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THE DIARY OF FRANCES LADY SHELLEY

FIRST EDITION . . . *May* 1912
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LADY SHELLEY.

From a miniature, by G Sanders, in the possession of Spencer Shelley Esq.

LADY SHELLEY.

[illegible] in the possession of [illegible] Shelley Esq.

THE DIARY OF FRANCES LADY SHELLEY

1787—1817

EDITED BY HER GRANDSON

RICHARD EDGCUMBE

AUTHOR OF "BYRON: THE LAST PHASE," ETC.

"The ioyful Remembrances of Loue already paſt, and often Repetition of old Acquaintaince ended, is ſo ſweet a pleaſure, and ſo pleaſing a delight to all ingenuous Minds, that either to forget, or to be forgotten is alike iniurious to the Dead, as to the Liuing."—*The Catalogue of Honor*, 1610.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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1912

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PREFACE

A FEW introductory words are all that I feel called upon to write. The author's fascinating personality is stamped on every page of a work, originally designed as a private memento of scenes and events that deeply impressed her.

Lady Shelley could not of course have foreseen that, after a century of oblivion, these entries would be interesting to the world at large. If she had contemplated publicity, much of that spontaneity of expression, and impulsive enthusiasm—which form their chief charm—would have been curbed; and these pen-and-ink sketches of celebrated personages would have been discreetly withheld. But whatever personal reasons there may have been against publication during the lifetime of the persons concerned, are now removed; and, so far as I can judge, there is scarcely a word to which their descendants could reasonably object.

Lady Shelley possessed, in an eminent degree, the gift of portraying in natural, unaffected language the peculiarities of those with whom she was from time to time associated. She was fortunate in having lived in stirring times, and among people who helped to shape the destinies of Europe. Her portrait of the Duke of Wellington, in 1815, as he appeared

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in private life, is an especially valuable contribution to our knowledge of that great man of whom, in his private capacity, so little has been written.

In these Diaries we are brought quite naturally into the intimate society of the Empress Marie Louise, the Countess of Albany, Metternich, Canova, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Brougham, and many others well known to fame. In these pages the facile pen of a brilliant woman, inspired by unquenchable enthusiasm, has given us a fresh and faithful picture of Society in the reign of George III.

It may perhaps be thought that too much prominence has been given, in the Swiss tour, to scenes with which most people are familiar. But it must be remembered that Lady Shelley visited the Switzerland of Byron and Shelley during the lifetime of many who remembered Voltaire.

The Switzerland of 1816—which is so vividly described in these pages—was peopled by a peasantry whose primitive minds had not acquired the seductive art of enriching themselves at the foreigners' expense. A century ago travelling in that country was both difficult and tedious. It is interesting to contrast our present-day trains and comfortable hotels with the char-à-bancs, auberges, and hard fare of former times.

If I venture on a personal note it is to appeal, in my editorial capacity, for some slight indulgence. In arranging a mass of papers committed to my care—of which this instalment is a very small portion—it was not always easy to divest myself of a natural sympathy for whatever fell from the pen of a relative, for whose memory I feel the deepest reverence and affection. In my endeavour

to discriminate between matters of general interest and those which were personal, mistakes may have been made. I have at least done my utmost to be impartial, and I trust that these wonderful diaries will afford as much pleasure to the reader as they have given to myself.

RICHARD EDGCUMBE.

ROME, *March* 1912.

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From a miniature by G. Sandars. In the possession of Spencer Shelley, Esq.

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DIARY OF FRANCES LADY SHELLEY

CHAPTER I

I WAS born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1787. My father, Thomas Winckley, of Preston, was a direct descendant of the de Winkelmondeleys who, in Saxon times, settled in a corner between the Ribble and the Calder. My mother, who was the daughter of Hew Dalrymple, descended from a kinsman of President Lord Stair, who carried the Union with England. She had previously been married to Major Hesketh, who died young from a severe wound received in the American War of Independence. By her first husband she had one son, afterwards Sir Thomas Hesketh, and six daughters. My mother had a charming personality and was perfectly beautiful, with the celebrated "Dalrymple brow," so well known in Scotland. She was, of course, very proud of her Scottish descent. She was not judicious in the management of her "lambkin" (as she used to call me), a name which I resented, as I felt that I had much more of the lion than the lamb in my disposition. I disliked her impetuous caressing, and early learnt to allow myself, as a favour to *her*, to be kissed; and not, as is usual with most children, to receive a caress as the reward of good conduct and maternal affection. Although my mother spoiled me, there was a strong sympathy between us, and I liked to sit on her knee and listen to the old Scottish

Jacobite ballads, and the sweet poetry of Burns. She was devoted to dress, cards, and the world, was often absent on pleasure bent, leaving me in charge of my excellent elder half-sister, Harriet Hesketh. My five other half-sisters lived in another house in Preston, while their brother, Sir Thomas Hesketh, who had succeeded to his uncle's title and property, was at a private tutor's in Kent. As my father had taken a great dislike to the Hesketh, we rarely met.

I fancy that my mother's home was not a happy one. My father, having been a younger son, was accustomed to live in the Temple, where he led a bachelor's life, which he preferred to his country home. On his occasional visits to his family at Preston he generally brought his London friends, two of whom, Montague, Lord Rokeby, and Baron Parke, have often described the charms of his conversation and wit, and the delight they experienced while riding into Lancashire with such an excellent *compagnon de voyage.* Lord Rokeby, some years afterwards, told me that he well remembered how the spoiled child (poor me!) would toss off a bumper of port, and throw the glass over her shoulder to the toast of "Church and King, and down with the Rump"!

I well remember the universal mourning, and the grief of all around me, on hearing of the execution of the King and Queen of France. In a convent, which stood on my own property in Preston, I was taken to see Princesse Louise de Bourbon, sister of Louis XVI., who had fled from her convent near Paris during the Reign of Terror. Thus was the instability of rank and prosperity impressed upon my mind, in a manner far more eloquent and convincing than by any amount of books or sermons relating to that painful episode.

When my father had drunk two or three bottles of port, he played all sorts of mad pranks, and on one occasion insisted on taking me out of my bed in the

middle of the night, and carried me in his coach, with four black horses, his servants in tawny orange liveries, to Blackpool (the Brighton of the North). My mother, who was greatly alarmed, dared not in such moments oppose any of my father's whims. Her fears were at last relieved by hearing from a friend at Blackpool that she had rescued me, and taken me from the hotel to her own house. I was at that time above four years of age. This calculation is based on the fact that when my father died I was only six, and long before his death he had become disgusted with the erection of factories near Preston—"proud Preston" as it was formerly called, because it was the winter residence of the nobility and the county families. One day my father, in a towering passion, left his old house never to return. He had gone as usual in the morning to select his fish for dinner. On his arrival at the fishmonger's, he found himself forestalled in the purchase of the finest turbot by a Mr. Horrocks, a cotton spinner! This was too much for my father's sense of dignity. He pronounced Preston no longer a fit place for a gentleman to live in, and immediately rented a villa situated about four miles out of Liverpool—then a rising, but still a small town. The house stood on a beautiful hill, overlooking the Mersey, so that the taste which I had acquired in my own fair valley of the Ribble was here still further indulged, and has become my delight through life. I have always clung with deep affection to my own lovely woods, where stood a building called the "Folly." Here my mother often invited her friends to eat the fresh salmon caught at our weir in the Ribble. The party rode on pillions—and I before the old steward, or his son—down a steep rocky hill, to the old black-and-white family house. Over its entrance, carved in stone, stood the arms of our family, dating from 1650. Oatcakes hung in racks from the kitchen ceiling, and I confess that

the fresh buttermilk from the sweet buttery made me prefer the offices to the stiff, high-backed chairs, and stone floor of the hall and the company parlour. After seeing the salmon caught, the party scrambled up the hill to the "Folly," whence the view extended for miles, embracing many gentlemen's seats, and the famous Houghton Tower, where the first baronet received King James in regal state on his first arrival from Scotland. The "Bills of Fare" are still preserved at Houghton, and assisted Walter Scott in his graphic description of the feastings at Kenilworth in the reign of Queen Bess.

We were at that time all strong Jacobites. In our old house the Pretender had slept on the night before the battle of Preston; and I still possess a bracelet given by him to my ancestor, with a portrait of King Charles, made in his own hair, which was cut off on the scaffold and dipped in his blood. I recall the pride with which I wore this bracelet on State occasions. Many were the quarrels I had with my Whig cousins, the Hornbys, on the respective merit of the Stuarts and Queen Mary. On these occasions I upheld my high Tory principles, and my adoration of Pitt, while they were equally devoted to Charles Fox, their mother being sister of the old Lord Derby, that statesman's most intimate friend. As the Hornbys were thirteen in family, and I was an only child, I early learnt to hold my own even against superior forces. My father did not long survive his removal to Larkhill, and after his death my mother took me to London, where we were domiciled with old Lord Stair, in New Street, Spring Gardens. Among those who welcomed us to London were my mother's first cousin, the Earl of Peterborough and old Doctor Pitcairn, the celebrated physician, a near Scottish cousin.[1] I remember once, while at dessert after dining at his house, the old man emptied his pockets of the guineas he had received during the

[1] David Pitcairn (1749—1809). Began to practise in London 1779.

day, and bade the children scramble for those which fell on the floor!

When I was eight years old (1795), I was sent to a small childs' school at Twickenham. I had a great deal of ambition, even at that early age, and made much progress in French, and in music. Marks of approbation, and of disgrace, were pinned on our frocks. I seem to have been always in disgrace! I was wilful, headstrong, and determined to have my own way. The youngest sister of Miss Dutton, who kept the school, took me in charge, but in spite of violence and smacking, she could not subdue me. On one occasion she hit me over the shoulders with a wooden case full of pens. They flew out over the room in all directions, much to the merriment of my companions, who left their books to pick them up, and restored them to their owner with mocking curtseys. After this the elder sister, a delicate gentle creature, took me under her care, and I shall never cease to remember her kindness, her judicious management, and the strong affection which she inspired. After two years at this school my mother took me away to reside, under a governess, at her house at Bath. After my father's death my mother decided to bring the Hesketh, her children by a former husband, under her own roof. My half-sisters were very handsome, and were at that time much occupied with their lovers. I heard all their secrets, and read indiscriminately the books in my father's not very select library, which he had left to my mother. I continued to manage every governess put over me; and dressed my sisters' hair for the balls and parties, having, apparently, more taste and address than their maids! After having been initiated into their love affairs, I attended the weddings of three of them.

I must, at this time, have been delicate, for I remember being ordered to ride on a pillion with a

steady old coachman, who indulged me by gathering bunches of wild flowers from the lovely lanes around Bath. My drawing master taught me to paint them. My governess, at this time, was sister to Mrs. Elliston, wife of the celebrated actor.[1] It was from her that I acquired a passion for the stage, and constantly spouted the parts which impressed me in the acting. I have often since found the knowledge of men and manners thus acquired most useful. I still remember, and have often had occasion to put into practice, the virtues of the heroic Mrs. Beverley in "The Gamester."[2] My pet motto was drawn from "The Way to Keep Him," then much in vogue:

> "To win a man, when all your arts succeed,
> The way to keep him, is a task indeed!"

Had I not then acquired some knowledge of the world, and of mankind, how could I have steered unharmed through the trying scenes and the difficulties of my early married life!

As I was decidedly inclined to consumption at this time, my anxious mother removed to Clifton, so as to be within reach of Dr. Beddoes,[3] who used to put his consumptive patients in rooms above the cow-houses. Through the chinks of the flooring the breath of the cows ascended; this was supposed to be an infallible cure. To my great delight the doctor said that I only required plenty of fresh air and exercise, so my governess was dismissed, and, at the age of ten, I was allowed to wander at will over the wild heather and rocks of that then quiet and lovely country. I often found myself miles from

[1] Robert Elliston (1774—1831), manager of Drury Lane 1819-26, author of "The Venetian Outlaw."

[2] "The Gamester," by Edward Moore (1712—1757), probably assisted by Garrick. Mrs. Beverley was a favourite part with Mrs. Siddons.

[3] Thomas Beddoes (1760—1808), reader in Chemistry at Oxford. He established at Clifton in 1798 a Pneumatic Institute for the treatment of disease by inhalation. He married a sister of Maria Edgeworth.

home, sometimes alone, and sometimes with companions a very little older than myself.

These young ladies were the daughters of Lady Morris Gore, an Irish family; they had been extremely ill brought up, and tried to lead me into every sort of mischief. They procured from the library novels of the worst description, among them Monk Lewis's book "The Monk," which was at that time the subject of conversation in all societies.[1] My imprudent mother even, had warned me not to read it! These Gore girls laughed at the prohibition, and were determined that I should be as wise as themselves on subjects which I obstinately refused to discuss. I must have possessed a very precocious intuition for purity and refinement, and I certainly dreaded that my magnetic temperament might lead me astray. One night one of these girls brought me this book, and a candle to read by in bed. I can now recall the strong temptation with which I wrestled. My love of novels was then intense. With an effort I blew out my candle, and slept the sleep of the just, with "The Monk" under my pillow. I returned the book next day without having read a line of it. By this means I retained my influence over these older girls, who, happily for themselves, were willing to be guided by me when, not long afterwards, their folly had nearly ruined them for life. As I did not approve of the conduct of these young ladies, I fell into disfavour, and was accused of pride and caprice. But I never betrayed them, and began to wander about in solitude. One day I was tempted to enter the "Giant's Cave," a forbidden feat, accomplished with great difficulty, and some personal risk. I did not dare to confess to my mother that I had done this,

[1] Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818), author of "The Monk," published in 1795, which made him famous. He had West Indian property and took great interest in the proper treatment of his slaves. He died at sea on his way home in 1818.

nor to any one, lest she should hear of it, and forbid my wild ramblings. When I visited this spot a few years ago, my heart beat as I approached it. I remembered my childish delight at this dangerous performance, which would now, I believe, be impossible owing to the fall of the cliff near it.

Soon after this escapade I made the acquaintance, and became a great favourite of the poet Cowper's cousin, the widowed Lady Hesketh. She had lived a long time abroad, chiefly in Italy, and from her description of that country I imbibed a passion for travelling which remained long ungratified, owing to the disturbed state of the Continent. Cowper's poems made a deep impression on my young mind. Lady Hssketh often read them to me (I think from the manuscripts themselves) and I acquired a strong religious *feeling*—not creed—which gave me happiness through life, and chastened me in joy and in grief. Lady Hesketh was a lovely, delicate person, with regular features, and a pale complexion which flushed when interested with a beautiful hectic, which betrayed the malady from which she suffered, and which alas! so soon deprived me of the first object of my hero-worship. At her house I met the afterwards celebrated Hannah More, then occupied in establishing her schools in the Mendip Hills. I read all her admirable tracts for the poor, which helped to break the Jacobite spirit which infected the lower classes in England at that time.

The awakening of the labouring classes, after the first shock of the French Revolution, made the upper classes tremble. They began to fear that those who had hitherto been treated as helots might one day, as in France, get the upper hand. Never, in the history of our country, was a better proof afforded of the good sense of the Anglo-Saxon character. Practical measures were adopted to improve the condition of the poor. Land allotments, clothing clubs, and many other philanthropic measures were

promoted. Village schools sprang up in many parts of the country. The parson no longer hunted; or shot, five days in the week, cleaning his fowling-piece on the sixth, prior to the preparation of a drowsy sermon, delivered on the seventh day to a sleeping congregation. Every man felt the necessity for setting his house in order, and every woman began to educate her children, so that, if the necessity arose, they might, like the distinguished French emigrants, who were reduced to earn a livelihood, be able to become governesses, or tutors. This healthful spirit of the times made an impression upon me also, and had its influence in the formation of my character.

I never, from that time, hesitated to share my pecuniary advantages with those about me. I did the best I could for those less fortunately situated in worldly possessions, and only asked to be loved in return. Giving, and receiving happiness, became the ruling passion of my young life. I hope that, as an old woman, I may be pardoned for saying that few indeed have been more fortunate than myself in the full enjoyment of the love and sympathy of all those with whom I came in contact during a long and stirring life.

At the dawn of womanhood, *le besoin d'aimer*, as the French say, was strong in me, but no one within my reach fulfilled my *beau idéal* of friendship; and it was only in poetry and romances that I could, in any way, realise the personality for which I craved. I was very fastidious, and would never become intimate, or even associate with any one whose character, and standard of ethics did not correspond with my own. One of my most difficult and wearying duties at this time was to play at cards, during the fine summer evenings, at my mother's casino table, where I made the acquaintance of an Irish Major Barrington, of good family certainly, but of most disgusting vulgarity. He had a strong "brogue," and the *ton de*

garnison. This objectionable addition to our family circle succeeded, at length, in gaining the affections of my poor mother, and, to her ultimate misery, and my disgust, he induced her to marry him. My married half-sisters were all absent; and Harriet, who could have influenced my mother, had sailed with her husband, old General Despard, to assume the Government at Cape Breton.[1] It was thus that my mother had no one to discuss the matter with, and although I entirely managed her household affairs, and held the purse, I had no power to revoke her fatal determination. I have an impression that the marriage was strictly private, and that I did not know it had taken place until I was formally introduced to my step-father. This revolted me, and I absolutely refused to acknowledge him as a relation. I never felt more deeply humiliated; and nothing, beyond bare civility, could Major Barrington ever obtain from my high and wounded spirit.

My prejudice against this man was, alas! too soon and too cruelly justified. We moved to London, where my poor mother became dangerously ill. I never left her bedside, and sat up with her at night until driven away by the Major, on his return from some gaming table, drunk and discourteous. My mother dreaded these returns, especially when the low state of her purse obliged her to refuse the constant demands he made upon it. Often have I averted the blows which that brute levelled at her, and often have I seen the marks of his violence when I was not present to protect her! A faithful old servant, who took care of me, told me of my mother's sufferings, and said that it would not be possible for her to live long, under such treatment. We both lamented the fatal infatuation which had brought my mother to this dreadful pass. She encouraged

[1] General John Despard, who had fought in the Seven Years' War, commanded troops at Cape Breton from 1799 to 1807.

me in the only protection which I could afford to my mother, by threatening Major Barrington to inform my guardian of his conduct. I knew that he would remove me from the house, and withdraw the allowance made for my maintenance. But this threat was never carried out. I felt that it was my duty to stay with my poor mother, and I never knew how it was that my guardian, Mr. Hornby, became acquainted with the state of things. The duties of a guardian to one who was, after all, his nearest relation, sat very lightly on that selfish old man. As his third son, Geoffrey, was made by my father his heir, in the event of my death before I became of age, my guardian cared very little what became of me. To my surprise, a letter arrived one day from Mr. Hornby to say that he had determined to remove me from Major Barrington's roof, and that I was henceforward to reside at his own house, Winwick, in Lancashire.

Circa 1804.—My mother was in despair, in which I fully sympathised, for she had now become very dear to me. When we parted my heart was very sad, and my mother wept. I never saw her again. She died in less than a year after I had left her!

My guardian's house was about twenty miles distant from my brother's place, Rufford Hall, a considerable distance in those days. Mr. Hornby's mother was my father's sister. His son Geoffrey had been educated for the Church, with a perfect understanding of the art of rising in his high calling. He paid assiduous court to the very ugly daughter of Lord Strange, the eldest son of the Earl of Derby. Having succeeded in marrying this young lady, he received the great living of Winwick, at that time worth above £7,000 a year. The parson squire troubled himself but little in the parish; but being very clever, he preached sermons which were above par, wore a shovel hat, a clerical-cut coat, and looked every inch a Dean and embryo Bishop.

A merry party truly we were, after the first painful two months of my sojourn in that large, clever, family of five boys and six girls, who inherited their father's talent, and their mother's plain looks. The second daughter, Charlotte, married her first cousin, the late Lord Derby. The sons were all distinguished, and came home from college with their college friends. One of them, Heber (afterwards the celebrated Bishop Heber),[1] had just written his prize poem "Palestine," which he read to us around the winter fire. Edmond Hornby, one of the sons, who afterwards married Lady Charlotte Stanley, was my champion, and protected me from the rest, who had determined (as they have since told me) to hate me, because I had deprived their brother Geoffrey of my father's fortune. They were determined that I should not live with them, except in perfect submission and docility, eventually to become their brother's wife. However, when they found that they had to deal with one who would not be bullied, and who quizzed their brother; they, after a time, ceased to persecute me, and we became the dearest of friends. I removed with them to Knowsley, where Lord Derby liked to be surrounded by all his relations. He kept open house, taking in all the servants, and all the horses of his guests and their children. From June till November the table was always laid for about forty people, and on Mondays the whole of the Liverpool neighbourhood came, in turns, to visit him. On these occasions there were often a hundred persons at his dinner-table.

There was no elegance of architecture, no modern refinements of furniture in that old rambling house, which had been built at different periods, and in every style. Some portions dated from the time of Henry VII., whose widowed Queen married the first

[1] Reginald Heber (1783—1826), died Bishop of Calcutta. His hymns first appeared in the *Christian Observer*, 1811. He wrote a life of Jeremy Taylor.

Earl of Derby. The façade belonged to the time of King William. The offices were screened by a terrace, the scene of much social enjoyment to the family and household of all ages. The ladies walked there, to wave hands when the sportsmen departed in the mornings, and watched the arrival and departure of an endless variety of carriages, riding horses, etc., in which the whole party dispersed after luncheon. Lord Derby never allowed more than five brace of partridges to be killed by any one of his guests. He did this in order to ensure their returning to ride or drive with the ladies. Dear old man! his joyous temperament, and his love of society and good cheer, made his guests as happy and merry as himself. He constantly bantered the young ladies on their good looks, and about their lovers, which, though not always in the refined taste of modern times, so evidently proceeded from a natural *gaieté de cœur* and kindness, that no one could possibly have been offended.

His wife was the celebrated Miss Farren,[1] of whom it was once said that she was a lady on the stage, and an actress off it. His first wife, who was a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, had been divorced after the birth of a son and a daughter. By Miss Farren, his second wife—the Lady Derby of my day—there were three children. His daughter, Lady Mary, who afterwards became Lady Wilton, was at this time a poet's ideal of all that is most lovely and attractive in girlhood. Not long after this happy visit to Knowsley, my half-brother, Sir Thomas Hesketh, fearing that the Hornbys would completely monopolise me, and perhaps induce me to marry the brother, invited me to live with him and his charming wife, at Rufford. He secured a good Swiss governess for me,

[1] Elizabeth Farren (1759—1829), a celebrated actress, appeared at the Haymarket in 1777. She was the original Nancy Lovel in Colman's "Suicide." She appeared at Drury Lane in 1778. In the following year she married the twelfth Earl of Derby, and retired from the stage.

and, as no objection was made by my guardian, from that time my brother's house became my home.

Here my mind had ample leisure to expand. We had rarely any society, except his wife's family, who lived upon him, and tried his patience sorely. His wife was an adorable person, whose sweet, unselfish nature surrounded my brother with an atmosphere of love. From her I learned the charm and secret of a wife's best privilege, to forgive and love as ever, even when tried in the tenderest points. Her sweet way of smoothing over difficulties, and bringing her husband round to a proper sense of his duties, and obligations towards her—for he was, in truth, a terrible flirt—made me love her with all my heart. In her I found a congenial spirit, with whom I spent two happy years in mental, and moral improvement. We paid occasional visits to my guardian, and long summer visits to Knowsley.

Lady Derby declared that, in accomplishments, I had made very little progress, and that, in my position, I ought to have the advantage of London masters. I was therefore, when about fifteen years of age, placed under the care of a Mrs. Olier, who received four young heiresses. The fee for each pupil was £1,000 a year. She resided in Gloucester Place, Portman Square. On my entrance here Lady Sarah Savile, afterwards Lady Warwick, Miss de Visme, Miss Tarleton, and Miss Hicks-Beach of Somersetshire, were already inmates. Lady Sarah was lovely, fascinating, and a most dangerous companion. Although she was older than myself, and, from her social position, more likely to influence a country girl, she lacked common sense, and was constantly getting into scrapes—flirting through the railings of the Square with gentlemen whom she had met at her mother's, the celebrated Lady Mexborough. This alarmed Emily de Visme and myself, and made us doubly circumspect. We had a carriage at our dis-

posal, and often during our drives in Hyde Park, young officers of the Guards came to the carriage, and attempted to make our acquaintance through Lady Sarah. We often resented this by sending her "to Coventry," as the saying was; but her sweet, pretty ways, and lovely face made us soon forget all the annoyance she had caused, in the delight we felt at her fascinating, childish character. In every acquirement and accomplishment I was in advance of her, though far behind Emily de Visme, who was the most beautiful being I have ever beheld. Her classic-shaped head, and Spanish air—her mother was a Portuguese—added to a slight, and not too tall figure, attracted much attention, and she was universally admired. Her accomplishments were as remarkable as her beauty. She played the harp exquisitely, and excelled also on the piano, and in singing. She spoke French and Italian fluently and with a perfect accent, and was altogether the object of my fervent admiration.

The afterwards celebrated Sydney Smith[1] was a nephew of Mrs. Olier, our preceptress, and often came to dine at our table. He was then the most agreeable of *convives*. He had lately married, and was settled in London, where he wrote articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its first brilliancy. He often preached at the chapel we attended, his sermons being excellent moral essays. He would afterwards enliven our Sunday evenings with his fun, and not *very* clerical conversation. Mrs. Olier doted on him, and allowed him to say whatever he pleased. All the valuable part of my education and training was accomplished in the two years that I passed at this establishment. I studied so hard that I scarcely ever left the house, and my health would have suffered had it not been for the care of a dear old

[1] Sydney Smith (1771—1845), Canon of St. Paul's. He started the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802. He shone among the Whigs at Holland House. He was honoured for his honesty and exuberant drollery and wit.

Swiss woman, who had been the maid of Emily de Visme, and was so attached to her charge that, when Emily's father died, she became the housekeeper, and household drudge of our establishment, in order not to be separated from her young mistress, and to watch over her health and welfare.

Dear kind Madeleine! I loved her as a mother, and saw her constantly in after-years. She died at Emily de Visme's villa at Wimbledon, at an advanced age, and left all her savings to Emily de Visme's (then Mrs. Henry Murray) children. Our old Italian master had been a priest, was in Paris at the outbreak of the Revolution, and had managed to escape during the massacres of the Reign of Terror. Our French master, the Abbé Giroux, was a distinguished French *émigré*, and was devoted to the French Royal family. He predicted the Restoration, *tôt ou tard*, and often spoke of his adventures during the Terror. He seemed to have been, in some way, employed at the Tuileries, and was certainly cognisant of Pichegru's plot,[1] for I well remember his agitation on one occasion when he said he could not possibly give me my French lesson, and that he believed at that moment the tyrant Napoleon had been assassinated. I remember his despair when the news arrived that the plot had failed! In after-years I had deep cause to thank the Abbé Giroux for having taught me to speak French so correctly, for I was complimented on my accent by the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., whom I met with the Duc de Berri and the Prince de Condé at Knowsley.

Our summer holidays were spent at Worthing, where I first heard of Sir John Shelley, of Michelgrove, at that time his magnificent ancestral home.

[1] Charles Pichegru, a French general, joined in a conspiracy in 1804 with the celebrated Chouan chief, Georges, for the restoration of the Bourbons by overturning the Government of the First Consul. Fouché is said to have encouraged the plot in order to expose it and gain the confidence of Bonaparte. Early in the morning of April 6, 1804, General Pichegru was found strangled in prison.

ST. CLOUD.

Aug. 1. 1815.

Circa 1805.—At seventeen I left the Oliers', and returned home to my brother at Rufford Hall, where I entered into all the pleasant society of that neighbourhood. I passed a great part of the summer at Knowsley, where a bedroom and sitting-room, called by my name, were appropriated to my use whenever I chose, and where my cousin and I sat in the mornings, one reading aloud while the other drew, copying some of the fine pictures and making unflattering likenesses of our friends. That was indeed a happy period of my life! I rode in the fine park with Lord and Lady Derby, who fêted me in every way, and predicted that my first London season would place me in the best society, etc., etc. These predictions flattered my vanity; and yet I felt the greatest humility as to my pretensions to a destiny so enticing. I had made up my mind not to marry, unless I could give my whole heart, and, for the rest, I was content to wait, and accept with gratitude whatever fortune might bring.

I passed through the excitement of the races, county balls, and dinner-parties quite heart-whole, and, in the following January, my brother and Lady Hesketh took me to London for the Season. They took a house in Seymour Street, Portman Square, where we settled on the 18th, Queen Charlotte's birthday, which was the date fixed for the beginning of London gaiety. I well remember our presentation to kind old King George III., and the feeling of devoted loyalty with which I received his salute. Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, was the chosen friend of Princess Elizabeth (since the Landgravine), on whose account we were treated with marked kindness by all the Royal family. We paid visits in private to the Princesses, and were invited by their ladies to select tea-parties in the Palace. Old Lady Harrington,[1]

[1] Caroline, daughter of the second Duke of Grafton, married in 1746 the second Earl of Harrington (1719—1779), a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 2nd Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards. Lady Harrington's apartments were in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace.

who had then an apartment in St. James's Palace overlooking the gardens, was especially kind to me. Her apartment has since been pulled down. Here she gave tea in the afternoons, and I remember meeting Carry Vernon, an old Maid of Honour, and Mrs. Boscawen, housekeeper of the Palace. The dresses of the Stanhope boys were very quaint—muslin, with bare legs and arms, like the Opera dancers. Lady Harrington's figure was stout, and decidedly ungraceful. The Court set, at Buckingham House, was at that time so small and select, that of course we were not admitted. But my future husband, then unknown to me, was at that very time the favourite partner of Princess Mary (afterwards Duchess of Gloucester), then remarkable for her beauty, grace, and the perfection of manners which still distinguish her.

Our acquaintance in London was almost entirely confined to the Lancashire and Cheshire families. I thought them very dull, and aspired to enter the charmed circle of the *haute volée*, of which I caught an occasional glimpse at Lady Derby's, old Lady Harewood's, and Lady Cholmondeley's. But my brother was much too proud, and with too high an idea of his own dignity, to make any advances to strangers; nor would he allow me to go anywhere without his wife and himself. We had an Opera box, and dined out a good deal. At last, the end of the hunting season brought Lord and Lady Sefton to town. These dear people had made up their minds that I was the wife most likely to suit, and to *steady* their beloved Sir John Shelley. Accordingly, to my great delight (for Lady Sefton was my *beau idéal* of perfection) we were invited to dine in Arlington Street. Little did I suspect the ordeal which awaited me!

A party had been invited to decide upon my qualifications for admission into *their set* (as Shelley's prospective wife)—a set most exclusive and super-

fine! Old Meynell, the arbiter of fashion, was there. He was both Master of Hounds and of hearts, supposed to be irresistible with women; though ugly, he was said to require but half an hour to drive from the field the handsomest man in London. This extraordinary man was the *reputed* father of many of the peers! I did not know him at that time, so I conversed with him *sans gêne*, with that natural kindness and reverence for age which seem to have pleased him. He at once decided in my favour.

This brief allusion to Mr. Meynell may be supplemented by information from other sources. It appears that Mr. Hugo Meynell was born in 1727. In 1758, he became the first Master of the Quorn Hunt; a position which he held until a few years before his death, in 1808. He was considered to be the foremost fox-hunter of his day; and was the first Master to establish order and discipline in the hunting field. He succeeded more by his good-humoured pleasantry, than by the assumption or exercise of authority over others. It is said that, on one occasion, when two young and dashing riders had headed the hounds, Meynell drily remarked: "The hounds were following the gentlemen, who had very kindly gone forward to see what the fox was doing." Horace Walpole, writing to George Montagu, on June 23, 1759, says: "You will be diverted by what happened to Mr. Meynell lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but stayed so late hunting that he had not time to dress, but went as he was, with forty apologies. The matron, very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, 'Oh, sir! I assure you I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches as well as if he was in silk or satin.'"

Mr. Meynell had been acquainted with Dr. Johnson, who used to repeat Meynell's remark, that "the chief advantage of London lies in the fact that a man is

always so near his own burrow." After the French *émigrés* had been some time in England, Meynell remarked: "I am so tired of these visitors, that I wish we were safe at war again." He brought the mansion at Quorndon from Earl Ferrers, and, fifty years later, he sold it to Lord Sefton. He died in his eighty-first year, universally lamented.[1]

A distinguished-looking young man, with powder covering a rather bald head of hair, took me into dinner, and placed me beside my country friend Lord Sefton. My companion seemed to me to be a most agreeable man, perhaps the most entertaining of any man I ever conversed with. Old Meynell sat opposite, doubtless much amused. It was not until near the end of dinner that my pleasant companion, in speaking of music, took from his pocket a subscriber's ticket of admission to the Ancient Music; on that ticket I read the name of Sir John Shelley!

Afterwards the Chevalier la Canea, the celebrated tenor, came with others, and there was music. Sir John Shelley took part in the duetts, and we joined in the choruses, as we had always done at Knowsley and Croxteth. From that time amateur music brought us much together, and even my brother could not resist the fascination of Sir John Shelley's manner, although he warned me repeatedly against engaging myself to a gambler, spendthrift, etc., who only sought my fortune. But I knew, by intuition, that my money was not Shelley's object in paying me flattering attentions, although my fortune was partly the cause of the Seftons' anxiety that we should marry, for they loved him. Sir John's careless disposition and warm heart were, in truth, so lovable, that they wished to find him a wife whom he could truly love, and who would, at the same time, prevent

[1] See Horace Walpole's Letters: and the Appendix to the Life of Thomas Assheton Smith.

the impending ruin which his gambling propensities threatened.[1]

Sir John was seventeen years older than I. At the time of my birth he had already been launched into the stirring times of the French Revolution. At Eton he had been the friend of Canning, Morpeth, Bobus Smith, John Hookham Frere, Dalkeith—all clever men who did his exercises for him, and who petted, and spoiled him. His happy temperament, and his handsome face, captivated even the form masters, who rarely punished him. He had not a care, and never thought of the future. His mind and feelings expanded in the brilliancy of a coterie never surpassed in talent. They all loved him, as boys only can love, in the freshness of schooldays. From Eton he went to Clare College, Cambridge, but only remained one term. Gaming, drinking, and every kind of licentiousness were the fashion of those days. Shelley's guardian, the first Lord Chichester, one day asked him if he thought that he did any good there? On learning the state of things, Lord Chichester quite approved of Shelley's wish to leave Cambridge. In 1787, he went to Geneva, to study under the celebrated Professor Pictet, the friend of de Saussure. While at Geneva, Shelley had the good fortune to accompany de Saussure on his remarkable ascent of Mont Blanc.

Geneva was, in those days, much frequented by the best society in England. There his mind expanded; and he acquired that tone of good breeding which distinguished him through life. At Geneva began his close friendship with Villiers—afterwards Lord Jersey—a friendship which endured to the end of his life. In 1790, he received a commission in the Coldstream Guards, at that time in Flanders, under the command

[1] Sir John Shelley, sixth Baronet (1771—1852) of Michelgrove and Maresfield, Sussex. Well known on the Turf. He twice won the Derby (1811 and 1824) with horses bred on his estate.

of the Duke of York. In passing through Paris, Shelley was present at the Confederation in the Champ de Mars, to celebrate the taking of the Bastille.

Shelley, who had been present at all the battles which preceded the Siege of Valenciennes, greatly distinguished himself on that occasion, by leading the storming party through the sally-port. For the gallantry with which he had held an outpost previous to the assault, he was complimented by Lord Lake, and afterwards received the thanks of the Duke of York, at the head of his Company.

When, a little later, Sir John Shelley returned home on promotion, he seems to have carried all the Duke's good fortune with him. From that time a series of disasters occurred to the army in Flanders, a coincidence which caused his brother officers to regret the loss of one whom they had nicknamed "Howitzer Shell."[1] Amongst those who took notice of Sir John Shelley was Colonel Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, who at that time commanded the 33rd Regiment.

On the day that Sir John arrived in England, the bearer of dispatches from the army in Flanders, his old friend, the Duchess of Gordon, invited him to dine with her and Pitt, alone. I have often heard Shelley speak of that great Minister's amusement when, as they emptied their bottles, after the departure of the Duchess, Shelley frankly gave his opinion as to the prospects of the army in Flanders. It was indeed pretty cool for a young officer to give his views of the condition of things at the front—but it must be owned that his prediction, "that no good would result from the troops remaining there much longer," was amply verified within the year.

[1] One day, Sir John and a companion were surprised by a shell, which fell close to where they were standing. In the impulse of a moment, Shelley dragged his comrade to the ground. When the shell burst it did no harm to either.

CHAPTER II

My brother, and all my friends, objected strongly to my receiving the marked attentions of Sir John Shelley. For that reason I was very reserved as to my feelings, which were, at that time, only so far engaged as to make me refuse and discourage other offers which my family wished me to accept. Our opera box was always so full of *prétendants*, that Sir John could hardly ever penetrate beyond the door. But he invariably was there at the right moment, to take me to the carriage; which was then an affair of passing at least an hour together in the Crush Room. Except during the Newmarket meetings, which he always attended, Sir John never missed the Saturday operas. On these occasions, and sometimes at dinner-parties, we met; but otherwise seldom. As my brother did not belong to the Devonshire House set, then in all its glory, and where Sir John was always welcome, our meetings were not frequent. One of my first convictions that he was serious in his attentions to me arose from his leaving Devonshire House, to come and dance with me at a sort of Almack's Ball, at Willis's Rooms, where he knew that I was going.

Quizzing was the fashion of that day, and I had much to endure and to parry, for I would not allow my friends to think that I had the slightest thoughts of marrying Sir John Shelley. Not even dear Lady Hesketh had the faintest idea of the state of my

feelings, nor the agony I endured when, after the 4th of June, the King's Birthday, we departed for Lancashire. No proposal had been made, and, having accurately gauged the *volage* character of my admirer, I felt certain that the July Newmarket Meeting, and the following shooting and hunting season, would drive me from his thoughts. In all probability he would not even fulfil his intention of coming to the Seftons' in the autumn. Neither the Derbys, nor my brother, gave him the slightest encouragement; and, as we were not to return to London (whose gaieties bored my brother intensely), I never expected to see Sir John Shelley again. My sole consolation was, that I had never given him any cause to suspect the impression which he had made upon me.

While I was staying at Knowsley, the Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—announced his intention of coming there in the following week, to visit Liverpool. Lord and Lady Jersey, the Ossulstons, and many other fashionables, preceded his Royal Highness; and there was a gathering of London Society, which made Lady Derby's invitation to me, to remain during the Prince's visit, extremely flattering. My brother and Lady Hesketh returned home. On the morning that his Royal Highness was expected, a letter arrived from Sir John Shelley saying that he had been invited by his Royal Highness to meet him at Knowsley, and that he should trust to Lord and Lady Derby's hospitality to receive him. Never shall I forget being sent for into Lady Derby's boudoir, where, closeted with her, was my squinting old guardian, with a malicious look in his eyes. He announced that his conscience, and the duties that he owed me—arising, as I knew very well, from his determination that I should marry his son Geoffrey—well, *his duty* required that I should immediately leave Knowsley, where that villain, Sir John Shelley, was intruding himself, and not run the risk of being

exposed to his fascination! He then openly accused me of having encouraged the addresses of that profligate, and had perhaps invited his presence!

I was much agitated, but preserved an outward calm. It was great disappointment to me to leave this pleasant party, and return to Rufford; but I made no resistance to my guardian's stern command. After he had left the room, Lady Derby questioned me as to the state of my feelings towards Sir John Shelley; saying, that if I had determined to marry him, she would persuade my guardian to allow me to remain at Knowsley. But it was not possible for me to confess an attachment to a man who had not proposed to marry me. I would not allow myself to feel any deep affection for one who, after all, might only be amusing himself at my expense. This was not to be thought of; so, without hesitation, I ordered my carriage to be ready after luncheon, and prepared to leave my kind hosts. I felt sure of the sympathy of dear Lady Hesketh, and the approval of my brother, and that consoled me. This step was to be made to appear as being my own act. The avowed reason being that there was no room for me at Knowsley. On Sir John's arrival, he happened to be put into, what was called, my room; and he has since told me of the interest he felt in inhabiting it, and his annoyance that I would not stay to meet him.

