have rallied 150,000 men at Olmütz, and I suppose will try to get to the lines at Floridsdorf (close to Vienna), where fortifications are being thrown up, and mean to fight another battle, unless Bismarck gets here first. I hear Gablenz and his corps are on the way from Olmütz, and the Austrians have at all events got the railway in their power.

But oh! the frightful devastation of war! I met poor Count Harrach last night. His property was selected for the great battle, and everything, his beautiful house and all, is completely destroyed, all his villages burnt, and Russell described the country to me as resembling the most beautiful parts of Kent, with most wonderful promise of crops, all completely devastated. The drawing-rooms were turned into hospital wards, saturated with chloroform, and the damask curtains cut up for bandages. The Prussians took all Prince Trauttmansdorff's horses from his stud, and all his fine cattle, though it was said private property would be respected. Waldstein's fine place is destroyed. Rothschild is a lucky man not to have had the enemy at his fine place at Schillersdorff. I am grieved to see Lord Lansdowne's death in the papers, three days, too, after I had heard that the Government wished to send him to Paris as Cowley's successor. I do hope the latter will stay on there, but I hear he is determined to go.

I have just seen Count Maurice Esterhazy, who has received good news from Paris. Napoleon has at last used pressure on Victor Emanuel, and his army will not advance to enter into conflict with the Austrians, who are coming north as fast as they can. The Italians have got Venetia, Napoleon will settle at what price, and the Austrian army here will soon be sufficiently strengthened to meet the Prussians, only I fear the latter will be too quick, and perhaps get into this capital. Esterhazy thinks not, and seems hopeful the war can now be prolonged, and that Austria will then find herself in a better position. I do not see what troops there are to defend Vienna, but the Danube is a nice little barrier to pass, and these last rains will render it more difficult than before. I am more hopeful to-day, but the town is not, and there is great fear of the Prussians. Mensdorff has just returned from the army.

*Vienna, July 12, 1866.*—If the Prussians come here, and they are expected next week, I fear they will cut off all railway communication with the west, and we shall then be in a nice predicament. They are said to be moving down in three columns, one from Prague on Linz by Budweis, and the other two upon

Linz and Tulln. How they will cross the Danube is another question, but I do not hear of any adequate arrangements being in course of preparation to prevent their doing so. If therefore the attempts making to arrange an armistice at Pardubitz, where Benedetti and the French General Farissant must now be, fail, the Court will probably move at once, and the Government also, to Pesth.

The treasures and valuables—Kunstkammer, Schatzkammer—are gone. The Archduke Albert arrives to-day, and there will be immediately a council of war to decide on the way of employing the military means at the disposal of the Government, but all is here unfortunately done too late, so that one knows not what to count upon. The weather is variable, and pleasant enough. I could not see Mensdorff yesterday; he is not well since his journey to the army. I had a few words with the Countess, and she is in an awful state of alarm lest Nikolsburg, her place in Moravia, should be devastated. The Prussians take all live animals everywhere. All Prince Lichtenstein's horses came up last night, and everything is being sent to Hungary.

*Vienna, July 12, 1866.*—I received a note from Princess —, and thought the best thing I could do would be to go and see her. She is in great alarm, and just starting for —, but I have advised her not to remain there. Her son is with the army, happily not hurt, but she was seven long days without hearing from him. There is a frightful panic here to-day, and if the French mediation does not stop the Prussians, I doubt anything else effecting it. Last night I drove out with Morier to the Floridsdorf lines, and it was pretty to see the bivouac fires and some of the pleasant part of warlike preparations. The General Thun you allude to is not killed, but wounded in the head, and not badly. Festicz is said to be going on pretty well. I do not apprehend any danger from the Prussian soldiery if they enter Vienna, for of course it will be treated as an open town, but I still hope we shall not have the pleasure of seeing them here, though I dare say the King and Bismarck would not dislike going to Schönbrunn.

What times these are! I saw Count Hartig last night, the

son of our old friend, and he says, though there was no opposition, his whole house was ransacked for money, everything broken open, and papers strewed about, and now it is turned into a hospital. His sheep and oxen have been eaten up, and his poor peasants are absolutely penniless. Such are the horrors of war !

*Vienna, July 13, 1866.*—Grieved as I am at our long and painful separation, I think you are to be congratulated at the distance which separates you from the neighbourhood of this place and the perpetual din and talk of war. I strongly suspect that Louis Napoleon is not going to do much in giving material support to poor Austria, and never was a country more in want of it. The Archduke Albert arrived this morning, and I hope some plan for continuing the war will be decided on.

The Bavarians and Germans are doing nothing, and are disheartened and disorganised, so that, militarily speaking, Prussia has everything nearly her own way. The Prussian army is advancing very slowly, and there are some light divisions of cavalry and horse artillery hovering about, which will not make their march towards Vienna quite so pleasant as that to Königgrätz. There is of course great discontent here and dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, but as yet no appearance of a disturbance, and in fact there are plenty of soldiers to keep the peace. But people are flocking in from Moravia for protection and safety against the Prussians, who behave well in the towns, where they are properly watched by the superior officers ; but in the country districts they have taken all live stock everywhere, and as the sheep are generally Merincs, they do not eat them, but send them off to improve the farms in Prussia. Horses of all kinds are taken, and poor Princess Vincent Auersperg is furious because they have taken an old *pensioned* pony of hers, twenty years old. Fancy your favourite Pearly being taken by the Fenians. But such are the little incidents of war. Poor Kinsky has had all his fine English horses taken and his linen plundered. But really I think it very weak of people leaving their moveable property.

Princess Schwarzenberg is become quite a Sister of Charity

—she lives amongst the wounded. She has six officers in her house in the Mehlmarkt, and 200 wounded people put up in the palace in the faubourg, and the ladies' establishment on the frontiers of Hungary has 600 invalids. The Princess is constant in doing all in her power to mitigate the distress of these poor unfortunates, and what a state of mind she must be in at the condition of affairs!

*Vienna, July 14, 1866.*—The French mediation has done no good, and is not likely to do any, and it now remains to be seen whether it will be better for Austria to run the risk of another battle, or to treat behind an army of 250,000 men, as powerful, barring the needle-guns, as Prussia can bring into the field. Bavaria and the German allies appear in so bad a way they will soon knock under. Bismarck is now issuing proclamations in Bohemia calling on the Czechs and Moravians to consider their national rights to be like those of Hungary. Absolutist on one side, revolutionary on another!

I hear the Reuss' have come up from Ernstbrünn. Poor people, what a bore for them! But it is said they heard some cannon-firing in the neighbourhood, and thought it better to come away. The Prussians are at Brünn, and coming on as steadily as they were expected, so I suppose there will be another great battle of Aspern or thereabouts.

1 P.M.—Nothing but people coming in all day, and taking up one's time to speak of their fears of the Prussian invasion, and really we can do nothing for them. But they want to make this Embassy a house of deposit, English people thinking they all have a right to take refuge in the Embassy! I am very sorry for these poor people, but I cannot do all they want.

People are beginning to leave Vienna. The Empress and her children are gone to Pesth. The Emperor will, I believe, go to headquarters of the army somewhere beyond Floridsdorf. Oh! it is very sad when one thinks of all the misery this wretched war has brought on the world! The weather is growing hot again, but the air is not so oppressive as it was. Did I tell you that the young Prince of Coburg, son of Duke Augustus, had *four* shots through his cloak? What an escape!

I have just been giving the cook orders to lay in stores of flour and dry food, for fear of accidents, and our market being uncomfortable!

*Vienna, July 15, 1866.*—I have just had a visit from poor old Schloissnig, who left Kissingen the day before the fight between the Prussians and Bavarians. He is ill and broken-hearted: and his son has come back from the war, not hit, but in dreadful suffering from the wind of a cannon-shot. He has been fourteen days in bed and is recovering, but it will be a long time before he gets well. And how many are out in this way! Young Louis Esterhazy, Nicolas' son, is also wounded, but slightly.

Yesterday there was a communication from the Prussian headquarters, through the French Embassy, on the subject of a truce, but the conditions could not be accepted, so the messenger is gone back. In the course of next week some decision must be taken, but at present all seems to indicate that another battle must be fought before there will be a chance of peace.

In the midst of it all, Princess Mary wants to come here. The greatest confusion prevails; all the Archdukes and officers not on active service are requested to leave Vienna and the neighbourhood, and the railways are encumbered with troops both west and south!

The Ayllons and Stackelberg and his boys are flocking into town from the country, as the Prussians have frightened the whole population.

The Prater is full of soldiers, a perfect camp. The army from Italy is coming here, and I suppose, in a very few days, we shall have some more serious collisions. The wounds inflicted by the Prussian needle-gun are very slight generally, and half the wounded soldiers will be shortly in the ranks again. The weather is very oppressive. It must be awful work for the troops, and especially for the Prussians at this moment, who are being a good deal troubled by flying bands of Austrian cavalry.

*Vienna, July 1, 1866.*—Princess Mary arrived this morn-

ing, and, having been advised of her intention, I went to meet H.R.H., and put her and her husband into our carriage, in which they went to Munsch's Hotel. The Princess and Prince Teck came to dine with me, and we afterwards took a drive in the Prater to see the camp. They wanted to go the Opera, but it was so hot they preferred finishing the evening at the Volksgarten. To day the Princess was to go and pay some Imperial visits, and I am to meet them at dinner at Countess Barth's, who is an old friend of the Teck family. Prince Teck is again trying to get into the army; perhaps he may succeed, but I hope not. The Princess is very amiable and amusing, but complains of the sad star under which she seems to have been married, and I am not surprised that the miseries of the state of Europe should have made this impression.

We saw some cavalry regiments arrive in the Prater yesterday, which had been acting as part of the flying columns of General Edelsheim. I never saw men and horses look more jaded: it is true they had had a tremendous march on a very hot day. In the evening I met young Herbertstein, who told me he had not been in bed for thirty-six nights, nor had any one in his regiment. They will soon pick up if they can have a few days' rest, which I trust will be the case. The news from the Prussian side does not encourage the hope that peace will be made, but Benedetti returns to the headquarters at Brünn, I believe, with some new propositions. If Prussia's demands really are the exclusion of Austria from the Bund, the annexation of Austrian Silesia and part of Bohemia, and the payment of the war expenses, I do not see how Austria could get worse terms after another battle. If this country is to be ruined by Prussia, she may as well die as live under her dictation. I must now go and see Mensdorff. I have been occupied part of this morning in receiving the visits of poor people who are in dread of an invasion.

*Vienna, July 19, 1866.*—I can well understand all your feelings about this wretched war, and your anxiety, but I am sure you are better far away from the scenes enacting hereabouts. Yesterday Benedetti went to the Prussian head-



quarters, which Mensdorff told me are to be at his place, Nikolsburg; and it is possible the last impressions from Paris and a knowledge of the Austrian terms of arrangement may arrest the progress of Prussia's victorious army. I, however, doubt it. At all events every day is so much gained for Austria and lost for Prussia. The army of the latter is losing tremendously from sickness, and the further they advance from their reserves the worse it will be for them. Poor Grün's eldest son, who was badly wounded at the last great battle, and at the time close to Benedek with a map in his hand, is dead. But one hears of nothing else but deaths and misery on all sides.

Prince Teck has made a renewed application to the Emperor and the Archduke Albert, who have 'thanked' as they say in this country, and as a last resource he has applied to the Minister of War, who I hope will confirm the refusal of the other two, and let him go away in peace, with the consciousness of having done all that could be expected of a brave and honourable man.

I dined yesterday with H.R.H. at Countess Barth's, and met there Count Stahrenberg and Madame de Löwenthal. It was an excellent dinner, but the heat was dreadful. There was a thunderstorm, and awful hailstones, which the boys called 'Preussische Kugel' (Prussian balls), but the water was so warm the air has by no means been improved by it. The Princess was to go to tea with an Archduchess, and drive today to Liesing. H.R.H. dines with me at six o'clock. She seems to fancy this place.

You ask me if I think it likely we shall follow the Emperor to Pesth? I do not. The Empress is there, and the Government will follow after a last battle. The Emperor will go to the army if there is to be a fight—otherwise H.I.M. will remain here. The Prussians were said to be at Gänsendorff, and at Korneuburg (very near Vienna), but still the main army must be a long way off.

Plach, the great picture dealer, lent me a beautiful Gian Bellini yesterday, with a request that I would take care of it

as long as I like. He is evidently afraid of plunderers, as everybody else is.

*Vienna, July 20, 1866.*—I have no good news to report as to the progress of negotiations, but I will hope they may succeed. The line of the Danube being defended extends from Linz to Presburg, and it is supposed there is some combination with the Italian advance now thought of at the Prussian headquarters. Nobody trusts Prince Napoleon's mission to Florence, or Benedetti's proceedings, both being as anti-Austrian in their principles as can be.

Princess Mary and Prince Teck dined with me yesterday. Chotek, Falbe, and Colonel Probyn were of the party. It was very pleasant, and the Princess was most amiable and amusing. Nobody can be less *gênant* than she is. She was to go and see the poor King of Hanover to-day, and I must do likewise. The weather has improved after a fearful thunderstorm, and I hope we are going to have it a little cooler.

*Vienna, July 21, 1866.*—There seems more hope of an armistice, and it would seem that the Prussians are beginning to feel they are less strong than they were at the commencement of the war. If Austria can secure reasonable terms, I trust she will accept them, and put an end to this horrible devastation, but her army is recovering, and her position is so strong along the Danube that I think she need not be in a great hurry. I hear that Benedek has brought his army from Olmütz to Presburg, a point for which the Prussians were making, in order, I presume, to attempt the crossing at three different points, and these points are fortified and prepared for a serious resistance. The game on this side is much better than it was a week ago. I saw Baron Bourgoing last night, who had been to the Prussian headquarters, and had seen the King. He was full of his journey, and very amusing, but said it was hard work, no rest, and no food. He was completely done up.

I wrote my name down yesterday at the King of Hanover's, who is living at Knesebeck's, and am invited to dine with H.M. to-day to meet Princess Mary. The poor King went

to see Princess Schwarzenberg yesterday evening, and old General Reischak is named to attend on H.M., which must be a sorrowful occupation. The King has determined not to become the vassal of the King of Prussia, and if he cannot get fair terms he will live abroad. He is personally rich, and I can understand a proud man refusing the degraded position Prussia is preparing for him.

*Vienna, July 22, 1866.*—Yesterday I dined with the King of Hanover. There was nobody but his son and his own people, and in the middle of dinner who should call to pay a visit but the Crown Prince of Saxony! So the King and his son went out, and stayed away half an hour. The poor King is fond of talking, and being blind has simply no knowledge of time. He looks well, and was most kind and gracious—asked most tenderly after you and all your family, and sent special kind messages to your brother Augustus.

After dinner H.M. gave me the whole account of his short campaign, and really it is touching to think of the bravery and attachment of his little army, which appears to have fought desperately at Langensalza, notwithstanding the Prussian needle-guns.

Karolyi, Count Degenfeldt (the General and former Minister of War), and Baron Brenner went off to-day to the Prussian headquarters, which are always at Nikolsburg, to treat for preliminaries of peace. I hope these negotiations will succeed, for these people are so unlucky in war that I fear another disaster if it should again come to blows. What they ought to do would be to bring Admiral Tegethoff to the Danube, and see what he could do with his ram! What a capital fight he has made at Lissa, and I am delighted he has prevented the Italians taking that place. It would have been a serious blow to the maritime frontier of this unfortunate country.

*Vienna, July 23, 1866.*—Well, I suppose we shall have peace, and that it will be bought at a heavy price; but, humiliating as it will be, it was to be seen that Austria could not stand against the despoiling alliance of Prussia and Italy, and I only regret all the more that no arrangement was made last

year as to the cession of Venetia, when it could have been effected with advantage.

Before this reaches you the telegraph will probably report what comes of the negotiations, and I need say no more but that I hear the King of Prussia is by no means disposed to make easy terms, and as to the Germans they are so many broken reeds, and will of course carefully avoid doing anything to make their own position worse than it is *vis-à-vis* of the ruling Power.

The Austrians were having a successful engagement yesterday near Presburg, and had every chance of success, and of completing it by the approach of Colonel Thun's *corps d'armée*, when intelligence was communicated of the armistice, and they were obliged to stop hostilities.

*Vienna, July 26, 1866.*—I have no news except a melancholy telegram from Malet, who has returned with the remnants of the Diet to Augsburg, asking me to protest against Manteuffel's threat of giving up Frankfort to pillage and plunder if the town hesitates further to pay the twenty-five million florins of contribution to Prussia. It is a most preposterous proceeding on the part of a general when a town has offered no resistance, and is no doubt done to spite a city which has always had Austrian proclivities.

*Vienna, July 27, 1866.*—The preliminaries are agreed to, and I hope that Austria will be able to pay the indemnities without delay, so as to put an end to the Prussian occupation. We have martial law declared at Vienna, which is rather a good thing, as it will keep people in order and not affect the quiet and well-disposed. There are loads of intriguing foreigners and spies about who can be easily disposed of by this measure, like our Fenians, and the press will not be allowed to write exciting articles against the Government, which, under present circumstances, cannot act differently to what they have been doing.

As to the poor wounded Austrians, I believe that up to the present time the funds are adequate, for personal charity has been unbounded. The poor soldiers and officers who are really

deserving of pity are those left near the field of action, too badly wounded to be moved to the capital. I shan't be surprised if there is more fighting to-day, for the armistice expired at noon, and yesterday no order for its renewal could be issued from here on the Prussian side. I see there are subscriptions being raised at Liverpool, and I will do my best with the money sent me for the relief of the poor soldiers, but I do not wish you to state openly your readiness to receive subscriptions, because we are neutral, and can leave this task to the ladies of England.

Last night I was at a tea at Countess Barth's, and old Madame Hetzingen, the actress, and a very clever one too, was there and declaimed. Princess Mary sang, and altogether it was pleasant and amusing, but the rooms were small and the heat excessive. Prince Teck was nearly stifled.

I hope you will now cease to be so very anxious about the state of things here, and about me in particular. The war may be considered over, and now there will only be some diplomatic work to attend to, and ultimately a Congress, where, I cannot tell, but I hope Paris, though there is a talk of its being at some German town. What a nice little paragraph about the Austrian reverses and Father Klinkowström's opinions! I hear the priests here have been talking a great deal in their pulpits, but not so much in Klinkowström's sense as in attributing the misfortune of this country to the machinations of the devil, who has not done yet with the people in consequence of their irreligious tendencies and more liberal views and heresies.

*Vienna, July 29, 1866.*—Matters seem inclined to fall rapidly back into peace, but I should think the Italians are still likely to give trouble, for they have been advancing into the Tyrol, and if they do not choose to retire I apprehend they will have to be forced out. Prussia having got everything her own way in Germany will probably not care much about Italy, as it seems the order of the day not to stick to treaties when they happen to be inconvenient. I saw Mensdorff yesterday, but heard nothing more of interest as to the further progress of the negotiations.

Russell, of the 'Times,' Brackenbury, and some others dined with me. Russell had just returned from Presburg, and there is no doubt the Prussians would have got into that town if the armistice had not prevented them. The Austrians, to the number of about 90,000 men, in excellent trim, have taken up their position on the other side of the river, in connection with the projected defence of the Danube, and I think that if the war had continued the Austrians would have had a fair chance, if properly commanded. The army is now quite fresh again, and the Prussians have grown less so, and are fast dwindling down from cholera and other diseases.

To make things more comfortable in Bohemia the masses of dead have been carelessly buried, and putrid fevers are breaking out, so that the Prussians will no doubt be glad to get away as soon as possible.

*Vienna, August 2, 1866.*—I dined with Princess Mary yesterday at Munsch's Hotel. We had Countess Barth, Madame Löwenstein, Lothair Metternich, and Aldenburg. Her Royal Highness went afterwards to the ballet, and I betook myself to the Motleys', where I had been invited to dine, and found the guests in the garden at croquet, wrapped up in winter garments. Motley is full of the changes in Germany; thinks a good era has come over this nationality, and that a strong increase in the democratic principle will assuredly result from Bismarck's policy. I think so too: and who knows but we may yet see him at the head of the movement party? The German diplomatists have some cause to apprehend revolution above everything, and they talk of a German Republic. I think Bismarck will, however, be able to keep them in hand for awhile.

There is a prolonged truce with Italy for another week, and we shall see how the peace negotiations are likely to proceed in that direction. In the meantime a considerable reinforcement of troops has been ordered to the south: 25,000 are gone, and 80,000 more are under orders, for the Italians have not heeded the truce, and are perpetually advancing, just as the Prussians have been doing against the Bavarians and others, regardless of orders from the superior authority. In fact it has been a reign

of Pretorian Guards. There is no post direct to Poland from here, but letters are forwarded through Hungary. If Vienna had been taken by the Prussians communications would probably have been interrupted, but I should think the post to Bohemia will soon be re-established.

*Vienna, August 5, 1866.*—I have not much to tell you, for my life is a very monotonous and solitary one, as you may imagine, and I am getting very weary of it, and only wish the peace negotiations were progressing satisfactorily. Those with Prussia will not begin before Wednesday. Then I do not see much chance of an armistice with Italy, because the Italians want to keep what they have taken in the Tyrol, and Austria will not agree to this, so that if Italy does not choose to *render* what she has taken we may have more fighting. Four *corps d'armée* are moving south again, which does not look like giving way, at all events.

I found Mensdorff very low and ill yesterday, and he told me he required repose on account of his health, so I suppose he will not remain long after peace is made. Who is to succeed him I cannot guess, and I only hope the Emperor will find as honest a man as he is to put in his place. He at all events is not to blame for the war and its disastrous consequences, for he was always opposed to it; but I suppose it was fate, and not to be avoided, and the great question now arises, what is to be the future of Austria?

*Note.*—Count Alexander Mensdorff was first cousin to the Queen and Prince Albert, and a most charming, amiable, and distinguished man. He died at Prague on the 14th of February, 1871, aged 58. He was born at Coburg, and married Princess Dietrichstein.

Yesterday I was sitting quietly in my room about six o'clock when the Princess Mary sent to invite me to her box at the Opera. I went there at eight, for I never dine till seven when I am alone, and I often eat my meals in solitude when you are away. After the Opera I went to the Casino, and met Széczen, who has just come from Nachod in Bohemia, where he had been about his poor brother-in-law, Wimpffen, who was wounded and

has since died. He says he found the country less devastated than he had expected, barring the total absence of all four-footed animals. The destruction to the harvest was partial, but no animals were to be seen. The peasantry were in the highest state of exasperation, and he was told by Prussian officers to whom he had applied for information as to his journey that they advised him not to go without an escort. It seems that the Prussians dare not move from their military stations, and that a guerilla warfare is being carried on. What a state of misery has been brought on that unfortunate country! There is nothing to eat, and a spirit of revenge is lurking which it will not be easy to pacify.

*Vienna, August 7, 1866.*—The news is sad, for I see no chance of preventing fresh hostilities in Italy. The Italians will not content themselves with Venetia, and are determined to fight for that part of the Tyrol which they have taken possession of, and Austria is equally determined not to give it up to them. The Archduke Albert goes to the army to-morrow to direct the future operations, and much blood will probably be shed by another needless war.

*Vienna, August 17, 1866.*—I was at Ebergrassing<sup>1</sup> yesterday, and never saw the garden look so nice as it did, or the flowers so abundant. There has been such a quantity of rain, and the grass was really green and beautiful. A lot of soldiers arrived there about 4 P.M., to remain some weeks: 400 men and the usual amount of officers. The greater part of the latter are quartered at the house. It was a Hungarian regiment, and I never saw nicer-looking fellows, or a more quiet, respectable, well-conducted lot. A number of poor wounded men are about the place, for every proprietor has provided for the care of these unfortunates, and it must be a great comfort to them to be able to move about in good fresh air, away from the over-crowded hospitals, and the fevers and illnesses that are now spreading in all directions. By-the-bye, the Prussians have lost a fearful quantity of people latterly in Bohemia and Moravia, and of

<sup>1</sup> Baron Schloissnig's place near Vienna, where Lord Bloomfield often went to shoot.



course will leave a pestilence behind them in addition to the devastation of every village and residence they have occupied.

*Vienna, August 19, 1866.*—How very sad about the poor Hanoverian country! Prussia appears to have annexed it simply, and the money sent by the King to England is in Hanoverian notes, so the payment will be stopped, and I know not what the unfortunate King and the Royal Family will have to live upon. He and the Crown Prince, notwithstanding all, are wonderfully plucky. The King seems to hope against hope, and place his trust in God. Poor man! I pity him more than the others who have been simply annexed, for he was loved in his country, and governed it well and justly.

*Vienna, August 23, 1866.*—We made a bag of 120 head at Ebergrassing yesterday, amongst them a bustard which had evidently strayed away. Such a magnificent bird, and such grand plumage, and I was reported to have been the fortunate gun that shot him. Schloissnig fired, but he was so excited at this unexpected visitor that he missed the creature, strange to say, for it was nearly as big as an Irish cabin.

There have been some serious hitches in the treaty negotiations, but I hope that next week a compromise as to the charges to be borne by Venetia will be settled. Last night I heard that Vienna is likely to be the seat of the negotiations with the Italian Government. I wish they could take place anywhere else as far as I am personally concerned, and Paris or Geneva would be better for me. I suppose, however, the first thing will be to settle preliminaries of peace, and then the general negotiations will begin. General Menabrea, the Italian Plenipotentiary, is already at Paris waiting for orders and a hint to come here, so that if even the preliminary negotiations take place here I can hardly think they would be very long ones.

I see the 'Times' is now writing articles about the defenceless state of England. I am glad of this, and I hope our people will be roused in time; but there is such a strong free-trade element of peace in the Government and country, I dare say, these articles will not be responded to as they deserve to be. However, with the example of Austria's late inefficiency before

us, we might take a hint and put our walls in order, and prepare for a showery day, or we shall be at the mercy of the first invader, which God forbid!

*Vienna, August 24, 1866.*—The night is lovely—a full moon, brilliant beyond anything, and really an appearance of fine weather. I have been at the Volksgarten, where there was a grand illumination which had been prepared for the Emperor's birthday on the 15th, and postponed on account of the weather.

I sat a long time with Henri Zichy, who was just come up from Pesth. He seems in great force, and hopes there will be a fine vintage, and that something good will come out of the late disasters for Hungary, but at present all is in the dark. I am happy to say the Convention ceding Venetia to France was signed to-day, so that is another thing out of hand; but it is important, as the negotiations with Italy could not commence until this was done.

So Julian Fane is engaged to Lady Aline Cowper. Do you know her?

*Vienna, September 17, 1866.*—The news is better for Saxony. The army will be allowed to remain in the kingdom and not be embodied at once in that of Prussia. The King will therefore return to Dresden. The Elector of Hesse and the Duke of Nassau have made peace with Prussia and saved their private property. The poor King of Hanover is now the only one who won't give in, though I fear it is useless to attempt to resist the force which is brought against him. I saw His Majesty last night at Princess Mary's. He is looking much better, and enjoys the villa at Hietzing, as he is able to be much out in the open air.

*Vienna, September 23, 1866.*—I am still more in hopes than I was yesterday that I shall be able to start on the 29th, so pray send any letters to Paris.

After dinner Aldenburg and I started for Liesing; of course we arrived too punctually, for the King of Hanover did not come for an hour, and then the actors delayed for some time because the cord of the curtain got out of order and had to be put to rights, but the performance was really very good indeed.

Princess Mary acted admirably, and was very dignified. The society was extremely select. The King and Crown Prince of Hanover, and Princess Frederica who has just arrived, and is such a fine-looking, handsome creature; she and her lady dressed in mourning, as is the fashion now with all the Hanoverians; the Crown Prince of Saxony and some Saxon officers, and a few ladies. After the play there was some tea and cold meat, and I got home a little before twelve. To-day the Princess Mary and Prince Teck came to church and to luncheon.