When the Prince departed, Sir John went into Norfolk, and Leicestershire. He resumed his old habits, and lived, as before, in the society of the Haggerstones and the Seftons; much too proud to give me a thought, after my apparent coldness. But the Seftons did not abandon their pet scheme, and continued to talk of me to him.

In the autumn I received an invitation from my early friend, Lady Sarah Savile, to visit her father's place in Yorkshire. By a strange coincidence her letter had been franked by Sir John Shelley! Lady

Mexborough's reputation made it impossible for me to accept this invitation, and confirmed my friends in their opinion of Sir John's profligacy, in being domiciled in that house!

Poor Sarah's affection continued undiminished, in spite of the coldness with which Lady Hesketh had treated her in London. I was never allowed to call upon her, or to set my foot within her mother's house. I fear that I must own now, that my friends were right. There never was a house where such profligacy reigned! Devonshire House, at all events, wore the garb of the greatest refinement and delicacy. It enshrined all the charms of talent, beauty, and those *agréments*, imported from the Court of Marie Antoinette, which veiled the inveterate profligacy of that set, with elegance and outward propriety. In that fascinating coterie the most sensitive natures would become demoralised, before discovering that they had unwittingly entered the very precincts of Circe's Court.

I do not write from personal experience; but from reports which I gleaned from Sir John Shelley long after our marriage. At that time the Duchess of Devonshire had left this gay world. Her admirable daughters had never mixed in her evening coterie, and were brought up in that strict propriety which characterised the daughters of our Grandees in those days. Children were never admitted to hear the gossip of their elders, and knew nothing of the world until they married.

That autumn I lived a great deal at Lathom, with Mrs. Wilbraham Bootle, afterwards Lady Skelmersdale. I fear that I coquetted considerably with her brother, Brook Taylor, afterwards Sir Brook, who accompanied me on the violin; while his brother, afterwards Sir Herbert Taylor, played the violoncello. The latter was secretary to King George III. during his blindness. Both brothers were disposed to marry

the heiress; and Brook became seriously attached to me. I have often reproached myself for having flirted so much with him, and for the annoyance it caused to Lady Skelmersdale, who never really forgave me, and who ceased to love me as she had previously done. She and her brothers were highly educated and distinguished.

Old Lathom House had been famous for its defence, under the celebrated Lady Derby, against the Roundheads in the Civil War. But that house had been pulled down, and a new one was built on the same site by Inigo Jones.[1]

Mr. Randal Wilbraham, a cousin of Lord Skelmersdale, who possessed estates in Cheshire, was at that time about forty years of age. He had travelled in the East, and charmed me with tales of Jerusalem, Arabian deserts, and Egyptian Pyramids. He was highly educated, a classical, as well as an Eastern, scholar, and devoted himself, during that winter, to the improvement of my mind. He also gave me new views of religious duty — spoke of the poor in his parish, his own desolate home; for he was a widower with three sickly children. By these means he excited all that was best in my enthusiastic nature, and, as I had resolved to give up the world, and my early inclinations, I hoped to become a martyr to duty. In an evil hour, I consented to become this unhappy man's wife. But, when he tried to seal my resolve with a kiss, the truth flashed upon me, and the disgust, thus excited, made me fly to my room. Early next morning I gave Mr. Wilbraham his *congé*, which he received with such fury and indignation as made me realise that I had had a providential escape from wretchedness for life.

Mr. Wilbraham refused to believe that his rejection

[1] Although Lathom House is attributed to Inigo Jones, this is scarcely possible, as he died in 1652. The construction of Lathom House would not be earlier than the eighteenth century.

was final. His whole family, including my friend Lady Skelmersdale, called my conduct "infamous," and actually persuaded my brother that my reputation was seriously injured! As my brother had used all his influence to make me marry this gentleman, and thus escape what he considered the wretchedness of marrying Sir John Shelley, he was easily persuaded to attribute my behaviour to that foolish attachment. He ordered me to leave his house, and never again to return to it as a home. I bowed to this cruel sentence, and passed a couple of wretched months under my guardian's roof. At the end of that time my brother, at the earnest request of dear Lady Hesketh, relented, and allowed me to return to Rufford.

Lord Alvanley, who had lately joined the Guards, was our frequent guest. This young man had many talents which seemed to promise a fine career—but alas! a life of frivolity wasted these bright prospects utterly.[1] In September the Seftons came to Croxteth. They had heard rumours of my brief engagement to Mr. Wilbraham, and, fearing that one of the many *prétendants* who surrounded me at that time would rob Sir John of his chances, wrote to him to say that unless he came to them immediately, the prize would escape him. A large party had been invited to Croxteth to meet the Duke of Gloucester, who commanded the Lancashire District.[2] The Duke, in common with all persons who are not quite sure of their position—for he was not then a Royal Highness, a title conferred on

[1] Lord Alvanley (1789—1849), described by Gronow as "the greatest wit of modern times." He entered the Coldstream Guards at an early age, and served with distinction in the Peninsula, but being possessed of a large fortune he left the army, and gave himself up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure. He challenged O'Connell, who shirked the encounter and deputed his son, Morgan, to take his place. He eventually dissipated his fortune, but never lost his wit and good humour to the last.

[2] William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester (1776—1834), served as Colonel of First Foot Guards in Flanders 1794. In 1816 he married his cousin Mary, fourth daughter of George III.

his marriage with Princess Mary—exacted more than royal respect and attention. He never allowed a gentleman to be seated in his presence, and expected the ladies of the party to hand him coffee on a salver—to stand while he drank it, and then to remove the cup. He always travelled in great state. I constantly met the Duke at all the great Cheshire houses, and in these parties Tom Cholmondeley, afterwards Lord Delamere, was my constant attendant. He gave a ball at Vale Royal to show me his fine place; and, a few days later, he wrote to my brother stating his wish to be allowed to come to Rufford to pay his addresses to me. When I saw the letter I at once dictated a civil refusal, as I had an invincible horror of being again called a "flirt." Although I never mentioned this proposal to any one, it became known; and Sir John Shelley—between whom and Cholmondeley there had long been a sort of rivalry—decided to give up Holkham, and every other engagement, in order to lay siege in earnest to the "inaccessible heiress," as he called me. My brother, who was obstinate by nature, declared that he never would admit Sir John Shelley within his doors, and vowed that I should not meet him anywhere if he could help it. Lord Sefton, on the other hand, was equally determined that, *coûte que coûte*, he would baffle my brother's determination.

We lived nineteen miles apart; and Lord Sefton has often since declared that he ruined three of his best horses, in bringing us together, by constant transmission of messages and invitations, to say nothing of offers of visits which were always rejected! Although I had by this time become aware of the state of my feelings towards Sir John, nothing could have induced me to confess them; not even to my most intimate friend. At last, Sir John succeeded by stratagem in getting into the house. My brother had gone to Quarter Sessions; and, on the following day, when he was expected to return, the sounds of carriage wheels

were heard rumbling along the approach to the house. His affectionate wife and I ran to the hall door to receive him; when, to our great surprise, out of a hack chaise jumped Sir John Shelley, and Captain Fraser of the Royal Navy, who, poor man! was never forgiven for having accompanied the intruder.

My sister-in-law, Lady Hesketh, was far too shy to be uncivil; and sat blushing, and trembling at the thought of what would happen on her husband's return. However, when that dreaded moment arrived, her husband's natural politeness, and sense of hospitality, even to an unwelcome guest, triumphed over his resentment. My brother would not, in his own house, even appear to be inhospitable. The unwelcome guests remained to luncheon, and afterwards we all walked through the woods and gardens. During this visit, though no words passed, I had a firm conviction that Sir John was really in earnest. The excuse made for his visit was at least made to appear plausible. He bore a message from Lady Sefton to my brother, to say that they were going to have a ball, and hoped that we would go to stay for it in the house at Croxteth. My brother, without a moment's hesitation, declined the invitation, on the plea that he could not possibly leave home just then. Sir John, not in the least surprised at this curt refusal, exclaimed: "Then you must let me come and shoot snipe on your meres." There was no reply. The visitors remained till dark, but no invitation to dinner! At last they were obliged to depart; and then a fine storm of indignation was poured upon me for having walked with Sir John Shelley, and for having, doubtless, encouraged his attentions.

On the following day a servant brought an invitation from Lord Sefton. Invitation refused. Next day came another invitation, for any day suitable to the convenience of my obdurate brother! This was more difficult to deal with, unless he wished to offend the Seftons

outright. My brother then called upon me to declare my intentions with regard to Sir John Shelley; but I kept my own counsel. At last, Lady Hesketh's brother, with the instinct of true love—for he had long been hopelessly attached to me—divined my real feelings, and persuaded his sister, and, through her, Sir Thomas Hesketh, to accept Lady Sefton's invitation for the Croxteth ball.

We went, perhaps, rather to keep up appearances than for any other reason, but I think that we all enjoyed that visit. After two days of entire devotion on the part of Sir John, there could be no doubt of his intentions. I confess that I was still very reserved, and undecided whether to accept him or not, owing to his alarming reputation. But, when he subsequently arrived at Rufford, determined to stay and shoot, and could not be refused this time without offending the Seftons, my fate was sealed.

Those three weeks were not all sunshine for me. I began to doubt my capacity for that most difficult of all tasks, the reforming of a rake! But:

> "I loved his gen'rous nature,
> Bold, soft, sincere, and gay,
> Which shone in every feature
> And stole my heart away!"

Those who read the autobiography of a woman must expect that she will dwell on the first awakening of those affections, upon which the future happiness or misery of her existence depends. To those who cannot enter into these feelings, I say "Guarda e passa."

Sir John contrived, in a short time, to win all hearts. Even my Hornby cousins approved of my choice, especially the men did so. Georgiana, my eldest cousin, in becoming Sir John's *confidante*, had lost her own heart to him; she was never so happy as when in his society. Even my old guardian, who arrived shortly after my engagement, experienced the same fascination. 'Twas thus, at length, the course

of true love did run straight. It was decided that my guardian should take a house in London, pending the preparation of settlements, which, as I was a ward in Chancery, was expected to take some time.

In February 1807, we were settled in Albemarle Street; and I was not married until June 4, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Meanwhile my cousins, the Hornbys, enjoyed themselves as much as I did. Lady Derby took them out a great deal, while all Sir John's intimate friends—and they were legion—received me with open arms. I began, indeed, fully to enjoy the charm of that refined society into which I entered as the *fiancée* of a man of fashion. Lady Cowper, who had been lately married, was my favourite chaperone, and took me to the opera, and to balls and routs. She danced as much as I did, and it was not *then* thought strange that an "engaged" young lady should dance with others, besides her affianced husband.

Sir John always attended the Newmarket meetings, telling me that I should find him, as a husband, what he was as a lover. For this reason he resolved to continue his life on the Turf—the most engrossing pursuit of his life.[1] But he at once gave up playing "games of chance," in accordance with a promise which he had made to me shortly after our engagement. Unfortunately, at this very time, my cousin, Lord Peterborough, invented "short whist"; and as, by our contract, Sir John was to be allowed to play at whist—then a sober game of ten points, at which it was not possible to lose much money—the whist-playing continued as usual. To a careless and indifferent player like Sir John Shelley, "short whist" was indeed a dangerous game. He contrived to lose thousands in a single night, sitting

[1] Sir John Shelley was eminently successful on the Turf. He was the proud owner of Phantom, Cedric (both Derby winners), Eidelsworth, and many other winners. There was, however, more honour than profit when his life's book was closed.

up until daylight chained to his chair by the fascination of the game! I passed many wretched nights, wasting the midnight oil, and waiting for my husband's return!

Lady Sefton had given me some excellent advice, which I determined to follow. I never went to sleep until my husband came home. During the first years of our married life this necessitated a great deal of reading, and affected my eyesight. Those eyes which, according to Saunders's miniature,[1] were once so large and brilliant, began insensibly to grow dim.

During this, my first real London season, a gay and restless carnival to a young married woman—for I was only nineteen—many were the tales whispered into my ears of Sir John's unworthiness! I was told that I was wasting my affections on a profligate; that I did not possess his undivided love! These were the cruel things said, under the guise of friendship, by men who had sought my fortune, and by women who had been jealous of Sir John's future wife! Among the latter was the lovely Lady Borrington, Lady Jersey's sister, who was married to a man she despised, and who was at that time desperately in love with my husband. She tried, by every artifice, to induce him to go off with her. This lady's subsequent flight with Lord Arthur Paget makes this revelation less indiscreet. I was not, at that time, aware of her motives in breathing poisonous insinuations into my unwilling ears. If only I had known I should not have been so unhappy! The only effect which her cruel confidences had upon me was to make my devotion to my husband more intense, and to convince me of the necessity of making Sir John so happy in his home that he would not crave for the love of other women. I exerted every power with which nature and study had endowed me, to fascinate him as a mistress, and to enchain his affec-

[1] See Frontispiece.

tions as a wife. I was, naturally, jealous, and distrusted my own attractions—two powerful incentives—but I firmly believe that I was completely successful. I entreated him not to *tell me* if he were ever unfaithful to me, and though I cannot, of course, be certain of the fact, I firmly believe that he was loyal.

I became subsequently acquainted with an incident in Sir John's bachelor life which increased my apprehensions. There was a fascinating woman, moving in the best society of London, to whom he had long been devoted, but whose affections he had certainly not *seduced*, for he had not been her first passion. Lady Haggerstone, to whom I refer, was married to a foolish, rich old man who cared nothing about her proceedings, and who welcomed the agreeable society which Sir John Shelley brought to her house. Although the lady was old enough to have been Sir John's mother, he had for twelve years been her devoted admirer. One of the first struggles of my young married life was to break her chains, for she had no wish to lose her lover, even after his marriage! She looked upon me as a mere "country girl" who could be managed under her skilful guidance. Like the mother-in-law of French romance, she expected me to follow her advice in everything. Lady Haggerstone was the sister of the celebrated Mrs. FitzHerbert. It was to this *liaison* that Sir John owed his intimacy with the Prince of Wales.[1] Often have I heard my husband speak of the dulness of those suppers, *en partie carrée*, the two sisters, the Prince, and himself. But sometimes the monotony was relieved by a practical joke.

On one occasion, as Sir John entered the room, he saw the Prince kneeling at the feet of Mrs. FitzHerbert in an attitude which suggested prayer, rather than devotion to a woman. The broad

[1] Afterwards George IV.

expanse of the royal form, in an attitude of supplication, so excited Sir John's sense of the ludicrous that he gave the royal posterior a vigorous push, which sent his Royal Highness sprawling at his lady's feet!

With a terrible oath his Royal Highness regained his feet, and advanced towards his tormentor, who wisely made his escape *à toutes jambes*! The Prince there and then declared that he had already put up with much, but that this outrage should receive condign punishment.

Eventually the two sisters succeeded in making peace, and things went on as before. Sir John was at that time like the Page in "Le Mariage de Figaro," and his pranks were tolerated—pranks which would have caused others to be tabooed for life. The *set* called "the Cream" could not get on at all without Sir John Shelley's fun, and that honest *gaieté de cœur*, which sprang from wonderful health and animal spirits. So great was his sense of humour that he could banish care, and every unwelcome monitor, even when he came in the shape of a dun! When he had been successful at play, he would send for all his bills, and pay them: when he lost, he felt satisfied that he could not pay any of his creditors until the next turn of Fortune's wheel. He was, therefore, never disturbed either by good or bad fortune, and led a happy-go-lucky life in the society he loved best.

At Michelgrove, his beautiful place in Sussex, he kept open house, two packs of hounds, excellent shooting, and all the *agréments* of a luxurious existence. But things could not continue at that rate very long. At last the steward had no money to carry on the establishment, and the family lawyer could provide no more! The inevitable day of reckoning had come, and Sir John was compelled, much to his disgust, to look into his complex affairs. To his surprise

he found that his father—though possessed of an immense fortune for those days—had himself undermined the future inheritance of his son. His father was the nephew of the Minister Duke of Newcastle, and, like him, lived at Court as Treasurer of the Household, and Groom of the Stole. He also assisted in contested elections, where a great deal of money was wasted. He had been member for Lewes and Shoreham, but having always lived beyond his income, he had sunk everything, that was not entailed upon his son, and purchased an annuity on his own life. My husband had been a very delicate child, and it was not expected that he would survive infancy. His father, who cared for nothing but himself, fully expected that his child would die, and that the entail of the estate would cease. In anticipation of that event he continued to raise money in every direction. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that, when Sir John came of age, he found little to inherit beyond an encumbered estate. The pressing need of money at last compelled him to part with his family place, Michelgrove, which was sold to Mr. Walker, a Liverpool merchant, for £100,000. The astute purchaser immediately cut down £70,000 worth of timber on the estate, without touching the ornamental timber, and with advantage to the estate itself. The loss of Michelgrove affected Sir John so much that he rarely mentioned its name, and would not even allow me to visit it for many years after our marriage.

In 1814, Sir John inherited Maresfield, a beautiful place near Uckfield, from his uncle Mr. Newnham. We laid out £70,000 in improving the place, which henceforth became our home. It was with real pleasure that I spent this enormous sum on Sir John's new property, for it gave him a good position in the county, and consoled him for his early errors, which he never ceased to deplore.

Sir John Shelley's first appearance in public after our marriage was at the Ascot Race Meeting, where he received the congratulations of his many racing friends At the end of the month we arrived in London, and were presented at Court by old Lady Onslow, a sister of Sir John's father. Every one seemed to rejoice with our happiness, and life then appeared to me to be a real Paradise. Our first country visit was to Osterley Park, Lord and Lady Jersey's, where, I began to feel that an evil spirit still pervaded the world, and that my future life would not be all sunshine.

Lady Jersey then, as always, required all her associates to submit to her dictation, even in so small a matter as a novel; and "the country girl," as she called me, was not allowed to differ in opinion from that powerful Queen of Society. I soon perceived that Lady Jersey tyrannised over her husband, who, adoring his commanding wife, almost trembled in her presence, and certainly never ventured to oppose her opinions, or wishes. In deference to my husband's request I patiently swallowed every affront, and bore her impertinent curiosity with humility, which was more feigned than real. She inquired into the amount of my fortune, and of our expenditure, giving her opinion as to what we should, or should not, do.

Unfortunately we were detained longer than we wished at Osterley, by an accident which had happened to my husband. In playing tennis at Hampton Court he twisted his ankle on a ball, which brought on an attack of the gout, which he had never before felt. He was helpless for months, and was compelled to use crutches for some time. In this plight I had to appear in London society, as a bride with a lame husband! this set all the gossips giggling, and accentuated the objection which had always been made to my marriage—namely, that Sir John was so much older than myself! However, that could be borne;

and my only real annoyance was that he could not amuse himself shooting at Rufford, where the broad ditches over which we had both vaulted with a pole, made even the use of a pony impossible. Eventually we went into Norfolk, where, at Holkham, I had an even more *triste* experience of the jealousy and spite of the worldly people of that period, who were prepared to hate me for having robbed them of their former flirt and gay *convive*. These ladies practised the refined art of social torture, without attracting my husband's attention, and I had much to bear in silence. The scandal, talked over their work-tables, disgusted me. I often preferred the silence of my own room, or a solitary stroll in the gardens, to their detestable conversation, when no one was spared, and which at last I could not tolerate.

In vain these ladies bade my husband lecture me on my lack of sociability. I turned the tables upon my persecutors by caricaturing their manners, to his infinite amusement. In spite of all they could say, or do, I kept out of the reach of these scandal-mongers all the morning, (when they were most objectionable) and contented myself by driving out with some of them in the afternoon.

In the evenings I allowed these old maids to cheat me at "*Vingt et un*," until, at last, I felt it to be my duty to refuse to play with them; as I had already lost more money than I could well afford. This new determination was regarded as a fresh affront, and fresh persecutions were resorted to. I was very glad when our visit came to an end, and we were free to pay far more agreeable visits elsewhere.

That fine Palladian Palace, Holkham, was approached through a triumphal arch, along a straight road, from which the sea is seen in the far distance. Beyond the Obelisk Wood lay a lake, with the church peeping out of a large cluster of trees. Mr. Coke's skill and taste have made the desert fertile, and the prospect pleasing.

Picturesque farm buildings, and browsing kine are dotted along the seven miles of approach to the house. When the aspect is viewed at the change of the leaf, nothing can surpass its beauty. It is a veritable oasis surrounded by the dreary Norfolk landscape, swarming with partridges, and other winged game, which seem to rise out of wastes of sand bearded with stunted corn. There were no fences to check the full enjoyment of the shooting, when thirty or forty brace a day fell to the guns of Holkham. In the *battues* the slain were numbered by thousands.

There is one rule from which I have never deviated during the whole course of my married life. I made it a point never to interfere in any way with my husband's mode of life; and I never kept him from the society even of persons whose conduct I could not admire. Often have I urged him to accept invitations, and go alone to dinner-parties where I knew that he was more than welcome. In this I feel sure that I acted wisely.

It was not, in those days, customary to have more than three or four women at dinner-parties, where there were eight or ten men; and dinners were not, as now, a jumble of pairs like the animals entering the Ark. Dinners were then arranged with care and thought, so as to secure the most agreeable conversation. This lent an especial charm to those select gatherings.

Tommy Moore, Luttrell, Rogers, and Sydney Smith, were the regular "diners out." They were invited especially to give the *ton*, and to lead the conversation, whose brilliancy had often been prepared with as much care as a fine lady bestows upon her Court dress. The conversation was seldom impromptu—like the talk of my lively, and most agreeable husband—yet every one accepted its charm, without

scrutinising too closely the manner of its "get-up."

During my early life the dazzling brilliancy of table talk shone brightly. Then came a change; people wished to hear their own voices, and dinner-table wit sank away for ever!

CHAPTER III

After leaving the old Squire, Coke of Norfolk, to repeat his oft-told tales at Holkham to an ever-approving audience, with whom his word was law, I found myself at Houghton, in a cheerful society where kindness, *bienséance*, and the most spiritual conversation replaced the intense boredom of the great English Commoner's *entourage*; but *le diable n'y perdait rien.* It has been well said, that "vice to be hated needs but to be seen." Here, like Devonshire House, *tout était permis, avec bienséance.* The hazard-table was called "chicken-hazard" for the ladies' benefit, and dear, good-natured Lady Cholmondeley played at it without even a thought of the slightest harm. This celebrated beauty, before her marriage, had been named "Black Charlotte" by the Prince of Wales, Charles Wyndham, and the beaux of that day, who all paid their court to her. She gloried in their attentions, and received with delight their questionable homage. Prior to her marriage she had considered herself free to amuse herself, without heed of consequences; but, after her marriage she turned over a new leaf, and became a perfectly correct, and devoted wife. I note this as a curious trait in the manners of that age, for she and her sister, afterwards Lady Willoughby de Eresby, were *grandes dames.* By the death of their brother, the Duke of Ancaster, they became immense heiresses, and the Great Chamberlainship of England is vested in their descendants.

As a girl, Lady Tarleton was received as one of the family, and then became the wife of the General who gained his laurels in the American War of Independence.[1] She was the illegitimate daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Robinson, and the most *spirituelle* and clever person I ever met with. She was very handsome and attractive. Lord Villiers had wished to marry her; but poverty, and perhaps family pride, made this impossible. At that time Lord Villiers had no income whatever. His father, Lord Jersey, being utterly ruined, it became necessary for Lord Villiers, when he afterwards inherited the family estates, to discharge his father's debts at a tremendous personal sacrifice. My warm-hearted husband, who loved Villiers as a brother, came to his rescue, and, out of his own slender resources, lent him £10,000 without any formality, or interest. After twenty years, when the money was repaid, my husband was thus reminded of a loan which he had quite forgotten!

One day, it must have been in 1803, I came back unexpectedly to my mother's sick-room, and saw, sitting at her bedside, the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. She was dressed in the indecent style of the French republican period. Tears were rolling down her cheeks; this heightened her beauty without defacing the rouge which had been artistically applied. Her sleeves were of the finest embroidered muslin, and transparent drapery lay over a bust of ivory.

When the lady saw me, she rose to her feet, rushed towards me, and cried out impulsively: "Do let me kiss my darling niece." She did so, of course, and the odour of musk enchanted me.

This was the first and only time that I saw my

[1] Sir Banastre Tarleton (1754—1833) entered army 1775 and accompanied Cornwallis to America. Took part in the capture of New York and other places, also in the seizure of General Lee. He defeated Lafayette near James Town in 1781. Was Member for Liverpool 1780–81. Became a general 1812.

mother's unhappy sister, Grace Dalrymple Eliot. Her story is full of romance. She was extremely beautiful, had married a plain-featured little doctor, who was double her age, and took no sort of trouble to guide his young bride of only seventeen! She unfortunately attracted the attention of Lord Valentia, who seduced her. She had passed from a convent in France to an unsuitable marriage. After her divorce she returned to France, and was brought back to England by Lord Cholmondeley. In 1785 she went to Paris, and was living there when the Revolution broke out. She was on intimate terms with Madame Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, and many of the active spirits of those days.[1] Poor woman! whatever may have been her faults—and it must be remembered that she had a very imperfect bringing up—she became one of the ministering Angels of the Revolution. Through her influence over the Duc d'Orléans, and Tallien, she saved many lives at the risk of her own. She was imprisoned, insulted, and threatened with an ignominious death. Her hair had been cut ready for the guillotine, and she

[1] Grace Dalrymple was the eldest daughter of Hew Dalrymple, Attorney-General of Jamaica. The exact date of her birth is uncertain, but probably it took place in 1754. She had been educated in a convent in France, and when she was about sixteen she had the misfortune to lose her mother. From that time she fell into the hands of her impecunious and dissolute father. In 1771, when she was seventeen, her father induced her to marry Dr. John Eliot, who, at that time, had a considerable practice in London. Dr. Eliot was exactly double her age, and was of an unprepossessing appearance. The marriage was not a happy one. In 1775 Grace Dalrymple Eliot was seduced by Lord Valentia, and was divorced by her husband in the following year. Her father had been dead two years; she had no home, and she seems to have fallen into bad hands. The Prince of Wales took great notice of her; and, in 1783, she gave birth to a girl who, as Georgiana Seymour, is frequently mentioned in Lady Shelley's Diaries. At the outbreak of the French Revolution Grace Dalrymple was living in Paris, under the protection of the Duc d'Orléans, whom she tried to save from his bad advisers. Her experiences during the Reign of Terror, though written in 1801, it is said at the request of George III., were not published until 1859, when they appeared under the title "Journal of My Life during the French Revolution." After the Peace of Amiens, in 1801, Grace Dalrymple returned to England, where she remained until the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. She died in Paris on May 16, 1823, in her sixty-ninth year.

would certainly have perished on the scaffold if Robespierre had not fallen. She was then released (1794) and came for a short time to England, after an absence of many years. Her antecedents were not a bar to the acquaintance of many distinguished people; and her portrait was painted by Gainsborough. Of course I knew nothing *then* of my aunt's history, and could not understand why my poor mother burst into tears, and afterwards regretted this accidental *rencontre*. Georgiana Seymour, whom I met at Houghton, was her daughter, presumably by Lord Cholmondeley. But the Prince of Wales also claimed to be her father; and, in those profligate days, the mother was treated semi-royal by those who wished to flatter his Royal Highness!

Although this misfortune had caused my mother much pain, she did not refuse to allow me to visit and play with my cousin; and I used to go almost daily to Cholmondeley House, in ignorance of the family history. We used to go to Fragard's riding school together, where I made the acquaintance of Lady Sarah Fane, who had not yet been presented. She was two years older than myself. I remember when, one day, we were standing near the window overlooking Piccadilly, Georgiana called me to look at the three "*élégants*" of the day, who happened to be passing: Lord Anglesey, Lord Villiers, and Sir John Shelley, then in his great beauty.

But to return to Houghton. Georgiana Seymour and Harriet Cholmondeley were the bright stars in that firmament. The latter was the daughter of Lord Cholmondeley, and afterwards married the great *parti* of the day, Mr. Lambton. She and Priscilla, afterwards Lady Tarleton, were adopted daughters of the Cholmondeleys, and were brought up with Lady Cholmondeley's own children. They certainly made Houghton the pleasantest house I ever stayed at. Its society was like that of an old

French château, where every lady laid out her best accomplishments to please the assembled guests. It was there that I first met Beau Brummell.[1] He was supposed to be painting a miniature of George IV., after Cosway; but he made so little progress that we declared he never touched it. He then began to make an album which contained many *vers de société*, and led to much banter and fun, so the days passed very agreeably. The gentlemen of the party apparently submitted to old Cholmondeley's atrocious wines in order to enjoy the *agréments* of Houghton.

I saw a great deal of the beautiful Georgiana Seymour here, and also in London. She was always wishing to have me as a companion, and as we lived close to the corner of Down Street and Piccadilly, I was often at Cholmondeley House, which was afterwards the residence of the Duke of Cambridge.

As the parentage of this beautiful girl was claimed both by the Prince of Wales, and by Lord Cholmondeley (who were equally devoted to her), all the men of *ton*, and many women, received, and courted her mother, Grace Dalrymple Eliot, thereby hoping to obtain access to the Prince's favour. I knew this from my husband, who witnessed it. He was often in Grace Dalrymple's society, but he was then too *volage* to become captive to her charms.

In 1808 Georgiana Seymour married Lord William Bentinck,[2] and died in December 1813.

[1] George Bryan Brummell (1778—1840), a celebrated wit and leader of fashion, once an intimate friend of the Prince Regent. His album, in which he collected poems by the most celebrated persons of his day, was in itself a proof of his popularity. Brummell was utterly ruined by gambling at Watier's Club. In 1816 he took flight, crossed over to Calais, and led a miserable existence for some years. He died imbecile, in an asylum at Caen, in his sixty-second year.

[2] Lord William Charles Bentinck, a son of the Duke of Portland, was Treasurer of the King's Household and a colonel in the army.

CHAPTER IV

Colonel Cadogan tells me that before the Battle of Salamanca, when the French and English armies were in sight of each other, Lord Wellington, having made every arrangement, retired to his tent to take some rest and refreshment. He had given orders to be called in the event of any movement by the enemy. The French kept up a cannonade, which bore so immediately upon Wellington's tent that his servants did not dare to wait at table. While he was in the act of carving a chicken an aide-de-camp came to tell Wellington that Marmont had made a movement to the left. Wellington sprang to his feet, ran out of the tent, with the chicken on his fork, and exclaimed, "Then we have them, by G——!"

Colonel Cadogan also tells me that Wellington is now in winter quarters behind Ciudad Rodrigo, and amuses himself with hunting. In order to enjoy the sport in safety, videttes are stationed at intervals over a district of ten miles. Wellington and his officers seldom have a good run, as the foxes are too fat, and are either killed immediately, or are run to ground among the rocks. Colonel Cadogan says that Lord Wellington is particularly gay, and playful in conversation; enjoys fun, and is always the first to promote amusement. Like Henri IV. and other great men, he seems to be able to sleep at any moment. When rolled in his cloak on the bare ground, his slumbers are as peaceful and profound as those of a child. When he

awakes he is immediately in possession of all his faculties. I mention these trifles, believing that everything relating to so great a character is worthy of remembrance.

About three years ago, after one of the conscriptions in France, nearly one hundred young men of family and fortune had, at considerable expense, procured substitutes, who had left for the front. Soon afterwards all those young men attended a *grande chasse* near Paris, at which Bonaparte was present with the Parisian world. When Bonaparte caught sight of those young men, in all the glory of their hunting costumes, he sent for one of his generals and inquired: "Que font là tous ces jeunes fainéants? qu'on les envoye à l'armée demain matin." In vain the case was stated to him. They were all sent off on the following morning! Mr. Montgomerie, who happened to be present, knew some of them intimately.

Miss Caroline Neville, afterwards Lady Wenlock, told me the following anecdote about Princess Charlotte of Wales:

Her Royal Highness was playing at "Commerce" with the Queen, Princesses, etc., at Windsor, not long after the appearance of the Prince Regent's letter, in which, speaking of his early friends, he said: "I have no predilections to indulge." Princess Charlotte was so long in making up her mind which card she should take, that the Queen became impatient. "Come, come, my dear," said she, "why don't you decide, and take one of them?" Upon which Princess Charlotte, with more quickness than respect, replied: "Why really, ma'am, I *can't* decide, I've no predilections." Her manner in public is extremely forward. She drives about Windsor in a phaeton with a pair of ponies, nodding, and kissing her hand to everybody she meets. When George Neville, who does not know her, met her, he, of course, took off his hat.

Princess Charlotte gave him a familiar nod by which he was much flattered, and deemed it a compliment paid to his *beaux yeux*. But on his return home he was told by the fat chaplain (Mr. H.) that, as he was standing with the alehouse keeper at the door of the inn, giving his horse some water, they each received a similar condescending salutation.

As she was driving, a few days later, through the streets of Windsor, one of her ponies became a little restive. The groom, of course, went instantly to its head. Her Royal Highness, who was indignant that the collected crowd should suppose her to be unequal to manage it, gave the poor groom a smart cut across his face, and dashed furiously on.

Does this indicate strength of character, or the wilfulness of an ill-educated child? Time will show.

Among the most agreeable of the visits which we paid at this time was to Althorp, with its magnificent library and grand shooting-parties. Lord Spencer was head of the Admiralty when Nelson assumed the Mediterranean command, and, as will be seen presently, both he and Lady Spencer had much to say about that fine sailor.

The following letter was written from Woburn, after one of Lady Shelley's visits to Althorp:

"WOBURN, *December* 1812.

"MY DEAR LADY SPENCER,

"Though I feel that I have no right to occupy your time, when I already enjoy the privilege of writing to dear Lady Sarah, yet one letter you must permit, that I may endeavour to express some part of the gratitude I feel, and also my regret at leaving Althorp, where I discovered that, happy as my married life had always been, it was still capable of increased enjoyment by the addition of a family of friends. Indeed, my warmest affection and interests, hitherto confined within so small a circle, are now extended to all that belongs to you and those amiable

girls. While Shelley and I could talk of you, which we did during the whole of our journey, I did not half know how grieved I was to leave you. But on my arrival here, the force of contrast made quite a fool of me.

"We were very late, and a formal reception prepared the way for a silent dinner of twenty people. You will guess from this that I now know what your 'Noah's Ark' is; for they were all in pairs, and I the solitary snipe. During dinner every one whispered to his next neighbour, and I was obliged to do the same, from the dread of hearing my own voice. But when evening came, God knows, I had no longer the same fear, for a scene of such vulgar noise, and riot, I never beheld!

"As soon as we left the dining-room, the Duchess went to her nursing employment (after a little edifying conversation on the subject) and we dispersed into different parties, through an *enfilade* of six rooms. The gentlemen soon joined us, and in the first, Shelley got a companion at billiards. In the next, Lady Asgill established herself in an attitude, lying on the sofa with Sir Thomas Graham at her feet. In the next, a sober rubber at whist. In the next, Lady Jane and Miss Russell at a harp and pianoforte (both out of tune), playing 'The Creation'! Alas! It was chaos still! And, in the long gallery, a few pairs were dispersed on the sofas; others sauntered from room to room. I joined the latter, and talked of furniture, china, and ormolu, till the subject was exhausted. I was bored to death, and *triste à mourir*; the *tête-à-tête* forming a barrier to the billiard-room![1] At last I established myself at a writing-table in the card-room. Scarcely was I seated, when the Duchess entered; and, collecting her romping force, of girls and young men, they all seized cushions, and began pelting the whist players. They defended themselves by throwing the cards and candles at her head; but the Duchess succeeded in overthrowing the table, and a regular battle ensued, with cushions, oranges, and apples. The romp was at last ended by Lady Jane being nearly blinded by an apple that hit her in the eye! Shelley, before that, had been almost smothered by the female romps getting him on the ground, and pommelling him with cushions.

[1] Namely, the room in which she found Lady Asgill.

To this succeeded 'Blind Man's Buff.' *Triste*, disgusted, and cross, in spite of my good resolutions to bear any amount of folly (dear Lady Sarah, forgive me), I stole off to bed. As I passed along the corridor, I almost expected that the picture of Lady Rachel Russell would start from its frame, at seeing her favourite residence turned into a *guingette*. But the picture, and the representative of the House of Russell are equally accustomed to, and unaffected by, such scenes; and living, as the Duke does, in the languor created by the dearth of intellectual amusement, can you wonder that he should, in despair, try to enjoy the physical distraction even of 'Blind Man's Buff'? Thus far is for the Nest.[1] But what their pure minds would think impossible is the disgusting familiarity of Lady Asgill and Sir Thomas Graham, who, though in the field a hero, is in love a dotard. To give you a specimen—Lady Asgill yesterday said to me, in speaking of the house at Woburn: '*We* have the apartments next yours. They all communicate, which is extremely comfortable. Sir Thomas's is next yours. I have the next, and my sister, Mrs. Wilmot, the third.'

"You have seen too much of the world to be surprised at anything, but to me this parade was both new and disgusting. I set off to-morrow to my quiet home with intense pleasure. God bless you, dear Lady Spencer. You know that my anxieties are at Althorp. May they soon end as happily as I finished them last night in my dreams.[2]

"Of course you will not think of writing to me; but tell the *Refugees* I shall expect long letters till we meet.

"Believe ever, dear Lady Spencer, in the affection of your third daughter,

"F. SHELLEY."

While at Woburn I copied the following verses, composed by the Duchess of Devonshire, and attached to the pedestal of a bust of Fox:

"Here amidst the friends he loved, the man behold
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;

[1] The schoolroom was called "The Nest."

[2] There was a probability of Lady Sarah Spencer being engaged to Mr. Lyttelton. They were married on March 4, 1813.

Whose patriot zeal, and uncorrupted mind,
Dared to assert the freedom of mankind:
And whilst extending desolation far
Ambition spread the baneful flames of war;
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox the warning counsel gave,
Midst jarring conflicts stemmed the tide of blood,
And to the menaced world a sea mark stood.

"Ah! Had his voice in Mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hailed,
Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world Humanity and Peace.
But, though he failed, succeeding ages here
The vain, yet pious, effort shall revere;
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Behold his greatness, and confirm his fame."

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ALTHORP, *Dec.* 20, 1813.—Lady Spencer has told me an anecdote about Gibbon, which confirms my belief that atheistical opinions, however strong, wane in sickness, or at the approach of death. Gibbon was at Althorp about three weeks before he died. During his visit news came of an order which had been issued during the French Revolution, to the effect that Death should be regarded merely as a long sleep; and that friends and relations, instead of mourning for the deceased, were to dance, and strew flowers on the grave. Lord Spencer, turning to the historian, said: "Well, Mr. Gibbon, they have adopted your opinions, for I believe you think the idea of Death being a long sleep just and desirable?"

"Yes," replied Gibbon, "provided one could be sure of one's dreams."

Here is another anecdote. The famous Prince de Ligne was staying at the Court of the Emperor of Austria, when a magnificent casket of jewels arrived, as an offering from Bonaparte to his intended bride. The prince, after examining the jewels closely, said: "Il faut avouer que le *présent* vaut bien le *futur*."

Mrs. D'Albiac, wife of the general of that name, has

followed her husband during the whole campaign in Spain; and, though she was always considered to be very delicate while in England, has borne many fatigues under which men have sunk. The retreat from Burgos, however, very nearly destroyed her. The following circumstances, that happened to her, would make a fine opening to a poem on the Battle of Salamanca. The night preceding the battle was extremely sultry. Not a breath of air relieved the oppression occasioned by the weight of the atmosphere. A squadron of cavalry, commanded by General D'Albiac, were picqueted on a height. Under the shelter of their horses the men were sleeping, while, lower down the hill stood some pieces of artillery. A sudden flash of lightning, followed by a violent thunderclap, awoke the men, and terrified the horses, who broke away from their picquets. As they galloped down the hill both officers and men, in a wild panic, dispersed in all directions. General D'Albiac, knowing that his wife's strength was not sufficient to enable her to escape on foot, naturally feared that she would be trampled to death. In an instant he seized his wife in his arms, and placed her upon one of the guns, while the terror-stricken horses dashed by on each side, without hurting her in any way.