*Vienna, September 24, 1866.*—The affairs of Saxony are settled, but things have gone back again; however, I hope the Diplomatic Body will continue yet at Dresden. The King of Hanover protests against the annexation of his country, but what is a protest against overwhelming force and the determination of a great Power in 1866, when treaties cease to avail anything, or to be considered any protection for the weak?

[Lord Bloomfield left Vienna on leave soon after this and joined me in Ireland, to my intense relief and joy.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Dinner at the Swedish Minister's—Anecdotes—I go to Kissingen—Coronation of the Emperor at Pesth—Letters from Lord Bloomfield—Death of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico—The Emperor of Austria is invested with the Garter—The Sultan visits Vienna—We go to Italy—Curious Conversation with Count Chreptowich—Lord Bloomfield has an audience with the Pope, Pius IX.—Mr. Story—Miss Hcsmer.

*Vienna, April 25, 1867.*—We dined with the Swedish Minister, Mr. Due, and I had an interesting conversation with Heyder Effendi, the Turkish Ambassador. He said he wished to ask me a question—whether I believed in the eternity of Paradise? I answered, Certainly. ‘But,’ he observed, ‘you believe, do you not, that God is omnipotent and immortal, and that He has created all things in heaven and in earth, therefore He created Paradise, and what He creates He is likewise able to destroy. Is it not so?’ I answered in the affirmative, but added, ‘I know not what the Mahometan idea of Paradise is, but the Christian notion is that the *presence of God* will constitute Paradise hereafter, therefore, where God is, there is Paradise, and consequently it must be eternal like Himself.’ The Turk agreed, and said that was the right view to take of the question, but he had not found it was one generally adopted by Christians.

He then told me the following legend, which I think pretty. A poor shepherd was one day feeding his flock in the wilderness, when he met Moses. They entered into conversation, and spoke about God. The poor shepherd said he loved Him, and wished He would come and dwell with him; that he wished to serve Him, and would wash for Him, cook for Him, and dress His hair! But Moses indignantly reproved the poor man for his

ignorance, and told him that God was in heaven, omnipotent, that He gives us all things, but needs not our poor services in return; and the poor man was so disheartened and discouraged that he went away weeping. Then God had pity on him, and looked down in mercy upon him, and sent the archangel Gabriel to Moses to tell him he had done wrong; that if *he* had spoken like the shepherd it would have been profane in him because he knew better, but that God wished to draw others to Himself, not to drive them away from Him, and therefore our business is to make religion attractive to our fellow creatures, and teach them to love and serve God to the very best of their ability and knowledge, never to discourage and dishearten those who are earnestly seeking the way of salvation.

*Vienna.*—Last night I was talking about ghost stories at Princess Schönburg's, when Baron Stockhausen, our Hanoverian colleague, laughed me to scorn, upon which the Princess rebuked him and said he was aware that her mother, Princess Schwarzenberg, perished at Paris in the great fire which took place at the Austrian Embassy. She had left her youngest children here at Vienna. The Cardinal being then a baby of six months old was in his cradle one night, when suddenly his nurse, an old and very respectable, but by no means either a clever or imaginative woman, fell down on her knees and exclaimed, 'Jesu, Maria, Joseph! there is the figure of the Princess standing over the baby's cradle.' Several nurserymaids who were in the room heard the exclamation, though they saw nothing, but to her dying day the nurse affirmed the truth of the vision, and, there being then no telegraphs, it was not for many days after that the news of the Princess Schwarzenberg's untimely fate reached Vienna.

1867.—The Emperor of Austria's coronation as King of Hungary took place at Pesth in the month of June, but I did not attend it as, owing to a curious old precedent, the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique were not officially invited with their husbands, and I felt I could not well appear at Pesth as a private individual whilst Lord Bloomfield was present as the Queen's representative.

I had been ordered to Kissingen, and accordingly went there in the beginning of June, but as, owing to a severe cold, I was forced to interrupt my cure, I took the opportunity of paying a long promised visit to an old friend of mine in the Grand Duchy of Hesse. My friend came to meet me, and then we drove some distance along a good *chaussée*, but suddenly turned into a field, and then to my extreme astonishment, not to say alarm, we drove into a river which had been considerably swollen by some heavy rains. The water was so deep it came into the carriage, and the horses began to swim, but my friend only laughed and assured me there was no danger, so I complacently tucked my legs up and sat still. In course of time we got safe to the opposite bank, and then drove up a very rough road to the house, which was perched at the top of a conical hill, and looked like the house a child draws when it first attempts to delineate an object, viz. a door in the middle with a window on each side, and three windows above, surmounted by a high roof and a stack of chimneys. There was no attempt at ornament of any sort or kind, and no flower garden, but at the back of the house there was an avenue of fine old lime trees, which being in flower were deliciously sweet. The house looked as if it had not been inhabited for at least a hundred years. The walls of my room were painted in the Pompeian style, and furnished with Japanese wicker chairs.

There were no books or resources of any kind, for the Germans have a notion that, when they go to the country, comforts are superfluous; and certainly their mode of living is simple, unostentatious, and primitive to the last degree. But my hostess was very amiable; and I met a friend of hers who was divorced from her husband because she was extravagant, but they continued good friends, and I was assured that though each was at perfect liberty to marry whom they pleased, if the lady would only amend her ways and spend less, her spouse was quite willing to re-marry her. They had eight children, and I believe there was really nothing against the lady except that she had a madness for spending more money than she had, and could not keep out of debt.

I amused myself with trying to teach a clever grey parrot to talk, but never succeeded. Six weeks after my departure my friend was surprised at hearing me call her! This was the parrot, who suddenly imitated my voice exactly, to my friend's great surprise. Her husband had introduced a quantity of snakes from Schlangenbad, which considerably disturbed my equanimity during my long solitary walks.

*Extracts of Letters from Lord Bloomfield.*

*Vienna, June 1, 1867.*—The Emperor went to Pesth last night. The weather is warm, but not uncomfortably so; yet I think we shall have it hot enough at Pesth.

Beust is full of hope that the addresses will be satisfactory to the Government, and that the great question of the 'Ausgleich' with Hungary will meet with no serious difficulty. Mensdorff has done much to soften down the asperities which the party in opposition (reactionaries) wished to introduce into the address of the Lords.

I went to see Beust yesterday, and, poor man, he seemed completely done! He has had a hard job in hand, but he has at all events the satisfaction of feeling for the present that all is going on smoothly enough.

The accounts of the Archduchess Mathilde<sup>1</sup> are as good as could be expected under the sad circumstances. There seems no immediate cause for anxiety, but all say that after such severe burning, people rarely recover. She has been moved to Hetzendorff (a small Imperial palace, not far from Schönbrunn) to-day, and got there in an hour and a half, having been carried in a chaise à porteur.

I shall send my horses, carriages, and servants to Pesth by the Danube on Tuesday morning, and go there myself on Wed-

<sup>1</sup> The young Archduchess Mathilde was the beautiful daughter of the Archduke Albert, and a most charming young Princess. Her dress caught fire from, it was supposed, a lucifer match, and she was so badly burnt she died the day before the coronation, to the inexpressible grief of the Imperial family.

nesday. The public entry takes place on Thursday, which will be a fine sight, and no function for us diplomatists, which will be so much the more agreeable. On Friday the reception will not be fatiguing, but on Saturday the work will be severe.

I am told that I shall want two hundred visiting cards.

What a sad thing for the Emperor to have his brother (Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico) in captivity—perhaps worse—and his cousin lying dangerously ill at this moment! Nothing, however, is to put off the coronation, but it takes place under sad auspices.

*Vienna, June 2, 1867.*—I tried to see the Duchess de Gramont yesterday, but I was not admitted. She and I will probably go to Pesth together to-morrow, but I mean to take the precaution of ordering a compartment, for fear of accidents, as the train will probably be tremendously crowded. Dr. Russell is coming to Pesth, accredited by the 'Times' for the occasion, so you will have a brilliant account of the whole proceedings there. It is said there may yet be some postponement of the coronation, as the formal abdication of Kaiser Ferdinand (the Emperor's predecessor) and the renunciation of the claims of his father, the Archduke Franz Carl, to the throne of Hungary have yet to be obtained. It appears these formalities have only just been thought of, but I should not think the necessary documents require much time to prepare. A dispensation from the Pope has been got to allow the ceremony to be performed on the great fast of the eve of Whit-Sunday.

I believe it is nearly settled that the Emperor will go to Paris in July, and I hear that the Queen gives up Buckingham Palace to the Sultan. I only hope that this travelling to and fro of all these Sovereigns will end in peaceful dispositions towards each other. That is the only right view to take of the present state of things.

It appears that unhappy Maximilian is really a prisoner, and only capitulated because resistance was no longer possible. No details are known, nor anything as to his chances, but it is said Juarez has treated two hundred other prisoners taken at Puebla well, so we must hope.



There are to be no Court balls at Pesth, nor anything but great dinners, and the necessary formalities of the coronation, and not much in private society, so I hope to be there only a week, and a hot and fatiguing one it will probably be.

*Vienna, June 5, 1867.*—I dined yesterday with Rothschild. The heat was tremendous, as he chose to light candles at half-past five. I met the Motleys and Ayllons. After dinner we retired to the north side of the house, which was cool and pleasant, where Wodehouse and the young ladies sang.

I hear a bad account of the poor Archduchess Mathilde this morning; her appetite is failing, and she is very ill. Beust is said to have made an admirable speech yesterday in the House of Commons; to-day he is at work in the Lords, and altogether I apprehend he is sure of a good majority in both Houses. He is a powerful orator, and that tells.

*Pesth, June 6, 1867.*—We made a good and prosperous journey yesterday. The day was cool, the train not overcrowded, but there was an awful crowd at the station here; it was almost impossible to get through it. And you would certainly not have liked the discomfort and crush, for the Hungarians ignore the existence of police, and therefore I suppose do not understand the value of that establishment on these occasions.

My carriages were at the station, and we drove to the Hotel, the 'Königin von England,' where I found a nice apartment prepared for me, but the whole town is so crowded it is impossible to lodge my servants and the Secretaries', who have come each supplied with a valet. The night was excessively hot, the rooms clean and comfortable enough, but at daylight there was hammering going on at the tribunes erecting in front of this hotel. The town does present a most festive appearance, but I have not yet been out, as I have had an invasion of visitors, and English are pouring in expecting to see the sights and get places in the churches.

To-night there is an evening party at George Karolyi's. We shall dine early, and take a drive in the Prater afterwards. In the meantime I have started Bonar and Sartoris in uniform

to pay visits to Prince Hohenlohe, and compliment Count Andrassy as the Prime Minister.

Conceive that the ceremony of the coronation will commence so early! We shall have to be dressed in full uniform before six A.M. How long we shall be out and moving that day I cannot guess, but it will be a tiring business, and alas! the report to-day is that the poor Archduchess is dying, and received extreme unction yesterday.

Lord Lorne and Mr. Leeson are here. I have sent all the applicants for places to see the sights to Bela Széchenyi.

The poor Archduchess died at six this morning. How sad!

*Pesth, June 7, 1867.*—The party at Count George Karolyi's was very handsome: the house lovely, but so hot. The garden was prettily illuminated, but not intended for walking in. It was curious to see all the men in their long braided coats (the national costume), just as funny as *we* must perhaps have looked among them. A niece of the Count's did the honours—a very handsome, amiable person, who has been a great deal at Paris.

His daughter, Countess Clarisse, is also a very pretty girl. The Countesses all collected in what they could have wished the ball-room, only unfortunately there was no music there. How we shall get through to-morrow I know not. The carriage at six A.M., and no chance of getting home before two P.M. I think you have had a great escape, for really the heat and noise are insufferable.

I hope we shall have a little rest, by way of an *entr'acte*, on board a steamer which is to bring us across from Buda to Pesth. The Emperor has to go through two Church functions on the other side of the river, and I believe one here. The life of this town is wonderful, and the smart Hungarian liveries and equipages very striking. Such splendid fellows as there were last night at Karolyi's, such hussars in scarlet pantaloons!

I am glad you have discovered some roses and flowers at Kissingen, and I have no doubt your room is very different from mine, where there is an air of *grailon* which is not par-

ticularly odoriferous, and I am obliged to keep the windows closed on account of the sun and the dust.

I must conclude in haste, as I have been over to Buda to see the procession of the crown jewels, and only returned in time to dress for dinner.

*Pesth, June 8, 1867, 3 P.M.*—Well, everything has gone off admirably from beginning to end. The morning was clear, still, and cool. About nine o'clock it became clouded and threatening, but the advantage we derived from this was that we were not scorched alive. At six we left the hotel, and at seven the *cortège* of the King and Queen left the Burg for the Cathedral. The costumes were wonderful, strange, and altogether surpassed my expectations. We were nearly two hours in the Church, and had plenty of room. The ladies were opposite to us, and were splendidly attired. The Countess Nako looked very handsome. Lady Ashburton is with her, and I only hope saw everything pretty well.

The Primate Archbishop of Gran presided at the dinner at the Palace, and Andrassy, as representative of the Palatine, dined before the public, served by the great dignitaries of the Court. I hear it was a most curious sight, and I am grieved you have not seen it all, but it was very tiring indeed, and you would have been completely knocked up. How happy their Majesties must be that all has gone off so well! They return to Vienna on Thursday. To-morrow I have an audience to deliver the Queen's letters of congratulation.

I send you the bill of fare of yesterday. A magnificent meagre dinner, which does not suit me; so *I* fasted, as others ought to have done. The banquet was perfectly magnificent. The Empress made very tender inquiries about you, and spoke very much about the poor Archduchess Mathilde.

*Vienna, June 8, 1867.*—I hear that the Queen of the Belgians and the Comte de Flandres are to pass through Vienna to-day on their way to Miramar. They think it right the poor Empress Charlotte should know what has happened to her husband, but I am told it would not be safe to tell her, but remove her to Belgium, which is now her natural home.

*Pesth, June 9, 1867.*—It was fortunate the coronation finished at the time it did, for it came on to blow so desperately later in the day that all out-door amusements would have been simply impossible. At night there was heavy rain, and it has been clouded over all the morning, but the air feels deliciously fresh, and one can enjoy leaving the windows open without having a burning sun and clouds of dust to overwhelm one. I have just had my audience of the Emperor King, and was most pleased to see him so well. He told me he had no headache yesterday, which he expected to have, and altogether he seemed as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

To-night there are illuminations, and at three o'clock we are invited to see the great banquet of the town of Pesth. I am glad I am not to take part in it, for it will last many hours, and I believe the Emperor proposes a toast, and no doubt plenty of wine will be consumed on the occasion. 5 P.M. —This moment come back from the grand banquet, one thousand and eight guests in full dress. Their Majesties marched round and between the tables, and then came opposite the Primate, who made a speech in, to me, an unknown tongue. Such vociferations in and out of the hall! The Emperor and Empress spoke to us as they passed. The 'Eljens' were deafening, and are still ringing in my ears. The afternoon is very fine again. I told the Empress, who seems wonderfully fresh and well, that she had 'Queen's weather for the coronation.'

*Pesth, June 10, 1867, 2 P.M.*—I have been since ten o'clock A.M. at the Burg in plain clothes, to see the arrival of the deputations from the two Houses of Parliament, and other representatives of the kingdom, and the offerings of the cities of Pesth and Buda; also the two magnificent silver cans containing the one hundred thousand ducats, voted as a present to their Majesties by the Counties. The gold coins looked very pretty indeed, fresh from the Mint, and produced from the mines of this country. Then I went to see the crown and jewels at the Church of Buda, and am just returned pretty well tired out. I have a great dinner at Andrassy's, and am asked to an evening

party, but shall excuse myself, as I must try and write some despatches, which will go by the messenger to-morrow.

*Pesth, June 11, 1867.*—I had a hard day and a hard night of it, for the dinner at Count Andrassy's, though a small party only, lasted some time, and then I had to work for the messenger, and felt I must go to a great party where all the world assembled. The house was handsome and well arranged, but the crowd was considerable and the heat excessive. I came home before twelve, and then had to write till past two.

I was glad to have an opportunity last night of speaking to Count Andrassy. He and his wife are a very handsome couple, and they have a charming official residence at Buda close to the Palace, with a splendid view of Pesth and the river up and down. I made the acquaintance of your old friend Count Alexander Erdödy, who presented himself to me in the Church at the coronation, and, as you may imagine, I was well pleased to meet him.

*Pesth, June 12, 1867.*—To-morrow morning I hope to leave for Vienna. I have had an interesting morning, and assisted at the sittings of the two Houses, Magnates and Deputies. There was nothing of importance going on, but the forms of the House are worth seeing, and these are certainly a parliamentary people. I made the acquaintance of Déak (the great Hungarian patriot) in the lobby, and we exchanged a hearty shake of the hand. These are proud doings of his, and one sees what can be obtained by the steady and loyal resistance of a whole nation. The Hungarians are a strange mixture of constitutionalism and absolutism, but there is much good in the people, and we soon found this out in the awful crowds during the illuminations on Sunday night, when all passed with the greatest good humour. A policeman was hardly to be seen, and none was required, but we had hard work to keep our legs, and were nearly carried off them several times.

Last evening we had a magnificent party at Count George Festetics'. He has a beautiful house, handsomer much than the one at Vienna, built somewhat on the same model with improvements. It is hardly completed, but must be a charming habitation, and is almost out of town. To-day I dined there, and am

very glad to think that to-morrow I shall return to the quiet of the Schenken Strasse, and have a little solitude after the tremendous fuss of these last days. I saw Count Nako at the House of Magnates.

The telegraph reports that the Emperors of Austria, Russia, and the Sultan are to receive the Garter. If so, we shall have a special mission to Vienna, and all the paraphernalia of the Order to accompany it.

I have made Lady Ashburton's acquaintance, who seems clever and amiable. You know the people here are very English, and to-day when I arrived and was going upstairs to the palace the people found out who I was, and gave a tremendous 'Eljen.' I thought, in the innocence of my heart, it was some national celebrity, and turned round to see who was coming, when there came another, and I found I was the object of their vociferations. So then I made a grateful bow, and there was another cheer. They are funny people, and I wish you could have been here, but I am sure you would have knocked up after the first day, particularly as all the functions begin at such a very early hour. The weather on the whole has been most propitious; rain would have done a deal of harm.

[As my husband, having written very hurriedly during his visit to Pesth, omitted to record one important scene in the coronation function, I venture to add this note, with the account published at the time from 'Our Special Correspondent.']

*From the Special Correspondent of the 'Times.'*

*Pesth, June 10, 1867.*—As I said yesterday the Diplomatic Corps mustered strongly, and some of their uniforms shone out conspicuous amidst the gay throng. On landing on the Pesth side of the Danube, we had to walk about 150 yards to reach the entrance by which we could gain admission to the grand tribune erected in the large square for the Queen of Hungary, her Court, and the Diplomatic Corps. No sooner does the Queen arrive than it is a signal for a long and protracted burst of cheering, which causes the hills on each side of the majestic

river to re-echo with the sound. When she has taken her seat the procession is seen crossing the bridge, headed by a detachment of the Lichtenstein Hussars, a Hungarian regiment, and the only one which takes part in the proceedings. Then follow a large body of Hungarian peasants, all mounted and dressed alike in brown tunics, with pelisses slung over their shoulders, and wearing the inevitable Hungarian boots. These are succeeded by the standard-bearers of the different Counties, all on horseback, and wearing the gayest dresses that the world has probably ever seen. Then came the magnates of the land, each on a steed caparisoned as in the times of Louis Quinze, and attended by a couple of running footmen; to these succeed the bishops, all mounted also. Then come a stream of general officers and the Ministers, and succeeding them is a careworn, handsome face, with hair prematurely grey, which, whenever it appears, is greeted with wild and enthusiastic 'Eljens.' This is the man whom Hungary delights to honour, for it is to the good counsels of this man that this happy day in the annals of Austria and of Hungary is attributable; this is the man who has had the far-sightedness to see that Austria and Hungary, at variance and disunited, are on the verge of ruin, but that, when they shake hands and join in a common bond of friendship and brotherhood, they secure to each and both a permanent and a happy future, which foreign nations will do well to leave alone; this is the great Minister De Beust himself; but hardly has he passed when the cheering is again taken up, and its heartiness and continuance show that the King is approaching. Preceded by the great officers of state, with Count Edmond Zichy in front who holds the sword of state in front of his Sovereign, comes Francis Joseph, with the crown of Hungary on his head, and the ancient coronation robe falling over his shoulders, and seated on a magnificent white charger, caparisoned in cloth of gold, which he manages with a grace and dexterity worthy of so distinguished a horseman. The King rides into the square amidst an ovation which he cannot but feel he has a right to expect, and as he passes the tribune where his lovely consort is watching the scene, like a preux chevalier he bows his head and

salutes her. The procession is closed by another detachment of the Lichtenstein Hussars, and so well are matters arranged that, as the tail of the procession disappears on one side of the square, its head appears winding itself in again on the other side. As they pass along the different nobles are recognised, and the hearty cheers which greet the Szeceheynis, the Erdödys, and the Karolyis show the veneration which their fellow-countrymen entertain for them. Then comes the most interesting part of the day. As the procession emerges from the side streets and files into the square, in the centre of which stands the coronation mound, all are drawn up in line, with the horses' heads facing inwards, and when the square is thus completely filled, a more magnificent *coup d'œil* could not be effected, for just then the sun shone out in all its glory, and lighting up the variegated dresses and plumes, the armour and jewels of the hundreds there assembled, it produced a dazzling effect upon the eyes, and an impression which cannot easily be effaced. Then there was a slight pause, and then a reverberation as of thunder. It is the roll of cheering that greets Francis Joseph as, emerging from the procession and leaving all his attendants behind, he puts spurs to his horse and gallops on to the coronation-hill. Here he pauses for a moment while he reins in his steed. And now we have the spectacle before us which we have all come so far to see. The King of Hungary himself, in all his majesty, is in the centre of his subjects. He pauses for a moment, and then draws his sword—that ancient sword which the venerable Archbishop had placed in his hands in the great Cathedral—and with a clear, distinct motion, he cuts towards the east, then wheeling his horse sharply round, he cuts towards the west, then towards the south, then, again wheeling, he cuts towards the north. There is another pause, the sound of the cannon's roar announces that the ancient kingdom of Hungary has now a free constitution, and an acknowledged lawful king, and Francis Joseph again wheels round and gallops down the hill, and as soon as he reaches his attendants he sheathes his sword, which we may trust he will never be called upon to draw again, and the coronation scene is over.



*Vienna, June 13, 1867.*—Here I am again, and I have no wish to see any more coronations ; they are curious sights, but very fatiguing, and the idea of a little quiet after all the bustle of the last week is very pleasant. We had a handsome dinner yesterday at Count George Festetics', and a fine party at Count Andrassy's. The town was again illuminated, notwithstanding the Emperor's desire to be allowed to depart quietly on account of the mourning in the Imperial family, but crowds rushed to see their crowned King again. We met His Majesty and the Empress Queen driving down the hill from the palace at 10 P.M. as we were driving up to Count Andrassy's. Their Majesties started at 10.30 for Vienna, and had a pleasanter journey than I had to-day in the hot sun and dust.

The terrible news of the death of the poor Emperor Maximilian will have reached you before this letter arrives. Some people try to think it may not be true, but alas ! one can hardly believe a telegram would have been sent across the Atlantic by an Austrian Minister if there was any doubt as to the fate of this unfortunate Prince. The news arrived here yesterday from New York and Washington that he had been shot on the morning of the 19th ult. at Mexico, and that the other foreigners would be at liberty to return home. The reason which may have impelled the Republican Government to order this execution may be explained by their desire to prevent Maximilian coming to Europe and establishing himself as a Pretender, and thus becoming a centre of intrigue against the *de facto* Government in Mexico. The Emperor and Empress will have learnt the dreadful news at Munich, where they were yesterday afternoon on their way from attending the funeral of the Prince of Taxis. Trauttmannsdorff was telegraphed to from here to communicate on the subject with the Emperor. What a sad end !

Last evening I went to the Motleys', as the last chance of seeing them before their departure. Mr. and Mrs. Motley seem to deplore leaving Vienna. They both grieve at it, and are dreaming of nothing but coming back.

*Vienna, June 26, 1867.*—After dinner yesterday we ad-

journed to the Volksgarten, and enjoyed Strauss and the cool of the evening very much. It is the regular rendezvous of all the men in town now, for ladies there are none, and the only place where one sees a human being to speak to. Beust never fails, and I really do not comprehend how he finds time for everything. He is a most remarkable character, and I suppose his light-heartedness and confidence in himself is what carries him through all his troubles and difficulties. I have been discussing with Prince Constantin Hohenlohe the great question of the Emperor's dress when he will be invested with the Garter; and Beust and I were arguing the subject last night, when he said that he had been telling the Emperor that after all there is no costume so neat as knee-breeches, and that he does not despair of bringing him round to the idea. I suppose His Majesty is practising civil clothes, for he would have to wear them at Paris, so the question of breeches will not be so outrageous a one to press on his consideration.

*Vienna, June 29, 1867.*—I hear that Lord Bath is appointed to be the Queen's Commissioner with the Garter. The Emperor and Empress are just gone from Ischl to Ratisbon to attend the funeral of poor Prince Taxis, who died the day before yesterday.

The messenger brought me a letter of adieu from Lord Cowley, who had received his letters of recall and was to deliver them the end of next week. I should think he must be delighted to have brought his embassy to a close, for really the last months of his residence at Paris must have been anything but suited to his taste, and certainly not advantageous to his pocket. I know nothing of Lord Lyons' departure from Constantinople, but should think he must be on his way to Paris.

*Vienna, July 1, 1867.*—Though you are in such a secluded spot (I was then paying a visit in Ober Hesse), I dare say the sad intelligence of the Emperor Maximilian's terrible death will have reached you.

*Vienna, July 6, 1867.*—I received a telegram from the Queen yesterday, to convey her sympathy to the Emperor and the

parents of Maximilian. It is a sad, sad business, and I see it has created an immense sensation in Paris.

*Vienna, July 10, 1867.*—Mallet (Sir Louis) paid me a long visit to-day, and brought two iron-masters and experts from England, who have come to assist in the Commissioners' inquiries. They have just returned from Gratz, where they have been doing some works under the management of Mr. Hall, which are admirable, and, to judge from their reports, rails are being now manufactured in Styria at lower rates than we can ever deliver them at Hull.

*Vienna, July 12, 1867.*—I have received a letter from Lord Stanley, dated from Windsor Castle, where he was, I believe, with the Viceroy of Egypt. He was in a peck of troubles on the questions to be put to him about the poor Emperor Maximilian; and well he may be, for between the feeling of horror at the murder, and the necessity which will exist in a short time to hold communication with whoever governs in Mexico, or abandon the British interests which will be at stake in that country, besides departing from our principle of acknowledging *de facto* Governments, he is in a mess altogether. I wish him well through it.

*Vienna, July 13, 1867.*—The Garter Mission leaves London on the 20th, and will be due here about the 23rd. The Sultan will arrive, I believe, about the same time. I am glad to see that he had fine weather for his entrance into London, and I hope that matters will please him in England.

[The Sultan was Abdul Aziz, who was afterwards cruelly murdered at Constantinople.]

*Vienna, July 24, 1867.*—I saw Lord Bath yesterday evening, who is pleasant and intelligent, and he is now with the Emperor, who came to town from Ischl this morning. Lord Brownlow is a fine, tall, handsome fellow, Lord St. Asaph somewhat diminutive, Sir Henry Storks a good-looking English soldier, Colonel Fielding also. Corry, of the Foreign Office, acts as Secretary. We are to dine with Beust on Friday, and Saturday there is to be a great affair at Schönbrunn for the Austrians.

On Sunday, I understand, the Corps Diplomatique are to be invited, and I suppose presented to the Grand Turk.

The Emperor is going to send the Order of St. Stephen to the Prince of Wales.