From Althorp we went to Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, for the shooting. We stayed there a few days. The house is far too small even for the company it contained. Lord Byron was there. Mrs. Leigh told me that he spent most of the night writing a poem which is to be called "The Corsair." As he did not leave his room until after mid-day, our intercourse was restricted. He is decidedly handsome, and can be very agreeable. He seems to be easily put out by trifles, and, at times, looks terribly savage. He was very patient with Mrs. Leigh's children, who are not in the least in awe of him. He bore their distracting

intrusions into his room with imperturbable good humour. Mrs. Leigh has evidently great moral influence over her brother, who listens to her occasional admonitions with a sort of playful acquiescence. But I doubt the permanence of their effect upon his wayward nature. Her manner towards him is decidedly maternal; it is as though she were reproving a thoughtless child. She looks very much older than her brother, and does not make the most of herself. She is dowdy in her dress, and seems to be quite indifferent to personal appearances. She is extremely good, and I like her much. Colonel Leigh is an old friend of Shelley's, and belongs to that select côterie who can boast of a close intimacy with the Prince of Wales. My husband is never so gay, and apparently never so happy, as when he is in the company of those who, like Colonel Leigh, have been through the fire with him. In spite of the ruin which the racecourse brings to some of its votaries, it has an irresistible charm for all. I felt something of this when, two years ago, my husband won the Derby with Phantom, a horse which he bred himself. Shall I ever forget the excitement of that moment?

CHAPTER V

April 22, 1814.—I am just returned from the King of France's Levée at Grillon's Hotel in Albemarle Street. I was enchanted by the grace and dignity of his manners. On the King's retirement the whole room rang with cries of "Vive le Roi," from the mixed crowd that had been admitted to his apartment. The *entrée* was granted to any person who chose to enter, and but few left the room with dry eyes.

I awaited the arrival of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is grown quite pretty since the unexpected change in their fortunes. "*Le bonheur embellit tout.*" I had not time to attend her Reception, which I regret, as I was presented to her five years ago, by the Duchess of York, at Carlton House. She then had tears in her eyes nearly all night. Her eyes have been so much weakened by weeping that they are still inflamed. The Comte de Puységur told me that when Sir Charles Asgill[1] was presented to her she was much affected. Puységur said: "*Madame, Sir Charles Asgill désire vous être présenté, il doit avoir encore plus de respect pour votre Altesse qu'un autre, puisqu'il doit la vie à notre malheureuse Reine.*"

At these words the Duchesse d'Angoulême covered her face with her hands; and it was some time before she was calm enough to speak to him.

[1] Sir Charles Asgill (1763—1823), an officer in the First Foot Guards. Captured at the capitulation of York Town, 1781. Was sentenced to death in retaliation for the execution of an American prisoner, but released. He served in Flanders. Major-General in 1798.

When the King of France gave the Order of the Saint-Esprit to the Prince Regent—an Order which had never before been conferred on a Protestant Prince—every one was struck by the elegance of the compliment. The King told the Prince Regent that that Order was the only thing, that he could call his own, which the King of France had left to bestow.

Princess Charlotte's manners are as bad and hoydenish as possible. She is very clever, and wilful. The Prince Regent, who has a quick knowledge of her character, knows exactly how to manage her. He never appears to wish the thing he has determined she shall do. It was thus that her marriage with the Prince of Orange was brought about. They never allowed Princess Charlotte to see him; but she had heard so much of his distinguishing himself in Spain that, at last, she begged her father to invite him to dinner.

The Prince Regent evaded the question for some time. At last he said that he would not invite the Prince of Orange, as he felt sure that she would dislike him, and would show it. On several occasions Princess Charlotte returned to the subject, and promised good behaviour. After a time, the Prince Regent appeared to relent, and the Prince of Orange was invited.

At his first entrance (as he is plain) Princess Charlotte was beginning her impertinence, but a glance from the Prince Regent checked her. Before dinner was over the two young people began whispering, and spent the whole evening in conversation. The Princess at last went up to her father and *insisted* upon his making a proposal at once to the Prince of Orange, for her. This the Prince Regent refused point-blank; and told her to wait, and sleep over it. She never closed her eyes that night, and wrote three notes to the Prince of Orange before next morning broke.

The Prince of Orange next day spoke to the Prince Regent, and told him that he had never seen a woman with whom he was so much struck. The Prince thereupon sent for his daughter, and the engagement was arranged. This is the Prince Regent's own account of the affair, and may be relied upon in every particular.

After the debate on the question of Norway, when Lord Grey made a most eloquent speech which lasted over three hours, Comte Meerfeldt, the Austrian Ambassador, who is full of dry fun and pleasantry, said to him in a tone of the deepest compliment: "Milord, il faut avoir de bien bons poumons pour parler aussi longtemps."

Lord Grey told this story very good-humouredly, though he was not particularly flattered at the compliment to his physique, *au dépens du moral.*

May 14, 1814.—I last night saw Prince Carl of Wirtemberg, brother to the Prince Royal, who has so much distinguished himself. Prince Carl is tolerably good-looking, but is the greatest coxcomb and the most impertinent prince, and puppy, that I ever beheld. He made his *début* at Mrs. T. Hope's on Friday. He danced all night extremely ill, and endeavoured to teach about forty people a new and complicated dance which no one present had ever before seen. He thinks it *de bon air* to abuse everything English. On being called upon to admire the house—which is certainly a fine one—he said: "C'est assez bien pour l'Angleterre." He holds Devonshire House in nearly equal contempt.

He described the assembly as "Une foule inouïe"—"le temps, un froid inouï!" He described "l'agrément de la société de Paris—'inouï'—deux mille étrangers." He said: "On ne voit pas du tout les anglais. Ils ne sont pas faits pour la société; il n'y a que deux ou trois qu'on voit"—and so on. His intense vanity is shown by the following remarks: "C'était un coup

d'œil sublime de nous voir à dîner chez le roi de France. Imaginez-vous, madame, nous étions trente-et-un Souverains et Princes—*trente-et-un Souverains et Princes!* Le beau coup d'œil!" I hope, as he pretends to dislike England so much, that he will soon take his departure.

At Lady Jersey's, the other night, they danced the quadrille known as "The Battery." Count Meerfeldt told me that the last time he danced it was with Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, and others at Monza, a country house near Milan. Bonaparte danced extremely ill, but he kept it up until two in the morning, and danced every description of *contredanse française.*

Baron Tripp[1] told me last night that he honestly believed that Bonaparte's reason for rejecting the advantageous terms of peace offered by the Allies—conduct which will always appear incomprehensible—was that he did not consider empire worth having, unless it embraced the whole world. Baron Tripp quoted an expression of Bonaparte's, "Je suis las de ce vieil Europe! Je ne veux pas régner sur un empire flétri!" How characteristic of the mind of that wonderful being! Such a thought could not enter into the brain of any other man; and, for that reason, I believe Bonaparte to have used these expressions. Bonaparte expressed the highest admiration for England, and was most anxious to reside here. Would that he were safe in this island! Can such a man ever remain inactive? Only Providence, who created him to be the scourge of the world, and who has now annihilated him for His own wise purposes, can keep him so. The events of the present moment seem to set at defiance the wisdom of Ages. Every political calculation gives way under the overruling hand of Omnipotence.

[1] A Belgian general who commanded the Belgian Carabineers at Water-

The French head-dresses, half a yard high, are the universal topic of conversation. Grassini[1] assures me they are not worn in good society. She considers herself as leading the *ton*, which was really the case at Paris. She appeared at the opera, on Tuesday, in what she regards as, the Roman costume. If so, it was not that of the time of Gli Orazi, which she intended to portray. The chaste sister of the Roman patriot would have felt contaminated by being in the same room with any female in such habiliments. She wore a pair of tight flesh-coloured pantaloons, close to the shape; and, over them, the thinnest white shawl drapery, which clung in loose folds to her form, making nakedness more nude. Her acting with Tramezzani was the finest thing I ever saw, and I could not repress my tears. In the beginning of the opera, and in the *bravuras*, I missed Catherine's astounding powers. But at the close, when wholly absorbed by the interest of the scene, the illusion was complete, and her distinct articulation, and the beauty of language enhanced the melting tones of recitation. For a time I forgot that I was at the opera! Last night Grassini appeared at Lady Heathcote's, and was the sole object of attention.

Yesterday, at six o'clock, I witnessed the arrival of the Emperor of Russia. He had been to Carlton House, and was on his way to the Pulteney Hotel. He drove in Count Lieven's carriage. I at once recognised him by his likeness to his sister, the Grand Duchess. He is very gentlemanlike-looking, and complied, very gracefully, with the wishes of the mob by appearing on the balcony, and bowing repeatedly.

June 8, 1814.—To-day I saw the Emperor of Russia and his sister go in the Prince Regent's state carriage,

[1] Grassini, and Tramezzani, who was an agreeable tenor, were for several years very popular in England. A capable critic ("Musical Reminiscences," by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, 3rd edition, 1828, p. 96) has pronounced Grassini's acting in the last scene of "Gli Orazi e Curiazi," by Cimarosa, as a *chef d'œuvre*. They both left England in 1814.

to call on the Queen at Buckingham House. On their return, the King of Prussia, accompanied by his three sons, went there in state. He is a fine-looking man, apparently not more than thirty years of age. His sons are pleasant-looking boys, and all the suite—as one might have expected—are very soldier-like in appearance.

We also went to look at Blücher—a venerable-looking man, rather short, with the finest silver hair, and a beautiful countenance.

He came to the door to please the mob, who had been drawing him about the streets all the morning. Lord Burghersh had accompanied him; and it was all they could do to get Blücher safe into the house, as he was nearly crushed to death. He told Lord Burghersh that he had never before been so frightened! Lord Burghersh told me this himself.

Every day is passed in seeing these great people. The whole population of London is in the streets!

Sunday, June 12.—I have been riding in the Park to see the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and all the great men; a service of no trifling danger. But it was worth it, for I never beheld so lovely a sight.

The number of people in Hyde Park even exceeded the countless multitudes which have filled the streets during the past week; to say nothing of the crowds of horsemen and carriages. The brightness of the sun added much to the gaiety of the scene. Old Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, appeared on the scene with two of his attendants, armed with long spears. As he speaks no language but Russ, he is not so much attended as the rest. I am told that in his own country he can muster soldiers, or vassals, to the number of eighty thousand, and that he keeps twenty thousand horses. They form the chief part of his revenue. He is a fine-looking man, apparently under forty years of age, although I am told that he is

sixty-four. He rode the white horse, sixteen years old, which he has ridden in all the campaigns. It is a beautiful animal. Old Blücher came next, attended by Burghersh, and Sir C. Stewart. He was mounted on the charger which he rode during this campaign, in all the great battles. His seat is very good, and he is the broadest, stoutest old fellow that ever was seen. I rode with him at the risk of my neck, as the people followed him in troops, both on horseback and on foot.

In the evening we went to a dress party at Lady Salisbury's to meet the Royalties. They did not come till late, and stayed less than an hour. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, appear less well in society, particularly the former, who is shy, and very deaf. He has a bad figure, tightened in at the waist, and has a chest like a woman. His epaulets are large, and placed very forward; and his arms hang in front very awkwardly. Lord Salisbury presented an ice on a salver. The Emperor insisted on putting down the glass himself. He expressed delight at the crush of an English assembly, which he preferred to the stiffness of a Paris circle. The Prince Regent was there, covered with orders, as were the others. The King of Prussia, who had a very short waist, wore the Garter over very loose, white pantaloons, and large ill-made boots, which looked bad. But his countenance is extremely interesting. The young Princes of Prussia are fine creatures, and, I am told, are as brave as lions. In the last campaign the eldest, more than once, led a charge of cavalry; first to a successful attack, and then, wheeling round, led a body of infantry with the same result. The Crown Prince has a pretty, chubby, childish face, full of animation and gaiety. The charming Grand Duchess was there, and honoured me by her remembrance. Although I stood quite at the back of the circle she gave me two or three gracious bows, and smiles.

Before they arrived Lady Pembroke, sister to the distinguished General Woronzow,[1] told me that the Grand Duchess's illness arose from her being confined with her youngest child at a palace near Moscow while the city was burning. She has ever since been subject to these dreadful epileptic fits, which at first were extremely frequent during the day, but now only seize her on alternate days at the same hour. Her attendants endeavoured to deceive her, by putting the clocks forward, and by procuring the actual person, or thing, she was most anxious to see at that very time; but hitherto without success. Bayley, who is inexorable about ladies' fancies, says there is no affectation in this.

The Grand Duchess was dressed last night in the most magnificent pearls I ever saw—scattered all over her head in large bunches and drops. She wore a necklace of egg-shaped pearls of enormous size. Her shoulders are very forward, like her brother's, whom she closely resembles; but he has not her astonishing quick eye. They all talked a great deal to the Duchess of Wellington, upon whom they had called in the morning. The Prussian-French is very bad indeed.

June 14.—This morning I went, at eight o'clock, to Mrs. Tomb's at Whitehall to see the embarkation of the Royalties for Woolwich, from Whitehall stairs. It was a most brilliant sight. The royal barge was gorgeously gilded. Its awning was of purple silk, embroidered in gold, while the flag displayed the arms of England. In the barge sat the Emperor, the Grand Duchess, the King of Prussia, the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, Lord Castlereagh, Countesses Lieven, and Taticheff, and two other men. As they entered the barge the sun shone out, and the whole party appeared on the steerage. While passing under the

[1] General Count Woronzow, Ambassador to England 1793. A celebrated Russian general, who played a prominent part in the overthrow of Bonaparte in 1814.

Strand Bridge[1] (of which three arches are now turned, and the piles of the others laid) they were greeted with vociferous cheering. The boats in attendance comprised the barges, and gigs of the men-of-war lying in the river; also barges of the different boards—about sixty in all—most magnificently decorated, besides scores of boats filled with spectators.

The only drawback to the splendour of the welcome which these Princes received, was the unfortunate *renouvellement* of the dispute between the Regent and the Princess of Wales. Until this happened the tide of popularity ran strongly in the Prince Regent's favour, and as strongly against the Princess. But the Regent's ill-judged letter, in which he declared that he would never meet his wife, either in public, or in private, turned the whole city against him. At the Opera, the other night, when the Sovereigns were present, the Princess made her appearance in the opposite box, and curtseyed to the Royalties, upon which they all bowed. Let this satisfy John Bull, for she is not worth a thought in any case, and less than ever in these momentous times.

If I have been led away by the popular cry in favour of the Emperor of Russia, let me now retract my opinion. Each succeeding day dispersed the halo of glory with which fancy had exalted the magnanimous Alexander. Reality, and a nearer approach, proves him to be a foolish, good-natured, dancing Dandy. Although he has more good qualities than bad, he is but a weak, vain coxcomb. Personally, he is as brave as a lion, but entirely under petticoat government. His sister, the Grand Duchess, has complete power over him; and, shocking as the notion is to English morals, is generally regarded as his evil genius.

Although the Grand Duchess is very fascinating, she remained in England rather too long for my enthusiasm about her to endure. The other day, in

[1] Now known as Waterloo Bridge.

spite of the well-known repugnance of the ungallant citizens of London, she insisted on accompanying the Emperor to the dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall; and, afterwards, to the Guildhall. At the dinner she was the only female present. At the Guildhall the citizens were prepared for her being of the party. Although her antipathy to music is well known, the citizens would not omit the National Anthem. As the nerves of the Grand Duchess bore the music so well I begin to doubt Lord Pembroke's information, and believe that she is as fanciful as are most women on the Continent.

Long before the departure of the Sovereigns public curiosity had been completely satisfied, and their stay became, at last, a positive nuisance.

When the date for their return home was fixed, the joy felt by the higher ranks of society was universal.

Previous to their final departure, the Emperor of Russia and his sister made an excursion to Oxford. They both disdained to occupy the fine beds prepared for them, but passed the greater part of the night *à causer*; they then threw themselves on the floor until daybreak!

As soon as it was light they sallied forth to view all the curiosities of the city. On their return to town, I heard Lord Rosebery ask the Emperor if he was not much pleased with the buildings at Oxford? The Emperor expressed himself less warmly than I had expected, saying "qu'il n'aimait pas ce genre gothique." With the magnificence of Blenheim he expressed himself highly pleased; and, on being asked if he was not fatigued with being up at balls till five or six o'clock, and out at eight in every part of London, he said: "Ah, c'est impossible d'être fatigué quand il y a tant de belles choses à voir." Another expression of his was repeated in *société*: "Que les Anglais étaient une nation de princes, qui vivaient dans des cabanes."

The improvised saloon at Burlington House the

Emperor thought fine, and said it was exactly the size of the ball-room at St. Petersburg. I danced in the same set with him at White's Club in an English Country Dance. He seemed to enjoy that quite as much as valsing, and, as all the Princes, except the King of Prussia danced, it made the performance very superior to what we have seen of late years, when a few Eton boys, aping manhood, supplied the place of young men. (All those who were good for anything were at that time better employed with the army in Spain; and the Dandies were far too superfine to exert themselves, by giving the pleasure of dancing to girls who were too modest to exhibit themselves in a valse. That new dance was then condemned by the old for indelicacy, and by the young for awkwardness. For that reason the valse was, in a great measure, tabooed.)

I cannot resist copying into my diary the following speech, made by the Speaker of the House of Commons to the Duke of Wellington, on July 1, 1814:

"My Lord Duke, since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed, but none without some note and mark of your rising glory. The military triumphs which your valour has achieved on the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.

"It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause! It has been that generous and lofty spirit, which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory! That moral and enduring fortitude which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood,

WATERLOO.

Sep. 18. 1815.

nevertheless, unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield, at will, the fates and fortunes of mighty empires.

"For the repeated thanks, and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit, this day, to offer us your acknowledgments. But this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of illustrious warriors who have lately visited this country, we could present to them a leader of our own to whom all, by common acclamations, accorded the pre-eminence! And when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, to defend, and to perpetuate the existence of this country amongst the ruling nations of the earth."

CHAPTER VI

At last the Sovereigns have taken their departure, and the joy we feel is increased by the expected arrival, to-morrow, of our own hero, Wellington, whom we are to meet at dinner on Tuesday at Wanstead. As we returned on horseback, through the Park, from Holland House, a loud hurrah announced the Duke's arrival. We galloped to Hamilton Place, but arrived too late—he had entered the house, and for some time we waited with impatience, hoping that the cheers of a collected crowd would bring him to the balcony. The Duke of Wellington, after staying a few moments, made his escape through the Park, and went to call on his mother in Upper Brook Street. We greeted Mr. Wellesley Pole, who had travelled with the Duke through Spain, and who became interesting from having been so long with him.

The Duke's carriage, a remarkably heavy one, was drawn by six horses. Some people found fault with this, thinking that he sought popular applause; but they were soon undeceived. The next day brought a disappointment. The Prince Regent had sent for the Duke and asked him to go to Portsmouth to meet the Sovereigns. So the party at Wanstead was deprived of his presence, to the great disappointment of the assembled multitudes, who had long waited to cheer his arrival. We had a ball in the evening.

On Monday the 18th, I gave a party; and old Blücher (who with Platoff remained after the departure of the Sovereigns) came to it. To my great joy, Mrs.

Wellesley Pole had invited the Duke of Wellington, whom I saw for the first time at my own house.

The Duke's manner is formal, and, at a first introduction, very imposing. He seldom speaks until he is well acquainted. He greeted Shelley with the utmost cordiality—having known him before he went to Spain. After an absence of six years, during which time the Duke had gained victories, and received honours enough to turn the brain of an ordinary great man, he retains that simplicity of character, and manner, which is still his distinguishing excellence. He remembers his old friends with the same interest as ever; and the youngest of his subordinate officers enjoys his society, and is indeed much more an object of his attention, than are those of a more exalted station in life. In the course of the evening, when I had lost something of the awe which the Duke's presence inspired, I ventured to converse with him. From that time, our acquaintance increased, till it has almost become intimacy. The night he dined with us happened to be the Prince's Fête.[1] This compelled the Duke to wear his full uniform, with all his orders. We thus had an opportunity of examining the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece, given to him by the Princess of the Peace,[2] an order which descended to her from her father, and which she had previously given to her husband, the celebrated Godoy. It is superb, being composed entirely of diamonds, suspended by a red ribbon. The other orders are less splendid; but the one most valued is the register of his own triumphs, which was given to all those officers who had been in one of the eight victories. The Duke possesses the whole number, having been

[1] July 21, 1814.

[2] Maria Theresa De Bourbon, niece of Charles IV., King of Spain, married, in 1797, Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, who, in July 1795, received the title of Prince of the Peace, for having negotiated, at Basle, a Treaty of Peace between France and Spain.

in, and gained them all.[1] The Order consists of a Maltese cross, upon which the names of five of the victories are engraved; the other battles are engraved on plain bars of gold. Wellington, and the Duke of York both wore the new Field-Marshal's uniform. The rest of the party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Pole, Lord and Lady Burghersh, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Stewart, the Duchess of Wellington, Lord Apsley, and my eldest son. But I am anticipating.

We met the Duke at Wanstead,[2] where the Prince Regent, the Dukes of York and Cambridge and ninety people—including the whole Wellesley family and all the foreigners who were still in London—sat down to the most magnificent banquet that I ever saw. The royal table—laid for thirty people—was raised on a platform at the end of the room. Above it stood a Buffet, laden with gold plate, and surmounted by a bust of the Prince Regent. At the other end of the room stood a table laden with silver plate, surmounted by a bust of the Duke of Wellington. Down the centre of the room stood two tables for the remainder of the company. I sat near the top of one of these tables, between Lords Westmoreland and Buckinghamshire; Lord Stewart and Shelley sat opposite.

After the King's health and that of the Prince Regent had been drunk, the latter proposed the health of old Lord Mornington, which was drunk with enthusiasm. The Prince then proposed the health of the Duke of Wellington, in a very neat speech. When the Duke rose to reply, he had a broad smile on his face and seemed to regard all the pageantry, and the honours of

[1] Vimiera, 1808; Talavera, 1808-9; Torres Vedras, 1809; Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812; Badajos, 1812; Salamanca, 1812; Vittoria, 1813; Toulouse, 1813-14.

[2] Wanstead House, Essex, the property of William Wellesley Pole, brother of the Duke of Wellington. Created Baron Maryborough 1821, and succeeded as third Earl of Mornington 1842. He assumed the name of Pole on succeeding to the estates of a cousin. His son married Miss Tylney Long, an heiress of fifty thousand a year, all of whose fortune he squandered, and was dependent in his last years on an allowance from his cousin, the second Duke of Wellington.

that day as nonsense, and fun. It seemed as though all these honours concerned any one rather than himself.

At last the Duke began: "I want words to express ——" The Prince Regent promptly interposed: "My dear fellow, we know your *actions*, and we will excuse your *words*, so sit down."

This the Duke did, with all the delight of a schoolboy who has been given an unexpected holiday!

The Prince then drank Lord Wellesley's health, who made an elaborate, and eloquent speech, attributing the success and prosperity of his family to the protection of the King, and the Prince Regent; a protection which had given them a fair field to display whatever talents they happened to possess.

In the evening there was a ball; and the Duke of Wellington danced a *polonaise*. Blücher joined in that, and then danced a country dance in the German fashion, with an *allemand*, skipping down the middle of the room with Lady Burghersh. Old Platoff[1] performed, what he called a national dance, with Miss Fitzroy. It consisted in stamping his feet like a horse, and nodding his head. The whole thing was exquisitely ludicrous, and the Duke could not help joining in the general laughter. During the whole evening the Duke was making jokes with his nieces, and appeared to enjoy the ball quite as much as they did.

The Duke of Wellington, during the evening, said to Shelley: "I think if Bonaparte had attacked *in person* when first we entered Spain, we should have been beat. But latterly, if there had been any sort of equality in numbers, we should have conquered in any event—I mean, whether Bonaparte had commanded in person or not."

He also said, that if the option were given him of fighting Bonaparte with an equal number of troops, or any other general with 20,000 more troops, he should choose the latter.

[1] The Hetman of the Cossacks, one of the heroes of the war of 1814.

To return to July 21, 1814, the day when the Duke dined with us. When Wellington entered the room, my son John, blushing up to the eyes, went up to him and said: "I am so glad to see you, Duke of Wellington. I have wanted to see you such a long time!" The Duke appeared very much pleased with the boy, and kissed him on both cheeks.

After dinner we all went to Carlton House, and I walked about with Wellington from supper-time until we went away at five in the morning. We watched the dancing for some time, and the Duke appeared to enjoy seeing all his aides-de-camp dancing. He said: "How would society get on without all my boys?"

Georgiana Fitzroy's[1] marriage was announced. It was to take place on the following Monday, when the Duke was to give her away. I hope that it will turn out well, but I have my doubts! Lord Worcester is only twenty-one, and very wild.

The Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg dined with us on Friday, July 22. In the evening I gave a party which everybody pronounced as perfect. There was no crowd. At the close of the evening Grassini sang *arias*, ballads, etc. The Duke of Wellington talked to me of poor Colonel Cadogan.[2] He said they would not tell him of Cadogan's death for some time after the battle of Vittoria. He expressed sincere regret for his loss, and praised his conduct most highly.

The other night, when the Duke was taking care of me, after the opera, the crowd made a way for us with the greatest respect. The Duke turned towards me,

[1] Georgiana Fitzroy, a niece of the Duke of Wellington, married July 25, 1814, Henry Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort.

[2] Colonel Cadogan had been sent by Lord Hill with the 71st, and a battalion of light infantry, to the support of the Spanish General Murillo, who had been wounded. Hardly had Cadogan reached the summit of the craggy heights where the French were in force, than that noble officer fell, while cheering on his men to charge the enemy. Though mortally wounded, he refused to be taken to the rear, and watched, with dying eyes, the advance of his heroic Highlanders along the ridge.

and said in the gayest tone: "It's a fine thing to be a great man, is not it?"

The next morning he set off, at half-past four, to see a place in Wiltshire which he had heard would suit him. Half an hour after his arrival there, he decided against it. He stopped at Salisbury one hour to dine, and was back in town by twelve o'clock that night. The distance was 89 miles; so that in about 19½ hours the Duke travelled 178 miles, and decided upon the merits of the place as a residence. Mr. Wyatt accompanied him. He told me that it was most gratifying to see the respect with which the Duke was everywhere greeted—old men standing at a distance bowing, and bare-headed gazing at him, with tears in their eyes. At Salisbury the mob got out of hand, and pressed upon the carriage in an unruly manner. Owing to some want of arrangement on his servant's part, the Duke was obliged to sit for ten minutes in the carriage, his arms almost pulled off in the eagerness of the people to shake hands with him! The Duke seems to have borne all this with the most perfect good humour.

On August 5, 1814, the Duke dined with his regiment at Windsor, and on the following morning returned to town to be present at Emily Pole's marriage with Lord Fitzroy Somerset.[1]

While passing through Brentford the wheel of his carriage came off twice. The Duke immediately sprang into a market cart, in full costume as he was, and arrived at the church only a few minutes after the time fixed for the wedding. He gave the bride away, and then dressed for the opera. I met him there, and he took care of me to the carriage.

On August 7 the Duke set off for Paris, and we returned to Maresfield.

I have thus minutely noted the chief opportunities

[1] Emily Harriet, daughter of William Wellesley Pole (afterwards Lord Maryborough), married August 6, 1814, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, youngest son of the sixth Duke of Beaufort.

we have had of studying Wellington's character and disposition. I am convinced that the more he is known, the more will he be loved; and that he forms an exception to the old maxim, that "no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*."

The adoration felt for the Duke by his family, his children, and, above all, by the Duchess, are proofs of his goodness of heart, and disposition.

He is, undoubtedly, the finest character that any age has produced. But on this subject it is unnecessary to expatiate, for Mr. Abbot, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has recorded the feelings of every English heart in such language as truth alone could have dictated, and eloquence supplied.

August 1814.—I have become acquainted with Mr. Abbot,[1] who is an agreeable neighbour to us in Sussex. He is full of anecdote, and most eloquent.

Lord Sheffield has told me many anecdotes of Gibbon, who died at Sheffield Place. Amongst others, he expressed his firm belief that Gibbon had no idea of disseminating atheistical opinions; but, surrounded by a bad set, among whom such opinions were daringly broached, Gibbon was rather less irreligious than his companions. This, however, is no excuse; and I doubt whether it could have been made in his lifetime without exciting Gibbon's anger.

November 24, 1814.—General Walpole, who was private secretary to Charles James Fox, to-day told me that when Mr. Fox came into office, writers of various newspapers, in accordance with custom, applied to him for employment. There were, at that time, a large number in the pay of the Government. Mr. Fox, in an interview with these writers, told them that they must never expect either money, or encouragement from him, and desired that they should

[1] Charles Abbot (1757—1829), M.P. for Helston 1795. He introduced the first Census Act in 1800. Became Speaker of the House of Commons in 1802, and was created Baron Colchester in 1816.

all be paid up to that day. He then discharged them.

I regard this as another proof of this great statesman's want of judgment. If he really thought that it was for the good of his country that his measures should be followed, he could not afford to despise the usual methods of recommending those measures to the public.

On the other hand, I cannot but admire the fine feeling which Fox exhibited; and regret that the irritated newspaper-mongers should have possessed the power—which they used to the full—of thwarting that statesman, and rendering the Administration of "All the Talents" so unpopular in the country.

ALTHORP, *January* 1815.—I have just heard an interesting account of Bonaparte, which may be relied upon. Mr. Bobus Smith tells me that he saw a letter from Mr. Vernon (the Archbishop's son), who, with Mr. Douglas,[1] visited Bonaparte at Elba.

Napoleon Bonaparte received them courteously, and spoke with great freedom of the affairs of Europe. He said that England had humbled France sufficiently, by imposing the Bourbon yoke upon her, without attempting to circumscribe her limits. He considered this would be impossible, because France is so fertile in resources, "avec une jeunesse brûlante pour la guerre," that however it may be compressed, the slightest impulse would cause it to boil over. "Mais," said he, "cela ne me regard plus."

Bonaparte received them in a shabby room, lighted by one lamp. Among other things, he expressed his surprise at the Regent's taste in beauty, and asked if Lady Hertford could be "mère de ce Yarmouth que nous avons vu à Paris?" and added jocosely, "Il paraît donc, qu'en Angleterre on admire les vieilles."

In speaking of balls, he suggested to Mr. Douglas

[1] Frederick Douglas (1791—1819), M.P. for Banbury, a son of Lord Glenbervie.

that he was not of a dancing age. This caused great annoyance to Mr. Douglas, who is barely twenty-six, and piques himself upon being *un beau garçon!*

Bonaparte expressed great dislike of the Emperor Alexander. When asked his opinion of Metternich, he said: "Il ment trop. On peut mentir quelquefois, mais toujours, c'est trop."

I have seen a letter from Lady Hood[1] to Lady Spencer. She has been making a journey into the interior of India, where she was adopted by the Great Mogul as his daughter! She went on an elephant hunting tigers. She shot a lioness through the heart, and also a tiger. A most enterprising woman!

Mr. Tierney[2] tells me that when he was in France he went to see General St. Cyr's[3] castle at Mont Capel, where he has an estate worth £20,000 a year. He is the son of a low person in the town. The only good that I ever heard of him is, that he is kind to his father. Mr. Tierney asked the servant who showed the place, how he had contrived to get so fine an estate? The concierge replied with perfect *sang froid*, "Mais, je crois qu'il a été un peu voleur dans sa jeunesse." A most prejudiced account!

The Lytteltons[4] give the following accounts of Russia: They declare that the Emperor's char-

[1] Susannah Linzee, married in 1749 Admiral first Viscount Hood—a celebrated British seaman—who commanded the Van Division, under Sir George Rodney in August 1782, when the Count de Grasse and his fleet were so memorably defeated. Lady Hood died in May 1806.

[2] George Tierney (1761—1830), a statesman who fought a duel with Pitt. He was Member for Colchester 1788, and Southwark 1796. He became Treasurer of the Navy in the Addington Ministry, in 1802. He joined Canning as Master of the Mint, and finally quitted office with Goderich in 1828.

[3] Laurent Gouvion St. Cyr, Marshal and Peer of France, was born 1761. His talents for war were remarkable. He possessed the complete confidence of Bonaparte, and left scientific and luminous military memoirs on the campaigns in which he was engaged, from 1792, to the Peace of Campo Formio. He distinguished himself especially during the campaigns of Moscow, and Germany, in 1812 and 1813.

[4] Mr. and Lady Sarah, daughter of the second Lord Spencer.

acteristic is weakness and inconsistency. Pure despotism in practice, with injudicious attempts to give the peasantry a love of liberty, for which they are at present unfit. Democratic pamphlets are printed at Petersburg, and circulated by the Emperor's authority. He represses merit in his officers of State, and military officers, by distributing rewards to the undeserving, and by jealously withholding them from those who are distinguished. Mr. Lyttelton[1] informed us of the received opinion concerning his quarrel with Witgenstein. At the Battle of Bautzen, the forces of the French and Russian armies were so nearly matched, that, to the desertion of the Emperor with his bodyguard of ten thousand men, near the end of the battle, Witgenstein attributed its not having been a decided victory for the Russians. Exasperated at the weakness of the Emperor, Witgenstein, after the battle, told him that if he had remained at Petersburg, victory would have been with his army! For this plain speaking Witgenstein was disgraced, and perhaps it is a merit in a Czar of Russia that he was not sent to Siberia. Witgenstein's reputation in Germany is so high that feasts were given, and towns illuminated where he passed. Mr. Lyttelton was an eye-witness of this. Woronzow, who is certainly one of the Emperor's best officers, has received no other recompense than an Order,[2] while Panin, who is a mere drudge (though a useful man for details) was made a Field-Marshal. Mr. Lyttelton, at the same time, says that it is difficult to ascertain the character of any of the Royal Family. This one can understand. In Russia, where adulation is idolatry, bribery and corruption are openly permitted in every office, indeed nothing can be done without them. Mr. Lyttelton met the French prisoners, whom the Emperor Alexander had released.

[1] Afterwards Lord Lyttelton.

[2] Not true: Paris, 1815. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

They were turned loose on the frontiers; without money, clothes, or food; spreading over Germany in formidable bands, they lived by begging, and often by plunder. So much for Alexander's most magnanimous act! With respect to his forbearance in not sacking Paris; perhaps fear was at the bottom of it.

The Empress-Mother received a letter from Alexander written on his arrival at Paris, in which he said: "The change is miraculous; three days ago we would have made peace with Napoleon on any terms, and now we have possession of his capital!"

CHAPTER VII

ADMIRAL HALLOWELL[1] is just arrived; he is one of Nelson's captains, and the only one not abused in the letters of Lady Hamilton, published last year. He is a thorough sailor, and a most intelligent, blunt, and entertaining being. His arrival gave rise to a most interesting conversation on the subject of Nelson, which I will endeavour to give in Lady Spencer's own words. "The first time I ever saw Nelson," said she, "was in the drawing-room at the Admiralty; and a most uncouth creature I thought him. He was just returned from Teneriffe, after having lost his arm. He looked so sickly, it was painful to see him; and his general appearance was that of an idiot; so much so, that when he spoke, and his wonderful mind broke forth, it was a sort of surprise that riveted my whole attention. I desired him to call next day, and he continued to visit me daily, during his stay in England." At last Lord Spencer appointed Nelson to the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, to the great annoyance of all the Admiralty Board, the Ministers, and even of Mr. Pitt himself. "The day before he was to sail," said Lady Spencer, "he called upon me as usual, but, on leaving, he took a most solemn farewell, saying that if he fell, he depended upon my kindness to his wife—

[1] Admiral (afterwards Sir Benjamin) Hallowell, served chiefly in the Mediterranean from 1781 to 1814. He commanded the *Swiftsure* at the Battle of the Nile. He presented Nelson with a coffin made of the timbers of the French ship *L'Orient* burnt at the Battle of the Nile. He became a rear-admiral in 1811, and took the name of Carew in 1828.

an angel, whose care had saved his life! I should explain that, although during Lord Spencer's administration, no sea captain ever returned without being asked to dinner by us; I made it a rule not to receive their wives. Nelson said, that out of deference to my known determination, he had not begged to introduce Lady Nelson to me; yet, if I would take notice of her, it would make him the happiest man alive. He said he felt convinced that I must like her. That she was beautiful, accomplished; but, above all, that her angelic tenderness to him was beyond imagination. He told me that his wife had dressed his wounds, and that her care alone had saved his life. In short, he pressed me to see her, with an earnestness of which Nelson alone was capable.

"In these circumstances, I begged that he would bring her with him that day to dinner. He did so, and his attentions to her were those of a lover. He handed her to dinner, and sat by her; apologising to me, by saying that he was so little with her, that he would not, voluntarily, lose an instant of her society.

"The next day he set off, to take command in the Mediterranean. After the Battle of the Nile, Nelson went to Naples, and was *bewitched* by Lady Hamilton!

"On his return to England, everything was changed. He treated the wife, for whom, at parting, he had professed such deep affection, with every mark of dislike, and even of contempt! Her conduct during Nelson's absence had been most exemplary.

"Some little time after his return, I invited Lady Nelson, and him to dinner. Having, more than once, declined the invitation, Nelson at last brought her. Such a contrast I never beheld! A trifling circumstance marked it very strongly.

"After dinner, Lady Nelson, who sat opposite to her husband (by the way, he never spoke during dinner, and looked blacker than all the devils), perhaps injudiciously, but with a good intention, peeled some

walnuts, and offered them to him in a glass. As she handed it across the table Nelson pushed it away from him, so roughly that the glass broke against one of the dishes. There was an awkward pause; and then, Lady Nelson burst into tears!

"When we retired to the drawing-room she told me how she was situated."

The world was, at that time, divided in opinion as to the nature of the intimacy, which existed between Lady Hamilton and Nelson. In my opinion, the letters, just published, put it beyond a doubt. Nelson was always most anxious that the friendship should be considered platonic. But Lady Spencer always thought that it was criminal. She was often blamed for this, by Lord Spencer's mother, who was firmly convinced to the contrary.

One day, she came to her daughter-in-law, and said: "Lavinia, I think you will *now* agree that you have been to blame, in your opinion of Lady Hamilton. I have just assisted at a private Sacrament with them both, which Nelson has taken before he embarks. After the service was over, Nelson took Lady Hamilton's hand, and, facing the priest, said: 'Emma, I have taken the Sacrament with you this day, to prove to the world that our friendship is most pure and innocent, and of this I call God to witness!'"

What horrible sacrilege! And this is the man whom Southey holds up, as a model for all sailors! True, his public life is worthy of our highest admiration. If only it were possible to draw a veil across the private life of that great hero!

Alas! a veil is so often necessary, in the domestic history of the world's greatest men.

Lady Spencer, afterwards, gave me the following account of their receiving the news of the Battle of the Nile:

"During the whole spring and summer, Nelson had missed the French fleet, (by a few hours,) every time

it sailed. For this Lord Spencer was constantly blamed. He was reproached for having appointed so young an officer, when two others of greater experience were passed over to make way for Nelson. The agony of suspense may be easily imagined!

"At last, a rumour spread about the town that Nelson had gained a great victory; but that seven line-of-battle ships had been lost! All the captains in the fleet were our particular friends, and, for some of them we felt the anxiety which we should have felt for a son.

"Many weeks passed before the official account came. I was sitting in my drawing-room talking to Mr. Grenville[1] over the *pros* and *cons*; when Mr. Harrison, Lord Spencer's secretary, burst into the room, and cried: 'Such a victory was never heard of—the Town is in an uproar—my lord is in his office—the particulars have not transpired.' And away he went!

"In about half an hour Lord Spencer sent for me. I found him stretched on his bed—pale as death! He pressed my hand, and said: 'God be thanked!' At length my suspense was relieved. I heard full particulars from the secretaries. They told me that when Lord Spencer heard that there was not even one ship lost, he turned round, without speaking, and had scarcely got out of his office, when he fell on the floor insensible. His joy had mastered him!

"We dined alone that night; and, during dinner, Mr. Pitt, who happened to be in the country when the news arrived, came to see us. After he had read the details, and heard of Captain Troubridge[2] being aground, he exclaimed: 'It could not possibly have

[1] Thomas Grenville (1755—1846), First Lord of the Admiralty 1806-7. He founded the Grenville Library in the British Museum.

[2] Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart. (1758—1807). Served in the *Culloden* at the Battle of St. Vincent, 1797, where he led the line, and was warmly praised for his gallant conduct. At the Battle of the Nile he struck on a shoal; but received a gold medal. He assisted Nelson at Naples and Malta. He was created a baronet in 1799. Was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1801. He was lost in the *Blenheim* while proceeding from Madras to the Cape in 1807.

happened to a better man than Troubridge in the whole navy.' "

I have very feebly reproduced Lady Spencer's eloquent, and dramatic, description of her own feelings.

April 16, 1815.—At Mrs. Leigh's request I yesterday accompanied her to Piccadilly Terrace, to call on Lady Byron. As I had not previously made her acquaintance, I feared that, perhaps, my visit might not be welcome. But Mrs. Leigh was so insistent, and reminded me of my brief acquaintance with her brother at Newmarket, that I consented to accompany her in paying my respects to the newly married couple. On the way, Mrs. Leigh spoke a good deal about Byron, to whom she is much attached. She is by no means insensible to her brother's faults, and hopes that a good wife will be his salvation. Very few young men have been so run after, and spoilt by women, as Lord Byron has been, and marriage will, she hopes, have a sobering effect upon him. I fancy, however, from the little I saw of him, that he will not be at all easy to manage.

We mounted the stairs, and were about to be ushered into the drawing-room, when the door suddenly opened, and Lord Byron stood before us. I was, for the moment, taken aback at his sudden appearance; but I contrived to utter a few words, by way of congratulation. Lord Byron did not seem to think that the matter was adapted to good wishes; and looked as though he resented my intrusion into the house. At least I thought so, as he received my congratulations so coldly, and the expression on his face was almost demoniacal.

Lady Byron received us courteously, but I felt, at once, that she is not the sort of woman with whom I could ever be intimate. Mrs. Leigh seems to be fond of her. At all events, she is very grateful to her for taking the tremendous responsibility which such a marriage entails. I was not sorry when the visit was

over. I felt like a young person who has inadvertently dipped her finger into boiling water.[1]

[1] Looking back upon that day, these words read like a premonition of the dark days that followed. I had, of course, no reason to think that Lord Byron would not be happy in his married life. The preposterous accusation which has lately been brought against Mrs. Leigh seems, to me, who knew her well, as the height of absurdity. She was what I should call a religious woman; and her feeling for Byron was that of an elder sister towards a wayward child. (Note by Lady Shelley, *circa* 1870.)

CHAPTER VIII

June 1815.—What wonderful changes! the battle of Waterloo is gained! and Wellington has beat Bonaparte in person; and with an inferior force. This battle has raised the English character even higher than it ever before stood, and makes one proud indeed of having been born in the country which produced a Wellington. This great General, who never before showed such talents, returned to Brussels after the battle; and, when Mr. Creevey called upon him, was walking distractedly about the room exclaiming: "Those Guards—those Guards, what fine fellows!" During dinner, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could not recover his spirits at all. The loss has indeed been great; but what a result! One of the Life Guards, having got hold of a French Eagle, was attacked by several French, but, rather than let it go, he allowed his arm to be cut off. When the wife of Major Nogg heard that her husband had been killed, she did not speak, and died two days afterwards!

Colonel Sir William De Lancey[1] need not have ended his glorious career at Waterloo. He thought that his wounds were mortal; and when the doctors came to assist him, he begged them to attend to others, who might be saved. He remained all night

[1] Colonel Sir William De Lancey served in Spain as Assistant Quarter-Master-General 1809-14. He was present at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo in 1811, and the Battle of Vittoria in 1813. He died a few days after Waterloo.

on the field, and was trampled on by the cavalry. They say that his wounds might have been healed!

Colonel Frederic Ponsonby's[1] escape was miraculous. He was left for dead on the field, and was ridden over the whole night. Fortunately, as he lay on his side, he escaped serious injury, and they say he will recover.

Lord Uxbridge displayed his usual gallantry; but overworked his regiment, the 7th Hussars, who were utterly exhausted by galloping over the field of battle.

I am told that, during the battle, a false alarm was raised, and the orderlies with the led horses all bolted. The baggage being for a time left unprotected, the Belgians began to plunder it. As a consequence our officers, after the battle was over, were in great distress.

A Prussian officer was at one time so close to Bonaparte that the Emperor fired his pistol at him, and then leapt on a horse belonging to one of his escort, and escaped. When the Prussians seized Bonaparte's carriage they found the travelling cap which he had worn after the battle, but the wretch had escaped!

The following letter from Lord Jersey refers to the death of Mr. Whitbread:[2]

"*July* 8, 1815.

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,

"When I wrote yesterday, I did not know the real state of poor Whitbread's end. His mind had been gone for some time upon two subjects. He fancied he should die in a workhouse, and that he had ruined thousands in consequence of the affairs of

[1] Major-General Sir Frederic Ponsonby entered the army in 1800, and served in Spain. He distinguished himself at Talavera and Barossa. He commanded the 11th Light Dragoons at Waterloo. He was Governor of Malta 1825-35.

[2] Samuel Whitbread, politician (1758—1815). A leading spirit in opposition to Pitt's Government. He made the acquaintance of Caroline Princess of Wales, and constituted himself her champion in the House of Commons. He was closely associated with the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre from 1809.

Drury Lane not going on prosperously. He had not slept for three weeks and Lady Elizabeth had not disclosed his situation to any one. At Vauxhall, on Monday last, the people hissed at something; and he said, 'Don't you hear? they are hissing me,' and drew his hat down upon his face. He is a great loss, both in private as well as public. No man ever did more good amongst the people around him, altho' it was not always done in the most gracious way.

"Yours ever,

"JERSEY."

I must add to this the opinion of his particular friend (King Killer) Smith; that the disappointment of Whitbread's political predictions had preyed upon his mind. I have reason to believe this to be true, though I despise the man who could thus besmirch the memory of a former friend, in order to flatter the rival whose success had destroyed him. It was at Lord Castlereagh's table at Paris, in a large company, that Mr. Smith, addressing Lord Castlereagh across the table, held up the memory of Mr. Whitbread to ridicule. I was present on that occasion.

I also believe that the attention Whitbread had given to the complicated, and, as it was believed, inextricable, accounts of Drury Lane, had absolutely worn out his faculties. That his mental derangement was only occasional, was proved by the speech which he made on the vote of thanks to Wellington, on the Tuesday before he destroyed himself. Wellington's merits extorted, even from Whitbread, a full recantation of his former sarcasms; and it is a satisfaction to feel that he was able to make this *amende*. My firm conviction is that Whitbread was an honest man, though a mischievous politician. He would never have acted long with any party. He had not been for some time on speaking terms with Lord Grey. Whitbread's character for integrity stood so high in the country, that his death is an irreparable loss to the Opposition. Integrity is, unfortunately, their weak side.

CHAPTER IX

EVERY wish of my early years had centred in a tour on the Continent; and even since my marriage I felt that the comforts of my happy home might, for a time, be both pleasantly and profitably exchanged for a rambling life, which would enlarge my mind, and make me a pleasanter companion by the fireside of old age. The change in the political world in 1814, at last promised to gratify my wishes in that respect; and we determined to devote two years to travelling over France, Germany, and Italy.

Alas! the death of a near relative, and the necessary arrangement of our affairs due to a change of residence, (for my husband had inherited Maresfield), compelled us to defer our tour until the following spring. When, in March 1815, we were on the point of departure, news arrived that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, and had actually arrived in Paris.

Of course every sense of personal inconvenience and disappointment was drowned by the anxiety, which every one felt, for the success of our army; and for the safety of the Duke of Wellington, with whom we had, in the previous year, become intimately acquainted. It was a bitter disappointment indeed, to have lost the opportunity of visiting Paris during his embassy there. Luckily, the affairs of the Congress at Vienna had removed our hero from Paris, before Napoleon's arrival there; for there is reason to believe that his

life would have been attempted. As it was, the Duke's presence in the Austrian capital was most beneficial to the safety of Europe. His promptitude, energy, and firmness fixed the wavering policy of Courts; and caused the Sovereigns to act, instead of allowing their Ministers to talk. The moment that the Treaty of Vienna was signed, the Duke of Wellington set out for Brussels.

The glorious 18th June, 1815, has restored Europe to liberty; and placed the English and Prussian troops in the capital of France.

"Wellington is safe!" cried the London mob, as they followed Colonel Percy's carriage, bearing the Eagles taken on the field of Waterloo. "We don't know what the news is," they cried, "but Wellington is safe!"

There were many in the crowd who remembered the tragic story of Trafalgar. Thus the words, "Wellington is safe," had a deep, and peculiar significance! But the anxiety was terrible; owing to Wellington's rapid advance upon Paris, and the consequent delay in publishing the names of those gallant fellows who had fallen on the field of battle. Our losses were known to be immense; and to this painful uncertainty was added the prospect of fresh engagements, wherein many of the gallant survivors of Waterloo might perish! No one, at that time, could have guessed that the French army would have been annihilated on the field of Mont St. Jean; or that Wellington's triumphal march to Paris would have been wholly unopposed!

On the day that we heard that Paris had surrendered, we prepared to start; and, if possible, be the first to see, and to congratulate the hero.

Leaving Maresfield on July 13, 1815, we slept at Canterbury, and reached Dover by noon on the following day. At three o'clock in the morning of the 15th, we sailed; and landed at Calais in three hours.

At that early hour there were only market people in the streets; and I was much struck by the pretty dresses of the women. Although the sabots are less common than formerly, the *bonnet rond*, and short petticoats of different colours, are still very striking; and the children are decidedly pretty. Calais had been shut up for three days preceding our arrival; and the inhabitants fully expected the English to throw shells into it. But they were now quite at their ease, and showed us every attention. The tricolor flag was still flying at Calais, but the Bourbon standard of Peace was daily expected.

When we left Dover, at three o'clock in the morning, the beacon was still burning on the South Foreland. As the sun rose, the sea presented the most sublime spectacle, and one which I had long wished to witness. When we approached the pier of Calais harbour, a pilot-boat came alongside. The French sailors chattered incessantly; thus forming a strong contrast between that voluble, and excitable people and the sedate Englishmen who manned our vessel.

Although it was early morning, I was surprised to find so few people on the shore. I had expected, from the novelty incidental to the arrival, at Calais, of an English packet, to see the pier crowded by inquisitive people. When one has risen before sunrise, one is apt to wonder how anybody can lie in bed, and thus lose the delicious freshness of a summer's morning. But we forget that the day before, and perhaps the day after, we did, and will again do, likewise.

Am I really in France? It is hard to believe it, for all the people at the inn—the "Lion d'Argent"—speak English. The rooms are remarkably clean; the breakfast excellent, and the bill quite as extravagant as at Salt Hill! As I stood by the window, watching the water-carriers, whose monotonous cry: "Eau, eau, bonne eau!" had attracted my attention, I saw the smart-looking *bourgeoises* going to market, bearing

on their backs immense baskets of vegetables, appearing scarcely to feel a weight which our English women would faint under. They were picturesquely dressed, in short coloured petticoats, blue stockings and sabots, and, on their comely heads bore the white *bonnet rond*. They marched along the street with a short, quick step. I was struck by the scarcity of men, and a multitude of squalid, and clamorous beggars, whose importunities at last drove me from the window. We waited patiently until the Custom House officers gave us permission to depart. The people at Calais seemed very pleased to see English people, although the garrison was still loyal to Bonaparte. The governor had kept the gates closed for three days previous to our arrival, in full expectation of an attack by sea.

Our baggage has been examined with French politeness, instead of English severity. The pole of our carriage has been exchanged for shafts. We went to see Quillack's Hotel, celebrated in every book of travels as the scene of many strange adventures. At last we entered our carriage; but, as the post had not been regularly served, our Courier was obliged to mount one of the leading horses. In this fashion we set off, at a trot, through the narrow streets of Calais.

The road from Calais to the first post, Beaupré, lies through a country like Norfolk. It is very broad, straight, and elevated, having deep ditches on each side.

Owing to the great run upon this road, we had several post-boys in quite the old style, which amused us very much. Although each post-boy stopped half a dozen times, at starting, to alter the length of the rope traces; the hemp never broke, as do our English leather traces. The postilions wore huge jack-boots, and urged their strong, fine beasts with strange noises. The reins are the most useless part of the equipment,

for they are never used. The horses turn to the word of command, and seem to have been wonderfully trained. The road is extremely tiresome, but we were amused by watching the post-boys driving their horses along at a steady pace. On our arrival at Beaupré, our carriage was surrounded by a horde of beggars, whose incessant cries of "Je meurs de faim," "Je n'ai pas de pain," "Un sol pour l'amour de Dieu," were heartrending. We were detained here by some trifling mishap, which an English blacksmith would have rectified in a few minutes, but which a Frenchman took more than half an hour to accomplish. All this time we were under a heavy fire of supplications, which I should have thought impossible in a country like France, if we had not had an extended experience at Saumur. There the importunities of the Beaupré beggars were entirely forgotten in the presence of abject misery which found expression in the clamour of the hundreds who, literally, swarmed round our carriage. Unfortunately, the step had been let down, so these miserable people mounted upon it, and thrust their grimy hands into our faces. It was the same old cry, "Je meurs de faim," "Je n'ai pas de pain," "Un sol pour l'amour de Dieu."

Truth told, most of these poor wretches looked as though their tale was true, and, as we threw out the *sols*, they scrambled for them as though their lives depended upon it. Through the whole of France the peasantry seem not the least ashamed of begging. I am informed, on good authority, that even the farmers themselves often beg for a *sol* without any feeling of shame. From my personal experience, a halfpenny would satisfy the most noisy beggar in that country.

Bonaparte's Pillar, near Boulogne, is, unlike the rest of his monuments, *mesquin* to the greatest degree. It is surrounded by scaffolding; and will

probably now never be finished.[1] The situation chosen for the camp, on a very elevated spot, is so injudicious—supposing that concealment was desired—that one cannot believe Bonaparte to have had any serious intention of invading England. Indeed, it is now universally believed, that the long-menaced invasion was merely a feint, to conceal a projected attack on Germany. If the invasion of our shores had really been intended, so conspicuous a spot would, surely, have been avoided. I am told by military men that, from the actual size of the ground, there must have been far fewer troops in that camp than we had imagined.

The approach to Montreuil-sur-Mer is magnificent. The day was fast closing in, and we were driven by our postilion—a farmer picked up *en route*—without stirrups or boots. He carried a very long whip, which he cracked incessantly; and flogged (not his jaded horses) our servants, seated on the box of the carriage, the long lash being wholly out of the postilion's control! The road is a *chaussée*, with deep ravines on each side; fortunately the road is three times as broad as any in England. The horses constantly crossed from side to side, entirely uncontrolled, and, at one time, it looked as if we must go over into the ravine. But an expletive from the postilion drove them across to the other side. Such fine, tractable animals I never before saw. They resembled the old Flemish pictures, having long tails and manes, and moved by word of command.

We reached Montreuil just in time to enter the town before the gates were closed; and, as it was nearly dark, this added to the awe incidental to entering, for the first time, a strongly fortified town. Two heavy draw-bridges were drawn up behind us as we passed the three lines of fortifications. While pre-

[1] On my passage through Boulogne in 1824 I found that the Pillar is completed, and produces a very good effect. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

senting our passports to the officer on guard, we noticed a heavy portcullis suspended over our heads. Eventually we were permitted to pass, and we entered a deep, arched gateway through which we emerged into the totally dark streets. Montreuil is situated on the summit of a very steep hill, which impressed me deeply; and, as we climbed slowly up the streets, the few lights in the interior of the houses gave us a glimpse of people sitting on their doorsteps, who, observing that we were English, groaned and hissed. There were a few cries of "Vive la République," which made me feel very uncomfortable, and to wish myself out of a town where, for the first time since we landed, we were inhospitably received.[1]

The sight of the inn, however, soon restored my courage. I was agreeably surprised to find it so clean and neat. We drank tea in our bedroom, to be sure, but, during that time, two pretty chambermaids, while making the beds, chattered unceasingly in a friendly manner.

On the following morning, at about eight, we set off. It happened to be market-day, and crowds were entering the town. The women were pretty, and their costumes extremely becoming. The virgin whiteness of their caps, and sleeves, made a fine contrast with their brightly coloured petticoats, their striped bodices, and gaudily flowered kerchiefs thrown negligently across their shoulders, or over their caps. The general effect was highly picturesque. While we waited, under the arched gateway, hundreds of peasants arrived, sitting sideways on donkeys which were laden with fruit, vegetables, and flowers. As this gay concourse passed us, in a kind of pageant, I gazed upon the scene in silent admiration; an adequate description of it is quite beyond my powers.

[1] This town was much attached to Bonaparte. Lord Arthur Hill told me that he had great difficulty in getting past it when on his way to England with despatches. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

To see Montreuil is, in my opinion, worth all the fatigue of a journey to France. I have never seen anything more artless, more brilliant, or more picturesque. This fine race of peasants, filing past our carriage, saluted us cordially; and surprised us with the cry "Vive les Anglais!" I wondered whether those happy faces could have had husbands or brothers at Waterloo! But I must not attempt to analyse the French character too closely. The momentary expression of feeling is no index to the mysteries of the heart. This, at least, was plain: if the town of Montreuil is really in favour of Bonaparte, the peasantry rejoice at the prospects of peace.

As we advanced towards Noyelles the land became very poor, and the inhabitants ragged and dirty. The women were less pretty, and their dark-coloured dresses were far less picturesque. The cornfields were choked with weeds, and the houses were built of mud.

The first view of Abbeville is very striking. It is situated on a plain with hills rising behind it. The demonstration of loyalty was very great. Nearly every house had a white flag, and garlands hung from the balconies. As the cracking of our postilion's whip drew people's attention towards us, loud "Hurrahs!" and cries of "Vive les Anglais!" greeted us. The houses at Abbeville are chiefly built of wood, and are very ancient. The post-boys whom we secured here, wore the real jack-boots, and cocked hats so familiar to us from drawings.

I never saw a country so uninteresting as the road from Abbeville to Poix. The heat was almost unbearable, and the only relief to this dull monotony, came from the women on the road, who threw nosegays into our carriage, and ran by its side in hopes of a few coppers.

After passing Grouvilliers, a small, dirty town, celebrated for its worsted stockings, (which the

women spin at their doors,) we met a number of soldiers. Others lay by the roadside without arms and legs. They were, apparently, returning to their homes! We also met many ill-looking people on the road to Beauvais, where we passed the night.

Our reception was somewhat doubtful—a mixture of groans, and hurrahs—and the inn smelt horribly. A wooden gallery, into which the bedroom windows looked, surrounded the stable yard. The staircase was outside the house. The Paris coach was just setting off, and the inn was full of officers returning to their homes from the Army of the Loire. In spite of the terrible odour of this place I slept soundly, and next morning, at five, we moved on refreshed.

On the Paris side of Beauvais, milestones, marked with the Cap of Liberty on a spear, marked the distance from the capital. A fine avenue of trees borders the straight, (probably Roman,) road all the way to Paris. As we approached St. Denis we saw marks of shot upon the trees; and there were traces of bivouacs here, and there, in the burned cornfields. Close to St. Denis stood a park of artillery; and, within the town, there were several English regiments. The bridge we crossed had been broken down by the French, and was in a very dilapidated condition; it seemed to me to be very unsafe. The houses had been pierced with holes, for purposes of defence. Forage waggons lined the streets; and hundreds of our brave Guards, and of the gallant 42nd, were lying about the town, enjoying a repose which they had so well earned! As we passed slowly through the encumbered streets, every face seemed to be that of a friend; and we were met with answering smiles from our brave countrymen, who quickly recognised the English carriage.

On leaving St. Denis, we obtained the first view of the heights of Montmartre, which had been

Bonaparte's mad, but stoutest hope. He appears not to have, in the slightest degree, foreseen the fine manœuvre by which the Duke approached on the side of Argenteuil and St. Cloud; thus turning the heights of Montmartre without an attack, which, from the strength of the French position, would have cost him dear.

We reached Paris at eleven in the morning, and occupied apartments at the Hôtel "de Napoléon"—or "Bourbon," or "Louis Dix-huit," or "de la Paix," for it enjoyed all those names during the first week we inhabited it!

Shelley, having changed his travelling clothes, went off to call upon the Duke of Wellington, who, in about half an hour, returned with him to see me. In order to understand the delight which the Duke's courteous, and prompt visit caused me, it must be remembered that the hero of Waterloo was regarded by his countrymen with feelings of the deepest gratitude. His victories, crowned by the glory of Waterloo, had relieved Englishmen from a state of deep despondency; and had placed his reputation as a merciful conqueror on a plane with the heroes of chivalry in all ages. I had seen him, in the previous year, surrounded by admiring crowds; nay, listened to by kings and princes with the greatest respect.

Even in those days Wellington, in London, was treated almost as a sovereign prince. His conversation conferred distinction, his wish was law. And yet, what were his former triumphs by comparison with Waterloo? Here was a man, in the very midst of his camp, only a fortnight after that battle, walking unattended from his palace to call upon *me* the moment that he heard of my arrival in Paris!

Wellington entered the room, looking as simple and unobtrusive as usual. I must admit that my enthusiasm for this great soldier was so great that I could not utter one word; and it was with the greatest

difficulty that I restrained my tears![1] It was fortunate that I did so, for he would certainly not have understood the cause of such weakness. High-wrought sentiment was entirely foreign to the Duke's nature. He was dressed in a dark blue military great-coat, plain hat, and boots. His eye has, I think, even more than its usual fire; he looks remarkably well, and is fatter than he was last year.

The painful feeling of awe which I at first felt in the Duke of Wellington's presence was soon dispelled by the kindness of his manner, and the openness with which he conversed on the only subject about which I could think, or speak, namely, himself and Waterloo! It was from his officers, and their accounts, that I learnt justly to appreciate the innumerable fine qualities of this truly great man. Every one has some trait to relate of the Duke's character, of his talent, his coolness, and even his sensibility on the field of battle. I am told that when he gave the order, which changed the hitherto perilous defence at Waterloo into the glorious attack which decided the fortunes of that day, the expression of Wellington's face was almost superhuman. During the whole of June 18, he was exposed to the hottest fire. Nothing but the peculiar protection of Providence could have saved him. As he himself said to me: "The finger of God was upon me." He told me that at one time he was galloping alone in the rear of the British line, having despatched all his aides-de-

[1] Walter Scott's impressions on first meeting Wellington are conveyed in a conversation with his friend Ballantyne. "I may now say that I have seen and conversed with all classes of society, from the palace to the cottage, but I have never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of one man—the Duke of Wellington, who possesses every one mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other does, or has ever done. I beheld in him a great soldier and a great statesman—the greatest of each."

Walter Scott probably had the Duke in his mind when he described the introduction of Roland Graeme to the Regent Murray in "The Abbot."

"He felt overawed in the presence of the eminent soldier and statesman, the wielder of a nation's power, and the leader of her armies."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. i. p. 340 (Adam & Charles Black, 1898).

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON & LADY SHELLEY AT MALMAISON.

1815.

camp on errands, when suddenly the Belgians opened fire upon him. Without drawing rein, he sent off a Sardinian officer who happened to be near him. "Dites-leur," said the Duke, "que je suis le Commandant en Chef." This had of course the desired effect.

On the day before the battle, the Duke rode Copenhagen to the Prussian headquarters, to ascertain whether he might depend upon old Blücher's co-operation. It was agreed between them that night, that although the Prussians were, for the moment, completely disorganised, yet, if Wellington were attacked on the following day, the Prussians would come to his support with all speed. If, on the other hand, Wellington were not attacked, then the Prussians and the British were to make a joint attack on the French on June 19.[1] The Duke rode Copenhagen

[1] This is a *vexata quæstio*. The circumstance was first mentioned by Lockhart in his Life of Napoleon, published twenty years after the Battle of Waterloo. Lord Ellesmere, who wrote under the inspiration of Wellington, states (Ellesmere, p. 157) that Lockhart was mistaken, but he does not give any account of the Duke's proceedings after dark on June 17. The Rev. Julian Young, in his Memoir of Charles Young, the tragedian (pp. 158 *et seq.*), tells us that Mr. Robert Pierrepont, the father of Lady Charles Wellesley, related the following incident, which he heard from the Duke of Wellington's own lips:

"On June 17, early in the day, I had a horse shot under me. Few knew it, but so it was. Before ten o'clock I got on Copenhagen's back. There was so much to do, and to see to, that neither he nor I were still for many minutes together. I never drew bit, and he never had a morsel in his mouth till eight p.m., when Fitzroy Somerset came to tell me that dinner was ready in the neighbouring village of Waterloo. The poor beast I myself saw stabled, and fed. I told my groom to give him no hay, but, after a few go-downs of chilled water, as much corn and beans as he had a mind for. I impressed upon him the necessity of strewing them well over the manger first.

"As soon as Somerset and I had despatched a hasty meal, I sent off Somerset on an errand. This I did, I confess, on purpose that I might get him out of the way; for I knew that if he had the slightest inkling of what I was up to, he would have done his best to dissuade me from my purpose, and want to accompany me.

"The fact is, I wanted to see Blücher, that I might learn from his own lips at what hour it was probable he would be able to join forces with us next day.

"The moment that Fitzroy's back was turned, I ordered Copenhagen to be

on June 17 over sixty miles! On the 18th he rode Copenhagen throughout the entire battle; and

re-saddled; and told my man to get his own horse and accompany me to Wavre, where I had reason to believe old 'Forwards' was encamped. Wavre being some twelve miles from Waterloo, I was not a little disgusted, on getting there, to find that the old fellow's tent was two miles still farther off! However, I saw him, got the information I wanted from him, and made the best of my way homewards. Bad, however, was the best; for, by Jove! it was so dark that I fell into a deepish dyke by the roadside; and, if it had not been for my orderly's assistance, I doubt if I should ever have got out. Thank God, there was no harm done, either to horse or man."

Mr. Ropes is inclined to doubt this story because it was not set down at the time. But we think it would be impossible for a man with any notions of honour, or veracity, to have invented such a story. It would, for instance, have been unnecessary to have invented the incident of the Duke falling into a deep dyke.

Mr. Justice Coltman, during a visit which he paid to Strathfieldsaye in 1838, heard the same story from the Duke himself.

The late General Sir Frederick Maurice doubts the truth of the story; and, in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxx. p. 464), we are told that an aide-de-camp from Lord Anglesey intercepted the Duke on his way to dinner, on the evening of the 17th, and informed him that the 7th Hussars had been engaged with French Lancers, and that the enemy was pressing his rear. The Duke "immediately returned to the field, and remained on the ground till dark." The Quarterly Reviewer seems to think that this settles the question. But what are the facts? The Duke, by his own showing, did not reach his quarters at Waterloo until eight o'clock, when he went to dinner. The affair with the aide-de-camp may very well have taken place an hour earlier.

On the other hand, we have Lady Shelley's assertion here given—information imparted to her a month after the Battle of Waterloo—in all probability by the Duke himself.

Mr. Ropes refers to some Notes made by the late Baron Gurney, of the Exchequer Court, of conversations which he held with Wellington. One day he asked the Duke whether it was true that he had ridden over to Blücher the night before the Battle of Waterloo? The Duke replied: "No, that was not so. I did not see Blücher the day before Waterloo."

Mr. Ropes (not unreasonably) thinks that this settles the question. In our opinion it merely shows a discrepancy between the honest evidence of Mr. Justice Coltman of the Common Pleas, and the honest evidence of Baron Gurney of the Court of the Exchequer.

Meanwhile, the statement recorded in Lady Shelley's diary is supported by probability. That the Duke of Wellington, on the eve of an engagement with mixed troops against the flower of the French army, should have wished to make himself personally acquainted with the condition of the Prussian army after the Battle of Ligny, seems to be the most natural thing in the world. However little the Duke might like to have the matter known, he was far too cautious a commander to neglect an opportunity of gaining invaluable information at first hand, even in the face of greater risks than those which he actually ran.

next day to Brussels, where, on the Duke dismounting, this noble animal kicked up his heels and scampered half over the town before he was caught.

The Duke has given us his boxes at all the theatres in Paris. He has promised to join us at the opera on Sunday.

As I was very anxious to see the wonderful Musée, and being told that it was "à deux pas de chez nous," we sallied forth on foot along a trottoir (such as it is) in the Rue de la Paix, to the Tuileries Gardens. The orange trees are in full bloom, the fountains playing, and under the trees a deep shade, such as one rarely sees in England. Though the heat was excessive, groups of young people were dancing "La Ronde," and singing "Vive Henri Quatre." All this was on the Terrace, under the King's windows! On reaching the arch, leading to the Place du Carrousel, we were refused admittance, because Shelley was not in uniform. An official civilly told us that we might have permission to enter at the entrance on the Quai. In spite of the suffocating heat we trudged along the vile pavement, and the endless façade of the Louvre, to a spot which was strewn with broken stones. Old building materials were scattered around, and other houses, in a rickety condition, surrounded the entrance to the Musée. I was much disappointed at the appearance of this famous place, and would have turned back, but, fortunately, we determined to persevere. We were richly rewarded. It strikes me that the people one meets look *triste*; they have suffered too much even for French buoyancy. Prussian officers were driving about the streets with laurels in their hats. The French are completely conquered!

At the grand opera "Œdipe et Télémaque" was given. The singing was detestable; the house dirty, and not nearly so fine as I had expected. But the ballet was superior to any I had ever seen. There were five or six dancers equal to the best in

London. The scenery, and the size of the stage are both superior to London. The Duke's box was full of officers—Sir Lowry Cole,[1] Baron Tripp, Fremantle, Lord Arthur Hill, etc. There were only two women in the house besides myself! The boxes and the pit were completely filled with officers and soldiers belonging to the Allied Armies. There were many Cossacks present, with puzzled looks depicted in their faces. The delight that I felt in sitting next to the hero of Waterloo, listening to his cheerful conversation, is not easily expressed in words. He seemed to be the youngest, and the gayest of the party. After the opera the Duke of Wellington proposed to introduce me to Madame Crauford, to which I agreed, and we drove with our party to her house.[2]

On our arrival we found a dozen women, sitting in a circle round the room, while a few men were standing about, talking to each other. The women wore large bonnets, and cambric muslin gowns. They looked like a set of housemaids; and were markedly demure—so much so, indeed, that, with the exception of Madame Crauford and her daughter, (who look as if they had walked Bond Street,) they appeared afraid of even *speaking* to a man. One would have taken these women for paragons of virtue, except for the caution that it would not be wise to call upon any of them before four o'clock in the afternoon, for fear of interrupting a *tête-à-tête en boudoir!* These women were all frightful except Madame de Peysac, who is very attractive. I became well acquainted subsequently with this pleasing little woman; and, in spite of the tone of society in which I found her, she appeared to me to be a most amiable, and thoroughly virtuous woman. The poverty of her husband made her a sort of

[1] General the Hon. Sir Lowry Cole, wounded at Salamanca. He received in May 1815 the thanks of the House of Commons for his gallantry at that battle. *b.* May 1772.

[2] Madame Crauford was the grandmother of the celebrated Count d'Orsay.

humble companion to the Princesse de Benevento. Several of the English officers, and one in particular well calculated to please, made various, but unsuccessful, attempts to become interesting to her. She assured me that the English were much mistaken in their opinion of domestic life in France—for that since the Revolution, and with the consequent stop put to *mariages de convenance*, which, with few exceptions, have ceased altogether, there are instances of domestic happiness quite as numerous as we could find in England.[1]

As I came to Madame Crauford's with the Duke I was made a great fuss with, and was given the seat of honour. Although at first everything was stiff, the Duke soon enlivened the company. We laughed and had a great deal of fun, which continued as we drove homewards.

Madame Crauford had produced a *robe de porkale* of the latest fashion, by way of recommending her dressmaker. It was most amusing to watch her agonies, lest the other ladies should see that robe before she wore it; it being the only one of its shape in Paris. That this lady with her great, broad red face, and fat figure, should aspire to lead the fashion was extremely droll.

I am told that French society cannot be judged by Madame Crauford's standard. She is not visited by people in the best society, and, much as I admire the Duke of Wellington, I own that he shows no taste by going so often to her house. But, after all, he is a true soldier, and likes lively society where he can be at his ease.

Except on subjects which interest the Duke, such as war and politics, he prefers to listen rather than to talk, consequently he seldom says anything worth noting. But, on those subjects which form the whole

[1] Further observation has confirmed the justice of this remark, though certainly the *usages de société* are much less favourable to the virtue of married women than they are with us. (Note by Lady Shelley, 1817.)

interest of his life he speaks most luminously. I remember now, that our first intimacy began with mutual regret at the death of Colonel Cadogan, the man who first taught me to appreciate the Duke's exalted character. Poor Colonel Cadogan fell at Vittoria, and the Duke, who felt a deep affection for that gallant soldier, acutely deplored his loss. Since then, others, as much esteemed by Wellington, have fallen in battle, and it is only natural that the Duke's sensibility should have become blunted, otherwise life would be insupportable. But those who accuse him of a lack of feeling—and some there are who state as much—have not seen him as I have, his eye glistening, and his voice broken, as he spoke of the losses sustained at Waterloo. "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

I quote the Duke's words just as they were spoken. They may not be eloquent, but the expression of his face, which was lit up by an intensity of feeling, gave those simple words an eloquence which went straight to the listener's heart. I was that listener, and the distinction is indeed a proud one!

In ordinary conversation the Duke often spoke of the Battle of Waterloo abstractedly—as if he were

Posterity sitting in judgment on his own conduct—not as if he had had any share in the glories of that day. That is the only way in which I can describe the singular manner in which Wellington, without a trace of egoism, or *fanfaronnade*, spoke of himself. He was always perfectly frank, and natural. He said one day:

"It is experience that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe, that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so—an odd thing to say to the second in command, was it not? But I'll tell you how it happened. We were riding together into rather too hot a fire. I stopped him, and said: 'I must not go there, for, should anything happen to me, the battle is lost!' Uxbridge said: 'By the way, should anything happen to you, what is best to be done?' I gave him my instructions for a retreat—as a legacy! Soon after a ball hit him. It must have passed over me, or my horse! But the finger of God was upon me."

On the day after the opera, some officers called, and we took Colonel Stanhope to see Lady Kinnaird, who has been in Paris since November, and is, consequently, very entertaining. I always liked her better than I did her husband. She talked a great deal about Napoleon; and owned to me that she thought him the greatest man in the world, until he ran away from his army after Waterloo. She told me that Napoleon had caused Lord Kinnaird to be arrested, because he abused England so much, that Bonaparte took him for a spy! She said that Lord Kinnaird was the first person to tell the Queen of Holland whom she describes as a charming person—of Bonaparte's return from Elba. The Queen of Hol-

land was miserable at it. She foresaw that the fortunes of the whole family would be taken away from them, as she was confident that the Emperor could never re-establish his power.

I went with Lady Kinnaird to the Louvre, and was especially struck by the statue of Apollo, which is exceedingly beautiful. The Duke of Wellington sent a sergeant with us, to ensure our admittance, as every soldier in Paris has a free *entrée* there. Indeed, the common soldiers are admitted everywhere; the authorities dare not refuse them anything. How grating it must be to the Parisians to see the Prussians, walking about with sprigs of laurel in their hats!

The Prussians are quartered all over Paris; and wherever they suspect the loyalty of the inhabitants they keep quartering more soldiers upon them. Our men are quartered out of the town—in the Bois de Boulogne—the officers excepted. One evening we went to the Théâtre Feydeau, opéra comique. The first piece was ending as we entered the house, and some couplets were sung in praise of Louis XVIII.; they were received with violent applause by the whole audience. One man, however, ventured to hiss, whereupon there was a great disturbance, and the individual in question was thrown out of the pit. The couplets were then *encored* amid tumultuous expressions of delight. It was a moving scene. The *petit-pièce* was entitled "Richard Cœur de Lion." The man who represented Blondel[1] had been with the King to Ghent, and was consequently much applauded. He sang well, and with real feeling. When Marguerite in the play said, "Vous étiez avec le Roi," the cheering was beyond description. I cannot describe the

[1] "M. Huet, on his first reappearance on the Parisian stage, was in the part of Blondel, the affectionate and faithful servant of the exiled Richard. The Parisians felt how much superior this poor player was to all the traitorous and time-serving dukes and marshals. This coincidence produced a strong effect on the feelings of the French audience."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xiv. p. 78.

enthusiasm which prevailed throughout the house. The theatre is dirty, the boxes small and insufferably hot.

Afterwards we went to Madame Crauford's, where I heard Paer[1] play, and sing. He is a good musician, has a most brilliant touch, and a fine bass voice. The circle was rather less stiff than on the previous night. The Duke went away to attend a conference; and, on his return, announced the capture of Bonaparte! This news at once broke up the circle, all the women jumped up, and almost embraced the men, in an ecstasy of joy! The Duke introduced me to Prince Metternich; and said that he must have an interview with Bonaparte. Wellington thinks that Bonaparte ought to be shut up at Fort St. George, as, by the laws, his life cannot be forfeited. The Duke brought us home in his carriage, and stayed for some time conversing about the situation relative to the surrender of Bonaparte.

Next morning I went out shopping with Lady Kinnaird, and found the dresses almost as dear here as they are in England. That evening we dined with Wellington. He had asked us to come early, as I had expressed a wish to see the horse that carried him at the Battle of Waterloo. After visiting the stables, which interested me much, we returned to the house which Wellington calls his "billet." The owner of the house has given up his best rooms to the Duke, and is content to live upstairs. There were about fifty men at dinner, but only two ladies—Lady Kinnaird, and myself. The Prince of Orange was among the guests. He looks very ill, and is thinner than ever. He is a fine creature,[2] and I told the Duke, at dinner, a trait which he had not previously heard of the Prince.

During the Battle of Waterloo, it is said, that the

[1] Possibly the composer of "Didone," and of "Agnese," operas that were much liked in London.

[2] I have since altered my opinion of him. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

Belgians behaved very ill; and matters might have taken a serious turn, if the Duke had not intermixed his foreign troops with a strong body of British soldiers; which, as Colonel Stanhope remarked to me, had the appearance of a tesselated pavement. At a critical moment the Colonel of one of the Belgian regiments came to the Prince of Orange and urged him to retire. The Prince turned slowly towards the colonel and said: "Sir, I do not know what the word 'retire' means."

During the whole of this dinner the Duke, who was in a confidential mood, talked *à cœur ouvert* of Waterloo, and of his own feelings. I never, until that moment, realised the full power of his countenance; its wonderful expression, and the fire of his eyes when any subject interested him. This conversation made a deep impression upon me, and even now I cannot shake it off. It would be vain to attempt to write it down. I agree with Lord Uxbridge, who exclaimed, on seeing the Duke during the battle: "I thought I had heard enough of this man, but he far surpasses my expectations. It is not a man, but a god."

I asked the Duke of Wellington if he enjoyed the thoughts of going to England. He replied: "Do you know, I never anticipate. I think it will certainly be very gratifying, but I am quite happy here."

I said I hoped he had now fought his last battle, but expressed a fear that after such an exciting life he would never settle into the quiet of private existence. "Oh! yes I shall," replied the Duke, "but I must always have my house full. For sixteen years I have always been at the head of our army, and I must have these gay fellows round me."

The Duke told me that he would have gone to America if the war there had not been put an end to, before the spring. I said: "Thank God you did not go there, for the sharpshooters would have taken too sure an aim."

He said: "No. I should never have run any risk.

I never expose myself except when it is necessary; and I should always have been properly guarded. It is very wrong in a commander to expose himself unnecessarily."

Before dinner the Duke took me into the garden, overlooking the camp in the Champs Elysées. What a fine spectacle!—the Garde Meuble to the left; the Tuileries with their gardens; the Dome of Les Invalides rising above the trees, under whose shade are pitched countless canvas tents, gleaming through the blue smoke of their camp fires.

Here I walked, some days later, with that sublime hero who alone had saved this fine city from fire, and plunder by the Prussians. Wellington condescends to converse with me as a friend! I hope my head won't be turned. There really is some danger, and I already begin to feel a dislike—bordering on something like contempt—for the commonplace amusements of London society. It is lucky for me that my happiness is centred in domestic life. In the peace and quiet of my home these *souvenirs* will form interesting subjects for conversation; and will encourage me to devote my sons to the service of Wellington, and of my country. Oh! how much I hope that some day they may be under that great man's command! Every day adds to my pride at being an Englishwoman, and to my joy at being born in the same age with this great being.