*Vienna, July 26, 1867.*—The Garter ceremonies went off well and in all due form. The Embassy were only admitted as spectators, and had no part to perform except that Garter-King-at-Arms proposed that Bonar should carry something in the procession.

The ceremony did not last too long; the Court carriages were very handsome, and the Marquis of Bath did his work well, and was rewarded with the Order of Leopold, in which he appeared yesterday at dinner. No decorations are given to the others, as they would not be allowed to wear them. The dinner at Schönbrunn was very handsome, the gardens lovely in freshness. I sat on the Emperor's right, Lord Bath on his left, and I suppose there must have been forty people present. Afterwards we were shown the Palace, and the Sultan's rooms, and then we drove round the Gardens escorted by Hohenlohe, went through the Menagerie, and finished at the Neue Welt, where I introduced Lord Bath to Princess Schwarzenberg, and came home.

*Vienna, July 28, 1867.*—The presentation to the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, went off very well. He spoke to me for some time; our old friend Fuad interpreted. He spoke of the kindness of the Queen, the Royal Family, and the English nation, and seems to have come away deeply impressed by everything he saw. I observed that he shook hands with the Ambassadors, not with the Ministers (considering the former no doubt as what they are, the personal representatives of their Sovereign, whilst the Ministers only represent the Government). The Sultan looked very tired, and seemed as if he would prefer rest to anything else. Fuad Pasha looked well, and as cunning as ever.

*Extracts of Journal in Italy.*

1867.—Lord Bloomfield and I left Vienna on the 17th of December, and, in spite of a heavy fall of snow, we reached Venice without being delayed. We stopped an hour at Udine, a lonely little town on the Adriatic, where there is a miniature Palazzo Vecchio, and some very picturesque old buildings. The weather was rainy and not warm, though the change from the harsh air of Vienna was very pleasant.

We visited the Belle Arti, where there is Titian's magnificent picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, and also his first work, the Visitation, painted when he was sixteen, and the Deposition from the Cross, the last work he painted, when he was ninety years of age.

We were much interested with Salviati's glass works, where we saw the manufacture of mosaics, and also that of the Venetian glass beads, and at the church of San Giovanni we saw the blackened remains of Titian's famous picture of the Martyrdom of St. Peter, which, with a fine Giovanni Bellini, was burnt in the autumn of last year. The origin of the fire was never discovered, but it is supposed that it was caused by the tapers which had been used during a service not having been properly extinguished!

We left Venice on the 23rd, and arrived at Florence.

We visited Mr. Power's studio, and were delighted with his Greek Slave. His allegorical statue of an Indian woman, intended to represent the extinction of the Indian tribes, was full of expression and dignity. Mr. Power himself had a remarkably fine head, and most expressive eyes.

We went to the Chambers in the Palazzo Vecchio, but there was no debate going on. We saw Count Menabrea and Madame Ratazzi, who was still very handsome. We went in the evening to a small party at the Minghettis'. Madame Minghetti sang delightfully, and her salon was one of the pleasantest in Florence.

On Wednesday, the 11th, we went on to Rome, where we

settled ourselves very comfortably at the Hotel Costanzi. I found on revisiting Rome, after an absence of fifteen years, that my impressions of the place were as unchanged as the town itself.

The Coliseum I consider by far the most interesting building I ever saw ! Its colossal size, the interest which is attached to its history, and the wonderful beauty of its colours, shape, and vegetation, exceed all powers of description. St. Peter's is gorgeous and splendid, but never impressed me one half as much as many of the old Gothic cathedrals I have seen in England and elsewhere, and the music and theatrical character of the ceremonies conveyed no religious impressions to my mind, but rather the contrary.

I had an interesting visit from Count Harry Arnim, then Prussian Ambassador at Rome. He told me that the Pope (Pius IX.) often spoke with him on religious questions, and was convinced that all Protestant countries would in time return to the bosom of the Romish Church, and that he looked upon us all as his subjects, albeit rebellious ones ! Count Chreptowich came to see us, and recounted the following interesting episode of the year 1848, when he was Russian Minister at Naples, and the Pope had taken refuge at Gaeta. Prince Felix Schwarzenberg had just been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs at Vienna, and sent a special messenger off to Naples to ask Count Chreptowich's opinion on the position of affairs at Gaeta, and the possibility of re-establishing Pius IX. at Rome, which was then in the hands of Garibaldi and Mazzini. Cavaignac was at the head of the Republican Government at Paris, and nearly all Europe was in a state of revolution. Count Chreptowich determined at once to take a bold step, and go in person to Gaeta, and endeavour to persuade the Pope to apply for the protection of the great Roman Catholic Powers, who were disputing among themselves which should offer His Holiness an asylum, but had not thought of uniting in his defence.

Being anxious to avoid publicity, Count Chreptowich determined to go to Gaeta in the night, and he applied to Count

Filangieri, then Governor of Naples, for a steamer, and asked the Count to accompany him to Gaeta on a mission of great importance, telling him he would give him all particulars during the passage. Accordingly at 10 P.M. a steamer was in readiness, with Count Filangieri on board, and they started for Gaeta, and arriving there at midnight found that the Pope and the King of Naples had already retired to rest; so the first step was to awaken the King, who, much surprised, received Count Chreptowich, and was told that he, the Count, must have an audience of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli at once. There was some demur, but at last, at 1 A.M., Count Chreptowich was admitted to the Pope's bedroom—a very small room, with a simple camp bed, a sofa, a chair and a table. The Pope had just risen, and after hearing the Count's proposition, declared he could give no answer till he had sought guidance from God and heard mass. Count Chreptowich agreed to this, but said he must be back in Naples early in the morning, as it was of the utmost importance his mission should be kept secret; so the Pope heard mass at 5, and gave his answer at 6 A.M., and in accordance with the Count's advice, the appeal to the Roman Catholic Powers was drawn up by Count Chreptowich, Count Filangieri, and Cardinal Antonelli; and at 9 A.M. the two former were back in Naples, and a messenger was despatched to Prince Schwarzenberg to inform him of the steps which had been taken, which resulted in the occupation of Rome by the French, and the reinstatement of the Pope in the Vatican.

I met Count A. Apponyi at a dinner party, who told me a curious fact, showing the independence of the Primate of Hungary, when he came to Rome to attend a canonisation. When he went with his suite to St. Peter's he found his proper place had not been assigned to him, so he remonstrated, and on being told that no change could then be made, he and his suite left the Church.

*Rome, February 10, 1868.*—Lord Bloomfield having heard from Lord Clarendon that the Pope (Pius IX.) expected all travellers of distinction to ask to be presented, and that, moreover, his Holiness had spoken of our presence at Rome, my

husband considered it right to ask for an audience, which was granted to him two days after his application.

The Pope received him most graciously, rose to receive him, and Lord Bloomfield kissed his hand. He was seated on a sort of low throne in a small room, with a table before him, and desired Lord Bloomfield to sit down opposite to him. After welcoming him to Rome, the Pope first expressed his regret that the winter had been so unpropitious, and said a few civil words as to his hope that we should have time to enjoy our visit to Rome. My husband replied that the newspapers had busied themselves with our movements, and had tried to make out that he (Lord Bloomfield) had been charged with a mission from his Government at home, but that he begged to say this was not the case, that we had come as private individuals on account of my health, and to avoid the severe cold of a Vienna winter.

The Pope then spoke of the generally perturbed state of the public mind in Europe, expressing regret that the excitement had extended to England, and alluded to the Fenian movement in Ireland. My husband replied that as an Irishman that question particularly interested him, but that serious as it was, he hoped the strong arm of the law would be sufficient to restore order, especially since the Roman Catholic clergy had shown a disposition to support the executive, but that lately things had been less satisfactory, and the reports of a mutiny at Limerick caused him anxiety. He hoped the Pope would take notice of them, as that would prove very useful to the cause of order. The Pope then spoke of the changes going on in Austria, and Lord Bloomfield ventured to tell him that Baron Beust had found matters in a very hopeless condition, and that nothing but fundamental changes in the administration of the Empire could avail—the remedies applied were severe, but were apparently doing good.

The Pope then referred to Victor Emanuel, without any expressions of ill-will; he spoke of Prince Humbert's projected marriage, and wished him all happiness; and on Lord Bloomfield observing that Count Menabrea was exerting his best



energies to arrest the movement of the democratic party, his Holiness said he willingly believed all this, and had no doubt Victor Emanuel had spoken in that sense, but he could not trust him.

The audience lasted nearly half an hour, and Lord Bloomfield was much struck by the Pope's fascinating manner, and thought his Holiness appeared in good health and spirits.

On leaving the Pope he called on Cardinal Antonelli, with whom he had an interesting conversation on the state of Austria and Fenianism. The Cardinal seemed to think there was little prospect of arriving at an understanding with Austria on the question of the Concordat, and that with regard to Ireland he believed the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy had satisfied the Government. Lord Bloomfield then begged to draw his attention to events which had recently occurred, as it was possible they had not yet come to his knowledge, and there the conversation ended. Cardinal Antonelli is a tall, handsome man, with a remarkably intelligent eye, but he had a bad countenance, and I never made his acquaintance. I was too delicate to frequent the society at Rome much, and studiously abstained from mixing myself up with politics there and elsewhere, in accordance with my husband's wishes, who had a great horror of women meddling in matters which do not concern them. Political feeling ran very high at Rome then as it does now, and it interfered very much with the pleasure of society.

*Rome, February 1868.*—I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Hosmer, the American sculptress, to whom Mrs. Sartoris had given me a letter of introduction.

As she was at that moment occupied with a model, she regretted that she was unable to admit me into her working studio, but I was delighted with the beautiful fountain she had made for Lady Marion Alford—a siren arresting the attention of children, seated upon dolphins. The figures were most graceful, and the whole conception charming. Her statues of Puck and a sleeping faun also delighted me; and during my stay in Rome I frequently visited her studio, and enjoyed the witty conversation of this gifted artist. I also often met the Abbé

Liszt, both at his own home and elsewhere. He is quite a man of the world, and his conversation is as brilliant as his pianoforte playing.

My husband dined at Monsieur de Sartiges', the French Ambassador, and had a curious conversation with his wife, an American, who told him she was a Protestant, and that since she came to Rome great efforts had been made to induce her to change her religion, but she had no wish or intention of doing so. Among other things she had been assured that she could be received into the Roman Catholic Church without any public ceremony, and that she need not be re-baptised, to which she answered she hoped not, as perhaps in that case she should also have to be re-married.

One day we had a long visit from Monsignor Talbot, and my husband presented a petition from the landlord of our hotel, who had received orders to close all the south windows of the hotel because they looked upon a nunnery, which, however, was some way off. The nuns had complained of their privacy being disturbed by the curiosity of travellers visiting the hotel, and the hotel-keeper averred that his house would be ruined were he obliged to shut up all the south side. Monsignor Talbot promised to inquire into the knotty points, and endeavour to arrange matters.

A friend of mine at Rome was occupied attending the Garibaldian sick and wounded. Nearly a quarter of them died from their wounds, and had it not been for private charity the prisoners would have fared badly; as it was they were well looked after and clothed before leaving prison, and the lady visitors met with great civility from the officials, Sisters of Charity, and the surgeons at the hospital; but Rome is considered an unhealthy place for wounded men, and a large proportion in hospital die. We visited several studios and ateliers, and were much pleased with old Mr. Coleman's pictures, some of which we purchased. He is a charming artist, and his sketches of the Campagna are first rate. He told me he had been thirty-four years at Rome, having gone there with the intention of only staying a few months, but he could never tear himself away

from it, and remained there till he died, a few years after I saw him. Miss Hosmer gave me an interesting account of Gibson, with whom she studied for some years. He made a curious discovery, by which he could accurately ascertain the proportions of the human figure by subdividing a triangle, so that if any one part of a statue be determined on, according to this measurement all the other parts can be easily ascertained, and the scale has been verified over and over again on the best Greek models, and Miss Hosmer assured me it is invariable, and a most valuable discovery for artists. Miss Hosmer is the only person I ever met who believes they have actually seen a spectre; she told me she had a maid named Rosa who lived with her a long time, but left her service because she was in a consumption. Miss Hosmer took a great interest in her, and used to visit her frequently. One day she called, but did not find her worse than usual, and thought she might still live for some weeks; she promised to return the next day and bring something the poor woman wanted. The following morning Miss Hosmer was in bed, but woke at dawn with the conviction that some one was in her room. She heard the clock strike five, and at that moment the figure of Rosa appeared at her bed-side and uttered the words, 'Adesso sono contenta, son felice' (now I am content and happy), and then disappeared. Miss Hosmer said the whole thing seemed so natural that she was not alarmed, but she got up, found her door locked as usual, and the room empty. At breakfast she told the lady with whom she resided what had occurred, adding she was so convinced that Rosa was dead she should not go to her as she had intended, but would send to inquire after her. The answer came back that Rosa had departed this life exactly at five o'clock that morning.

We paid the Abbé Liszt a visit, and his playing of the Erl König was one of the finest things I ever heard—a masterpiece of poetry, feeling, and execution really marvellous. One might have imagined he had six hands instead of two; his touch was delicate and beautiful, and at the same time so powerful.

We afterwards drove to see some interesting excavations which are being made under the Gran Commendatore Visconti

at the Emporium on the Tiber, where fine blocks of marble are dug out after having been buried for probably upwards of 1,500 years. The view of Rome, lighted up with the glowing evening tints, was quite lovely, and the colouring exquisite.

We had what might have proved rather a disagreeable adventure the day we drove to Frascati to visit Tusculum. We had intended returning by Grotta Ferrata to see some very famous pictures by Domenichino, and my husband ordered the carriage to be ready to meet us on our return from a donkey-ride to Tusculum. The day was very hot, and we were surprised to find no signs of the carriage at the appointed hour. My husband went off to look for the coachman, and at last found him at a small pothouse leisurely smoking his pipe, and on being asked why he had not harnessed the horses he replied, in the coolest and most impertinent manner, that he had not the smallest intention of doing so for two hours, and should certainly not drive us to Grotta Ferrata, but return quietly straight back to Rome. We were very indignant, but as we were completely in the man's power, and had no other means of returning to Rome, we were obliged to submit and dawdle about till he saw fit to start, when he drove us back safely, and seemed much surprised when my husband informed his employer that we utterly declined his services in future. He actually had the impudence to bring the carriage the following day, but we positively refused to drive, and at last succeeded in dismissing him.