The Duke saved the Bridge of Jena from being blown up by the Prussians, by the simple device of posting an English sentry upon it. He had himself persuaded the Prussians to await the arrival of the Sovereigns before blowing up the bridge. After the Duke had left the vicinity, the Prussians tried hard to get rid of the sentry, for they were determined to blow up the bridge. But the sentry would not leave his post. "You may blow up the bridge if you like," said he, "but I don't stir from here." He kept his word, and the bridge was saved!

The Duke says that Blücher behaved admirably during the whole campaign. The exact words he used were:

"We never had a hitch. But at last Blücher grew impatient, and got too much the start of me. This caused the battle near Paris, which would have been unnecessary, if Blücher had waited until I came up. But he is a famous old fellow—though he don't quite stop his troops from plundering."

They have removed all the pictures belonging to Prussia from the Louvre. They are quite right there, no doubt; but the Duke advised us to go to St. Cloud before it is pillaged, as the Prussians are packing up the things there as fast as they possibly can. No wonder that the French detest the Prussians! Last night there was a tumult on the boulevards about the pink, which the partisans of Napoleon now wear instead of the violet. The National Guard tried to disperse the people, and wounded a great many of them. It is clear that things cannot run smoothly after the troops have left Paris.

Shelley yesterday went to Court, and afterwards to wait on Monsieur, who was delighted to see him, and reproached him for not having come last year. How glad I am that we did not. Madame d'Angoulême is detested.[1] She is especially unpopular because she set her face against the extravagance of dress. The tradespeople here, say that they could

[1] Marie Theresa Charlotte, Princess Royal of France, was the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. She was born December 19, 1778. During the three years that she was imprisoned in the Temple she softened, by every possible attention, the severity of her parents' captivity. It is said that she owed her life, during the ascendancy of Robespierre, to a project which he was revolving in his mind, of marrying the Princess, and thus uniting, in his person, the Revolutionary and the Royalist parties. On June 18, 1795, she was released from the Temple. She resided in England from 1807 till the fall of Bonaparte. The Parisians afterwards called her Antigone, in allusion to her sorrows and her piety. She married her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, son of Charles X.

not have gone on at all, if it had not been for the Englishwomen last year.

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When we met the Duke to-day, he said: "I'll give you a ball, and it is to be next Monday."

Last night we went again to the opera with the Duke of Wellington. I never saw anything so pretty as the dance. Gresling is by far the best dancer I ever saw; but am told that Biggotini, now confined, is really superior, and is considered the best in Paris. The Duke attends conferences nearly every evening. He told us to-day that he had just been requested by the "Scythian Dandy"[1] to interfere in the following absurd case:

While two British officers were in a garden, at Montmartre, the occupants of the house came out and attacked them. They fired upon the officers without any warning; and one of the officers, in running away, fell into a pit, and broke his back. The Prefect caused the owner of the premises to be arrested, and the Duke requested the Prefect to have the man tried in accordance with the laws of France. The Magnanimous Dandy[2] is trying to gain popularity by interference on the man's behalf; but the Duke pays no attention to the Emperor's suggestions, and sincerely hopes that the assailant will be hanged. He is very clear-headed, has mastered all the facts, and is determined to go through with it.

To-day I rode the Duke's mare—the one that had carried him so often in Spain—to St. Cloud. Baron Tripp, and Lord Edward Somerset accompanied us. We passed the Place Louis Quinze, where poor Louis XVI. was beheaded, and rode along the quays to the Bridge of Jena, where we saw the foundations of the palace which Napoleon intended for the King of Rome. The quays are magnificent. An English

[1] Alexander, the Emperor of Russia.
[2] *Ibid.*

sentinel still guards the bridge; and at the barriers we saw a party of our soldiers on duty. The road is uninteresting until you approach St. Cloud, which is finely situated. As you cross the bridge you see the women washing in the river, which gives a picturesque aspect to the scene. The bridge of St. Cloud had been blown up in its centre by the French, but is now temporarily repaired. As we approached the palace we saw symptoms of Prussian vandalism, and on entering the palace itself, we found every apartment filled with soldiers. Their dirty beds had been laid on the silk sofas; and there was all the confusion of a barrack, in the magnificent apartments of Marie Louise!

The luxury of this palace exceeds every idea I had formed of Parisian extravagance. The gallery is at once the richest, and the most beautiful realisation of Arabic splendour, that can be imagined. On each side of the entrance stand two immense vases, supported by a pedestal, on which the figure of Bonaparte is depicted *en cameo*. On the four sides are emblems of his victories. The Prussian officers who accompanied us pointed out—with an expression of countenance easily imagined—the words "Berlin," "Friedland," etc. I am convinced that these beautiful specimens of French art will be destroyed, as they are too cumbersome to remove.[1] Several of the medals, with which the cabinets on each side of the room were embellished, have been torn off; and in the chapel the gold lace has been torn from the chairs. In other respects there has been less mischief done than I expected. The State apartments are kept locked. We entered them with a sort of fear that they also would have suffered, but were agreeably disappointed. In the first room we noticed a space on the wall where Bonaparte's portrait once hung.

[1] In this I was mistaken. They are still there. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

The next room is in precisely the same state as when occupied by Louis XVI. The next, and by far the most magnificent of them all, was furnished by order of Bonaparte, and inhabited by him only a few days before the campaign which sent him to Elba.

Bonaparte did not visit St. Cloud during his short stay in Paris after his return from Elba. The hangings are all of red velvet with black roses; and the borders *brodé à la main* with gold of the richest possible design. There were several fine malachite candelabras in the apartments; these had been presented to Napoleon by the Emperor of Russia. We afterwards walked in the orange grove, and realised the sensation of breathing an air *parfumé*. These gardens are delicious; and we loitered under the shade of the fine trees. Here and there we met a priest, intent on some religious book, and, in one *allée*, we saw several standing in a row chanting their prayers. As we listened to them we heard the sound of a galloping horse approaching, and beheld a Prussian officer, attended by an escort, riding as hard as he could towards the bivouacs on the summit of the Obelisk Hill. What a contrast!

In the evening we went to the Théâtre Français to see "Le Mariage de Figaro," which is most beautifully acted. Indeed, the acting was so good, and the interest so great, that I could not help being pleased, in spite of the immoral tendency of the piece. Mdlle. Mars did not appear on that occasion. The Duke came early, and enjoyed it as much as I did. Baptiste is the best Buffo actor I have ever seen.

Afterwards we went with the dear Duke to the Duchesse de Duras' at the Tuileries. A very dull party, but I saw the two Marshals, Marmont and Victor, and was delighted to see with how much respect they addressed the Duke of Wellington. We then went with him to Prince Talleyrand's. As we

entered the room Madame St. Edmond Périgord[1] ran up to the Duke, and kissed him on both cheeks. She showed the most *naïve* joy, and called him her saviour. They had been much together at Vienna. She is a very pretty little woman, and expressed without the slightest hesitation, and with a natural impulse, the adoration which I also feel for Wellington. As we went home in the carriage we laughed at her embrace; and the Duke told us that on the night before he left Vienna, all the women at a party embraced him, and prophesied that he would conquer Paris, when they would redeem the pledge.

On the following day we went in the Duke's carriage to Versailles. We had a relay of horses. I never was more deeply touched than when I stood upon that balcony upon which the Queen and all the Royal Family appeared on the night before they were seized. From there one sees the road by which the mob arrived on that tremendous day. I shall not easily forget the impression of that moment.

The orangery is magnificent, but I regret to say that our aides-de-camp sacked the place in our service! Our party consisted of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Colonel Stanhope, Lord March, Mr. S. Bathurst, and General Maitland. In the evening we dined with the Duke, went on to the Feydeau, and then to Madame Crauford's. At eight o'clock next morning the Duke called to take me to the review, where I had the happiness of riding by his side along the line; and stood by him while the troops marched past. They numbered about ten thousand, and all of them had fought at Waterloo!

The Sovereigns bowed most graciously. But my delight was great when the immense concourse, after repeated cries of "Vive Alexandre," took off their hats, and respectfully saluted Wellington.

[1] Dorothea, born 1793, daughter of Pierre Duc de Courlande et Sagan. She married in 1809 Edmond, son of Archibald Joseph, Prince-Duke of Talleyrand-Périgord. She died in 1862.

In the evening went to the Variétés with the Kinnairds. This is the worst example of Sadler's Wells that I ever was at; and I was glad to leave it for the opera, where the Duke soon afterwards joined our party. This evening passed more delightfully than any of the preceding ones. Metternich and the Duke held a most interesting conversation on the state of affairs, and discussed the Congress. We then accompanied the Duke to the Duchesse de Duras', where the King of Prussia was, also the Princes of Prussia. We had excellent music—Nadermann on the harp, Paer on the piano, and Madame Caporese sang. After the party, we set the Duke down at Talleyrand's. Shelley overheard the Duchesse de Duras talking of my riding at the review; and, while pretending to praise my horsemanship, insinuated that it was indecorous! Shelley does not think so, therefore I shall ride again to-morrow.

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At eleven o'clock the review began. It was even more magnificent than the previous one, but, on the whole, less interesting. There were above twelve thousand of the Prussian Guards on the ground. These troops had not been engaged this campaign. I never beheld such troops, and the Duke thinks them finer than any he has ever seen. We first rode along the line, which extended to the end of the boulevards. As the Duke passed the troops cheered by word of command. It was a monotonous sound, more like a groan than anything. The Duke turned to me, after it was over, and said: "I hate that cheering. If once you allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may, on some other occasion, hiss instead of cheer. However," he added, "I cannot always help my fellows giving me a hurrah! As I rode along the line, after the last battle, they gave me a cheer. But the cheering then was spontaneous, this is, evidently, by word of command."

The crowd at this review was much greater than on the last occasion. Monsieur, and the Duc de Berri shook hands with me. The latter is detested here, and the former is held in light esteem. It is simply impossible for the Bourbons to continue on the throne of France. I regretted to see them mixed with the crowd, while the Sovereigns rode in front. However, there were so many princes on the ground, that the position of the Bourbons was less remarked.

We returned along the line, and the Sovereigns placed themselves opposite to the Tuileries, in the Place de Louis XV. The Duke and I were quite close to them while the troops defiled. The bands played stirring marches; the day was very fine, a bright sun and no dust. The whole scene represented my idea of what ancient tournaments must have been; particularly so when the Emperors took up their positions at the head of the regiments that had been given to them by the King of Prussia. At a given signal, all those fine regiments passed in review, and the Emperors saluted the King of Prussia as they passed.

The Emperor of Russia led the way with much show and pretension. He cannot ride at all, and looked extremely ungraceful. The Emperor of Austria, who did it for the first time, pleased me by his simplicity and grace. His charger, which advanced at a walk for a certain distance, no sooner heard the blare of the trumpets than he began to caracole in the most effective manner, and bore his Imperial rider past the saluting point.

The Emperor of Austria interests me. He is thin, and has a melancholy expression. He is a great favourite with the Duke, who told me that the only really paternal government in Europe is that of Vienna.

That evening we went to the Comédie Française to see Mdlle. Georges in "Sémiramis." The Duke was not present, as he was engaged to dine with

the General Officers quartered in, and around, Paris. We met him afterwards at Lady Castlereagh's, but he did not stay there long. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whom I had known well in England, sat by me at supper. He is very gentlemanlike and agreeable. I wish he may marry Princess Charlotte, which is talked of. I don't believe that the Prince of Orange would now marry her, even if it were proposed to him again. They are, I think, far better apart. When the time comes for them to assume the sovereignty of their separate dominions, they would be unable to leave, and the Prince, being decidedly domestic, would, naturally, like to live entirely with his wife.

The Prince of Bavaria caused us much amusement at Lady Castlereagh's. He persists in speaking English, and makes the most dreadful mistakes, saying, in all innocence, the most extraordinary things. I see very plainly that we shall all be heartily bored with him. He is all very well for once in a way. The Duke introduced me to him this morning, for the fun of the thing!

Next morning we went to the Louvre. I was much more impressed this time, and less bewildered. We afterwards rode on the boulevards, where we met the Duke, who insisted on our dining with him after our ride. After a pleasant dinner the Duke took us to the opera. He was evidently unwell, and, when he had set us down at Lady Castlereagh's, he went home.

I thought the supper that evening tiresome, in spite of Pozzo di Borgo,[1] who delighted me by praising the Duke of Wellington, as well as by his knowledge on many subjects. He has, what the French call *l'esprit de*

[1] Charles André Pozzo di Borgo was born near Ajaccio, in Corsica, March 8, 1768, in the same year as Napoleon. He was in early life closely allied with the hero Paoli. He attached himself to the Girondists in the National Assembly. When obliged to leave Corsica he came to London, and soon gained the confidence of Mr. Pitt, who employed him on diplomatic missions to Vienna. He subsequently won the confidence of the Emperor

la conversation, to a greater degree than anybody I ever met with. His hatred of Bonaparte is well known. I should describe him as a gifted man, *mais, il est un peu fat.* Lord Clive and Lord Cathcart sat by me, and made themselves very agreeable.

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(*July* 1815.) The great review was splendid indeed! The Duke sent the glass coach, with two outriders, and two footmen behind, at half-past nine. I called for Lady Kinnaird, and we stationed ourselves at the end of the Avenue, in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palais Elysée Bourbon, where the Emperor of Russia resides. Presently the Duke arrived, and saluted the Emperor with his sword. Then they rode together along the line. Never shall I forget the impression which the whole scene made upon my mind. The Duke, as usual, wore his Field-Marshal's uniform with all his orders. He looked indeed the conqueror! We followed along the line, to the Pont de Neuilly. The Sovereigns and the Duke took up their stations opposite to the Garde Meuble; with that fine building, le Corps Législatif, at their backs. The troops then began to defile. We were exactly opposite to the Sovereigns. The Prince of Orange saluted with perfect grace. There were 65,000 men present, and the review lasted till five o'clock. I thought that the Dutch looked very shabby; but the British troops, and particularly the Guards, were magnificent. The 18-pounder guns, drawn by twelve horses, made an impression on the foreign officers. The Duke kept his sword drawn throughout the day, and conversed a great deal with the Emperor of Austria, who strongly resembles the Duke of Gordon. There were shoals

Alexander, who sent him to Naples on the eve of the Battle of Austerlitz. During the campaign of 1809, Pozzo di Borgo was at Vienna. After the Battle of Wagram, Napoleon made it a condition that he should be banished. He entered Paris with the Allies and took a leading part in Napoleon's dethronement.

of people, of every nationality and class, at this review. I never saw a mob so hard to disperse. There was no clearing them away from our carriage, in spite of the efforts of our attendant aides-de-camp. Close to us stood a French cuirassier, who had deserted, and joined the Duke of Wellington just before the Battle of Waterloo. This man warned the Duke that Bonaparte would attack in half an hour.

After the review we dined with the Duke, but I had not the happiness of sitting by him, which made me think the dinner was *un peu triste.* Lady John Somerset, of course, took precedence of me, and Lady Kinnaird sat on his other side. My neighbour was the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Nassau. Next to him sat Metternich, who told me of a singular, and common, manner of selling estates in Germany, which has just given rise to a remarkable trial. It seems to be a usual practice there to put estates up to lottery. In this case, the man who won the prize happened to die before the result was declared. His next-of-kin claimed the estate. Unfortunately, a servant-maid in the house of deceased came forward, produced the winning ticket, and stated that he had made her a present of it. It is thought that she will gain the cause.

Next morning I went to Gérard's studio to see the Duke's portrait. It is not equal to that by Lawrence. In my opinion all Gérard's portraits are bad—the one which he gave to the Duke, of Bonaparte, is the best I have seen. Gérard begged me to ask the Duke to dispense with all his orders, and to have only the Order of the Garter on his breast. I delivered the message. We then went to the Luxembourg, and I was delighted with the pictures—especially the Vernets, which are quite beautiful. Several artists were copying them, and among the group was a woman. We visited the

Chamber of the Peers. The large pictures representing Bonaparte's victories are covered with green cloth. This was done by the King's orders in 1814. On Bonaparte's return from Elba they were uncovered, and are now again hidden from view! Why don't they take them away?

In the evening we dined at Verrey's with a party of officers, and afterwards went with the Duke to the opera. They had put on a new ballet in honour of the Bourbons. It was violently applauded. We finished the night at Madame Crauford's. The Duke is, evidently, not at all well.

Next day Shelley and I dined at Château Villiers, where General Lambert is quartered. It belonged to Murat, who gave it to Bonaparte when he went to Naples. Princesse Vaudemont dined there. She is of the house of Lorraine. A clever woman, but exceedingly plain in feature. I talked much with her, and also with some Frenchmen, who disgusted me by their abuse of France, and their pretended adoration of England. I was rather fortunate in being able to meet so many heroes.

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The dear Duke has been unwell for the past three days, and unable to leave his quarters. What a difference this makes in my liking for Paris! I do not feel very well myself. I passed the morning in shopping, which was a great bore. We dined at Verrey's, but I thought the dinner bad. Everything in France tastes the same. I feel sure that at the restaurants they throw all the remains after dinner into a stock-pot for the next day. Salt spoons are never seen, and the French dip their knives into the salt.

After dinner we went to the Feydeau to see "Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village" and "Joconde." The latter is very pretty, and the music charming. Lady

Kinnaird took me, against my inclination, to Lady Castlereagh's. I did not stay long. Every person that I like is at Madame Crauford's, where I was a fool not to go, as I had been invited. Lord Stewart accompanied Lady Kinnaird and myself in the carriage. I never met so great a fool. He pretended to be distressed because he felt sure that, on his arrival at Lady Castlereagh's, he would be called "the Duke's substitute!"

I told him plainly that it was degrading the adoration we feel for the Duke, to *persifler* about it, and to call it "love." I explained to him that whenever admiration was *openly* expressed, love might well despair!

Next morning I went with Lady Kinnaird to the Palais Royal. We saw the whole palace. The gallery and bedroom are most beautiful. The rest of the building is broken up into small, low rooms, and very uncomfortable. We afterwards walked in the arcades, which amused me much. The shops are really beautiful. We dined with Lord Cathcart at the Hôtel d'Abrantès. A grand dinner and excellently served. This evening I heard more nonsense from General Chernicheff, and more compliments than had ever been paid to me before. Went to the opera with Prince Saxe-Coburg. I feel *triste*, for the Duke is still unable to leave his room.

At one of the receptions at the Tuileries, I was leaning on the Duke's arm, when he suddenly dropped it, to greet, and kiss with reverence the hand of the most charming old lady, of the *vieille cour*, that I ever met. The Duke introduced me to her as the Duchesse de Séran, in whose society he had passed the happiest part of his life, and to whose matronly kindness he owed more gratitude than he could ever repay. It appears that the Duc de Séran was, in those days, Commander of the Military

College where Wellington acquired that perfect command of the French language, and distinguished manners, which enabled him, many years afterwards, to meet on terms of equality the first Princes and diplomats of Europe. The Duchesse de Séran spoke to me of the noble qualities of mind and heart which had, in those early days, endeared Wellington to the Duc de Séran and to herself.

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Went to visit Grassini, who, delighted at my calling, kissed me on both cheeks. I was much interested by Monsieur Delessart,[1] with whom I conversed on the political situation. He openly expressed his determination never to wear the white cockade. In his opinion, if the King had at first adopted the Tricolor Standard he would have felt secure on the throne of France. He says that even if Bonaparte had not left Elba, there would have been a Revolution, just the same. "We require a national King," said he, "not *un roi des émigrés.* The Duc d'Orléans, as a son of the Revolution, would have proved acceptable. We resent any semblance of a reflection being made upon us for having served our country in the Revolution. Toute la partie agissante de la nation pense de même. Our King must be the King of the nation." This I perfectly believe.

Went to see Les Invalides. The Prussians have carried off a great many of the models.

The Duke is better to-day, and was able to dine at Lord Stewart's. He called, and took us in his carriage. It was the most delightful dinner. Although I did not sit by the Duke, I saw a great deal of him both before, and after dinner. I sat between the Prince of Orange and Metternich. Talleyrand, and

[1] Probably a son of Monsieur Delessart, Minister of the Interior in 1792, who lost his life in the Rue de l'Orangerie on September 2, during the massacre, at Versailles, of the prisoners coming from Orleans.

Schwartzenberg were opposite. I never saw so diabolical a countenance as Talleyrand's. He has no very marked feature, is pale, has a crafty expression, and a most villainous mouth. His fiendish laugh still haunts me.

After dinner we retired to a small apartment, where I noticed a bust of the Duc de Montesquieu. Talleyrand told us the following anecdote. He said that one day Bonaparte, in a towering passion, gave him his *congé* as Grand Chamberlain. "I retired to my apartment, and in an hour a servant entered and announced, 'Monsieur le Grand Chambellan de l'Empereur.' It was Montesquieu, who had come to pay his respects to me."

Talleyrand repeated the last sentence in a most malicious manner; called Montesquieu *bête*, and added, "Voilà ce qu'on appelle 'gentleman,' n'est-ce pas?"

Talleyrand may be clever, but he has evidently a very little mind, or he would not dwell on such an incident. At dinner Metternich was very entertaining. I wonder if one may believe what he said?

He told me that he was the person who announced to Marie Louise that Bonaparte had made a proposal for her hand. She asked, "Est-ce que mon père le veut?" Metternich replied, "Il ne veut pas vous contraindre." "Alors j'y consens," said Marie Louise.

It was Metternich, again, who told her of the Emperor's escape from Elba. When the Empress heard this she remarked: "Mes devoirs sont en contradiction. Dites à mon père qu'il faut qu'il oublie que j'ai plus de quinze ans. Je me mets sous sa tutelle."

Metternich told me that when the news arrived that Bonaparte was actually in the hands of the English, he was instructed to break the news to Marie Louise. He speaks of Bonaparte as if he adored him, but this, I am assured, is not the case.

After dinner the Duke of Wellington took us to the Théâtre Français; and afterwards set us down at Lady Castlereagh's. He then went home. I fear that he is still very far from well.

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Sunday, July 30.—I am just setting off for Malmaison. My journal has been terribly neglected, but I must try to make up for it.

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We spent a pleasant day at Malmaison, and had a long conversation with the concierge, who told us a great deal about Bonaparte. We spent the night at the château; and I slept in the bed which Bonaparte occupied the night before he went away for ever. I saw the marks he had cut into the chairs and tables. The concierge professed a deep attachment to him, and affection for the Empress Josephine. He told us that Bonaparte had never spoken a cross word to him. He attributes this to the fact that he always preserved silence in his presence, and never spoke except by way of reply. When addressed by the Emperor, he would answer him quickly; and was careful never to appear frightened, for that always made him angry. Bonaparte objected to observations being made in his presence. Whenever any of his *entourage* spoke, he invariably cut them short with: "Allons! point d'observations!"

The concierge's wife is an Englishwoman. She told me that Josephine was very extravagant in her dress, and also in her mode of living. Sometimes Bonaparte stormed at her because she asked him for money. "But," said my informant, "that which he refused her to-day, she was sure to receive on the morrow."

Josephine's death appears to have been very sudden. One morning she left Malmaison, in perfect health, to breakfast with the Sovereigns at Princesse Hortense's. She ate a great deal, and afterwards felt unwell—so unwell that she resolved to return home. On the road

she was obliged to stop several times, being overcome by nausea. She did not keep to her bed, which perhaps she ought to have done. The concierge seems to think that her case was mismanaged by her physician, but he protests against the theory of poison. "Elle était si bonne qu'elle ne voulait pas avoir d'autre médecin, de crainte de faire de la peine à ce pauvre homme."

At last the Emperor of Russia insisted on sending his own physician to the Empress Josephine.

When the doctor saw her he pronounced her case hopeless, and said that she could not live another twenty-four hours. He proved to be right. Josephine died without pain. Her body did not change after death, which it would have done if she had been poisoned. It was quite touching to hear the way in which the concierge spoke of his late mistress. He said: "Si elle avait du chagrin, qui la rendait un peu de mauvaise humeur avec quelqu'un, on était sûr que dans peu elle l'enverrait chercher, pour lui dire quelque chose d'agréable."

Princesse Pauline Borghese, in spite of her beauty, seems to have been as much disliked as Josephine was beloved.

We rode home next morning through the forest; and thence all through the park of St. Cloud, which is magnificent. The *allées* afforded delicious shade from the heat of the sun. The Duke met us on horseback, and took us to look at the preparations for his ball, which is to take place to-night. He looked ill, but was in good spirits.

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The Duke's ball was very pleasant, but too crowded for dancing. The Emperor of Russia sent an excuse; but the King of Prussia was present, and talked a great deal to me; so also did Schwartzenberg, whom I like extremely.

On the following morning we went with Lord Cathcart to see the Monuments Français. Was intro-

duced to M. le Noir, who arranged them. The statue of Henri le Grand bears a very strong resemblance to the Duke of Wellington—it is wonderfully like him—and, if he wore a beard and moustachios, it would be himself; particularly that extreme uprightness. On the whole, I was pleased; but not so much as I expected to be. I don't like to see all these monuments from sacred ground. It painfully recalls all the horrors of the Revolution.

August 1.—Dined at Sir Henry Clinton's[1] in the Bois de Boulogne. Hurried back to the play, "Le Médecin malgré lui"—excellent.

The next day was full of *contretemps*. In the morning the shopping tired me. I then visited the Cabinet of Medals, where I should have been amused if I had been left to myself; but was intensely bored by Prince Joseph of Monaco, and some young people with him. Then, I had promised to ride a horse belonging to Colonel * * * to oblige him. Unfortunately the gallant Colonel got so tipsy the night before, that he forgot all about it. I sent a message to the Duke about the theatre; that message never reached him. In the evening I dined at Lord Cathcart's, one of the most punctual of men. No one came until half-past six. I was impatient to get to the theatre, where Mdlle. Mars was to act one of her great rôles. I was in a state of trepidation, which I dared not show, all through the dinner. I eventually got away to the Duke's box, but during the most interesting scene, Lady John Somerset and her sister entered the Duke's box, which was already full enough. When, later on, the Duke arrived, I got up; and, with a hasty excuse to the party, went to join Lord Stewart. I became so engrossed by the acting of Mdlle. Mars, that, for the time, I quite forgot I was an intruder!

[1] General Sir William Henry Clinton (1769—1846), served in Flanders 1793, commanded British forces in Portugal 1826. A member of Parliament 1806-30.

This provoking day ended with an extremely stupid supper at Lady Castlereagh's! I am afraid that the Duke thought me foolish for leaving his box! One ought *never* to be *discrète.*

Wednesday, August 2.—What happiness! I was quite right last night to leave the box. It seems that the Duke had desired Colonel Campbell to write, and tell me that he had given the box to Lady John Somerset; and that I might have his box at the Feydeau. How provoking! But I am amply consoled by the Duke coming this morning to see me. He was exceedingly kind; and stayed above half an hour chatting in the most friendly manner. How I adore that great man! This *bonté*, which is a distinguishing *trait* in the Duke's character, is so exactly what Sully describes as a characteristic of Henri IV. I feel sure that the Duke perceived my annoyance last night, and determined to make up for it. As Shelley was at home during the whole of his visit, I doubly enjoyed it, for I always feel shy in a *tête-à-tête* with Wellington. I cut off a lock of his hair!

We went in the evening to the Tivoli. I was much amused by the dancing, etc., etc. After the fireworks were over, the people shouted "Vive Tivoli!" just as at the theatre they cry "Vive le Roi!" What a strange people! and what a nursery for vice is this garden, which, like Ruggieri, is open three times a week. The whole business is conducted with greater decency than Vauxhall, and, perhaps for that reason, is, I believe, more dangerous. The valsing was very comical. On the other hand, a soldier, with a wooden leg, danced *contredanses* beautifully.

Went to Lady Castlereagh's. On the Duke's arrival there he came to me, and said: "Well! why did not you ride? I waited at home all the morning expecting you to come. Did not you say that you were going to ride with Colonel Hervey?"

How provoking! Why, or wherefore, I know not—

but ever since Emily's arrival things have taken a *guignon*![1] However, I passed a delightful evening; sat by Alava,[2] who talked of the Duke the whole time. He has promised to show me the Duke's letter to the King of Spain on the subject of Alava's alleged treason. The Duke wrote that he would answer "pour le fidèle compagne de ses travaux." Alava told me that he valued that letter more than all the orders and decorations that had been given to him.

[1] Emily Wellesley-Pole, a niece of the Duke of Wellington. She married, August 6, 1814, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, youngest son of Henry Duke of Beaufort.

[2] The Spanish General Alava was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington. He fought at Salamanca, and was wounded at the Carrion in 1812. He had been a naval officer until the French invasion of Spain; he then entered the military service, for the defence of his country. He used to say that until he came to the Duke's headquarters he had always been on the losing side, fighting against the English at sea, and against the French on land.

CHAPTER X

I HAVE neglected my journal, and forget what I did. On Friday I would not go to the opera, for fear of being in the Duke's way, as I guessed Lady Frances[1] would be there. Shelley went alone. The Duke was quite sorry I had not gone, and wished to send the carriage for me; but Shelley would not allow him to do so. We met afterwards at Madame Crauford's, where I spent a pleasant evening. Grassini sang beautifully. The Duke enjoyed it extremely. We arranged our plans for Malmaison.

August 5.—This was indeed a happy day! At three o'clock we went to the Duke's. It was too hot to ride, so we determined to go to Malmaison in the coach. Went into the Duke's sitting-room. He showed me about one dozen boxes, with portraits of various sovereigns, set with diamonds, which they had given to him. I took possession of one of his pens; and saw him receive, and answer several letters, by simply fixing a mark upon their margins. Others, containing the most absurd complaints, he threw away. One of these letters requested him to compensate the writer for mischief done to his property by the Prussians! The Duke told me that he receives similar letters daily. We had a delightful drive. The Duke talked of the new Knights of Maria Theresa. He said

[1] Lady Frances Annesley was the daughter of first Earl of Mountnorris and eighth Viscount Valentia. She married in 1810 James Wedderburn Webster, a friend of Lord Byron, the poet. In February 1816, her husband obtained from Baldwin £2,000 in damages, for a libel charging Lady Frances and the Duke of Wellington with adultery.

that the bestowal of this Order has given great offence to several officers, who think that they also deserve this valued distinction.

"I have given it to those officers who, in my opinion, are best entitled to it, for general conduct throughout the campaign, and not for any particular battle. I think I have selected the best officers in the army," said he. "I never give anything to favour; nor do I listen to solicitation. My sole object is to be just, and I don't in the least care what is said."

I sat by the Duke during dinner. He was more agreeable than ever. Afterwards we walked into the beautiful grounds, and when we reached the Conservatory it was quite dark. We had great fun in going through it, with two or three wretched candles.[1] A storm came on, with vivid flashes of lightning. The Duke brought us home. He told me to go to the opera next night. . . . After the opera, went to Lady Castlereagh; to Madame Crauford, and to Talleyrand's. At the latter place there was a *table de jeu*, and I saw a woman lose fifty napoleons in a few minutes. Madame Périgord did not play. She was very friendly with me, and I like that society extremely.

Next day I went to see Monsieur Denon,[2] who is very amiable. He showed me his curiosities. The foot of a mummy of an Egyptian princess is beautiful; so also the hand of Pauline Borghese. Denon gave me a medal of himself. He has dozens of portraits, medals, etc., of Napoleon, and professed great attachment to him. I like him for that. We spent the whole morning with Denon.

Saw the Duke for a moment, and heard with regret that the Emperor of Russia had sent a request that he would dine with him. This prevented the Duke from dining at Lord Stewart's.

[1] The fortunes of war could not be better exemplified. Imagine the Duke of Wellington playing the Merry Andrew in the grounds of Malmaison!

[2] The celebrated Egyptologist.

The dinner-party consisted of above forty persons; the Duchesses de Courlande, and de Sagan, Mesdames Périgord, and Talleyrand; Lords Castlereagh, Granville, and Kinnaird. Prince Schwartzenberg was there, and talked a great deal to me. He seems well informed, and amiable. In speaking of the scarcity of money in France at the present time, he declared that vast treasure had been concealed by individuals. It had been Bonaparte's policy to spend all his money in France; and when he made his preparations for the Russian campaign, he spent enormous sums in the purchase of provisions in Paris, rather than supply his troops from foreign soil. Most of the money thus spent was hoarded by the contractors and farmers.

Went to Madame de Coigny's. This is the most like the old French society of any I have seen. The only women present were Lady Kinnaird and Madame Girardin. The latter has most *tranchant* manners. Benjamin Constant—nicknamed Inconstant—was there; and a Monsieur de Maubourg, who is considered very handsome. I do not admire him. After passing the Cour—where our hostess will not allow carriages to enter—we ascended a dirty, narrow, winding staircase; and, on the fourth floor, we were received by Madame de Coigny. Although the whole arrangements struck me as mean and uncomfortable, it is not half so bad as Grassini's house, or even Madame de Peysac's, to whom I paid a visit next day. In the Cour they were making mattresses; and the stairs were dirty beyond description. There was so strong an aroma of onions that I felt quite ill. But Madame de Peysac is a very pretty, pleasing woman, and I believe very good. She assures me that many of the French women in these days are fond of their husbands, and very domestic; but that rank covers every fault. She says that the people who are most censorious, and who would not receive a countess that behaved ill, are themselves privileged to do whatever they like. She talked very freely of

the Princesse de Benevento,[1] whom Talleyrand has got rid of in order to please the King. She added: "Mais elle était d'un caractère si difficile, que si Talleyrand n'avait pas été la bonté même, il l'aurait renvoyée longtemps avant." Thus spoke her friend! Madame de Peysac vindicated Madame Périgord from the aspersions of Madame Crauford, and said: "Quoique nos femmes soient mauvaises, je ne crois pas qu'elles aillent jusque là." She says that Monsieur Périgord does not behave very ill to her. On the day of the Duke's ball he fought a duel with an Austrian officer, and received a sword-cut, which made a deep wound on his forehead. Madame Périgord attended the ball in order that the encounter might not be known.

Every morning we hear of riots having occurred in the gardens of the Tuileries during the night. The rioters throw stones at the women, and sabre those men who refuse to cry "Vive le Roi." I think that matters look very bad. During the past few days everyone has been anxious on the subject of Labédoyère; but nothing certain is known as to what form his trial will take. Each person contradicts the other. Grassini tells me that he was betrayed by his most intimate friend, who had promised to procure him a safe asylum in Paris. He had been led to believe that this friend possessed a secret *armoire*, in which he would never be discovered. And yet, only two hours after he entered his hiding-place, he was arrested! Fouché's marriage has amused us much. He is a wizened old man of sixty. His bride, Madame de Castellane, is a beautiful young woman of twenty-five! She is of good family, and has a moderate fortune, but, obviously, possesses a good deal of ambition.

The Duke dined with them the day after the marriage.

Wednesday.—I have passed a very happy day. The Duke asked if I would like to ride his mare at the Russian review. Of course, I was delighted!

[1] Talleyrand was created Prince of Benevento by Napoleon in 1806.

We were late; so the Duke sent Lord Arthur to escort me. I rode at the Duke's side. The Emperor of Russia spoke to me. A great honour indeed! Lord Cathcart told me afterwards that the Emperor was never known to speak to any woman on parade, except the Crown Princess of Prussia!

I suppose he made an exception in my favour because he thinks that the Duke likes me. The Emperor professes to be very fond of the Duke of Wellington. The other day he sent him a message in these terms: "Dites-lui que je l'aime comme ma maîtresse!"

The Russian troops are very fine fellows. One regiment, in French cuirasses, was from Siberia. The cavalry horses very large and handsome. Those of the artillery are small, but very beautiful. The crowd was not so great as at previous reviews. After riding along the line we took up our station on the Place Louis XV. I was between the Duke and Prince Schwartzenberg, when, to my chagrin, the Emperor sent for them both, so I remained under the care of an aide-de-camp, and the two Princes Lichtenstein. After the review I was taken to head-quarters; where I was made to drink some wine and water.

In the evening I went to the Théâtre Favart with Lord Cathcart. On our arrival we found the house full to overflowing. The boxes had been let twice over; and there was nowhere for us to sit down! We went on to the Théâtre Français in despair.

How I love a Review! The Duke was kindness itself. He tells me that he has been so deeply engaged during the past week, that he has not been able to go out anywhere. He has been writing all night, practically.

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I have had an interesting conversation to-day with a sergeant of the National Guard. I am convinced

that much of his statement is true, although it may be slightly exaggerated. I believe that the past week, in Paris, has been a very critical one. Projects were on foot to assassinate the King, the Emperor of Russia, and the Duke of Wellington. If the plot had succeeded Paris would have been sacked. Fortunately, most of the conspirators have been arrested. He tells me that on Thursday night, while he was on guard at the Tuileries, he saw Fouché, no less than three times, admitted to the King's presence.

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On Sunday I rode with Prince Maurice Lichtenstein, and an Austrian colonel round the fortifications of Belleville, Montreuil, and Montmartre where the battle was fought last year. The forts are very formidable. Napoleon, this year, designed to surround Paris with powerful batteries. The guns are now lying on the ground beside their carriages. Only in one or two places are the guns mounted, and these are guarded by British soldiers!

The view is very grand. Paris on the left, the plains of Clichy on the right. It was here that Blücher advanced, with very sinister intentions. The village of La Villette has greatly suffered, and is very nearly deserted. As we ascended Montmartre we saw an immense crowd of people. When Shelley rode up to see what it was, he found men, women, and children amusing themselves by throwing sticks at a poor goose! We also heard the barking of dogs at the Porte des Combats, where bears, bulls, and even monkeys are baited, two or three times a week, for the amusement of the degenerate inhabitants of this vile city, which every evening presents the appearance of a fair.

The Boulevards are lined with shows of various kinds; and the trees are lighted up, after the manner of Vauxhall. The coffee-houses are always full, and a sort of false gaiety reigns supreme.

After the opera this evening I saw the Duke. He is sad, and looks ill. He is evidently much worried.

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Went again to the Bibliothèque Royale, and was shown some of the manuscripts. It is really wonderful to behold five or six rooms quite full of these valuable manuscripts. They have not any of Sully's handwriting. I was struck by a passage in one of Voltaire's letters: "La crainte de déplaire ôte tous les moyens de plaire." How often, and particularly this last week, have I felt the truth of that observation!

In the afternoon I visited Madame Cheromé. I passed through a dirty ante-room, where they were at dinner; and was shown into a bedroom! The staircase was malodorous, but the bed was gilded! She has been very civil and useful to me—a *classe de société à part*, which I am very glad to have seen.

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A most happy day! I called on Madame Périgord and found her alone, and employed like an Englishwoman. She is delightful; and very pretty, which is, I own it, one reason why I like her. Besides, she has, apparently, taken a fancy to me.

I dined at three o'clock to-day, in order to ride with the Duke, who offered to mount me on Copenhagen. A charming ride of two hours. But I found Copenhagen the most difficult horse to sit of any I had ever ridden. If the Duke had not been there, I should have been frightened. He said: "I believe you think the glory greater than the pleasure in riding him!"

There was a concert at the Duke's that evening and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. I am not sure that it was not quite the most delightful evening I ever passed. The Emperor, who was present, talked a long time with me, and insisted on my sitting down. I did not feel at all shy, although there was

an immense circle looking at, and perhaps envying me! The music was perfection—Grassini and Paer,[1] Nadermann played the horn; and there was a violoncello player superior to Crosdale.

After every one had, as we thought, gone home, we were surprised to see about forty people at supper. Eventually, Miss Rumbold began to play a polonaise, and the whole party jumped up. The Duke took my hand, Madame Crauford led; and we danced all through the house. The polonaise then changed: we began to valse, and kept it up until two in the morning! It was quite delightful.