We visited M. D'Epinay's studio to see a fine statue he was making of the young Hannibal. The boy, the determined enemy of Rome, is struggling with, and endeavouring to strangle, a large eagle. The expression of his countenance is fierce and powerful; and the hair, dressed according to the Nubian fashion, stuck out in two straight plaits from the head, as it is represented on the Nubian coins, and still worn by young lads in that country; but in a statue the effect was strange and inartistic. We also saw a fine bust of a brigand's wife, done from nature. The woman was imprisoned at Rome, and was afterwards sent to Cayenne, having com-

mitted atrocious crimes. She was sent to M. d'Epinay's studio attended by gendarmes, and he told us her expression was so diabolical, that although her features were remarkably fine and classical, he sometimes felt alarmed at being left alone with her.

We had a pleasant dinner at Mr. Story's, the American sculptor, who lived then in the Palace Barberini. We met Lord Clarendon, Lady Emily Villiers, and her *fiancé*, Mr. Odo Russell, then acting as Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, Mrs. Bruce, and various other guests. Mr. Story told me some curious details of his experiences of spiritualism, which he is firmly convinced is not humbug. He also told me he had begun life as a lawyer, but had always been fond of modelling, and the first thing which induced him to give up the law and become a sculptor was his getting an order to make a statue of his father, which he undertook with all the energy, and, he added, the audacity of a young inexperienced man. Once when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his deathbed, and said to him, when he was dying, 'Good-bye, George.' The counsel for the plaintiff declared this ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were 'Good, by George!' Mr. Story also mentioned some curious facts which are mentioned in Tchoeke's autobiography as to his powers of knowing people's characters and antecedents by intuition. Among other instances he once found himself in the society of a young man, a perfect stranger to him, who doubted these powers, upon which Tchoeke said he would prove them to him, as he knew perfectly what he was doing on the night of the 13th of April, 1766. That he had entered his employer's room with a false key, and opened his bureau with the intention of robbing it, when his courage failed, and he left the room without committing the crime. The young man turned deadly pale, and acknowledged the truth of the accusation, adding that he believed no one on earth knew the facts, as he had never revealed them. With regard to spiritualism Mr.

Story declared his own experiences had been so very awful he could not repeat them, but he was firmly convinced they resulted from causes which are as unnatural as they are inexplicable and extraordinary.

Mr. Story's father was an eminent judge, and to please him William Story studied law, and was in good practice when his father died. He then determined to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and came to Rome to study sculpture, for which he always had a passion. One day an American called upon him and sat for some time in his studio, looking at him without speaking. At last he said, 'Story, I wish to ask you a question; in Heaven's name tell me what induced you to give up the glorious profession of the bar to come to Rome and pinch up mud?' Mr. Story said he could only answer by a fit of laughter. Mr. Motley, the eminent historian, broke his chair at dinner, upon which Miss Hosmer immediately inquired what was the difference between a Roman chair and a cow? the answer being that while one gives milk the other gives way (whey). Miss Hosmer was busy for many months finishing a pendant to her sleeping faun for the Paris Exhibition, but was dissatisfied with her work. She was, however, most anxious to complete it. It was actually finished in marble, and packed to go to Paris, when driving one day to the meet of the hounds, Miss Hosmer had an inspiration of another statue, which she thought would so far exceed in beauty the one she had executed that she determined, at all costs, to suppress her work, which she accordingly did, and assured me that no mortal eye would ever see it again. I have often watched her at work with the deepest interest, and been much struck by the conscientious manner in which she works, first modelling the muscles and veins, and then, as it were, clothing them, and this gives wonderful life and finish to her statues. One day one of her best workmen in chiselling out a marble statue had the misfortune to chip off a finger. When Miss Hosmer entered her studio she found the poor man pale and speechless, and he led her up to the statue to show her his misfortune. She said nothing, but turned upon her heel. I

asked whether the mischief was irremediable, and she answered, 'Oh no. It is so well mended scarcely any one could perceive it, nevertheless it would never do for me to allow a maimed statue to leave my studio; if I once did that I should never have a whole one again, so I told Cesare we must go shares in a new block of marble, and begin all over again.' The cost of a large block of marble is 100%. before a chisel touches it.

We visited the Vatican with Sir Charles Locock, and saw the picture painted by the Pope's order in commemoration of the dogma lately promulgated of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. It is certainly fine as a work of art, but particularly offensive to the eyes of Protestants, as the Virgin is represented in heaven between the Father and the Son, the Holy Spirit in the shape of a dove being above her, thus making, as Sir Charles Locock aptly observed, a quartette instead of the Trinity!

We left Rome with great regret, and returned to Vienna by Florence, Bologna, and Venice.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Lord Bloomfield during a Cruise with the Fleet in the Adriatic—Anecdote of Sir Charles Locock—Archduchess Marie—Visit to Clam, Raitz, Prague, and Smečna—I spend the winter in England—Darmstadt—We took leave of the King and Queen of Hanover at Gmünden—Lord Bloomfield's Resignation is accepted—Presents his Letters of Recall—Dinner at Schönbrunn—Conclusion.

*Letters from my Husband during a Cruise with the British Fleet on the Adriatic.*

'*Caledonia*,' off Trieste, August 18, 1868.—Our journey was prosperous. The night was clear, and though there was no moon, Venus shone forth more lovely than ever. There was much mist and clouds about Gratz, but about eight o'clock the sun shone forth brilliantly, and I never saw anything more fresh and lovely than the country from Gratz. Quantities of grass and green crops, not a yellow leaf, and the river charming. I found the Consul (C. Lever) and Lord Clarence Paget's Flag Lieutenant waiting at the station at Trieste, and the Admiral's barge at the quay. Lord Clarence Paget received me most kindly and cordially, and seems well pleased to have me on board. He has given me a large cabin with a very comfortable bed, and all the accommodation which a ship can afford. It is the cabin which Lady Clarence occupies when on board, so I am not to be pitied; but the heat was tremendous last night, notwithstanding a thorough draught and my cabin door being open to the stern gallery all night. There was thunder and lightning and heavy rain from time to time, and at daylight, it being the Emperor's *fête* day, an Imperial salute was fired from



some castle, which effectually roused me. The Admiral came to ask me if I would come to prayers.

The chaplain, a tall, devout-looking man, read a few prayers and a psalm, and the officers and crew attended. Lord Clarence told me this takes place every morning on board each ship in his squadron. He seems a most kind, just man, and so fond of his people, taking such great interest in the well-being of all around him.

The view of Trieste and the adjoining country is very pretty from our anchorage: Miramar is very near, and if there had been more time and less rain, I should have gone there this morning. At twelve all the men-of-war will fire a salute in honour of the day, and at half-past one we are to lift anchor, and be off for Lossini, south of Pola. There the squadron will anchor, and the Admiral then proposes going in the *Psyche* to Fiume, and afterwards to coast to Zara, and so back to Lossini, where we shall rejoin the squadron, which will afterwards go on to Ragusa, the Bocche di Cattaro, &c.

I am sitting in the main cabin, with two large doors open to the stern gallery, with sight of a British man-of-war from each. Captain Gardiner commands this ship, and seems such a good, nice fellow.

Poor Lever (our Consul at Trieste) is in great trouble, his wife lying so dangerously ill she is not expected to recover.

'*Caledonia*,' at Sea, August 19, 1868.—We are having 'Queen's weather;' there is so little wind that this heavy ship—which has been under sail since yesterday afternoon—can hardly be kept in her course. The air is much cooler than it was yesterday, at least it feels so from being distant from the land, and it is very enjoyable both on deck and in the cabin. In my sleeping cabin the thermometer holds to 20°, but the heat is not so oppressive as it was at Vienna, and I wish you were here to try this 'Dolce far niente' life. Yesterday we got under way in two lines—the three ironclads in one line, the three wooden ships in the other. The two frigates—*Endymion* and *Arethusa*—the former especially, are lovely ships, and seem always wanting to separate from us and go their

own pace. They are rigged like ships of the olden time, and can go equally well under steam or sail. Now that I have got used to the *Lord Warden*, who keeps about half a mile in our wake, and always in view from the stern gallery, I consider her a fine handsome ship of war. We have had all sorts of little amusements by way of manœuvring, forming, and changing line, and knocking about like people in a quadrille! The crew and officers are magnificent, and look a deal better than they did yesterday, having had a quiet night at sea, instead of broiling in the anchorage at Trieste. The views of the coast of Istria, and especially the town of Pirano, famous for its fights in former days with the Venetians, were pretty, but not very striking. We dine at half-past six at sea, so we have a longer evening than I expected, but whist is the order of the night. At half-past ten it was over, the others retired to the stern gallery, I to bed. The Admiral is most kind and amiable; it would be impossible for any one to be more so.

We have a band that plays in the morning, and again at dinner—but otherwise the quiet of this great ship is wonderful. There is not a sound to be heard in the great cabin, which I am occupying all by myself, and one would think everybody had followed the Admiral's example, and were taking a siesta after luncheon.

Captain Wood, a son of Lord Halifax, commands one of the small ironclads, the *Enterprise*. He came on board yesterday, and seems a very nice fellow. All the captains came off to be presented to me before we sailed from Trieste. Captain Gardiner commands the *Caledonia*, and there is a most admirable tone amongst all the officers I have seen of this ship, and such order and cleanliness it is pleasing to behold.

*Thursday, 2 P.M., off Pola.*—Yesterday was cool and pleasant, and as the Admiral is in no hurry, and there was no wind, he decided that the squadron had better anchor, which we did in twenty-three fathoms. After dinner we played at whist, and I won four rubbers, but am no richer in consequence, for the points are only threepence, and nobody pays, though a book is kept and the scores of each player are noted. About half-past

ten I was thinking of going to bed, when the Admiral asked if it would be disagreeable to me if we beat to quarters, as he has orders to do at night and without giving notice to anybody, once in every quarter, at sea, so he turned out all hands clear for action, and fired three rounds from each gun of the ships in the squadron. I thought it would be good fun, so away goes up the night signal. The ships soon answered, and up came all the poor fellows with their hammocks on deck, and in due course of time bang bang from the squadron. After it was over, and it lasted about three-quarters of an hour, I went all along the main and lower decks, which were well lighted, and it was a curious sight to see the grim-looking tars all ready for battle, not over and above encumbered with clothes. By-the-bye, there was an amusing sight after anchoring yesterday. Permission was given to the men to bathe, one of the quarter boats was lowered in case of a man getting the cramp, or any accident occurring, and in about ten minutes there were a hundred fellows swimming about the ship, making themselves clean and comfortable for the night.

We are now running for Lossini, an island which was taken possession of by the French in 1859, and from which they intended to prepare for the attack on Venice. It is said to possess but one interest, that of having a fine harbour, where we shall anchor, and in the morning proceed to Fiume in the *Psyche*, which will be due from Trieste with letters. The weather is cool and pleasant, but it feels very relaxing, and I do not think, though I am most comfortable, as far as food and accommodation are concerned, that I should care to pass the remainder of my days on board a ship, particularly as where I am sitting I feel every stroke of the screw; but the 'deep and dark blue ocean' is very lovely. The coast as far as Pola seems green and nicely cultivated, but all beyond it to the southern point of land looks bare and barren.

*Psyche*, August 21, 11 A.M.—Here we are steaming away for Fiume, where we expect to arrive this afternoon. We made Lossini in good time yesterday, and as the harbour was completely unknown to every one on board, we moved gently, and found

ourselves safely anchored in the most sheltered harbour imaginable, with plenty of water and conveniences of every kind. The village, or town of 'Augusta,' as I see it called in the log book, seems well to do, and to be a great place for ship-building: one or two largish vessels were lying on the stocks, and others being rigged. As soon as the ship anchored and all was in order, we were told to dress for dinner, and sat down about half-past seven. The evening heavenly, not too hot, a pleasant air, and the stars shining brilliantly. I was looking at the Great Bear, and afterwards at Venus, and thought perhaps you might be out and doing the same thing. I slept soundly for the first time since I came on board, and, strange to say, heard nothing of a tremendous storm of rain, wind, thunder, and lightning!

We must have been a great source of interest to the inhabitants, for all the bands on the ships played during the dinner, and until nearly nine o'clock, and boats came off to see the sight, and the lights of all the ships produced an extremely pretty effect. There is a battery facing the entrance of the harbour, which would effectually stop any ship trying to enter as an enemy. There were a few soldiers in the battery of some Hungarian regiment, who doubtless were amused at the novelty of our appearance.

Edward Adeane is commander of the *Arethusa*, and he and Captain Coote, who is, I think, the senior officer of the squadron, and left in charge till we return to Lossini, came to breakfast with the Admiral, who signalled to Adeane to come on board. The tone Lord Clarence Paget has established on board is wonderful. He is considerate, strict but not a martinet. As yet I see nothing remarkable about the coast and islands, but the mountains are increasing in height, and I dare say Fiume will open out grandly by-and-by. This vessel is beautifully easy, and I am writing my letters in the stern cabin, where the Admiral takes up his quarters. There is no more motion than there would be on the Danube; we are running about ten and a half knots an hour, and could go sixteen if necessary, but the Admiralty never care to press their engines and shake their

vessels unnecessarily. These wild islands produce lots of wine according to our pilot of Lloyd's establishment, and are well to do; but he gives such an account of the Bora in the passage we are going up that one would certainly not care to be exposed to it. He says the gales usually commence after the equinox, so our Admiral, who has no desire to be out in one with his squadron, has made up his mind to move south in proper time.

*Psyche*, August 22, 1868.—Steaming for Zara. Fiume is prettily situated at the base of a high hill, and the run up the bay was very fine. The old Vice-Consul, Mr. Hill, and the authorities came off as soon as we had moored, and we afterwards went on shore. We were taken to see the Casino, a good club, with assembly rooms attached to it. The Consul got us a smart four-inside carriage, belonging to an English paper manufacturer, a Mr. Smith, in which we drove up the hill to poor old Field-Marshal Nugent's former residence, where he and his wife are now buried. There is an attempt at a castellated building, and the effect from the sea and at a distance is very striking, and the view magnificent. The dwelling itself is wretched, but the mausoleum, built partly out of an old ruin, is rather nice, but so neglected. It never was finished, and I have no idea what plan he had in his head for the construction, but there was a collection of old marbles and statues which he had brought from Italy, some of which, columns taken in war, were by way of trophies. It is such a queer-looking place, reminding me of what one might see in Ireland! We went afterwards to see a handsome building just finished in the town—a Naval Academy—which is excellent in its internal arrangements. No expense has been spared, and it has very good professors. The cadets, eighty in number, are now on a cruise for the holidays, and were last at Naples, where they were admirably received. Mr. Hill dined with us, and after dinner we went off to hear the military band of a Hungarian regiment play. The music was good, and we sat down at a table in front of the café to listen to the music, the colonel of the regiment at our side, and a naval officer called Henriquez. At ten o'clock we

returned on board, and went to bed. As we breakfast at eight, one must be up at half-past six. The air is deliciously cool to-day, and the vessel went comfortably and easily. The sea quite smooth, and everything goes on as prosperously as possible. We steamed away at eight, and went into a charming harbour—Porto Ré, about twelve miles off. The situation is pleasant, but there is no cultivation; and, in fact, no soil to cultivate, for the islands seem to produce nothing but vines, and only occasionally does one see a good vineyard. Shipbuilding and fishing seem the only occupations of the few inhabitants of these wild districts. Here and there the hills are covered with stunted trees or bushes; but they are generally wild and rocky, and some islands are perfectly bare, and the pilot says they mark the line of the Bora, which appears to ravage whole districts, and to be a fearful destroyer. We have just passed at the back of the Lossini island, where we saw the masts of the three big ships we left there, about fourteen miles off. I find my field glasses excellent, as good as any in the ship, but the single telescope is still in vogue, because it is said to be better for night work than the binocular one. To-morrow we are to steam off at 4 A.M. from Zara to Sabenico, and thence to a famous harbour and waterfall, which is one of the wonders of the Dalmatian coast. We hope to get through the expedition, about eighty miles, in good time, and return late at night to the squadron in Lossini harbour.

We have a nice party on board. The Captain, Sir Francis Blackwood, is a charming fellow; then we have Captain Gordon, of the *Caledonia*; Lieutenant Stewart, the Flag Lieutenant, the Secretary, and a Dr. Forbes, the staff surgeon. The weather perfect, so if I do not thoroughly enjoy my trip it is my own fault. Lord Clarence is the most amiable of hosts, and does everything to make life agreeable on board without boring one in any way.

*Steaming between Zara and Lossini, August 24, 1868.*—My last letter was posted at Zara; we got there about 6 P.M. Saturday. It is a curious fortified old town, once Roman, then Turkish, afterwards Venetian, then taken by the French, and

finally ceded to Austria in 1815. It was situated on a peninsula, but now it is an island. The streets are very narrow, scarcely room for carriages. There seem to be plenty of shops and food, and no end of fruits for sale. A nice-looking Hungarian regiment, and some artillerymen and engineers were all about the place. There are pretty walks on the bastions; the air of the place is quite southern and eastern, and some of the costumes pretty, but there was nothing to be bought there. Maraschino is the great business of the place. There seem to be good public offices, and the people orderly and well to do. We had intended starting off for Sabenico very early, but stopped for letters, which was a mistake, as it threw us back and out of our calculations. We steamed off on Sunday. At 11 Divine service was performed by Sir Francis Blackwood, our captain. We passed between some wild rocky islands, but there is great sameness in the Archipelago. It is charming for sailing about in this weather, and the Admiral wonders our yachting people have not yet discovered its merits. The passage up Sabenico is very narrow and pretty. We anchored about 3 o'clock in front of the town, which is a curious-looking place, and said to have a fine cathedral, but we did not go ashore, as we were in a hurry to get off to the 'Kerka' falls, ten miles off. The boats were manned, and we had a fair wind. The water immensely deep, and perfectly adapted for steam navigation, though at times the passages are very narrow; great black masses of rock of all shapes, few houses, and fewer villages. We opened an immense lough, a couple of miles wide and six long, and then got to the Kerka river, passed the village of Scardona, and then about one and a half mile further we found the falls. The whole river comes tumbling down in several streams, but there is one great fall, more like a torrent than a waterfall. It is, however, fine, and worth coming to see, but unfortunately our time was very short, and so we could only go behind the mill, which is established there, and appears to do the grinding work of the whole country. The miller seems to have lots of work, and to be well off; several boats were waiting for cargoes. Above the fall there is a monastery, and a lake from whence

the cataract is supplied. The labourers at the mill are very picturesque—dark, brawny-looking fellows, with strange countenances, and each would have made a picture and a study for your pencil. The excursion would have pleased you much, but it was rather a fatigue sitting in a boat without moving for five or six hours. At the village of Scardona on our return we halted to give the boat's crew some bread and wine; and the poor fellows certainly deserved it, for they pulled right well, and did not seem a bit the worse for the day's work, though they have not much practice in rowing, and the captain says it is capital exercise for them. It was a lovely night, the young moon shone brightly, and at half-past eight we got back to the *Psyche*, and there found Mr. Paton, the Consul, awaiting to pay his respects, who had arrived on the Lloyd's boat from Fiume on his way to Ragusa. After compliments he departed, and we got to dinner about nine o'clock.

We left our anchorage at Sabenico at 4 this morning, and hope to reach Lossini at 1 o'clock P.M. There will be plenty of signalling to the squadron as soon as it is in sight, for the Admiral talks of getting to sea as soon as possible.

*Trieste, Tuesday, August 25, 1868.*—Here I am on shore again. We had a charming sail to Lossini, and found the squadron ready for sea, so after luncheon I had a long talk with the Admiral, who did his best to persuade me, in the kindest possible manner, to go on with him; but after examining the chart and talking over the time required I made out that it would be useless for me to think of getting back to Vienna before the middle of next week, as his project was to cruise about and take the squadron into the fine harbour of Gravosa, Bocche di Cattaro, and Ragusa, all of which I should have been delighted to see, but . . . I felt I could not stay from you so long. If we had been taking a turn in the *Psyche*, it would have been another affair, then one could make accurate calculations, so I told the Admiral I must get back to Vienna and my wife. This he admitted was an unanswerable argument, into which he could enter perfectly, so then it was settled I should land, but first I said I should like to return the visits



of the captains, and after doing this I would come on board the *Caledonia*, and bid him (the Admiral) good-bye. So he ordered his barge for me, and then signalled to the ships that I was coming on board them all. The officers and men were prepared to receive me in full dress, bands playing 'God save the Queen,' rigging manned, and all the usual sailors' demonstrations. It was a severe climb up and down the two small vessels, as they were ready for sea, and it was straight up and down. The *Arethusa's* main deck is magnificent, one of the finest I ever saw, and in fact all the ships were really beautiful. After I left the *Caledonia* and got by her bows, up went the Jack to the main-top, and I had to listen to the salute of nineteen guns; but happily the sensible Admiral has pop-guns, as he calls them, for this sort of work, so my ears were not damaged. On returning on board the *Psyche*, after all honours shown me, I saw the signal for sailing, and I got the captain's gig, and had a stroll about the town, which is a flourishing little place—good ships, and no appearance of poverty. The captain of the port walked about the place with me, and told me that last year they had built fifteen large vessels. When the squadron was off and out of the harbour we started after them, and passed close by each ship, taking another good look and farewell; and when we got alongside the *Caledonia* the Admiral told me he proposed to make a pretty manœuvre, and the *Lord Warden*, which had been out cruising for three days, was ordered to take up her position—the squadron to form in two lines and make sail. This was done with beautiful precision, and it was then 6 o'clock, so I took leave and steamed for Trieste. The night lovely, a little air to cool us, dinner at 7, bed at 10, and up at 6.30, and here I am waiting for letters. I shall, please God, be with you Thursday, sooner probably than you expected. My idea is to leave by the 6.45 train this afternoon, sleep at Adelsberg, see the caves, and proceed to Gratz and Vienna.

I have been to Miramar, which is like an enchanted palace. I wish you could have seen it, but it was blazing hot, and you would have been roasted. The Bishop of Gibraltar is in this hotel. I have called on him, but did not find him at home.

*Gratz, August 26, 1868.*—Such a change in the temperature; we seem to have got into regular autumn. We were up at five this morning, and the grotto at Adelsberg is certainly one of the most wonderful things I ever saw. Its extent and variety marvellous; we walked hard for an hour and forty minutes, seeing everything perfectly.

Lady Ely once told me the following curious anecdote of Sir Charles Locock. He was convinced he had disease of the heart, so he wrote a note to the great authority in London, who did not happen to know him personally, and said he sent him a patient he was anxious about, and requested him, after a careful investigation, to tell him, Sir Charles, his opinion honestly. He took the note himself, waited on the doctor, and was examined with the stethoscope. The doctor said he was happy to inform him he had no disease of the heart, so Sir Charles said, 'Very well, will you kindly write a diagnosis of my case to Sir Charles Locock?' The doctor said he would send it, but Sir Charles said he was in no hurry, and would rather wait for it; accordingly the doctor sat down and wrote, 'Dear Sir Charles, I am happy to inform you that your patient's heart is as sound as yours or mine.' The letter was brought to Sir Charles, who immediately opened it, and, much relieved, went back to the doctor, and told him what he had done. The doctor was extremely angry, and asked him how he could play him such a trick, so Sir Charles said for the simple reason that he wished to know the truth about his own case, and was convinced in case of mischief the doctor would not tell it. 'Set a thief to catch a thief.'

*London, November 15, 1869.*—I read this remarkable passage in Sir Henry Bulwer's 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' in which, writing to his brother Sir William Temple, he says, 'Metternich must be an idiot if he does not see that Russia is the windward quarter of the heavens, and that his dirty weather must come from thence, and therefore that he should look for shelter westward.' This was written October 19, 1827. Alas! the shelter westward has a good deal changed since then.

I had the honour of knowing H.I.H. the Archduchess Marie at Vienna, and she was very amiable, clever, and agreeable, the daughter of the great general, the Archduke Charles. She told me she once travelled incognita in Scotland, and was anxious not to be known. On board one of the Caledonian steamers a gentleman entered into conversation with her, and finding from her accent that she was a German he inquired whether she knew the South of Germany. She answered she did. He then asked her whether she had been at Vienna, and whether she knew the Archduke Charles. The Archduchess then made sure that the gentleman knew who she was. She was sorely puzzled, not liking to deny her own father, and she blushed up to the roots of her hair. The gentleman, much astonished, repeated his question, and added, to the Archduchess's great relief, 'Oh, you know what I mean by the Archduke Charles, the great hotel at Vienna.'

I left Vienna on Monday, May 9, 1870, on a visit to my dear friend, Countess Clam Martinič, *née* Altgräfinn Salm, one of the most distinguished women at Vienna. I found her carriage at Amstetten station, which took me to the Castle of Klam in about three hours by Grein, which is a picturesque old town on the Danube, one of the stopping places between Linz and Vienna. The castle there, which is very large, belongs to the Duke of Coburg, who possesses several fine châteaux in that neighbourhood. Klam is a most picturesque old place perched upon the top of a high rock, with a deep wooded ravine below, and commands a magnificent view of the whole range of the Upper Austrian Alps, which were still covered with snow. The castle is an irregular building, and part of it is very ancient. A two-storied stone cloister surrounds the inner court, and the round tower, with its painted roof, may be seen for many miles, and is quite a landmark in that country. The staircase is open to the outer air, and leads across one of the cloisters to a large room, from which there is a very fine view of the mountains. The morning after I arrived, as my friend was busy, I thought I would poke about the old castle by myself, and I descended to the courtyard and

terrace. Coming back I missed my way; the staircases at the different angles of the court being all similar, I could not find the one which led to my apartment, and wandered hopelessly about for a considerable time, till at last my friend discovered me, to her infinite surprise and amusement, on the second floor. We drove to Wallsee, another castle on the Danube, which had lately been purchased by the Duke of Coburg; coming home we visited a convent belonging to the order of the 'Good Shepherd,' at Baumgartenberg. The superior, a middle-aged, cheerful-looking woman, showed us all over the establishment, which is a school and penitentiary, as well as a nunnery. The sisters, who are very poor, make everything they require: linen, shoes, white and black serge, artificial flowers for decorating the church; and one of the lay sisters does all the carpentering. The building is very large and airy, but must be dreadfully cold in winter, as there is no means of warming the cells. It is surrounded by a large garden full of fruit trees. The order is not a very strict one, and I thought the nuns all looked cheerful and happy. They rise at 5, have service till 7.30, when they breakfast on weak coffee and bread. They dine at 11, have meat three times a week except during the fasts; sup at 6, after which they attend vespers, and go to bed at 10. Each nun has a separate cell, except those who superintend the children and penitents. They work hard, and I could not see that their life is more conducive to their spiritual welfare than that of other industrious members of the community, though perhaps they may be rather less exposed to temptation. After spending a few happy days at Klam, which looked like one vast orchard in full blossom, the fields carpeted with the most lovely wild flowers, I accompanied my friend to Ottensheim, a château near Linz belonging to Count Coudenhove. The drive along the banks of the Danube was pretty and picturesque. We had the pleasure of meeting Baron Hübner there, who was formerly Austrian Ambassador at Paris and Rome, and is a remarkably clever, agreeable man, who has seen much of life, having been a great traveller, and knows perfectly how to adapt his conversation to his audience.