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August 16, 1815.—Went with Lady Castlereagh to St. Germains. She is an indefatigable walker. As the heat was intense we deserted her, and sat under the trees. Prince Saxe-Coburg, Lady Emma Edgcumbe,[2] Mr. Bathurst, etc. We amused ourselves sketching. Dined at Lord Castlereagh's. I sat by him. He is very agreeable, and strikingly handsome when he is animated. His conversation most interesting. The violent Mr. Smith, Member for Norwich, dined there, and toadied Lord Castlereagh considerably. I see that he is coming round. He abused Whitbread—so much for political friendships!

Lady Castlereagh says that it is true the friends of Labédoyère[3] offered £5,000 to the gaoler of

[1] Paer was the composer of "Didone" and other operas.

[2] Lady Emma Edgcumbe, daughter of second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, married 1828 John, first Earl Brownlow. She died 1872.

[3] Colonel Labédoyère was an officer of handsome figure, and elegant manners, descended of a respectable family; young, enthusiastic, and daring. He owed his promotion and appointment to the Royal Court, but his heart dwelt on the glories of the Empire. When Napoleon escaped from Elba Labédoyère was quartered at Grenoble. He assembled his regiment, and, in defiance alike of the commands of General Marchand and of the injunctions of the Prefect, he left Grenoble at the head of his regiment, and marched to welcome Napoleon. Marchand did his utmost to induce the garrison to remain loyal, but the prestige of Napoleon was irresistible. The Emperor entered Grenoble in triumph. After Waterloo, Labédoyère, in the Chamber of Peers, made a violent speech demanding the recognition of

l'Abbaye to permit his escape. We all agreed that Labédoyère deserved to be a member of the Legion of Honour more than most of those who belong to it.

There has been a cruel mistake about this Order of the Bath. Colonel Percy wrote the name of Prince Wrede[1] so like Condé, that the letter was taken to the last-named personage, who was intensely flattered, and was, of course, equally mortified when the blunder was discovered.

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Went to Lord Stewart's ball. We found the Duke of Wellington there. He was charming, and most kind. His manner is the most paternal of any one I ever saw; and so far removed from any nonsense, that I am convinced his attachment to Lady Frances is platonic. Of this I am certain: if there is any love in the case, it is only on the lady's side. His manner to her in public is simple and kind.[2]

At supper I sat by Prince Saxe-Coburg, with whom I had an interesting talk about Saxony, and German politics. He says it is very grating to the whole of Germany that a new, and upstart Power, like Prussia, should be enriched at the expense of the old Electors.

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I never realised what sentimental and genteel comedy could be, until I came to Paris and saw Mdlle. Mars, and Fleury. I could not help contrasting the perfection of French comedy with that which prevails in England. It is not so difficult to account for the different state of the stage in the two countries.

Napoleon's son as his father's successor. Subsequently, the Allied Powers, irritated by the treachery of the whole French army, and the perfidy of Ney, Labédoyère, and Lavalette, determined that they should bear the penalty. Labédoyère was selected, being the first who gave the example of treason to the army. All three were convicted of high treason. Lavalette escaped from prison, but Ney and Labédoyère met their fate with heroic courage.

[1] Field-Marshal Prince Wrede commanded the Bavarian Army.

[2] I have since had reason to know that the whole report was a fabrication. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

In France, tragedy is, so to speak, on stilts; and decidedly unnatural. Comedy, on the other hand, is the *ton de la bonne société*; and yet the actresses are much less received in society than with us. If I may venture on a reflection; I believe that the French cannot feel deeply about anything. Society here makes a point of attending the theatres. It is its daily occupation. Consequently, the boxes in Paris theatres decide the histrionic tastes. With us, in England, it is the pit. John Bull would not stand the stiff French tragedy for a moment. Shakespeare speaks the language of Nature, which every one can understand; and perhaps more forcibly where *les convenances* are less considered. John Bull would as little understand the refinement which pleases in French genteel comedy, and which it requires French tact to appreciate. His bonhomie, and respect for morality, would prevent him from receiving, with roars of laughter, those *double entendres* which delight the French so much. They would disgust an Englishman, and would prevent his taking his wife and his daughter to the theatre, as the Parisian *bourgeois* does every Sunday.

Went early to see "Tartuffe." Never did Fleury act better; while Mdlle. Mars, both in Molière's play, and also in "La Jeunesse de Henri V," was enchanting.

Mr. Russell and Colonel Stanhope were with us. The Duke was alone in his box—I mean without women—and he joined us afterwards in the *Salle*. He asked if I would go to Lady Castlereagh's; I agreed; and we set off in the glass coach. *En route*, we began to dread being stuck down to supper. I then told him of Lady Castlereagh's prudery, and nonsense the night before at Lord Stewart's. She would not permit Lady Emma Edgcumbe to dance a French dance with Miss Rumbold; although they had been dancing English ones together without fear of contamination!

The Duke said: "Dam-mit, I can't go—we'll punish her for her nonsense. Let's go to Crauford's and end with Talleyrand's." This little speech made me laugh, and we changed our destination.

We arrived, and found the circle dreadful. Grassini was cross, the ladies highly indignant. The Duke yawned! We stayed about five minutes, and then moved on to Talleyrand's. He was not yet come home. Madame Périgord had *la migraine*; no other woman present.

After all, French society is a bore, unless one goes with a jolly English party to enliven them; then it is excellent fun.

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August 25.—What an age since I last wrote in my journal! I must make a sort of *pot pourri* up to to-day. At the beginning of the week we dined with Talleyrand, whom—in spite of his amiability towards myself—I cannot help disliking profoundly. I am, of course, pleased by his attentions. I sat next him at dinner. The soup had been placed in the middle of the table. Talleyrand stood up, and began to ladle it out. As he did so, he threw down a great decanter of water with his elbow, and broke it into a thousand pieces. This did not seem to disconcert him in the least—at any rate, it did not make him very cross. We had a sumptuous repast, and ended with a large course of fish! I wondered whether we were destined to eat our dinner all over again.

During the whole repast the general conversation was upon eating. Every dish was discussed, and the antiquity of every bottle of wine supplied the most eloquent annotations. Talleyrand himself analysed the dinner with as much interest, and seriousness as if he had been discussing some political question of importance.

I managed, however, to have a small conversation with him about the French stage. On this, as on

all subjects, he spoke well, but with a great deal of affectation. As we left the room I expressed my admiration for Madame Périgord. "Ah, oui," said he, "elle est aimable, et pleine d'esprit. Elle n'a de la jeunesse que le naturel."

Talleyrand seemed pleased with his *mot*, and repeated it to Madame Périgord herself. This evidently delighted her, for she kissed him on both cheeks repeatedly. Talleyrand then proceeded to feed her with coffee, out of his own cup, and used his own spoon for that purpose.

He is a frightful object to look at; and rolls his tongue about in a disgusting manner. He has a club-foot; but, in spite of all that, the French ladies find him irresistible.

Suddenly Talleyrand put down his coffee-cup and exclaimed: "Allons! Je vais bien vous amuser! Je vais vous raconter une histoire d'un de nos bons Parisiens qui est d'une parfaite bêtise.

"J'ai envoyé chercher le Directeur des Gobelins ce matin, pour lui dire que l'Empereur d'Autriche désire avoir le portrait, auquel on travaille, de l'Impératrice Marie Louise, et qu'on le finit de suite. Il répondit, 'Ah! Monseigneur, j'ai aussi fait faire un portrait de moi; n'est-ce pas que vous pourriez le faire passer aussi, à l'Empereur?"

We suggested that the story was so inherently improbable that we suspected Talleyrand of having invented it for our amusement. He assumed an air of injured innocence; and, placing his hand upon his breast, exclaimed in tragic tones: "Sur mon honneur —c'est vrai!" He certainly told the story very well. Before dinner Madame Périgord—thinking that Talleyrand might possibly not be in the vein—said that he was so engrossed by public affairs that he had lost his spirits, and much of his *bonhomie*. We, therefore, considered ourselves fortunate in finding him in such good form. Talleyrand gave me his box at the Français;

so we went there before going to Lady Castlereagh's very pleasant ball. Colonel Stanhope, the life and soul of every party, surpassed himself in fun and mirth; and we danced until the small hours of the morning.

The next day we went to the Vallée de Montmorenci with Lady Castlereagh and her party, numbering nearly fifty people. Walter Scott was one of them. His first appearance is not prepossessing. A club-foot, white eyelashes, and a clumsy figure. He has not any expression when his face is in repose; but, upon an instant, some remark will lighten up his whole countenance, and you discover the man of genius. His conversation reminds me of his poems—the same ideas and images recurring—and often the same careless manner of expressing them.

We all agreed that the valley is uninteresting; indeed it scarcely deserves the name. As a storm was brewing, we took shelter, and passed the time at dinner. Meanwhile the storm broke, and cooled the air. Afterwards we visited the Château de Montmorenci—a most beautiful spot, completely destroyed by the Prussians. This is a fit subject for Crabbe's Muse, but without his minute details. There was an atmosphere of misery surrounding this place, which depressed me. The body of the celebrated Constable, Anne, reposes in the church, which stands on the brow of a mountain clothed with acacia, and pines. This eminence overlooks the château, from which it is separated by a deep valley, at whose extremity lies a fine lake, with the plains of Clichy beyond it. The sun was setting as we reached the spot from whence this lovely view burst upon us. A herd of cattle was passing on the other side of the lake, in which their forms were reflected. We heard the sound of a bugle in the distance, and saw soldiers passing, and repassing to their bivouac. The scene awoke a train of melancholy ideas, and made me realise the instability of human greatness!

Before me stood the deserted hall, desecrated by the removal even of its pavement. The gilded chairs were stacked to form bedsteads, for the dirtiest of the human race; and, here and there, they were heaped together for firewood! The splendid mirrors, which had once adorned these fine rooms, were cracked in every direction. The painted ceilings (fortunately out of the marauder's reach) were uninjured. They recalled the great, and noble deeds of the Montmorencis; and testified to the former grandeur of the château. They conjured up the scenes of bygone Ages, when, with almost regal state, the Montmorencis claimed kinship with a race of kings. What a change! and what a lesson for reformers. What has the Revolution done for France? Although some abuses have been removed, the mass of the people are more corrupt than ever they were before; while the armies of every European nation are devouring the very vitals of the State. The French are become so heedless of events, that they live from hour to hour, apparently unconscious of the disasters that have befallen their proud, and once glorious, country. The uncertainty of the future checks any attempt to redress the wrongs of the past, and the leaders are swept along by the stream of indolence and indifference. This unhappy state of things only augments the evils from which France suffers, and, if it continues, those evils will be irreparable. At the same time, I much fear another attempt at *soulèvement.* The last two days have been anxious ones. There has been trouble at the Tuileries, and many people have disappeared—some are known to have been sent to the prisons.

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I forgot to say that, while we were at Talleyrand's, his nephew arrived from Orleans, and stated that the Bavarians had entered the town, had seized the Caisse, and driven away the authorities. I asked him

if Prince Wrede knew this? He replied: "On le lui dira de suite; mais il n'en croira rien—cependant, c'est vrai."

All the ministers were in high spirits this evening. I trust that the affairs of the Congress are advancing, and that the allied armies will soon retire. The Russian review is fixed for September 10. Two days ago, I went with the Duke to a review of ten thousand British troops, who have lately arrived from different parts of the world. Many are come from America. The Duke praised them for their smartness, and the precision of their movements, in spite of the fact that they had never before paraded together.

It interested me to hear the Duke giving his orders to the commanding officers, through aides-de-camp. One of them told me that he gave them at this review exactly as he does on the field of battle. I heard the Duke say to an aide-de-camp: "Go, and tell that damned adjutant he can't ride: tell him to get off his horse."

The Emperor of Russia arrived towards the close of the review, and was particularly gracious to me. He moved from his place, at the Duke's right hand, to speak to me. We afterwards rode home with him at full gallop.

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Yesterday we went, with Madame de Peysac, Colonel Stanhope, and Sir D. Packe,[1] to Bagatelle. It is a pretty, quiet place; but, if it were not so near Paris, its beauties would not impress one. It was built—I am told—in consequence of a wager. Queen Marie Antoinette, one day while hunting, expressed a wish that there were a pretty pavilion

[1] General Sir Denis Packe saw service in Flanders. He commanded the 71st Regiment at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. Served in the Peninsula, and from 1810 to 1814, commanded a Portuguese brigade in Spain. He commanded a brigade at Waterloo. He died in 1823.

to go to in the Bois de Boulogne. The Comte d'Artois,[1] who overheard the remark, declared that nothing could be more easily realised. He made a bet with the Queen that, in six short weeks, he would turn that barren spot into a beautiful *campagne*. The Comte d'Artois threw himself, heart and soul, into the project; and at the end of the time specified, he conducted the Queen, while out hunting, to breakfast at Bagatelle. That was thirty years ago. The soil is so bad, and the weather so dry, that all the leaves hang, curled and withered, from the trees.

We sat for an hour upon a grassy bank, while Colonel Stanhope recited some of the finest passages from "Childe Harold."[2] He also repeated some fine lines, written by an unhappy youth on the fly-leaf of "The Pleasures of Memory." This young man's idea was that, were it not for the dread that Memory would survive the grave, Death would be happiness. It would relieve us from the torment which memory produces. When I heard that the young poet, after writing these lines, immediately committed suicide, I shuddered.

What an extraordinary person is Stanhope! If you happen to be in a frivolous mood, he will say foolish things, and will inspire folly in others. If you are in a serious vein, his conversation becomes interesting, and in the highest degree instructive. If you feel sentimental, his wonderful memory will supply poetical images from the finest passages in poetry. In coming home from Montmorenci a few days ago I asked him to tell me a story. He rolled them out, one after the other, always using the most appropriate expression, and with a precision in detail which made each story appear credible. Without being handsome, Colonel Stanhope is not bad-looking—but

[1] Afterwards Charles X. of France.

[2] From the first and second cantos. The third canto was not completed until 1816.

he is never two days alike. He is a charming companion; obliging, good-tempered, full of wit; and yet it would be quite impossible to fall in love with him. This makes his companionship especially delightful.

August 24.—Dined alone with Lady Kinnaird. The usual set came in the evening. We had a very pleasant gathering, and sat talking until one o'clock.

August 25.—*Fête du Roi.* Dined with the same party at Verrey's, and afterwards walked in the gardens of the Tuileries, which were crowded with people. On the *Retraite* being sounded, the gendarmes began to clear the gardens, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, not a soul was to be seen there. We reached Verrey's with difficulty; then went in our carriages to see the illuminations. They were decidedly effective, owing to height of the houses. People threw squibs in every direction.

Went to Ruggieri, where the fireworks were the most beautiful that I ever saw. Not so full as Tivoli, but equally decent, although, if possible, worse company. On our return home we found a note from Prince Schwartzenberg, asking Shelley to shoot at Grosbois.[1] In consequence I gave up the idea of riding at the Review.

August 26.—Went in the carriage to see Lowry Cole's Division. I begin to understand the movement of troops. The Duke came to speak to me, and reproved me for not riding.

"Don't you think I could take care of you?" he said.

The Emperor of Russia also came up to the carriage and talked to me for some time. I told his Imperial Majesty that I hoped to be at Châlons for his Review. He graciously promised to cause my visit there to be made comfortable, and agreeable.

After the review we went to breakfast with Sir

[1] Gros Bois, near Paris. Once the country seat of Barras.

Lowry Cole at the Palace of Neuilly—the residence of Princesse Borghese. From there the Duke of Wellington sent his first despatch from Paris. It is now the quarters of Sir Lowry; his camp is in the garden. After a sumptuous repast we walked to the Hermitage, and went all over the house, which is quite unfurnished. Princess Pauline had removed everything in 1814. The garden extends to the Seine.

In the evening, Shelley returned from his shooting expedition, in high spirits. He had dined with Prince Maurice Schwartzenberg, and had drunk a good deal of champagne. I was with Madame de Peysac at Lady Kinnaird's when Shelley arrived. He insisted on our waltzing while he sang the tune. We laughed a great deal, and were extremely gay. Afterwards we all went to sup at Lady Castlereagh's, where we stayed for nearly three hours. As it was a very hot night we all went for a walk on the boulevards by moonlight. This was really enchanting. There was not a soul in the streets. It was like the stillness of the country. This is due to the fact that military patrols do not permit any assemblage in the streets of Paris after a certain hour.

August 27.—Without exception, this is the hottest day I ever felt. Went with Shelley and Mr. Russell to the tennis court; and afterwards was present at a charming dinner, given by Sir A. Barnard at the Hôtel Beauvais. The Duke was in high spirits. The Spaniards and Alava dined there. As soon as dinner was over, we went down into the garden, where a military band played most beautifully. We all sat down under the trees, and listened to some one playing a guitar. Meanwhile, a shabbily dressed little French child ran up to us with a hunch of bread, and an apple in its mouth. The Duke began to play with the child—dirty though it was—and the little creature was so pleased with him that it would not go to any one else. The Duke ate a bit of the apple, and took

the child on his knee, fondling it in the prettiest and most natural manner. How extraordinary is the fondness of all great men for children! I never saw anything so becoming, as the Duke's caressing manner with this uninteresting little creature. How I should like to see him with his own children!

We sat in the garden until ten o'clock; and then went with some of the party to Ruggieri. The fireworks were over, but we walked about, and saw the dancing. We were in such a merry mood that Lady Kinnaird and I mounted into the swans attached to a merry-go-round; while the Duke and the other gentlemen took it in turns to ride the horses. The ladies of the party then played at the rings, and won seventeen *partis*, much to the general amusement. After playing like children for some time, I went with the Duke to Talleyrand's; he then brought me home.

This evening I was told by Lady Kinnaird that, during the advance on Paris, she was at Audilly.[1] The whole village was Bonapartist, and she could not persuade any one to take a note from her to the British camp. Meanwhile, she was in constant alarm that the Prussians would arrive, and plunder the village.

August 28.—After dining with the Duke, we went to the Théâtre Français; and afterwards he took Shelley and myself to the Duchesse de Courlande's. We left Shelley there, and the Duke brought me home.

August 29.—There was a review to-day, and I rode as usual. The Emperor was most gracious. He paid me many compliments, and talked much to me. He praised the English ladies, and wished that he could persuade his countrywomen to interest themselves in military matters, as I do.

The Duke considered the Manœuvres fairly well

[1] In the Haute Saône.

executed, though they failed in some respects, apparently through the stupidity of General H——, who is undoubtedly a very thick-headed person. The Duke was kind enough to order, for my edification, the troops to form up into hollow squares—like those at the Battle of Waterloo—into one of which he threw himself.

As we were coming home, I felt so tired that I could scarcely keep pace with the party, and tried to fall back. The Emperor noticed this, and insisted upon our all returning at a walking pace. When we reached the Avenue de Neuilly, I entreated his Majesty to hasten the pace, for I could not bear to feel that I was keeping them all back. The Emperor thereupon exclaimed: "Mais, madame, je vais comme Monsieur le Maréchal, et il fait ce que vous voulez." We then galloped home.

August 30.—A charming ball at Lady Castlereagh's. I danced an *Anglaise* with the Prince F. of Prussia. I then valsed a great deal, and ended with a French country-dance.

August 31.—Went to the Invalides with Madame de Peysac, and Colonel Stanhope. He was as delightful as usual. After a party at Lady Kinnaird's, went again to Ruggieri. The Duke and Metternich, who were to have gone with us, were kept away by these interminable conferences. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg was my cavalier. The music was good.

September 2, 1815.—Went to the review of the cavalry. A fine sight indeed! Very dusty. The Duke full of attentions, and kindness to me during the charges. We galloped very hard. The Duke kept saying: "Stick close to me." On returning home, I had a long conversation with the Emperor of Russia. He paid endless compliments to the English ladies, at the expense of his own countrywomen. Of the French—both men and women—he expressed the

strongest aversion. He has certainly a great deal of conversational power; and, if he were not deaf, would be a pleasant companion.

General Power,[1] not knowing Shelley, said to him to-day: "The Duke pays a great deal more attention to his lady than to the review."

The Duke was, undoubtedly, most kind and considerate. I received endless compliments about my horsemanship, after the review was ended.

In the evening I went to Talleyrand's, where I was to have met Shelley, but he did not arrive. I found myself the only woman in the room. Old Talleyrand paid me great attention, and I sat by him, for some time, on the sofa.

. . . .

A delightful week has passed without any entries in my journal! One day, we dined with General Alava. The Duke was to have met us at dinner there, but was obliged to dine with the King of Prussia. He came, after dinner, excessively tired; and went to sleep while the Spaniards were singing. Canova was there. Lady Kinnaird and I went with Metternich, and Mr. Russell, to the Feydeau. Afterwards we walked on the boulevards, and went into the Cabinet d'Illusions—a ridiculous show; but we laughed a great deal. Metternich was very agreeable. I then went to Talleyrand's.

On Sunday I dined early, and rode to St. Cloud with Seymour Bathurst, and Mr. Russell. We went by the Bois de Boulogne. It was the most lovely evening imaginable. After riding about the grounds at St. Cloud, we dismounted at one of the *guinguettes*, and watched the people dancing. Decidedly, a lower set than the *élégantes* of Tivoli. We rode home by moonlight. Later on, I went to a music party at

[1] General Sir Manley Power (1773—1826), took part in the Peninsular War. He commanded a brigade at Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, and Orthes.

the Duke of Wellington's. Grassini, and some of the other musical favourites sang.

After most of the people had left, we began to dance. I danced twice with the Duke, who was in high spirits; and, later on, I danced a polonaise with him. We stayed until three in the morning.

On Tuesday we went to Lady Kinnaird's ball. I asked the Duke to dance with me. He said, "No, I'll stay and see you dance—go and waltz." I danced all night.

Next day, there was a ball at Lady Castlereagh's. I went first to the Théâtre Français to say farewell to Mdlle. Mars. She acted superbly. The ball was not lively—very little dancing—and everybody talking of the arrangements for the Review.

. . . .

Thursday.—I feel quite ill from the fatigue of the last few days, preparing for our departure from dear Paris. I have been out all the morning, visiting the Justinian Gallery, and paying visits of adieu. I therefore stay at home this evening. Shelley went to Madame Crauford's, and then on to Talleyrand's, where he passed a very pleasant evening with the Duke.

Next day, I went to the Musée du Louvre, for the last time; and, in the evening, to the opera with Lady Kinnaird—whom I have grown attached to. Saw the Duke, and made our arrangements for the journey on the following day. It is with the deepest regret that I prepare to leave Paris, where I have spent the two happiest months of my life. The pain of parting from so many friends was diminished by the knowledge that the Duke would accompany us.

CHAPTER XI

At five o'clock in the morning we were up, and at half-past five the Duke called for us. Fortunately, we had sent the servants forward, with an especial Order from the Emperor of Russia to supply us with relays of horses. The Duke, Shelley, and I travelled together, and I never had so delightful a journey.

At Claye a guard of Cossacks received the Duke, and escorted our carriage the greater part of the way to Vertus. There were patrols of them all along the road. The Emperor of Austria overtook us, and we continued most of the way in company, as etiquette would not permit his carriage to be passed on the road. It was fortunate that the Duke had sent his own horses forward; as the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who preceded us, had taken eighty-seven horses for themselves and their suites. Thus, in spite of the Emperor of Russia's care, there were no horses left for the Duke of Wellington.

A trifling accident to the carriage delayed us half an hour at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, famous for its mill-stones, with which the whole place is covered. This accident to the carriage, and the *embarras* about horses, proved the equanimity of the Duke's temper, which—in spite of what is said to the contrary—remained unruffled throughout the journey. He was not even disturbed by the dirt of the inn at Montmirail—a wretched auberge where we stopped to dine. A small, stuffy bedroom, through the kitchen; in which there were already some

Prussians dining, quite satisfied the Duke. He ordered another table to be brought in, and made an excellent dinner on the nastiest *civet de lapin*, and omelettes that I have ever experienced in the whole course of my life. The Duke told us that he had often lived for a month in a worse place. He certainly seemed to enjoy himself vastly here!

The battle with the Russians in 1814 was fought on the hill we passed before our arrival at this place. The Duke's conversation in the carriage, as we drove along, was most interesting. He talked openly of his own private affairs. He spoke of the annoyances, and the expense, of the Embassy at Paris. He told us how fortunate it was that he happened to be sent to Vienna; for he was able to "spur" the Allies into signing the Treaty. This was not done without great difficulty. The moment that was done, Wellington seems to have left Vienna. We talked also about the newspapers. The Duke expressed himself, with great warmth, against the licentiousness of the Press; especially as regards its attacks upon the private affairs of individuals. Although he is aware of the difficulty of checking libellous insinuations, he seemed to be very sore indeed. I knew what was in the Duke's mind; he keenly felt the scandalous reports that had been circulated about himself and Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster—reports which every day convinces me are absolutely untrue. He spoke also about Indian affairs, and Lord Moira.

We reached Vertus at about five o'clock. We had sent our carriage the day before to the Château Petit Morain, where the Emperor of Russia had given us quarters, and an order for post-horses. On our arrival here, the Duke found that he could arrange—by putting two or three aides-de-camp into one room—for our accommodation at his own house; he insisted upon our staying there, and sent his courier for our servants. This arrangement was scarcely completed, when a

deputation of children, dressed in white, and bearing flowers, came to make a little complimentary speech to the Duke. It was very prettily done by a little girl. The Duke gave her a kiss, and handed to me the bouquet which she had presented to him.

After the aides-de-camp had gone to dine at Lord Cathcart's, we remained with the Duke and made tea for him. Meanwhile, a Russian band played under our windows, and ended their programme by singing a Russian hymn in parts. It was very beautiful. General Barclay de Tolly[1] called on the Duke; and, later, came General Chernicheff to explain the programme of manœuvres for the next day. The plan which Chernicheff brought, and gave to the Duke, is now in my possession. The Duke kindly gave it to me afterwards, as a memento of the proceedings. The Emperor of Russia had ordered General Chernicheff to attend the Duke during the manœuvres.

On the arrival of our carriage, at about ten o'clock, we had a good laugh at my band-boxes, which were in a very battered condition. It seems that our carriage, while crossing the bridge of boats, was overturned into the Marne! Fortunately none of the servants were hurt, nor was the carriage much damaged.

At half-past seven next morning[2] I made breakfast for the Duke, and we were soon mounted on horseback. We galloped about three miles to the foot of Mont Aimé, where we waited a short time for the Emperor of Austria. It is not in my power to describe the scene. The hill rises abruptly from the immense plain of Champagne, apparently as endless as the sea. There is scarcely a village, or a tree to break the monotony of the scene. When we

[1] Field-Marshal Count Barclay de Tolly, commanded the main body of the Russian army.

[2] September 10, 1815.

passed it on the previous evening it had all the appearance of a huge desert. But, during the night, the troops had marched; and the plain was now occupied by 156,000 men, 520 pieces of artillery, and innumerable carriages of every European nation! There was the Russian droschki, German, Prussian, and English berlins, standing in their allotted places, under the eyes of Cossack guards. Cossacks were stationed at the foot of the hill; as also the grooms with led horses, belonging to the different heroes who, resplendent with decorations blazing from their gorgeous uniforms, awaited the coming of the Sovereigns. The slopes of the hill were crowded by peasants and people of the humbler classes, who had assembled to witness this superb spectacle. Benches had been placed half-way up the hill for those English ladies who had been invited.

Mounted as I was, on the dear chestnut mare, by the Duke's side, I felt supremely happy. When the Emperor of Austria arrived in his carriage, we began to ascend the hill, which is about 150 feet high, and covers about two acres of ground. The Emperor Alexander came down half-way to meet the Sovereigns. We then galloped to the top of the hill, dismounted, and moved to the railing which had been placed on the side of the hill nearest to the troops.

At a signal given by the Emperor of Russia, a cannon close to us was discharged, and was answered by other cannons stationed in different parts of the three lines in which the army was drawn up. Then the troops began to move, and assumed the appearance of a chessboard. They then formed a huge square. There was a light breeze blowing, which drove away the dust, so the whole of the movements of this great army could be distinctly seen.

The artillery and the cavalry took up their stations at full gallop. The whole movement was performed with a celerity which surprised the Duke, who re-

marked that it had all the precision of a machine, particularly the division commanded by General Woronzow. I stood by the Duke the whole time; he explained the movements and lent me his glasses. The Emperor at first looked rather surprised at seeing me there; but he soon recovered himself, and spoke to me most graciously, during intervals, for the rest of the day. He asked if I was *contente*. I cannot describe the confusion of getting again upon our horses. However, the Duke took great care of me, and I never lost him for a moment. We were, of course, always in front; and on descending the hill we set off to gallop round the square, which we did without once pulling up, a distance of eleven miles. As usual, I received endless compliments on my horsemanship! While Schwartzenberg was escorting me, on the other side, we made our final arrangements about going to Vienna.

We then stood still for the troops to march past, which they did by divisions. The artillery was in the centre, and the magnificent cavalry brought up the rear. There is a striking uniformity among all the regiments: when you have seen one, you have seen them all. The front rank always very fine men, the second rank inferior, and the rear rank good-sized. The companies are all strong, as they have always a reserve of fifty men to each regiment.

After the march past we returned to the top of Mont Aimé. As we rode along, Pozzo di Borgo joined us. By his confidential conversation with the Duke on the subject of Fouché, I gathered that his dismissal had been agreed upon. But I do not feel quite sure that it was approved, or advised by the Duke of Wellington.

Refreshments were served to the Sovereigns in a tent. Then the *feu-de-joie* began, and was kept up for at least ten minutes. It was most effective, and made a great impression on Lord Hill, who stood

near me. He said it was exactly like an engagement. Our horses, however, were evidently impressed in a different way. They did not like the firing at all, and we had some difficulty in quieting them down. We remained on the hill for some time after the others had left. We then descended, and had a delightful canter home. The chestnut mare pulled as if she had just been taken out of the stable, and the Duke was pleased at the manner in which I rode her.

I forgot to mention the picturesque effect made by the Russian cavalry. There were 30,000 light cavalry, cuirassiers, and houlans. The flags of the last named looked, at a distance, like a rainbow, and the whole body of cavalry approaching from afar to take their stations at the march past gave one the impression of those celestial hosts described in the "Gerusalemme Liberata":[1]

In the evening the Duke, Shelley, and the Staff dined with the Emperor Alexander, at the house occupied by the Emperor of Austria. It appears to have been a splendid entertainment.

The Emperor Alexander went to Vertus some days previous to the review, to superintend the rehearsal.

[1] "Leva più in su le ardite luci, e tutta
La grand' oste del ciel congiunta guata.
Egli alzò il guardo; e vide in un ridutta
Milizia innumerabile ed alata.
Tre folte squadre, ed ogni squadra instrutta
In tre ordini gira e si dilata:
Ma si dilata più, quanto più in fuori
I cerchi son; son gl' intimi i minori."

Canto xviii. st. 96.

"But higher raise thy looks, behold in air
Where all the powers of heaven combined appear.
The hero raised his eyes, and saw above
A countless army of celestials move.
Three squadrons rang'd the wondrous force display'd
Three fulgent circles every squadron made,
Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose,
And nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose."

(*Translated by* JOHN HOOLE, 1763.)

Finding that the best house had been allotted to him, and that the one selected for the Emperor of Austria was inferior, he gave up his own house to his Majesty, and contented himself with the small one. Lord Cathcart had invited me to dine at his Quarters to meet Lord Combermere. Owing to some misunderstanding, none of his guests arrived, so Major Cathcart and I dined *tête-à-tête*.

When General Greville, who had been dining with the Emperor, entered the room, he looked intensely surprised to find us sitting together in Lord Cathcart's bedroom. After a hearty laugh at the strangeness of the whole proceeding, he and Major Cathcart walked back with me to the Duke's Quarters. I found the latter waiting for me to arrange about going to Lord Stewart's to drink tea. We agreed to make the expedition to the Château Auger, about seven miles away. Colonel Percy went with the Duke and myself, Russell and Fremantle followed in a gig; and a very gay drive it was! On our arrival at the Château we found the Duchesse de Sagan[1] and Madame Périgord were both gone to bed, *souffrantes* as usual. But we found the rest of the party at dinner. Lady Grantham and the other guests were much obliged to me for having brought the Duke. We were very merry for a time; but afterwards, the thought that on the morrow we should all be separated made me feel inclined to shed tears.

We had a very pleasant drive home by moonlight, and saw the whole country illuminated by the fires of the surrounding bivouacs. The Duke told us that the custom of bivouacking was extremely bad for the troops. He said that for the three last years in Spain he would not permit it, except in extreme cases. He said that the system was begun during the French Revolution when the lives of soldiers were counted of little value. That it prevents the men from

[1] La Duchesse de Sagan was Talleyrand's niece.

getting regular rest: that they get into the habit of sleeping for an hour at a time, or when they feel drowsy; and that nothing wears out the troops so effectually.

. . . . .

Next morning I rose early, and made the servant call the Duke twice. This was very fortunate, otherwise we should not have been in time. We were late as it was. The Emperor did not send to the Duke, as he had done on the previous day. I feel sure this was intentional, as he is very particular in his devotions, and does not like a religious service to become a spectacle. He never would allow any one in Paris to go to see it, as he said that it distracted his attention. We rode towards Mont Cormont, a narrow chain of hills entirely covered on both sides with vineyards. On turning the edge of the hill near to the road which leads to Paris, we discovered the whole Russian army. The cavalry were dismounted. The men were stationed in squares in the centre of which altars had been erected under canvas, in the form of a Greek cross. The upper one was prepared for the Emperor. It happened that just at the moment of our arrival, the Emperor dismounted; and the whole Russian army burst into a thundering cheer. It was very effective.

We immediately sprang from our horses. I was not allowed to accompany the Duke further, as no woman is permitted to approach the Altar. So I remained with the other women throughout this impressive ceremony. The service began by chanting the "Te Deum." Then a priest approached, and sprinkled incense three times to each of the three Sovereigns, who bowed in a reverential manner. The priest's dress was a deep green, with a great deal of rich gold embroidery upon it. His beard was long; so also was his hair, which was parted in the centre. The ceremonies seemed to be similar to those of the

Roman Church — the same changing of the mitre; the kissing of the book; the curtseying, and bowing, and the going in and out of the two doors leading to the High Altar. Two smaller altars stood on each side of the outer part of the tent. These were frequently carried up and down the steps facing the Sovereigns, and once into the centre of the square when, at a given signal, the whole of the troops knelt. This produced a very fine effect.

The service lasted above three hours. As the troops —and most of the gentlemen, except the immediate entourage of the Emperor—had been exposed to the heat of a burning sun, it must have been very fatiguing. I was under the shade of the tent, so I did not suffer. The ceremony ended as it had begun, with singing. I then remounted my horse, and was soon rejoined by the Duke. We took a short cut, so as to get ahead of the Emperors, who had left the ground before us. We jumped a small ravine caused by the rushing water from the hills.

I began to feel sad. During the ceremony I could scarcely restrain my tears at the thought that I was looking at the Duke for the last time, and that all our pleasant intercourse would soon come to an end. And now we were riding together for the last time! We escorted the Emperor of Austria to his carriage. The Emperor of Russia was especially gracious, and talked to me for some time. He asked if I had been "tout à fait contente du spectacle d'hier?" He did not speak of the religious ceremony at all—he did not wish to hear my opinion on that subject—which I think showed the depth of his religious feeling, and I admired him for that *trait*. I had noticed him during the ceremony very closely. His attitude bore the appearance of a real devotedness and the humility of an earnest Christian. I may here mention that, during my stay in France, I had good reason to alter the bad opinion I had entertained of his Majesty in England.

He has since had the candour to admit that he did not behave well there, and attributed it to his sister, who, having been so long in England, was in his opinion to be trusted on points of etiquette, etc., in which he was so deficient. He seems to have regarded the Regent as a sort of first magistrate, without any of the attributes of a king. It was not until he arrived at Oxford, and observed Lord Granville's extreme attention to the Prince, that he discovered his own error. I firmly believe that, in spite of many faults and even follies which the Emperor commits daily, he sincerely wishes to promote the prosperity of Russia, and that he leaves nothing untried which may bring good to his country. While at Paris he worked very hard at affairs of State. He told me himself that as he had only resided at Petersburgh six weeks in three years, "les affaires" had accumulated to a great extent, and that the day was really not long enough for the business which he was called upon to perform. I can answer for it that the Emperor Alexander scarcely ever went out except for excursions on horseback, and once to a musical party at the Duke's.

At the great English review the Emperor Alexander was much impressed by the manner in which our troops marched. He considered that they marched so much faster and freer than his own. The Russians had, up to that time, been accustomed to "point their toes" and take very short steps in marching. In the six weeks that intervened between our review and the review at Vertus all this had changed. His troops now marched like ours. In consequence, the Russian review, which the Duke of Wellington expected to last nine hours under the old system, was over in about six hours and a half. The Emperor seems to have taken immense pains to make his review a success, and he was well rewarded for his care and attention to details. He gave the Duke a folio book which contained eleven different movements,

General Woronzow's division was allowed by all to have surpassed all the other divisions of that great Russian Army. At one period, during the march-past, one of the regiments—not having seen the markers—came too near to the Sovereigns. The Emperor Alexander flew into a passion, and ordered the officers to be placed under arrest.

Owing to the heat, one man dropped down in a fit just at the saluting-point, but otherwise all went off with *éclat*.

The Russian artillery is so beautiful that I cannot find words to describe it—the horses perfect in shape and well groomed. It was a splendid sight to see them on the march.

And now comes the moment when we parted from the Duke of Wellington a short distance on the road to Paris, whither the Duke returns. So deeply did I feel the parting that I could not help crying, but I do not think that he saw me. After we had shaken hands for the last time, Shelley and I rode back to Vertus.

CHAPTER XII

HAVING dressed for our journey, we proceeded to Epernay, where we could not get any horses to take us to Rheims. So, as it was late, we spent the night there at an excellent inn. During dinner we were joined by a Prussian officer,[1] whose name I do not know, but whose conversation was extremely interesting. He now commands the Prussian force near the Loire. It was his division that so nearly caught Bonaparte after the Battle of Waterloo. He told me that I reminded him of his mother, who rode remarkably well, and, owing to my having been with the Duke all day, he paid me the greatest court. This was the invariable practice of all foreigners. It is, perhaps, very natural. In the evening we visited the cellars of M. de la Motte. They extend 4,400 feet underground. Parts had been bricked up, for concealment against the too probable event of plunder. Our Prussian officer told us that last year he saw soldiers boil their potatoes in champagne—water being very scarce; as, indeed, it always is in the Champagne and Saumur districts. He told us that they even gave champagne to their horses!

The country round Epernay is beautiful. The view embraces the vineyards of Aix, with Sillery beyond. The rich effect of the verdure is enchanting; particularly in the plains of central France, where verdure is

[1] I have since discovered that his name is Thielmann. (Note by Lady Shelley.)—[Captain Thielmann, of the Pomeranian Hussars.—ED.]

unknown, and the vineyards alone relieve the eye from the glare of the burnt-up plains of corn. We left Epernay early next morning. The roads were nearly impassable. The pavement had been broken by the artillery, which had dragged its guns over it last year, so our progress was slow, but we had plenty of time to enjoy the freshness and the beauty of the scene.

As we ascended a hill by a road about two miles long, which leads into the forest of Rheims, we saw vineyards stocked with luscious grapes on either side of us and, here and there, villages lying snugly in valleys where a few cornfields threw into contrast the rich verdure of the vines. Peasants were gathering the grapes which, with hunches of bread, made an ideal breakfast. Such a picture of rural contentment is now rarely seen in France. Last year, I am told, these poor people suffered dreadfully.

The forest of Rheims, stocked with fine oaks and timber of almost every kind, extends on the top of a long ridge of hills. We passed through it for some time; and then, suddenly, the city of Rheims burst upon our view. It stands in the midst of an extensive plain, with its noble cathedral so far above the other buildings, that even the remains of a Roman triumphal arch seemed dwarfed and insignificant. The extent of the plain was enhanced by a thick haze which blotted out the horizon. We crossed that dreary waste by a straight road, from which even birds seemed banished. There was not a tree visible along the whole route. As we entered the city of Rheims we saw several Russian regiments who had just returned from the review at Vertus. We watched the washerwomen in the river, standing up to their waists in casks fixed in the water. The heat was great; and yet these women were laughing and singing, while they joked with the Russian soldiers as they passed. It was a veritable tableau; and I could not help thinking of the

"devil-may-care" disposition of the French national character.

We drove through a considerable portion of the city, and every moment I was expecting to see the cathedral; at last, on turning the corner of a street, I beheld the beautiful portal of that sacred edifice. The sublimity of that work so far surpassed my expectations, and affected me so deeply, that I shed tears. For ten years they have been repairing the exterior of the building; the brightness of the modern work harmonises very well with the ancient. No smoke has defaced the whiteness of the stone during the eight centuries which have passed since the cathedral was erected. The interior has been robbed of its costly shrines; but, in consequence of the building having been used as a court of justice during the Revolution, popular fury was not let loose upon it. Poverty is at present keenly felt at Rheims, and for that reason all repairs to the cathedral have been stopped.

Next day we moved on to Bery au Bac, interesting because it was last year the seat of war.[1] The fine new bridge over the Aisne was destroyed by the Duc de Rainer in his retreat, after the Battle of Laon. We were, therefore, ferried across, carriage and all, in a boat. It seems to be generally believed here by the peasantry that Marmont's treason began at that battle. This idea has probably no foundation. The inferiority of Marmont's force to that of the Allies is quite sufficient to account for what happened. But French pride is so invincible, that they will never own that they can be conquered, except by treason.

After passing through the richly wooded and beautiful country round Corbeny, a narrow defile brought us into the vast plains which surround Laon. The scene was magnificent. The fine arches of Laon Cathedral, through which we saw the setting sun, heightened the picturesque effect.

[1] March 1814.

It seems incomprehensible that Bonaparte should have overlooked this fine position, and not have afforded adequate defence to a town the importance of which on strategic grounds alone must have been very great. Laon commands one entrance into the plains of Champagne by which he could get on to the rear of Blücher's army—an impregnable position, as Bonaparte found to his cost, being forced to retreat from it with loss, in the direction of Soissons. He lost two or three precious days vainly trying to entice the Allies into the plain, where he meant to give them battle.

We were not able to take the direct road to La Fère as that town still held out. We therefore made a *détour* and slept at Marle instead. The poppy is much cultivated in these parts. They make a sort of salad oil from the seeds.

A Prussian division marched into Marle on the day previous to our arrival. Here, as everywhere, we heard nothing but complaints of their misconduct. Immediately on entering the town they published an order to the effect that every inhabitant who did not salute their soldiers whenever they passed them in the streets should be taken to the Hôtel de Ville and receive fifty *coups de bâton*! They also took by force everything that they wanted in the town and its neighbourhood. If their search after brandy, etc., proved unsuccessful, they vented their rage upon the inhabitants by stripping them, and then throwing them, bound hand and foot, into the fields or the woods. In one instance, when this was done to an infirm old man of seventy, a formal complaint was lodged with the officer in command of the regiment. But instead of giving any redress, he ordered the complainants to receive a flogging, and sent them away, promising to repeat the punishment if they ever came back!

We had an excellent dinner at an auberge which, on the outside, looked wretched, but was very clean.

From the back of the house there was a fine view over the valley. My bedroom faced the east, and I was awakened by the beams of the rising sun. The bells of a church situated on a height above the garden tolled for matins. The view from my window was far too beautiful for sleep, so I lay there gazing on the glories of this lovely world, and thinking of the dear ones whom I had left at home.

On the preceding evening we had sent for the postmaster to consult with him as to the best road to Valenciennes. We were much amused by the republican impertinence, mixed with French servility, and affected *royalisme* of the man. On his arrival he at once seated himself at the table, where we were dining, and entered into conversation. He wished, as he said, to put us *au courant* with the state of affairs in France. He begged us to understand that the army of Bonaparte in no sense represented the French nation; and for this reason: if a man possessed money, instead of serving in the army himself, he bought a substitute, even as he himself had done on two occasions. The inner meaning of all this talk, evidently, was that the postmaster was a rich man, and could afford to buy a substitute. This would place him on terms of equality with ourselves. He then went on to say that the King's arrangement, in having the various regiments named after the departments in which they were raised, gave general satisfaction, and would ensure the loyalty of the troops. It would become the interest of the mayors, prefects, etc., to exclude all Bonapartists, as their official positions would be forfeited if any of the regiments behaved badly.

Up to this point the postmaster's conversation was interesting enough; but before we could get rid of him we were quite tired of his company. The

familiarity with which he treated us was typical of the manners of the middle classes in France at the present day. They mean to be civil, and probably think that familiarity is pleasing.

Our first stage was to Guise—a very old town—and, after an uninteresting journey, we reached Valenciennes. Shelley, who in 1792 took part in the siege, at first thought that the state of ruin in which we found it was the result of that assault; for he remembered that the village had been completely destroyed. But, on inquiry, we learnt that all this havoc had been caused by the Belgians, who, in the present year, when they entered France, had thrown shells into the village and destroyed many of its luckless inhabitants. In order to dislodge the Belgians the inhabitants set the place on fire, and finally surrendered to the King of France, on condition that in future no troops from the Allied Armies should ever enter its gates. The National Guards were at their posts as we entered. A fair was going on, and we saw the arms of the town carried in procession. By this ceremony they are enabled to keep their charter. We walked round the ramparts, and our guide assured us that the place is now impregnable. We went in the evening to see "Richard Cœur de Lion" at the theatre here. The difference between the reception of that play here and at Paris was very striking. When "Vive Henri IV." was played, there certainly was some applause, but none of the allusions which, in Paris, were received with great enthusiasm, were noticed at Valenciennes. The acting here was not nearly so good as at the Feydeau.

The inhabitants of this place do not seem to be well affected to the new order of things, and they do not conceal their feelings, being wholly unconstrained through the absence of foreign troops. Tobacco is much cultivated in the surrounding country. They dry it on strings stretched across the walls of their houses.

The horses from here were excellent, as also were the post-boys, who, however, stopped frequently during the short stages to drink gin or brandy.

We were stopped on the Belgian frontier by Custom House officers, who were exceedingly troublesome. They bullied and bothered us for some time, until at last I got out of the carriage, and made a pathetic appeal to the head of the Custom House in favour of my finery. He softened at once, repressed the eagerness of his men, and, much to their annoyance, allowed us to pass. The road to Mons is unpleasantly flat—a *chaussée* with deep ditches on both sides. We passed the Field of Genappes. Mons is finely situated on a hill, and its numberless steeples are a great ornament to the town. The Hôtel de Ville is very fine. The inn excellent; but the people extremely impertinent.

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After passing through the sandy, burnt-up plains of France, the eye is most agreeably relieved, on the approach to Brussels, by the softness and beauty of the verdure. The meadows are all of the brightest green; the sight of living objects—cattle and sheep—gives a cheerfulness to the landscape, which a glorious sunshine on that day so sensibly enhanced.

Brussels is situated on almost the only steep hill in Belgium. Its houses are ornamented and painted, and the mixture of languages upon tablets, displayed on nearly every shop, is amusing. The Place Royale is very perfect from an architectural point of view, and the Park is deliciously shady. But there is a certain monotony in the life at Brussels which wearied us. The environs contain few objects of interest except Laeken and Waterloo. The streets are silent and deserted. This may, perhaps, be due to the heat, which is severe at present. The countrywomen wear long black scarfs over their heads, which are very unbecoming.

We live entirely with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond.

September 18, 1815.—To-day we have visited Waterloo, just three months after the battle. I took the Duke of Richmond in my carriage; the rest of the party went in his. His conversation, as we passed over the field, was interesting. He showed me the spot where half of our artillery got entangled in the deep roads, and did not reach the field in time. We saw men employed in repairing the road, each side of which was in deep holes from the drawing of the guns over the moist ground. If the centre of the road had not been paved, none of the artillery could have arrived in time. Our conversation almost the whole time related to the dear Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Richmond told me many interesting anecdotes of Wellington's early years. He said that when Wellington was a major, serving in Ireland, he begged the Duke of Richmond's permission to attend all his drills, saying that he felt unequal to a command while he was ignorant of the mechanical part. He persevered for a whole month, and attended every one of the Duke of Richmond's drills. At the end of that time Lord Westmoreland, who knew nothing of the matter, told Wellington that he could get him made a lieutenant-colonel. But Wellington declined the honour, saying that he did not feel equal to it, as he had been so short a time a major. But, after a time, he was persuaded to accept his promotion, and went to India. There he soon proved that his genius was equal to his humility.

Our road lay, almost the whole way, through the forest of Soignies, a wood of small beech trees with no under-wood. It is extremely deep; and on emerging from it we reached the village of Waterloo. It is an insignificant village, consisting mainly of mud cottages. We saw the small, but clean, auberge where the Duke of Welling-

ton slept on the night preceding and on the night of the battle. It still bears the sign of his *quartier général.* The church is large for so small a village, and contains many monuments to commemorate those who fell on that glorious day. A mile and a half after we left Waterloo we reached the hamlet of Mont St. Jean. Here we mounted our horses, and soon reached the battlefield. We ascended the plateau behind which, and Mont St. Jean, the great body of our troops were stationed previous to the battle. It was this plateau which led Bonaparte to suppose that those whom he could see on the crest of the hill were merely our rear-guard. A solitary tree, close to the Charleroi road, marks the centre of our position. The British line extended about one mile and a half, beyond which scarcely a shot was fired. Towards Ferme la Haye, on the left, extends the hedge which was lined by General Picton's brigade, and which, from a distance, has all the appearance of earthworks, though none were thrown up. Lord Hill told me that they had just begun to throw up the earth, near La Haye Sainte, when the attack began. From this hedge in the second assault our troops were driven; but they retook the position afterwards. To the right extends the fine brow which slopes towards Hougoumont. It is still thickly strewn with caps, shoes, belts, and broken parts of accoutrements. As we passed along, the peasants came and offered us bullets, crosses, brass eagles, and other trophies. From this brow the first gun was fired by the Prince of Orange when the French advanced to capture Hougoumont. The Duke gave strict orders that our men were to fire on the enemy's columns, and not upon their guns. When, on one occasion, our men tried to dismount a French gun, the Duke severely reprimanded the commander for disobedience of orders. Here he stood during the hottest part of the battle, directing almost every movement himself. When the Nassau troops were driven

from the orchard, the Duke ordered the Guards to retake it. These were his exact words as they began to move off: "There, my lads, in with you. Let me see no more of you!"

He did not see those brave fellows any more. Until five o'clock in the evening the Guards held that position, in spite of every effort on the part of the French to drive them out. At last came a lull in the assault, the French desisted; and a vigorous attack was made upon the left of our line.

At five o'clock the Duke of Richmond left the Duke of Wellington.[1] They both believed that the worst of the fight was over. As the Duke of Wellington passed to the left of his position, he noticed that the French were changing their front. He saw an officer ride along the French line, and heard a tremendous cheer, which was kept up during that officer's progress. The Duke felt sure that it was none other than Bonaparte himself. This was probably the moment when Bonaparte pointed his finger in the direction of Brussels, and promised his troops the plunder of that city. Prisoners, who came in after the battle, declare that this inducement was held out to them. The Duke of Richmond had the pleasure of informing some of our troops that the Prussians were near at hand, which gave great encouragement, as they were sorely pressed. He then rode with his youngest son, Lord William, back to Brussels. This lad, who had a serious fall from his horse, showed great spirit, and refused to leave the field without his father. The Duke of Richmond's other two sons, Lord March and Lord George, remained to the end of the battle. The latter, who was the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camp, was so overcome by the hard work of the two previous days that

[1] In this connection, attention may be drawn to Lord Stanhope's "Notes of Conversation" with the Duke many years after Waterloo. It is there made to appear as though the Duke of Richmond left the field soon after the firing began. This is evidently a mistake. The Duke of Richmond's own statements three months after the battle may be relied upon.

he lay down close to the Duke, and slept, while the shells and shot were flying over him in all directions!

General Colquett,[1] who was regarded as a quiet, stupid sort of man, appears to have shown great presence of mind at a critical moment. While he was in the centre of a square a shell fell unexploded at his feet. He instantly sprang from his horse, raised the shell from the ground, and threw it outside the square. It exploded almost immediately. Thus at the risk of his own life he saved the lives of many of his men. When the French cuirassiers charged past our squares the artillery were ordered to cut the traces and retire. This had been done more than once, when a gunner, tired of running away, lay down under his gun. As the French rode by, they cut at him with their sabres, but he managed to evade their blows, and as they retreated he fired on them, and wounded several. Whenever the cuirassiers charged our squares the men allowed them to advance to about ten paces, and then poured a volley into them. I am told that the scream that followed was awful to hear, as nearly every man and horse was wounded. On one occasion, when the commanding officer shouted, "Why don't you fire?" the men coolly answered, "Let us alone, sir; let us do it our own way." As the French cavalry swept by, only those at the corners of the square fired, so that they might not wound their comrades in the other squares. The men appear to have been as cool as possible on these occasions.

When Lord Uxbridge was wounded, he happened to be talking to the Duke of Wellington. It was a near thing for the Duke on several occasions. His sword scabbard was bent by a spent ball, and, as he said of himself, "the finger of God was upon me." The distance separating the two armies was not much more than three hundred yards! The French position was to the full as strong as, if not stronger than our

[1] Lieut.-Colonel Colquett, 1st Foot Guards.

own. It is strange that from whichever side one looks, the opposite position appears to be the most formidable. From the nature of the ground the attacking army would appear to be at a disadvantage. Many of the British regiments had marched from Leuze beyond Enghien, on the preceding day and night. Among them was the distinguished 52nd Light Infantry, which had suffered dreadfully from the rains and privations of every kind during their long march.

On June 15 the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, and the Duke of Wellington was present at it. During that evening the Prince of Orange arrived in order to receive his instructions. While they were looking over the maps in the presence of the Duke of Richmond, Wellington said: "If the Prussians are beat, which I think is very probable, we shall be obliged to retreat. If we do, *that* is the spot where we must lick those fellows." He pointed with his finger to the exact spot where, three days later, the battle was fought. The Duke of Richmond tells me that he at once marked the map with a pencil, and that mark I saw.

The Duke of Wellington had, some time previously, written to Lord Bathurst in these words: "If Brussels is to be defended there is a spot near Waterloo where it can be done."

I mention this on the best possible authority, to show that the Duke was not taken by surprise, as people say that he was. Owing to the length of frontier, it was not possible to concentrate his forces on any particular spot; but they were all within reach, and were on the ground in ample time, in spite of the state of the roads, caused by the heavy rains so unusual at that season of the year.

Much stress has been laid on Napoleon's alleged error in not attacking the right of our position. A gentleman informed me he heard that the Duke had expressed anxiety during the battle for the fate of

Hal. Lord Hill, on the other hand, says he is convinced from conversation with the Duke, that it would have been ill judged on the part of the French to have attacked Hal, and that, consequently, the idea never entered the mind of Napoleon.

My own impression is that had the French determined to turn our right—from which they were stopped by Colville's division keeping them in check by threatening their left—the Duke would have retreated in the direction of Hal, for he had declared at Brussels that he would not risk a defeat to preserve that city.

I am ashamed of myself for forgetting the Duke's conversation on this subject with Lord Hill, for I was present at it. I think the Duke used these words: "How could the French go to the right, when we had Hougoumont?" I am almost certain that those were his exact words.

When, on June 17, the Duke of Wellington reached Blücher's headquarters—thirty-five miles away—he found the Prussian army so disorganised by defeat that Blücher could not promise to be of any use to the Duke until the 19th. In these circumstances they agreed that the British and the Prussians should make a joint attack on the French on that day, unless Bonaparte anticipated them.

When, at about half-past eleven on June 18, the French advanced, the Duke sent to Blücher for assistance. At two o'clock the Prussians were seen near Ohain, but could get no further for some time. They did not reach the battlefield until seven in the evening; only just in time to share in the glory and to follow up the pursuit.

On the 18th the wind set down the valley from Hougoumont towards Ohain. I am told that the approach of the Prussians, above clouds of smoke which hid the ground, was one of the grandest sights imaginable. To our weary, hard-pressed troops they

had all the appearance of a celestial army. It was indeed a pity that they did not arrive sooner, for the battle would have sooner ended, and many valuable lives would have been spared. The Duke himself told me in Paris that the battle was won before the Prussians arrived.

I am told that, at Brussels, the firing on the 18th was not nearly so much heard as it had been on the 16th, although so much nearer.

Throughout the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon remained on a mound, within cannon shot, but beyond the range of musketry fire. He certainly was not in the observatory after the battle began; nor could he have from that spot directed the movements of his troops. That observatory was built for topographical reasons by a former Governor of the Netherlands, something like a century ago.

The Duke of Wellington told me that after the battle he gave orders to the peasantry to burn the dead left upon the field. The Duke of Richmond says that there was great difficulty in persuading them to do so. In many instances, they preferred to cover the bodies lightly with earth, with the worst consequences. As he was passing along the forest of Soignies, the Duke saw a little dog scratching the ground. On his return he noticed that the dog had succeeded in removing the earth from a body, and was actually lying upon it!

A great part of the field of battle was ploughed up when I saw it. In other parts the green oats, now just cut, and the clover, had concealed much from the keen eye of the plunderer. The ground was covered with those freshly made graves, where French and English lie side by side. The burial-place of Sir William Ponsonby shows that his gallantry was not tempered by prudence. This recklessness was, I hear, too often the fault of our cavalry. Owing to a lack of discipline, or what the Duke called "massing," our

cavalry was often cut up after having effected its purpose. A new system—he thinks—is necessary. When the Emperor of Russia, at the cavalry review, drew the Duke's attention to this weakness, the Duke of Wellington agreed with him, and said that it had always prevented our cavalry from making the impression which it might have done.[1]

In the garden of La Haye Sainte a deep trench has been dug; and here all those brave Highlanders are buried together.

The chapel of Hougoumont is the only portion of the farm which escaped the flames which enveloped it late in the day. The woman of the house gravely assured us that the foot of our Saviour on the Cross stopped the leaping flames, which rolled back the moment they touched it. I noticed that a small detached house had also escaped.

The farm—as it is called—of Hougoumont has more the appearance of having at one time been a fortified château. There is no trace of its history to be found. The thickness of its walls, and its valuable position, well merited its gallant defence. It is not too much to say that the fortunes of the day turned upon the fate of Hougoumont. Had we been driven from that farm our right would have remained completely uncovered.

We had just finished a minute inspection of that most interesting spot when a thunderstorm, which had long been threatening, burst upon us. We hastily

[1] This is noteworthy in connection with Colonel Quintin's trial. (Note by Lady Shelley.)—[In Captain Gronow's "Recollections and Anecdotes" (ed. 1877, p. 79), we are told that the Duke said: "The cavalry of other European armies have won victories for their generals, but mine have invariably got me into scrapes. It is true that they have always fought gallantly and bravely, and have generally got themselves out of their difficulties by sheer pluck." The Duke said to Lord Stanhope ("Notes of Conv." p. 220): "The French cavalry is more often manageable and useful than the English, because it is always kept in hand, and may be stopped at the word of command. This partly results from our horses being better and kept in higher condition."—ED.]

mounted our horses and galloped to our auberge at Waterloo, where we ate a cold dinner.

I was much impressed by the attachment of our landlady to the Duke of Wellington. She showed us the room and the bed that he had slept in after that glorious day; and she presented me with the cup out of which he had drunk. The auberge is a very neat, small house. I fear one cannot hope that its hostess's affection for the Duke is altogether disinterested, as she will certainly make her fortune by his association with that house. She owns that she hid herself in the cellar during the battle. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the houses in the village was touched. One small cottage and garden was in the very centre of the firing, and yet it escaped entirely.

On our way home we passed through the forest in total darkness. Occasional flashes of lightning gave us glimpses of the narrow defile, and heightened the sublimity of the feelings excited by our experiences during the whole of this most interesting day.

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On the following day we visited the Palace of Laeken, having ridden along the Allée Verte, by the side of the canal, where on Sunday evenings the whole population of Brussels assembles to smoke, eat, and drink.

Laeken is prettily situated on rising ground. A bright green lawn stretches towards the Antwerp road. Sheep were grazing upon it, which reminded me of England. The house would make an excellent residence for a nobleman. It is not so large as many country seats in England. The furniture and the decorations are of the Empire style. It was a favourite residence of Napoleon. The parquets are very fine indeed. The carpets and much of the furniture has been removed to the palace at Brussels for the Coronation. The little bed of the young Princess is in the same alcove as the Queen's, who is an ex-

cellent mother, and an elegant, pleasing woman, though not handsome. The Prince of Orange strikingly resembles both his parents. The father, by the way, is frightful. The King is very unpopular, and so also is the Prince. They are not on good terms, owing to the Prince having resisted the King's wish that he should dismiss an aide-de-camp, whom he persists in keeping about his person.

I am afraid that the early promise of good qualities the Prince showed is burnt up by the sun of prosperity!

We visited Antwerp, and saw the famous basin, deepened by Napoleon to contain fifty-three sail of the line with all their guns on board, and ready to put to sea at a moment's notice. We saw the place where Carnot moored the fleet, and where our shells from the land side burnt one of the vessels. The Arsenal, the Rope Houses, etc., have been destroyed, as stipulated by Treaty. We saw the site for the new city, on the opposite side of the river, which would soon have been built under the despotic commands of Bonaparte, to the effect that every proprietor of a house in old Antwerp should build one in the new city. This order had been given without regard either to the swampy condition of the soil or to the expense involved.

Carnot, the Revolutionist, was described to be as fond of plunder as his neighbours, and levied contributions on all sides. We ascended the tower of the cathedral, and espied Walcheren and the course of the Scheldt.

Belgian manners are very different from French manners. The people are slow, stupid, and obstinate. Their country is fertile, damp, and foggy. Nothing but the patience of a Dutchman could stand the *ennuie* of the *coche à l'eau*—a favourite conveyance in these parts. We watched people sitting on deck, smoking, or doing nothing at all; perfectly silent, and

moving at the rate of about three miles an hour. I never saw water so still. The dykes are bordered with rows of tall poplars, limes, or willows.

As we returned to Brussels we saw people catching frogs in the meadows, killing them expertly with sticks.

On our return to Brussels we were much disappointed at hearing that the Duke of Wellington would not be able to attend the Inauguration of the King, which had been for some time arranged for September 21. We were told the reason as a profound secret. It appears that the Prussians were determined to possess the Luxembourg territory; and there was no one but the Duke who would dare to oppose them. The Duke has been entirely successful in that matter. Luxembourg had been by treaty annexed to the Netherlands.

There has been a good deal of antagonism against the Inauguration of the King. On September 20 the Archbishop of Ghent caused placards to be stuck up, threatening to excommunicate any one who should take the oath of allegiance to a Protestant King.

The morning of the 21st was ushered in by the ringing of bells. The day was fine, though very cold. We went to the cathedral, which was hung with Brussels tapestry. It is, I think, nearly as fine as the Gobelins. The subjects depicted seemed to me to be unsuited to the occasion. There were martyrdoms in profusion. One represented the Jews in the act of plunging their daggers into the holy wafers, and blood spurting out. It seemed to me incongruous to produce so distinct a proof of the Real Presence at the Coronation of a Protestant King!

The people lined the streets in civilian dress, but carried muskets. They wore the Orange cockade in their hats, and laurel wreaths around their necks! I was much amused at seeing them drilled into some sort of order preparatory to the King's arrival. His

Majesty passed under our windows at eleven o'clock in a very handsome coach, drawn by beautiful horses. The two princes were with him. They saluted me as I stood at my window. The coach was followed by a ridiculous cortège, consisting of all the fiacres in Brussels. There was scarcely a gentleman's carriage in the whole procession. Every vehicle was overloaded, and Messieurs les Etats Généraux, with their stodgy Dutch faces, did not enhance the dignity of the show. They were on their way to the cathedral.

We started off at once with the Richmonds to Baron Capellan's house in the Grande Place. From the balcony we obtained a magnificent *coup d'œil* of the whole scene. The steps of the church were covered with people, and every window in the Place, decorated with tapestry, was full of spectators. The Queen, with the ladies of her Court in full dress, stood on the balcony of an adjoining house. Immediately facing the Parc a scaffolding had been erected for the ceremonial. The procession arrived in much the same manner as before, except that the fiacres preceded the King, and voided their cargoes on the steps of the cathedral, ready to receive the King.

Although the ceremonial lasted two hours, at least half of it had been skipped. Then the heralds threw money among the dense crowd assembled to witness the proceedings. There was no cheering; and as the King, under a gorgeous canopy, walked to his palace, not a *Viva* cheered the progress of the new monarch or his family!

Our time passed agreeably in sketching the scene before our eyes. When Baron Capellan discovered that I was the lady who always rode with the Duke of Wellington, he paid me every possible attention. He begged permission to fetch Shelley, for whom, until then, there was no room.

As the Baron is really attached to the Duke, I was

pleased at even this slight proof of his gratitude to the saviour of his country—a title which the Baron himself had given him.

After the ceremony was over, the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Jane Lennox, and I went with Shelley to the Palace, and waited in the ante-room to see the Royal Family at dinner.

Their quizzes, Messieurs les Etats Généraux, seeing a row of ladies in the palace, mistook us for the Court, and made us the most ridiculous bows imaginable. This kept us in a fever of suppressed laughter. One man wore a striped pea-green coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with an interregnum of shirt between. His waist had evidently increased since the suit was last worn at the Stadtholder's Court. His head had the appearance of having lost its wig, and the expression on his face was irresistibly comic. We were told that he had lost his sword in the crowd, and only found out his loss at that very moment. His appearance made such an impression upon me, that I wished for the pencil of a Hogarth to make that man immortal.

General Faghel took me under his arm to the dinner, where the Prince of Orange spoke to me, and named me to the Queen. We soon tired of this, and returned home, leaving the Duchess of Richmond with the Royal Family.

After dinner at our hotel, we went out to see the illuminations, which were not especially remarkable—not nearly so good as those of London.

The next morning we left Brussels, passed through Enghien, and slept at Tournay. Next day we set off for Lille. On our approach to that city we found ourselves amongst Don Quixote's windmills, the town being surrounded by about three hundred of them, which might be mistaken for an army by any one much less mad than the knight. Here, as at Valenciennes, the town was garrisoned by the *bourgeoisie*—a

privilege upon which the inhabitants set great store. St. Omers, where we slept, appears to be the most loyal town we have as yet passed through. Its ruined church and monastery remind one of its former religious zeal. Triumphal arches, white flags, and other emblems are still displayed as signals of rejoicing for the restoration; and we saw some soldiers belonging to the regiment which remained faithful to the King all through the Hundred Days.

We reached Calais at one o'clock, and were told that the packets would sail at three in the afternoon. The captains of the various packets were so eager to underbid each other, that I think they would have landed us in England for nothing. We had intended crossing in the public packet, as the wind was favourable, but it was already so crowded that they could not take our carriage. This was fortunate, for we embarked on board a remarkably clean, new vessel, the *Lady Jane James*. We were scarcely out of harbour when the wind freshened to a squall, and we prevailed upon the captain—not without some difficulty—to lower his topsails. He was very unwilling to shorten sail, as he had set his heart on beating the packet.

In a short time the wind freshened to a gale, which lasted for two hours. I fell twice on the slippery deck before it occurred to me to get a couple of men to hold me with a rope. This answered well for a time, but as the men were wanted for other duties, the captain begged me to go below. I was drenched to the skin by the rain and the salt water which from time to time invaded our vessel; and the smell of the cabin made me very unwell. As Shelley suffered as much as I did, we were very pleased at having a vessel all to ourselves. The wind dropped almost as suddenly as it had arisen, but what there was of it had veered round from S.W. to N.W., which prevented the vessel from entering Dover harbour in time to save the tide.

Eventually a boat came alongside to take us on shore. To the shame of my countrymen, be it said, the first piece of dishonesty we had met with during the whole period of our travels was on our own coast! The boatmen, well knowing that we were at their mercy, made us pay six guineas for rowing us ashore!

At twelve o'clock at night on September 24, 1815, we landed at Dover; and on the 26th we reached Maresfield. The delight of my children at seeing me and the comforts of home make full amends for the lost gaieties of Paris, which, though fascinating for a time, would soon pall. Everything now appears to me in the light of a pleasant dream—a dream which will tinge the memories of old age—when Shelley and I have lost our youth, and will find pleasure in the recollection of days so eventful, and so bright.

CHAPTER XIII

A COPY of the following letter has been given to me by Lady Bessborough:

"DEAR LADY BESSBOROUGH,

"You have often wished for some written account of the adventures and sufferings of your son, Colonel Ponsonby,[1] on the field of Waterloo; the modesty of his nature is however no small obstacle in the way. Will the following imperfect sketch supply its place until it comes? The battle of the 18th of June was one morning alluded to in the library at Althorpe, and his answers to many of the questions which were put to him are here thrown together, as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

"'The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within 800 yards of each other; the videttes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined I saw Bonaparte; a considerable staff was moving rapidly along the front of our line. I was stationed with my regiment, about 300 strong, at the extreme of the left wing, and directed to act discretionally; each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"'At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry of 1,000 men or thereabouts, which was advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending at a gallop we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having

[1] Colonel (afterwards Sir) Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby was the second son of Frederick, Earl of Bessborough. He was born 1783. He distinguished himself as a cavalry officer at Talavera and Barrossa. At Waterloo he commanded 11th Light Dragoons. Was Governor of Malta from 1826 to 1835, and died 1837.

begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer. When we were within 50 paces of them, they turned, and much execution was done amongst them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success. But we had no sooner passed through them, than we were attacked in our turn before we could form, by about 300 Polish Lancers, who had come down to their relief—the French artillery pouring in amongst us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, for one of our men killed three of their own. In the *mêlée* I was disabled almost instantly in both my arms, and followed by a few of my men who were presently cut down—for no quarter was asked or given—I was carried on by my horse, till receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round, being I believe at that time in a condition to get up and run away, when a Lancer, passing by, exclaimed: "Tu n'es pas mort, coquin," and struck his lance through my back. My head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth; a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over. Not long afterwards (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the charge) a *tirailleur* came up to plunder me, threatening to take away my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had. He unloosed my stock, and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture. He was no sooner gone, than another came up for the same purpose, but assuring him I had been plundered already, he left me. When an officer, bringing on some troops (to which probably the *tirailleurs* belonged) and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying he feared I was badly wounded, I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear. He said it was against the orders to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would, for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed and that six battalions of the English army had surrendered, every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me down on

my side, and placed a knapsack under my head. He then passed on into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life. Of what rank he was I cannot say; he wore a blue great-coat. By-and-bye another *tirailleur* came, and knelt down and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while. At last he ran off, saying: "Vous serez bien aise d'entendre que nous allons nous retirer. Bon jour, mon ami."

"'Whilst the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls, which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came up, the continued roar of cannon along their and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk when the two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in a full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly—the clatter of their approach and the apprehensions it excited may be easily conceived. Had a gun come that way, it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance. The cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur," the discharges of musketry and cannon, now and then intervals of perfect quiet which were worse than the noise. I thought the night would never end. Much about this time one of the Royals lay across my legs—he had probably crawled thither in his agony—his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly—the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own.

"'It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder, and the scene in "Ferdinand Count Fathom"[1] came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there. Several Prussians came, looked at me, and passed on. At length one stopped

[1] Smollett's "Adventures of Count Fathom," published in 1754, was dramatised. The allusion is to the robber scene in the old woman's hut. While the gang were absent, an old beldam conveys the Count to a rude apartment to sleep in. Here he found the dead body of a man, lately stabbed, concealed in some straw. His sensations during the night, in momentary expectation of a violent death at the hands of a robber, may well be imagined.

to examine me. I told him as well as I could, for I could speak but little German, that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already. He did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me. He was, I suspect, on the same errand, but he came and looked in my face. I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the 40th Regiment, but that he had missed it. He released me from the dying man, and being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards.

"'At 8 o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance. He ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Colonel Harvey. A cart came for me—I was placed on it, and carried to a farmhouse, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon, as I understood afterwards, had been just carried out. The jolting of the carriage and the difficulty of breathing were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding—120 ounces in two days, besides a great loss of blood on the field.

"'The lances from their length and weight would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, if it had not been bound to my hand. What became of my horse I know not. It was the best I ever had.

"'The men soon grow very savage from being knocked about, and much serious inconvenience would arise from allowing the wounded to be carried off—the men being so ready on the slightest pretext to leave the field. The soldier from the Royals[1] was still breathing when I was removed in the morning, and was soon after taken to the hospital. Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians in particular suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French, being still in the very same clothes they served in under Bonaparte. Sir Denis Pack said the greatest risk he ran the whole day was in stopping his men, who were firing on me and my regiment, when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in action, the English only shout.'"

[1] Presumably the Royal Dragoons.

CHAPTER XIV

June 21, 1816.—As we always meant to go abroad, we have not made many arrangements for the London Season. The usual round, the usual sound, and nothing much to chronicle. Shall we never hear the last of Lady Caroline Lamb and her vagaries! She has published a novel which has made much fuss, and has momentarily revived the story of her wild enthusiasm for Byron. I hear that Lady Byron is furious, and no wonder! What a strange being is this! first to run all over London after Lord Byron, and then spread all kinds of stories about him, good, bad, and indifferent. Holding up her folly for all men to see and smile at, and then to crown all by the publication of a book like "Glenarvon"! I was unfortunate enough to have offended her a few days ago, and the incident gave me some idea of the wildness and impracticability of her strange character.

. . . .

We here insert two letters, found among Lady Shelley's papers, which seem to belong to this period:

From LADY CAROLINE LAMB *to* LADY SHELLEY

"*May* 15, 1816.

"I have shown your note to my mother, and we both entreat you to forgive my being in the wrong. Believe me, my dear Lady Shelley, I had been speaking of your kindness, and friendly behaviour, but a few moments before; and I do request this may go no further. If I have been in the wrong do not do as

Lady Jersey and Lady Holland would, and expose my letter and folly to the whole town; but generously forgive it, and believe me most heartily sorry at what I said. My mother will certainly go to your ball if it is possible, and we have been getting a great many men. I entreat you once more to attribute my apparent rudeness to the peculiar situation I am in—no one knows this, so do not name it.

"Ever yours,

"With much truth,

"CAROLINE LAMB."[1]

"*May* 20, 1816.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I hear nothing ever did better than the ball. Once more excuse me—my mother knew nothing about it—always remember, in future, that I write in a passion the most ill-judged things, but that in heart I would sooner die than say an unkind word behind a person's back. Will you bear with me? and remember, when people are in the wrong, they are ever apt to take things ill? Lady Melbourne has not the most distant guess of all this—and she said to-day: 'How did the ball go off?' and was very sorry she was not able to go. I find a card on my table from Lady Hertford for next Tuesday—is not this likely to hurt the Argyle,[2] etc.? or will people go after? I sent you twelve men, and desired each to tell you I sent them to you. Who was a young lady who danced opposite to Miss Beresford in the Cotillon and who walzed and danced most beautifully, as they say?

"I am going for three days out of town; let me hope before I go that you have entirely forgiven me! My mother says she never read such a letter as mine; a sort of challenge had I been a man. How much I regret that you mentioned it. I only spoke of it to

[1] Lady Caroline Lamb (1785—1828) was the daughter of third Earl of Bessborough, by his wife Lady Henrietta Spencer, sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She married June 3, 1805, William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. Her infatuation for Byron was the cause of much scandal in London Society during 1812 and 1813. She was known by the sobriquet "The Bat," a name which her flitting about by night so happily suggested.

[2] The Argyle Rooms, a sort of rival to the very select Almack's, were resorted to by the world of fashion; balls and masquerades were given there. In 1810 it was presided over by Colonel Greville, a man of fashion in those exclusive days.

yourself and Lady F. Beresford. Pray kindly forgive me. If you hear in town that I have sent any sort of message, or apology to Holland House, and that I have said the novel[1] shall be suppressed, and the pages left out, will you deny it positively? as indeed it is utterly false, and only spread by Lady Holland herself. Every one says so to-day. Pray say you know it is false, if you hear it. I never have, never will have, and never wish to have any communication with her.

(The rest of this letter is missing.)

. . . . .

On June 18, 1816—the first anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo—Shelley and I embarked at Brighton. Our vessel was quite full of passengers, and we enjoyed to the full the humours of a packet boat. I was shown into the State Cabin, which we had engaged for the voyage, and where we had hoped to sleep quietly. The hole dignified by that pompous appellation contained two berths, one above the other, and was located at the foot of the stairs. It had a door at each end, which communicated with the general saloon, where about thirty people were in all the throes of sea-sickness. One glance was enough for me, and I made up my mind to stay on deck. Fortunately, our carriage was too large to stow between decks, so I got into it, and passed a comfortable night. I awoke at daybreak and found that we were only three leagues from the English coast. Beachy Head, with its bold outlines, gave me the sensation of home-sickness, and renewed the regrets one feels at leaving those we love, even when we do the thing we most wish. A fresh breeze sprang up; and at about four o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of the French coast. An hour later we were

[1] "Glenarvon"—a violent attack on Lord Byron and a satire on society—was written by Lady Caroline Lamb, "under distressing circumstances," in one month. It was published May 9, 1816, and gave widespread offence. Lady Holland is therein portrayed as "The Princess of Madagascar." According to Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), on June 22, 1816, Lady Caroline was preparing a second edition.

tolerably near to the port of Dieppe. The fine outline of coast, with its ruined castles, and the lofty buildings of the town, which is situated in a valley between high cliffs, make the approach to Dieppe far more impressive than that of Calais. A large fishing smack had sunk, on the previous day, at the mouth of the harbour. This made our approach very difficult, as the entrance is at all times narrow, owing to the mass of shingle collected there. In fact, we could not have entered the harbour if it had not been high tide. Fortunately there was plenty of water at that moment, and we entered the river without difficulty.

The river is very narrow with high quays on each side. The houses are painted every colour of the rainbow, and the dresses of the women highly coloured and picturesque. They wear snow-white caps, which make a good contrast with their blood-red petticoats. The fishing boats had just arrived, laden with mackerel, dog-fish, and conger-eels. The women were actively employed filling their baskets, carrying, and spreading the nets. Some of the women carried the nets in baskets fastened to their backs. They were bending beneath the weight, but still they trudged merrily along. Those women who were unencumbered walked with heads erect and quick steps in all directions. This made the scene indescribably animating. We were very comfortably lodged at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

After dinner we walked on the pier, and spoke with some of the fishermen, who did not seem to be much interested in the sunken vessel. The sea, which was like a mirror, was studded with countless fishing boats. As we left the pier we met crowds of people coming from mass, who were out for their evening stroll.

Next morning, having cleared our carriage and personal baggage from the Custom House, we set off for Rouen. The view as you ascend the heights above

the town of Dieppe is superb. The sea lay at our feet, calm as a lake. As we proceeded, numerous country houses, woods, gardens, hills, valleys, and green fields varied the scene unceasingly. The unripe corn heightened the verdure, so much wanting when last we were in France. The whole route was beautiful, and the undulating landscape afforded a pleasant relief to the eye from the usual straight roads and wearisome avenues so characteristic of French scenery. The whole country bears an aspect of prosperity which was sadly wanting last year. In many districts there are brick kilns and men busy at work. Houses are being repaired, and neatly enclosed cottage gardens are being brought into cultivation. The country folk are well dressed, and look cheerful. There are very few beggars on the road. I wonder whether this improved state of things is as noticeable in other parts of France as it is in Normandy?

The approach to Rouen is along a fine avenue, at the end of which we saw vessels of large berth anchored in close proximity to the shore. The town has all the appearance of antiquity. The streets are very narrow, the houses lofty, and the shops, entirely open in front, display their wares very much in the fashion of a Turkish bazaar. I must say that our postilion—who drove like a novice—was especially unlucky in his *début*. I cannot imagine a more difficult undertaking than to drive through the streets of Rouen in a *voiture à flèche*. We very nearly met with a bad accident. While we were passing through one of the streets, a little child jumped off the doorstep of a house under the feet of one of the horses. This wonderful animal instinctively leapt with its forefeet over it, and then stood perfectly still, the child remaining unhurt between its legs. In an instant several people came up and rescued the child. I cannot say how much I admire those dear French post-horses, of whose sagacity I have had so many

proofs. As we proceeded we ran one of the shafts of our carriage through a shoemaker's window, and broke several panes of glass. We finally ended up by driving into the house court, instead of the carriage court, of the hotel.