I left Vienna on the 13th of September; met Countess Clam at Skaliez station, and we proceeded together to her father's château of Raitz in Moravia. It was dark when we arrived, but we were shown through the entrance hall into a large vestibule which led to a handsome drawing-room hung with family portraits, where I was very kindly received by Prince and Princess Salm and their family. The château is like an old French one, red brick with a high roof. It is well situated above the village of Raitz. The pleasure grounds are well laid out, and extensive, with fine timber. I was particularly struck by a very pretty fountain surrounded with ferns. The sun shone brilliantly, lighting up a birch tree round which hung a scarlet Virginian creeper; the whole scene was like fairyland, and quite unique. The 15th of September was the Prince's birthday. We mustered a large party at breakfast, and after dinner the Prince's band attended, which was composed of miners and the men who work at the large iron foundries on the estate. They played wonderfully well, and a taste for music seems innate in the inhabitants of Moravia and Bohemia. The music set the whole establishment, young and old, dancing, and wherever I looked I was amused at seeing groups of people waltzing. It was a festive scene, every one appeared to enjoy it, and it was characteristic of the country.

*April 17.*—I visited the exhibition of Schwindt's drawings and pictures. He died a short time previously, and had a great reputation in Germany, though his works are little known in England. He was employed in the decoration of the new Opera House at Vienna, and I met him once at a party at Dessauer's. He was then an oldish man, stout, with a very jovial countenance, and certainly did not give me the impression of being the poetical and sentimental man his drawings would lead one to imagine he was. His illustrations of Melusine were charming, especially the details of the plants and flowers, which he introduced with the utmost taste and refinement, and there was a power of imagination and humour in many of his works which almost amounted to caricature. I did not admire his

colouring, and his oil pictures were hard and vulgar. I thought there was an absence of truth in them, and that the colouring was very heavy without being rich.

Markhardt's painting, on the contrary, was the very reverse of Schwindt's in this respect. It is marvellously rich and powerful, whilst his drawing was exceedingly faulty. As a decorative painter I consider he is one of the great geniuses of the present day. There is wonderful variety in his pictures, which remind me in the richness of their colouring of Paul Veronese and Rubens; the draperies are splendid, and his groups are well composed, but his pictures are often disgustingly coarse, and he earned such a great reputation whilst still very young that he was spoiled and got careless.

I asked Dessauer one day whether he admired Wagner's music, then much in vogue at Vienna. I shall never forget the pitiful expression of his face when he answered me by saying, 'Well, my lady, after all, music ought not to be incomprehensible like Chinese.' Wagner dined with us once, and after dinner read us the libretto of his *Minnesänger*. He had a cracked voice, and could neither sing nor play, but had, in spite of these impediments, the most wonderful power of rendering the effect he wished to produce upon his audience, and I was excessively interested and amused with his performance, but did not otherwise consider him the attractive individual he had the reputation of being.

On the 1st of May I left Vienna with Countess Clam Martinié for Prague, where I took up my quarters at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. Prague is certainly one of the most picturesque towns in Europe, infinitely more so than Vienna, and the situation of the *Hradgin* or royal palace, which rises up above the *Moldau*, is extremely fine. The old bridge, the palaces and streets are very striking, but I was told that the society is decidedly dull, and remarkable from the absence of the male sex, who all prefer a club life. One lady told me she always felt it was quite ridiculous to make a '*grande toilette*' to receive her most intimate female friends, whom she would much rather receive in a morning dress. I had a very pleasant visit from

the Abbé Liszt. We discussed the state of affairs at Paris, where at that moment communism and revolution were rampant, and no one could foresee what was likely to happen. I was amused to observe how careful the wary Abbé was not to implicate himself in any way, and how he avoided pronouncing any decided opinion. He evidently was not sure of the ground under his feet as he sang the praises alternately of the Orleans faction, the Comte de Chambord (Henri V.), the Republicans and the Imperialists; and then kept watching me to see what impression he had made. It was very droll! I visited the exhibition of modern pictures, where I was much struck by a fine Achenbach of the Villa d'Este at Rome, which was remarkably well painted and very good in colour; a Gude, of a storm on the coast of Norway, which was very spirited; a pretty picture by Hayn, of Munich, of an alchemist; and some landscapes by Franken and Bertha von Grab. A quatuor by Saitz was very highly finished, and worthy of the old Dutch school, but the price, 2,600 thalers, I thought exorbitant, and in general the prices were very high.

On May 5 we left Prague for Count Clam's château at Smečna. The weather was terribly cold, with occasional snow showers, and vegetation was at least three weeks later than it was at Vienna; for there I had left the fruit trees in blossom and the lilacs coming out, whereas in Bohemia all was mid-winter.

The rooms were warm and comfortable, and there was a look of occupation in them which was pleasant and rather unusual in foreign houses, where in general rooms look as if no one ever entered them except to have a cup of chocolate. I admired a fine picture by Saitz, which is rich in colour and good in composition, the centre being a figure of our Lord, with the Virgin and St. John. Below there is a fine figure of St. John the Evangelist, sitting on the sea-shore with an eagle beside him. To the right there are the figures of St. Theresa and St. Dominic; to the left St. Augustine and the Magdalene. The whole is a striking work of art, and there is a feeling about it I seldom find in sacred subjects by modern painters, which generally

strike me as being either bad imitations or else wholly devoid of religious sentiment. Whether this is owing to the rationalistic tendencies of the present age or to a want of genius in modern painters I know not, but the fact that sacred subjects generally displease me is undeniable.

I had some very interesting conversation with Count Clam Martinič, who is a clever, agreeable man, who has taken a prominent part in politics, and was considered the leader of the aristocratic Czech party in Bohemia. At that time the Czechs refused to attend the Reichsrath at Vienna, the consequence of which was that their party was unrepresented in Parliament, and, though a large and important element in the empire, had no influence. I could not help contrasting the position of the opposition in Austria with that of the party out of office in England, and wondering what would happen in my country if the chiefs of the Opposition retired to their estates, and refused to take any part in public affairs? Count Clam gave me an interesting account of an adventure he had in 1848, when he was serving under the minister Count Stadion, who had been condemned to death by the revolutionary party at Vienna, and been forced to make his escape with the intention of joining the imperial family at Olmütz. Count Clam Martinič spent one day in great anxiety at Vienna, not knowing what had become of his friend, and then he learnt that Count Stadion had gone to Moravia, where Count Clam Martinič joined him, and they stopped at a small inn at Zoraim. There Count Clam went to speak with some officials, who warned him that the innkeeper had a very bad reputation, and was extremely violent in his political opinions, and that therefore the sooner they left his house the better. When Count Clam returned to the inn to join Count Stadion he observed that a pair of pistols he had left with the luggage had been put into water to prevent their going off. The innkeeper came into the room, and Count Clam told him he wished to have some refreshments and to start immediately. The innkeeper, who was also the postmaster, made some trifling excuse, and said he had no horses at that moment. The key of the room where they were was inside the



door, and Count Clam observed that whilst they were talking the innkeeper stood at the door and put the key into the lock outside. This put Count Clam doubly on his guard, and he went to the door and stood upon the threshold while Count Stadion had his breakfast. The innkeeper kept pressing him to sit down, but he said he was not hungry, and preferred standing; so at last, seeing the Count was not going to be hoodwinked, the innkeeper asked where they were going? Count Clam said to Nicholsburg; so after some further delay the horses were harnessed and they started; but as soon as the travellers were well out of the town Count Clam desired the postillion to turn the horses' heads and drive in exactly the opposite direction. The postillion looked very much embarrassed, and remonstrated, saying he had been ordered to drive to Nicholsburg and could not go elsewhere; but Count Clam told him they had changed their minds, and had a perfect right to go where they pleased; and so they got off safely, but were firmly convinced that they had had a narrow escape, and that at one moment they were in imminent danger.

I left Vienna in October to spend the winter in England, and paid Mr. and Mrs. Morier a visit at Darmstadt. Mr. Morier had just returned from Metz, where he went in the interests of the sick and wounded, and the accounts he brought back were dreadfully harassing. The wounded were as well taken care of as circumstances allowed, but the sick were packed off anyhow without a doctor, and left to find their way to their homes, or die, as best they could. They frequently died at the railway stations, where typhus and dysentery raged. Whilst at Metz Mr. Morier lived in a charming villa occupied by Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, but his description of some of the places he visited made me shudder. He says the wells smelt of disinfectants, so it was no wonder cholera, dysentery, and typhus were prevalent. Mrs. Morier was very active attending the sick in the hospital at Darmstadt, and seemed quite accustomed to the work, talking of deaths and amputations like any surgeon.

The first sign I saw of the war was at Munich, where I saw

some French guns ; five cannon and a mitrailleuse were in front of the Residency. I had never seen a mitrailleuse before ; it looked like any other gun, except that the mouth was full of little holes, and it was worked by a handle. I saw a good many French prisoners at Ingoldstadt, and we were somewhat delayed waiting for a train conveying a number of sick soldiers.

The Government only allowed 50 kreutzers a day for the sick. The French were accustomed to better food than the Germans, and complained bitterly of hunger. Mrs. Morier told me they seemed much more grateful than the Germans, and were pleasanter to deal with.

Princess Alice spent many hours every day in the hospital, and devoted herself to the sick and wounded. Her Royal Highness kindly sent for me, and the first remark she made when I arrived was, 'I hope, dear Lady Bloomfield, I have not got the small-pox.' I asked why Her Royal Highness imagined such a horrid thing, and she said the fact was she had been helping to lift a wounded man, when it was discovered that the disease was full out upon him ! The Princess had the most winning, charming manners. Her husband was at Metz, but she was so brave, and never seemed to imagine anything could go wrong !

*Reichenhall, August 21, 1871.*—I met an interesting young Prussian officer, who was badly wounded at Gravelotte. He was shot through the knee and the right lung, and is quite lame. The Prussians had a glorious victory, but they paid dearly for it, and their losses at Gravelotte were fearful. Out of thirty-six officers in one regiment only four remained, and young S—— told me the major, nearly distracted, rushed about crying, 'What has become of my batallion?' Alas ! they were nearly all killed.

Whom should I see at Freylassing, the station between this and Salzburg, but the great Prince Bismarck ! He was sitting on a sort of balcony outside his state carriage with his wife and another lady. A large crowd had assembled, and he was much cheered as the train moved off.

Lord Bloomfield and I went to Gmünden, where we lodged one

night at Countess Schmiedegg's pretty villa. The following day we dined with the King and Queen of Hanover, and were much touched by their Majesties' kindness when we took leave of them. The King was an old friend of mine, and remembered running races with me at a breakfast my parents gave William IV. and Queen Adelaide when I was a child. He was then Prince George of Cumberland, such a handsome youth, and at that time he had not lost his sight. He had a wonderful memory, like all the Royal family, who seem to have a peculiar gift of recollecting events and people. His Majesty mentioned by name several of our contemporaries: Lady Fanny Cowper, afterwards Lady Jocelyn; Lady Sarah Villiers, afterwards Princess Esterhazy, and her beautiful sister Clementina, who died unmarried; the present Lord Denbigh, then Lord Fielding; Lord Seaham, now Marquis of Londonderry, James Stanhope, and others. When we took leave their Majesties expressed great regret at our approaching departure from Vienna, and gave me a handsome locket with a turquoise and diamond 'forget-me-not,' containing photographic portraits of the King and Queen, both excellent likenesses. We made a very charming little tour from Gmünden to Ischl, where I had an audience of the Empress of Austria, and then we went to Aussee and Lietzen, returning to Vienna *via* Leoben and Bruck. The scenery was most beautiful, the views very striking, and the weather most enjoyable.

On Monday, October 2, my dear husband went in state to present his letters of recall to the Emperor of Austria. Although for many years past it had been my wish to retire into private life and live among my relations in England, I could not see my husband depart on his errand without deep emotion. He had been fifty-three years in active service, having begun life as an attaché at Vienna in 1818, when he served under Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry. He afterwards served at Stuttgart, Lisbon, and Stockholm, where he was Secretary of Legation for eleven years before he was appointed Secretary of Embassy in 1843. On Lord Stuart de Rothesay's retirement he was made Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary in

Russia, remained there till 1851, when he was moved to Berlin, and appointed Ambassador at Vienna in 1860. Lord Bloomfield received his promotions in the diplomatic service from alternate Whig and Tory Governments, and during his long career was never censured; so naturally we both felt his leaving the occupation and interest of his whole life, though God knows I did not regret his retirement. For several months previously rumours of his intended resignation had been afloat, and when I was in England in the winter of 1870 I tried to ascertain whether Lord Granville had any intention of recalling my husband, but was distinctly assured he had not; but in the month of June following my husband received a private letter from Lord Granville, saying he had been frequently told that Lord Bloomfield intended to retire, and that, having some very important diplomatic appointments to make, he wished to be informed whether there were any grounds for those reports. Lord Bloomfield answered in the negative, and said that had he intended resigning he should certainly have thought it his first duty to inform the Minister for Foreign Affairs of that intention; but, on the other hand, he had no wish to make any block to promotion, and therefore if the Government wanted his post to dispose of, he was quite ready to place his resignation in their hands. It was at once accepted, and thus terminated my dear husband's long and useful public life. Diplomats cannot live abroad as travellers; they necessarily take root in the place to which they are accredited if they remain there long enough, and are treated with the kindness, sympathy, and affection we always met with. It is sad to part, 'it may be for years, or it may be for ever,' from those who lightened one's sorrows, doubled one's joys, and who have been the chief objects of daily intercourse and friendship.

Monday evening we were invited, with all the members of the Embassy, to dine at Schönbrunn, and were accompanied by the Hon. Robert Lytton, Mr. St. John, Mr. Smythe, the Hon. Frederick Henley, and Colonel Goodenough. I sat next the Emperor, and nothing could be kinder or more flattering than his and the Empress' expressions of regret at our departure.

After dinner the Empress talked to me for some time, and said we had been so long at Vienna she could not understand any one coming there to replace us ; that she looked upon us both as personal friends, and hoped we should one day return to see her and the Emperor.

Thursday, October 5, we left Vienna, and never can I forget the sadness of leaving what had been such a happy home for ten years. Our servants crowded round to kiss our hands, all sobbing bitterly. We were both so overcome we could not speak, and when we entered the carriage my dear husband threw himself back and said, ' Oh, this is really dreadful : it is like assisting at one's own funeral.'

Thus ended our diplomatic life, and with that I conclude these Reminiscences.





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