After these alarms I needed rest, so we resolved to sleep at Rouen, there being no other resting place nearer than Mantes.

As the table d'hôte happened to be served at that moment, I persuaded Shelley to dine at it, and we were much amused in consequence. Four gentlemen and ourselves formed the party. One of these men was Colonel Dupôt, who had served under Napoleon at Waterloo. He now resides at Rouen, under surveillance of the police, in consequence of some remarks which he had made at Amiens. He evidently merits attention, for he is conspicuously Bonapartist, and takes but little trouble to conceal his sentiments. The conversation, during dinner, did not happen to turn on French politics, which was perhaps fortunate for General Dupôt. It turned on the conduct of the English towards their prisoners of war. The other members of the party at table consisted in a man who was evidently a regular frequenter of the table d'hôte—for he cut up the dishes, and did the honours—and an old man in spectacles, whom I afterwards heard was a Monsieur des Ornevaux, who was full of anecdotes about the actresses at the Rouen theatre. He also spoke a good deal about a curé, who had lately been condemned at Rouen to five years' imprisonment for seditious remarks upon the Government. The mention of the curé led to conversation on religion, for which they all professed respect in the abstract, although they quizzed its ministers unmercifully! The other gentleman of the party, who joined in all this conversation, spoke French so fluently, and with such excellent *tournure de phrase*, that I suspected him of being English. When the

conversation turned upon the ill-treatment of the French prisoners by the English, this gentleman proclaimed his nationality.

He told us that he was, in fact, an Englishman who had been detained at Verdun for ten years as a prisoner of war.[1] My countryman had evidently profited by his detention, as he spoke French admirably. Monsieur Dupôt, when asked whether he believed the statements made in General Pillet's book, replied so evasively as to convince us that, in French company, he would have endorsed every syllable. He said that he could not justify Excelmans and others for breaking their parole, but he at the same time brought forward many things which, in his opinion, justified conduct which would have been dishonourable if the English had not, after exacting their parole, still kept them under surveillance. To this Sir Thomas Webb replied that neither Excelmans nor Lebrun had been kept under surveillance, as he had seen them both at a ball at Chatsworth on the night of their evasion. They were allowed to go about, practically, as much as they pleased. On the night of the ball, a post-chaise awaited them at the park gates and drove them to the coast. They had engaged a vessel to take them across to the coast of France, whence they mysteriously arrived in Paris. Dupôt pretended that they were acting under instructions from the French Government, and added: "Comment auraient-ils pu résister à la tentation que l'ambition et l'amour de la patrie les offraient?" "After all," he continued, "it was only a few individuals of exalted rank who could have been thus tempted, the inferior officers would have remained."

I could not help expressing my astonishment at his line of argument, and said: "Do you then mean to say that the lower grade of officers have more respect

[1] I afterwards found out that he was Sir Thomas Webb. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

for their word of honour than have their generals? It seems to me that if the generals do not set a good example one cannot be surprised if their subordinates have lax notions of honour." To this involuntary reproof—for the words escaped me unawares—Dupôt replied with a bow that could not be misunderstood: "Madame, je m'étonne que mes compatriotes aient pu quitter les Anglaises."

This, of course, ended the discussion, and we rose from table. We walked about the town, and saw the celebrated floating bridge, and the beginnings of a new stone one, of which the Empress Marie Louise laid the first stone during her tour in Normandy. The views on every side are lovely, and the Seine is of considerable width. In the evening we went to the theatre, where we saw some detestable plays, given in honour of the marriage of the Duc de Berri.

Next morning, at six o'clock, we entered our carriage. A fog hung so heavily over the river, that we could see nothing beyond the fine elms on each side of the boulevard along which we passed. As we approached Port St. Ouen the mist rose, and we enjoyed in full splendour the magnificent and extended view which opened as we ascended the hill beyond the village. The broad Seine wound around innumerable islands with their plumed poplars, and extended as far as the eye could see up and down the stream. On the opposite bank of the river we looked upon a fine forest; while, on the river bank, we saw villages with their lofty spires, farms, and fields under cultivation, which formed a fine contrast to the abrupt cliffs of the mountain chain we were slowly ascending. The village of St. Ouen, partly concealed by pine trees, lay beneath us; while the passenger boat, as it glided swiftly along the unruffled waters of the Seine, drawn by a pair of horses at full trot, was reflected on the mirrored surface of the stream. We passed many peasants on their way to the great market at Rouen.

Our merry postilion greeted the women with smiles and, from the manner in which he was welcomed, seemed to be a general favourite. With a rose in his mouth, and both hands full of cherries, he could have done but little to control his horses. So our necks were entrusted to their sagacity; and, in truth, we could not have been in safer keeping.

We crossed the Seine at Pont de l'Arche, and entered a forest which extends for some miles. As we slowly ascended a long hill, the singing of birds and the freshness of the green foliage reminded me of our Maresfield woods, although the acacia, and a delicate poplar unknown in England, told me that we were some degrees to the southward. The bridge at Louviers being under repair, we were obliged to make a détour, which gave more pleasure to our postilion than to us. It enabled him to display his skill; for Shelley thought the way in which we turned the corners at full trot, and avoided the ruts, where it scarcely seemed possible for a carriage to pass at all, was little short of a miracle. At the next post we were detained some time by the carriage being out of order. We were obliged to exchange our excellent postilion for a very disagreeable one with inferior horses. As the horse in the *limonière*[1] could not hold back, we were obliged to drag down every descent, and in the middle of the last hill, the drag-chain broke; so away we went, helter-skelter, to the bottom! Our road followed closely the windings of the Seine; and on our right we were shown a cliff of great height covered with trees. This is a dangerous place at night, it being the haunt of robbers. The wood extends for some miles, with an occasional chapel or a fishing village at the foot of the hill. Later on, we passed the fine château of Rosny, where Sully's "bons Paysans" lived. How often, when I read his Memoirs, have I wished to see the spot where they were written!

[1] Shafts.

Rosny now belongs to Monsieur Edouard de Périgord Talleyrand, and is for sale. How many memories were awakened in my mind on passing this spot! Those were the avenues under whose shade Henri walked, the forest in which he hunted. I felt myself upon enchanted ground! After dining at Mantes we passed along a route which bears evidence of an approach to Paris. The vineyards become frequent, and you observe that the country is parcelled out among small proprietors. Each owner's land is laid out so as to suffice for his own wants alone. In the space of an acre may be seen a patch of vineyard, a patch of corn, another of hay, and then a vegetable patch. This, from a distant view, gives the country the aspect of a tailor's pattern-book. This remark, indeed, may be said to apply to France generally, although it is more striking in the close neighbourhood of Paris. The country houses near Meulan added much to the picturesque, while on the opposite banks of the Seine are some fine châteaux buried in woods.

We approached St. Germains through the park, and while the horses were changing we walked to the terrace. I am still of opinion that the beauty of the view from thence has been overrated. Although it is undeniably fine, it cannot be compared to the view from St. Cloud or Montmartre.

After passing Marly[1] and Malmaison, with which so many pleasant recollections of last year are associated, we arrived at our last post, where our passports were examined. It was by this time nearly dark, so I had to trust to my memory. I recognised the Arc de Triomphe and the bridge and avenue of Neuilly.

The scaffolding had been removed from the Arc de Triomphe, so we could thoroughly enjoy that noble approach to the capital, which we reached at ten

[1] Marly-le-Roi.

o'clock at night. We drove to our old hotel in the Rue de la Paix. We found that place so full that we were compelled to sleep in a garret. Next day we were glad to change our quarters to the Hôtel de Londres, Rue de Mont Thabor, a newly built and very clean hotel.

"PARIS, *June* 22, 1816.

"DEAR LADY SHELLEY,—

"I am very happy to hear of your arrival, and I will call upon you as early as I can. It will be probably about three.

"Will you dine here? We must dine at five exactly, as we go to the play at Court.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

On the following day we dined with the Duke of Wellington quite quietly, no one but his family at dinner. Afterwards we went with the Duke to the *spectacle à la cour*. He looks well, I think, but complains that he has not felt in good health all the winter. He has been advised to go for a time to Cheltenham. If he follows that advice, he must set off very soon, as he must be at Cambray in August, when the troops are to be in camp there. As our dinner had been a very gay and pleasant one, we remained at table so long that we arrived rather late at the theatre. We found every place in the grand tier boxes occupied. The gentlemen were seated in the parterre, and the ladies on the sides. The King's box was in the centre, and a box on the left was reserved for the Ambassadors. The members of the Corps Diplomatique had a box next to the Ambassadors. Into that box Lady Elizabeth Stuart was kind enough to invite me. I did not see the opera well, and thought it very tiresome, though splendid. It was a ballet opera, and I then saw Bigottini for the first time. The *coup d'œil* of the theatre was certainly most beautiful, and took one

back in imagination to the times of the poor Queen! The young Duchesse de Berri is very fair, with large blue eyes, a small, straight nose over rather projecting lips, and good teeth. She has a very pretty bust, a long throat, and a beautiful skin. She was well dressed—*à la Parisienne*—and is very agreeable-looking, if not quite pretty. She is only seventeen years of age, and evidently enjoys her elevation extremely. She is amused with every novelty, looks *espiègle*, and seems to long to laugh, like the child she is, but the gravity of Madame[1] checks all hilarity, and reduces her to a Princess-like condition of inanimation. I had been told that Madame, who is very *dévote*, thinks it a sin to see the dancing. This is perfectly true, for I observed her closely, and I can answer for it that she never once looked towards the stage while the ballet was in progress. Madame is much improved in looks, and is better dressed than when I last saw her. The old King waddled into his box very ungracefully; his second stomach is more pronounced than ever. The whole family looked happy. Talleyrand waited behind the King; the back of the box was occupied by the suite. After we had seen the *coup d'œil* we were all tired to death, the heat being intolerable.

The Duke made me a sign to wait for him, and in a few minutes he came to the door of the box and led me to the salon. Here we stayed some time, paying our compliments to different people, and then drove off to Madame Crauford's, where we drank tea. In this house we found all the old set ranged in the same circle. I could fancy that they had never moved since I left Paris a year ago! Grassini was looking desperately ill, and our hostess a trifle older. That is all the change that I noticed. We stayed half an hour, and then the Duke brought us home.

[1] The Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

Next day, being Sunday, we rose early, and went to Notre Dame to see the procession of the Fête-Dieu. The streets through which the processions were to pass were completely *tapissée*, and the *reposoirs* splendid. Even in those streets through which the procession did not pass, the inhabitants seemed eager to testify their respect by draperies, garlands, etc.

What a wonderful nation! Yesterday the Fête of the Age of Reason. To-day, the Fête-Dieu! The decorations at Notre Dame were the same as were used at the marriage of the Duc de Berri. It more resembled a theatre than a church. The whole interior was hung with light blue silk, embroidered in gold *fleur-de-lis*, and garlands of flowers. The galleries were fitted up with boxes, as in a theatre, from whence the ladies saw the marriage ceremony. After hearing a portion of the mass and the strains of the fine organ, we went to St. Eustache to see the procession on its return. The church was, literally, crammed. The procession was attended by the National Guard. Crowds followed it, with many young girls veiled, and in white dresses; a voluntary act of pure devotion. The National Guards lined the aisles through which the procession passed, and, at the elevation of the Host, they knelt in simple reverence. I am sorry to say that, in spite of every attempt to make allowances for the faith of others, I never quite feel at home in a Catholic church. I am always deeply interested in the service, and try to say my prayers. Alas! this morning, beyond an entreaty for blessing on my absent children, I could not pray, as I so much wished to do!

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In the evening we dined at the Duke of Wellington's to meet a large party in honour of the Spanish Ambassador. The Duke wore his Spanish uniform, which is simple and soldier-like. All the Corps Diplomatique were there with their ladies; and also

the Duchesse de San Carlos. The two Mesdames de Noailles, the Duc de Mouchy, and the Prince de Poix were among the company. It was a very pleasant dinner. We had arrived very late, and found the company already assembled in the garden. The Duke most kindly came in to receive me, and we took a few turns in the garden, until I had quite recovered the flurry. After dinner I was prepared to attend the reception of the Duchesse de Berri; but the Duke persuaded me to defer it, and to go with him to the opera. As the reception at the Duchesse de Berri's was for ladies only, I felt that it would be monstrous dull. For that reason I was only too happy to be excused, and I shall certainly have another opportunity of paying my respects there. Things turned out very fortunately for me. When all the party was gone, except Pozzo di Borgo,[1] General Vincent, and Castelreale, an interesting conversation took place between them and the Duke about the Spanish nation. The Duke maintained that the *Liberales* were ruined by abolishing the Inquisition. He said that the people were devoted to it. He mentioned that, when he was in Spain, he made the following remark to some of the Reformers: "Quoi, vous voulez me donner un autre ennemi à combattre! J'aurai tous les curés de la Castille contre moi. L'Inquisition se meurt d'elle-même. Voyez le Portugal; nous ne l'avons pas aboli là, et cependant elle n'existe plus. Ce sera de même ici. Si vous l'abolissez elle existera toujours." The Duke referred to a natural instinct of servitude inherent in the Spanish race. On the return of their king, after the Revolutionary Government had been driven out of Madrid, the people broke into the Government building, and tore from its walls every motto in which the word "Liberty" appeared. The Duke was himself a witness of that fact, not long after it occurred. No one respects a strong hand more than

[1] Russian Ambassador at Paris in 1815.

a Spaniard, for whom the word "Liberty" has no meaning whatever.

We stayed on, conversing in this agreeable manner, until nine o'clock, when the Duke took us to the opera. The dancing was, as usual, perfect; Biggottini, instead of Gressling. We afterwards went on to Madame d'Escars, at the Palace of the Tuileries. In a garret, at the top of the Palace, an immense number of people were assembled. It was very hot, and everybody stood about, as they do at an English assembly. We had rather good fun with Madame de R—— and the Persian Ambassador.

Monday, June 24.—Went to the Duke's at two o'clock, to ride. Saw all the horses. He told me that every lady who rode them, except me, had lamed them. While they were saddling Copenhagen, the Duke took us into his room to show us Wyatt's plan of his house, the details of which he explained. He marked the alterations which he proposed, which will much add to its comfort. We rode in the Bois de Boulogne, where all the trees are cut, excepting those at the sides of the road. Some had been cut by the English soldiers, but many more by the French.

After our ride we went to the Tuileries—the Duke to call on Monsieur; and we, to get our tickets for the *spectacle* to-night from the Duc de Mouchy. We dined quietly with the Duke, who afterwards took us in his carriage. My place was in the amphitheatre amongst all the princesses and duchesses, where I saw remarkably well. Next to me was a very agreeable Frenchman, who talked to me during the intervals between the acts. The tragedy was "Adélaïde du Guesclin,"[1] which

[1] The Duke said to Lord Stanhope ("Notes of Conversation," etc., p. 218): "They tried to put up my back one night at the Palace at the representation of 'Adélaide du Guesclin.' There were divers hits intended against *le tyran de Cambray!* Several people came up to me afterwards to urge me on; but I was determined not to be offended, and told them that I had not heard it distinctly, and that I did not know French well enough to catch such allusions."

contains many passages in extravagant, not to say violent, abuse of the English. One of the ladies of the Court told me next day that the King was very angry at the choice of that play. I do not much believe this. The second piece was "Les Etourdis." Mdlle. Mars acted delightfully, and I should have enjoyed it more if the heat had not been excessive. It is difficult to define my opinion of Talma. In some passages he is wonderful—giving expression where in the reading one finds none. In other passages Talma is a mere buffoon. When he cries, and sobs, which he does violently, I am inclined to laugh.

June 25, 1816.—Dined at the English Ambassador's—a great many people. I sat by Sir Charles,[1] who was very agreeable. Afterwards Shelley went with him to the opera, while I went to the Duke of Wellington's ball. To my surprise I found him alone—people assemble late in Paris—and was much amused at the Duke's arrangement of the chairs, and his preparations for the fête in honour of the Duchesse de Berri. He moved the things about himself, and was as full of fun as an ordinary person in like circumstances would have been. As soon as the room became crowded, I seated myself in a corner, and did not move until the Royalties had departed. When the Duchesse de Berri arrived, they played an *Anglaise*, which she danced with the Duc d'Angoulême. She danced with the greatest spirit, full of vivacity and happiness. She is only seventeen. Afterwards she danced with Lord Arthur Hill, by the Duc de Berri's desire—the Duke of Wellington having courteously declined that high honour. The Duchesse then danced with the Duc de FitzJames; and, at half after two in the morning, she said: "Je crois qu'il faut que je m'en

[1] Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Ambassador at Paris, 1815-30.

aille, car mes messieurs dorment! Je resterais volontiers jusqu'à cinq heures."

The young Duchesse seemed to be perfectly happy, and danced in good time. She has a remarkably pretty foot, but no idea of dancing. The Duc de Berri was most gracious to me, and came up twice to speak to me. I wished him joy in his married life; and he really seemed pleased at my commendations—which were sincere—of his little Duchesse. The Duke of Wellington, who was obliged to stand by the Duc de Berri all night, contrived to talk to me occasionally. Monsieur also, on hearing where I was, came to me, and was quite as he used to be. The Duke of Wellington took the Duchesse de Ragusa (Marmont's wife) to supper, and the Duc de FitzJames escorted me.

My cavalier complained bitterly—though evidently proud of the honour—of having twice danced down about forty people with the Duchesse de Berri. After supper, the Duke came, and sat by me until he went to bed at four o'clock. He told me that he had long been advised to go to Cheltenham for the waters, and that he had at last made up his mind to leave Paris next Saturday. But he did not wish it to be known till the last moment.

Though I had done my utmost to persuade the Duke to go, I could not hear of its being so soon without feeling very sorry, and I told him so. He said: "You must dine with me every day until I go." Next day, the Duke told me of the attempt that had been made to burn his house down.

It seems that last night some one had put a quantity of gunpowder and ball cartridges in at one of the lower windows of the street. The iron bars of the window had been shattered and two planks were burned. The fire was discovered by one of Madame de Vaudreuil's footmen, and was put out by the Duke's tall footman, who had been in his service during his Embassy.

The Duke told me that when Napoleon returned from Elba, this footman went into the Emperor's service; and then, after Waterloo, he returned into the Duke of Wellington's service, just as though nothing had happened! One of the French Guards, who attend on the Duke at his hotel, was quizzing the man for serving the Duke after Napoleon: "Mais, n'êtes-vous pas ses serviteurs aussi?" said he with a shrug of the shoulder.

Monsieur de Cage had been at the hotel in the morning, but gave no hope of discovering the author of this vile attempt. The Duke said: "If they had a spite against me, they might have been sure to find me in bed almost any night at midnight. Whether it was simply the hope of plundering the house in the confusion of the fire, or a wish to throw a gloom on the fêtes of the Berri marriage, no one can imagine. We should easily have escaped, as there are twelve large windows opening into the garden, in which there are doors leading into the Champs Elysées." The Duke said that as the fire was out, there was no use in mentioning it, but that everybody in the outward rooms smelt the gunpowder.

The Duke showed us some marble tables that he had bought at Cardinal Fesch's sale. We sat down to dinner so early that only two of his aides-de-camp were arrived; the others dropped in by degrees. Mr. Cathcart did not arrive until dessert was on the table, which afforded us plenty of fun.

The Duke took me to the *spectacle* at the Tuileries. As Shelley was bored with the heat and would not go, the Duke acted as my *chaperon*. It was a comic opera, and, I believe, pretty; but it was not possible to see the stage without standing up. As I did not wish to incommode those who sat behind me, I saw very little.

Next day, we were to have gone to Tivoli, but alas! it rained, so I drove in a closed carriage. While I was out, the Duke called for me to ride.

There was a large party at the Duke's dinner in the evening. Lady Elizabeth Vernon and Lady Bingham dined there. I sat by General Faghel, who was particularly agreeable. Afterwards the Duke took us to the Français, where we saw a new tragedy entitled "Charlemagne." It was a ridiculous play, stocked with risible passages, and we thought it was damned. The small piece that followed—"An English Village Lawyer"—was excellent. Oh! the pleasure of being without lappets, trains, and stars! We were all in particularly good spirits.

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To-day we are to ride for the last time! How could one be gay? Our ride was not long. The Duke called, and we walked to his stables together. We dined with the Duke at five o'clock. A large party of gentlemen. Sir George Murray[1] accompanied us to the *spectacle* at the Tuileries. I arrived late, and should not have found a place, if our Ambassadress had not taken me into her box. I saw, very well indeed, the touching ballet of "Nina," in which Biggottini made me cry. I was overcome by the delicacy and pathos of her acting. The opera, an Italian one, was good. Madame Camporese[2] sang extremely well. She does not usually sing in public. A vaudeville, given in honour of the marriage, was full of ex-

[1] General Sir George Murray (1772—1846), Quartermaster-General in the Peninsular War; M.P. for Perth, 1823; Colonial Secretary 1828-30. Edited Marlborough's Despatches.

[2] Madame Camporese, who was a great favourite in England, married a member of the Giustiniani family, and originally cultivated music only as an accomplishment. Subsequent events caused her to convert what had been her amusement into her profession, and she became a concert singer. She never appeared on the stage prior to her visit to England, *circa* 1814. Her first appearance was in "Penelope," an opera which had no success. But she made a great impression as Desdemona, and in the opera of "Mosé." She was a good musician, had great powers, was very ladylike, and possessed a thorough knowledge of the stage, on which her manner was easy and dignified. On leaving England she retired from the stage, and assumed her proper name of Madame Giustiniani. She gratefully showed great civilities to the English, to whom she was indebted for her celebrity.

aggerated compliments to every member of the Royal Family, and was decidedly *de trop*. It prolonged the entertainment until midnight.

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How I grieved to part from the Duke—who was all kindness to the last. He set off a little after three o'clock this morning, and hopes to reach Calais in twenty hours, which he has often said was quite feasible.[1] He proposes, on landing at Dover, to go direct to Lord Wellesley's near Ramsgate, and meet his carriage at the first stage. The courier with his letters would arrive in the morning, and the Duke in the evening of Sunday. The Duchess and the boys go with him to Cheltenham. The Duke has kindly left me his boxes at the theatres.

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During one of our rides we talked over with the Duke all the business of the election, in which I see that he thinks Shelley is quite right. We told him that the Opposition abused Shelley for making it up with the Prince. "What!" said the Duke, "are quarrels to be eternal? I hate these Party squabbles."

How exactly our feelings! We also talked over the business of Sir Thomas Wilson[2] and Kinnaird. The Duke said: "I know that Wilson was sent over to pick a hole in my coat." He told us that after Sir Thomas was arrested, a letter came in the Duke's bag addressed to Sir Thomas by Lord Grey. "If I had sent it to the prison," said the Duke, "it would have been opened, so I thought it best to send the letter back to Lord Grey."

This, surely, was a noble act towards an enemy! The Duke is quite certain that Kinnaird did not assist in Lavalette's escape — probably because the Duke

[1] He actually took twenty-two hours. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

[2] General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson (1777—1849). He fought at Lützen and Bautzen in 1813. Was M.P. for Southwark 1818-30. Was dismissed from the army for his conduct at Queen Caroline's funeral in 1821. He was reinstated in 1830. Published military and autobiographical works.

had cautioned him. He said to Kinnaird: "Take care what you do, Kinnaird, for the police know every word you utter."

Kinnaird was not sent from Paris on that account, but for his former conduct.[1] Lady Kinnaird thought that the Duke had not done enough to save her husband, and that he might have interfered. This made a coldness at last.

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Went to the Louvre, where all the Poussins, some fine Salvators, and Raffaeles still make it a fine collection. The Salle of the Statues looks deplorable. But the Fighting Gladiator, my favourite Muse, and the Diana from Versailles are still worth repeated visits, but it closes to-morrow. I met Mr. Vernon at the Louvre. He told me that there was a fine *pot pourri* about the theatre boxes. It seems that our Ambassadress is jealous at their being left to me, and gave away the Duke's box at the opera to Lady Lonsdale. This must be a wilful mistake, as I asked her, before the Duke left, if he had told her I was to have them until my departure, and she said "Yes." But of course I shall not go now without asking her, and I don't think I shall do that often. She offered me the Français for to-morrow night. The Duke told me always to let her know which theatre I wished to attend, in order that she might give away the rest, and that he had told our Ambassadress this, so there could be no mistake.

Madame de Gontaut has to-day a little explained the enigma by saying—without knowing that any difficulty had arisen—that she does not think Sir Charles[2] likes the Duke; at least, that he is jealous of him when he is here. I don't know how that may be; but the ladies are jealous, for when by the Duke's desire I appeared

[1] Charles, eighth Baron Kinnaird (1780—1826), M.P. Leominster 1802-5. Lord Kinnaird was arrested on the day after Napoleon's return as a spy of the Duke of Orleans. When Napoleon's abdication was read to the Chamber, Lord Kinnaird was liberated.

[2] Sir Charles Stuart.

at his ball in my court dress, they said it was treating him like a king; and they repeatedly expressed their doubts whether the Duchesse de Berri would attend. When she arrived, and stayed so long, they said that the Duchesse evidently wished to make up for the abuse of the English on the preceding night. "Ainsi va le monde!" How much the Duke is above all such nonsense!

I paid a long visit to Madame de Gontaut. She is a very amiable person, who has lived twenty years in England and has enough of the old French Court about her to be *piquante*. She is much attached to our country. She appears to be much bored with her duties at Court, and says it has been a dreadful fatigue. But she is full of praises of the young Duchesse de Berri, whom she pronounced *charmante*. She told me that she is full of life and spirits, and runs about the gardens like a wild thing. Her head has not been turned by the public applause, which she knows is paid to her rank. She is fully aware of the heartlessness of the cries "Vive le Roi!"

This young Duchesse was much disgusted with the vaudeville the other night,[1] and is glad the fêtes are over. The Duchesse de Berri has masters of all kinds, and her husband seems to treat her as his daughter, and to be very fond of her. I hope this may last.

The Duc de Berri desired Madame de Gontaut to tell *me* particularly, that the play "Adélaïde du Guesclin" had not been read by the Court, and that they were miserable at its having been acted. In fact, the Duc de Duras has received a reprimand for having sanctioned its performance. It is forbidden at the Théâtre Français, on account of its allusions to the English—and so markedly to the Duke—but its representation at the Tuileries had been managed by Mdlle. Volmy, who thinks that she appears to advantage in it. Her lover, who directs the *menu plaisirs*, proposed it, and it is supposed that the Duc de Duras did not raise any

[1] "Adélaïde du Guesclin."

special objections, as he detests the English. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, it is evident that the members of the Court wish to give the impression that they are sorry it was given. Madame de Gontaut hates Paris, and much prefers London. She says that society here is a mass of intrigue of all kinds, and jealousies beyond conception. She agrees with me that one cannot really be happy while living in the world of fashion. There may be a certain indefinable charm in the brilliancy of situation, and in creating the envy of other women. But how heartless it all is! and how happy I shall be to return to an English country life, after the hollow pleasures and make-believes of this the gayest city in the world! . . .

Neither Shelley nor I have been well during the past week. At the opera, the other evening, I fainted away.

July 4.—I went this morning to see the celebrated Madame Le Normand,[1] as I consider my knowledge of Paris incomplete without visiting so remarkable a personage. Madame Le Normand is clever enough to impose upon half the continent of Europe, and is consulted by crowned heads, and all the *beau monde* of Paris. She predicted to the Empress Josephine the divorce which was to prove Napoleon's ruin. Bonaparte often consulted her, and she is under the especial protection of the Bourbons, whose cause she espouses with so much success. She is, indeed, a useful auxiliary amongst this irreligious but superstitious people. I was shown into a beautiful boudoir, furnished with a luxury which gave evidence of her prosperity. After waiting for some time, the prophetess appeared, and exclaimed "Passez, madame." She then introduced me into a dimly lit *cabinet d'étude*. On a large table, under a mirror, were heaps of cards, with which she commenced her mysteries. She bade me

[1] Madame Le Normand was born in 1768, and was already celebrated as a fortune-teller in 1790. She was frequently consulted by Robespierre and Danton.

cut them in small packets with my left hand. She then inquired my age—*à peu près*—the day of my birth; the first letter of my name; and the first letter of the name of the place where I was born. She asked me what animal, colour, and number I was most partial to. I answered all these questions without hesitation. After about a quarter of an hour of this mummery, during which time she had arranged all the cards in order upon the table, she made an examination of my head. Suddenly she began, in a sort of measured prose, and with great rapidity and distinct articulation, to describe my character and past life, in which she was so accurate and so successful, even to minute particulars, that I was spellbound at the manner in which she had discovered all she knew.

Looking into my face with an expression of intense interest, she said: "You will soon be ill—but it will pass. You will soon travel post, and visit a neighbouring country. You will see high mountains, and you will be spoken of in several European capitals. Before you die you will save the life of a distinguished individual. You will be present at a duel, but by your presence of mind you will avert the consequences. You often visit a house where there are sentries. A queen invites your presence; but you must flee from palaces, for happiness is not to be found in them. Your disposition is frequently inclined to solitude; or, at least, a peaceful, quiet existence, but you have much ambition. You will distinguish yourself, but be careful to disregard flattery. Always follow your instincts, and do not ask advice of any one. Your presentiments will never deceive you. You will have three dream warnings: do not neglect or disregard them." And so on; saying many things that I shall not commit to paper. On the same evening I fainted at the opera. Thus Madame Le Normand's first prediction was verified!

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Next morning I went to the Cour d'Assize with General Ramsay, and was fortunate in arriving just as the defence of la Femme Picard began. She is an extremely interesting and pretty woman. She wept profusely, and her *avocat* assisted her tears by an eloquent address, free from the usual flowery language of French advocates. He certainly persuaded me that Madame Picard was not quite aware of the contents of the papers she distributed. Her husband, a bootmaker to the Swiss Guard, is remarkably loyal. In these circumstances, even if his wife be acquitted of the serious part of the charge, she deserves to be incarcerated for carrying on these intrigues against her husband's known inclinations and wishes. She is a sort of Lady Jersey des Faubourgs! By the way, Madame Le Normand indicated our relative situations very strangely, and predicted that I should eventually disconcert all Lady Jersey's ill nature, and rise superior to her malice!

Sunday, July 7.—We left Paris at one o'clock, having been detained on account of our passport, which had not been viséd by the French police.

The road to Fontainebleau passes through the narrow streets of the vile Faubourg St. Antoine, which so painfully recalls the horrors of the Revolution. We drove through Charenton, Villeneuve, and the Forêt. When about one mile from Melun we were caught in a tremendous thunderstorm. The rain smoked along the ground, and formed rivers in the centre of the streets, into which the inhabitants threw the filth of their dwellings. On our arrival at the post-house, our postilion, without ceremony, unharnessed the horse he rode, left the others attached to the carriage, and galloped for shelter, leaving us and the poor servants in the deserted streets of Melun. Our situation was embarrassing, as we could not leave the carriage without wading knee-deep in water. When the storm abated our

postilion returned, fresh horses were put to, and off we went. After turning a sharp corner we came suddenly on the steep bank of the Seine, where a boat waited to receive us. Without further warning we found ourselves, carriage, horses, and all, on the Seine, which, swollen by the torrents, was running rapidly. The sensation was not pleasant, but we were eventually consoled by a clearing sky and a glorious view of Melun with its broken bridge.

Having thus crossed the river, we entered the forest of Fontainebleau, so full of associations of the great Henri. The scenery is lovely. The soil, rocks, and woods remind me of our part of Sussex. As we ascended a hill we saw an immense flock of sheep, and one of the shepherds, with the air of a *petit maître*, offered our postilion a pinch of snuff—a courtesy which was graciously accepted. As we drove through the streets of Fontainebleau, our pace slackened in order to accommodate a huge crowd, who were watching a tight-rope dancer in the Place. Our inn is named La Ville de Lyon, and is remarkably clean and good. We walked towards the Palace, and saw the court-yard where Napoleon drew tears from his Imperial Guard on taking leave of them after his abdication. The exterior of the Palace has no especial merit from an architectural point of view, beyond its size and appearance of antiquity. The iron railing set up by Napoleon is very like the one at the Tuileries.

We found Mr. Wilbraham and Lady Anne at the inn, with whom we spent a pleasant evening. The girl at the inn amused us by the following remark: "Ma foi! nous étions bien fâchés de perdre l'Empereur, car nous ne connaissions pas alors le Roi. Mais, quand il a été ici, et que nous avons toujours eu la maison pleine d'étrangers, ma foi, nous étions tout aussi fâchés du retour de l'Empereur. Pendant six mois nous n'avons pas eu d'étrangers chez nous. A

présent tout va bien encore; nous n'aimons plus l'Empereur."

Thus speaks self-interest, all the world over!

Next morning we went to see the Palace, meaning to resume our journey early. But on our arrival there we found that all the servants were gone to hear the Te Deum for the anniversary of the King's return. As we were obliged to wait, we walked in the park and gardens, which are beautiful. The first is composed of *berceaux de verdure*, where the sun cannot penetrate. The French parterres of the flower-garden form a pleasant contrast to the so-called English garden which Napoleon made four years ago, and which is much in the style of the one at Malmaison. The gardens are divided by a piece of water, in the centre of which is the Cabinet Secret, where the Kings used to consult with their Ministers on affairs of State.

The interior of the Palace is chiefly remarkable for the gallery of Francis I., which is kept in the same state in which he left it. The only change that has been made is the addition of the marble busts of some great men, which were placed there by Napoleon. There were several empty pedestals from which the busts of Napoleon and some of the revolutionary generals have been removed. A number of the lower orders of society went through the apartments with us, and gave their sols to the Swiss who conducted us.

We left Fontainebleau that afternoon, and passed through a portion of the late theatre of war. The roads were execrable, owing to the quantity of rain that has fallen. We met numbers of people, drunk in honour of the King's return! We reached Sens at six in the evening, and went into the cathedral. To my joy and surprise, I found that the fine monument of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., had been preserved from the destructive fury of the revolutionists. It has been replaced in the choir, and it

exceeds its reputation for beauty of design and execution. In my opinion, it far surpasses any other French monument, for feeling and sentiment pervade the whole. I have not been so highly gratified by any modern sculptor, not even excepting Canova himself.

Last year Sens was delivered up to pillage by the Würtembergers and Bavarians.[1] The inhabitants were prepared to receive the Allies with open arms. Unfortunately a French general arrived one night at the head of six hundred men, and ordered the people to defend their city. Pillage was the consequence. Although some shells entered the cathedral, the monument was not injured. The officers belonging to the attacking force came to see the cathedral, and when the Prince Royal of Würtemberg came there, he found it filled with his soldiers. He was very indignant at the desecration, and ordered the sacred edifice to be cleared of troops and restored to perfect order.

Next day we drove along straight avenues and a flat country, bearing traces here and there of the ravages of war. We then ascended a steep hill and saw the beautiful and fertile valley, which is watered by the Yonne, a river which winds for miles along our route. After passing the château of Passy with its fine woodland scenery, we found the whole country laid out in vineyards, until the cathedral spires of Auxerre burst upon our view. When we reached the gates of the town, we drove along the boulevards to the quay, where the hotel is situated, close to the river's bank. Although the weather was bad, we thought the place lovely. We were taken to the wrong hotel, and had a comical scene with the land lady, who made tremendous efforts to detain us. At last we succeeded in getting away from the nastiest hole I ever saw, into a very good inn, named "The Leopard."

[1] February 11, 1814.

We found Mr. Sharp,[1] a member of parliament, there. He is a clever man, and passed the evening very agreeably with us. He told us that he had been detained there for ten days through the illness of his sister. His only resource had been the physician, whom he described as intelligent, but with a very small collection of the commonest drugs. He had seen two pretty fêtes. One was for the passage of the Duc d'Angoulême—who was received with enthusiasm—the other, for the return of the King. I afterwards saw at one of the post-houses a placard expressing love "pour ce prince, chéri des Français." I said to the post-master in French, "What! you love the Prince here?" He replied very sulkily: "Bah! c'est qu'il vient de passer par ici." His manner expressed far more than the words!

It has rained incessantly for eight days, and the roads are in consequence a severe trial to the springs of our carriage. The road between Avallon and Rouvray is hilly, tiresome, and full of holes and deep ruts. We were nearly three hours coming two stages, and were thus compelled to sleep at the latter place. We are much pleased with our hostess, who is a very pretty woman.

Our host was a soldier under Napoleon, and left the army on the King's first return. He had served for eighteen months, being one of those drawn under conscription; and on the return of the King, which released him from military service, he determined to marry. While waiting for the consent of parents, Napoleon came back from Elba, and very nearly upset their plans.

Fortunately, Napoleon passed through Auxerre, so this pretty woman threw herself at his feet, and

[1] Richard Sharp (1759—1835), known as "Conversation Sharp," a Whig M.P. His friends numbered the most eminent men of his day. He published "Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse" in 1834. Byron spoke of him as "a man of elegant mind."

implored his permission to marry one of his old soldiers. He gave his consent most readily; and she is now hourly expecting her confinement. When she wished us farewell, she said that we would bring her luck. The husband is twenty-two years old, and she is only eighteen—certainly the prettiest French-woman, with the fairest skin, I ever saw.

. . . . .

Soon after leaving Rouvray we quitted the Lyons road with pleasure, as the passage of the artillery had completely destroyed it. The road to Dijon is very good. The approach to Dijon is flat, not unlike Cambridge. The cathedral and other churches, rising out of the trees, produced a fine effect. All the ancient monuments, and the façades of the churches, were destroyed during the Revolution. As we left Dijon on the road to Auxonne, we passed the ground where the Austrians held their grand review last year. The situation is far inferior to that of the plains of Champagne near Vertus, where the Russians were reviewed. Auxonne, where we slept, is on the banks of the Saône. It is a *ville de guerre* into which the Allies did not enter. Its inhabitants are very proud of this, for it saved them from much discomfort. Although it is said that the Austrians always behaved very well on these occasions, yet the quartering of troops is a dreadful infliction at all times. We had some excellent honey for breakfast, and were made very comfortable. But the charges were imperial!

We followed the road to Besançon, and the country became more and more beautiful as we proceeded. The incessant rain of the last few days abated, and we only had occasional storms. The country was flooded, and the crops everywhere suffering from the unusually wet season. The hay in many places has been washed down the stream. At St. Vit we caught our first view of the mountains of Switzerland.

The peasants in these parts are decidedly handsome, and their large hats extremely picturesque. On our arrival at Besançon we were made to show our passports, which examination detained us two hours and a half. They were very strict and not very civil. This town also escaped an occupation by the Allies in 1815. It had been unsuccessfully besieged by Prince Lichtenstein in the previous year. The Austrians passed along the heights, and crossed the Doubs lower down. The inhabitants say that it is impregnable, which I can well believe, for it is by nature wonderfully strong, being surrounded on three sides by a rapid river, and inaccessible rocks rise behind it. On the summit of these rocks stands the citadel, built by Vauban. They showed us the place where Louis XIV. was wounded. Its Roman remains are not worth the drenching I got on going to see them. A storm overtook me, and flooded the streets in a few minutes. We took a dislike to the people of the inn, especially a pert waiter, whose manners would have been much improved by a little of the Allies' discipline. So we determined to go forward, in spite of every attempt made to detain us. With that true English love of liberty, we chafed at the closed gates and the sentries who paraded through the town. While waiting for the post-horses we entered into conversation with an old "Croix de St. Louis," who turned out to be the Marquis de Bessières, a field-marshal; and, as he said with a chuckle, "un gentilhomme Français qui a très mal fait ses affaires en émigrant avec le reste à Coblentz." He asked if we knew Lord Maynard, whom he said he had met at Plombières previous to the Revolution. He spoke with pleasure of the time they passed together in the company of the late Duke of Bedford, who with his son was visiting Plombières. On parting he begged that we would remember him to Lord Maynard, which we promised to do.

It would be difficult to give any idea of the beauty of the Valley of the Doubs, along which we passed after leaving Besançon. The road afterwards led us for three miles up a very steep hill, from the top of which we saw the broad river, looking in the deep distance like a mountain stream. The view extends to Dôle, and the whole plain of Franche-Comté, suffused by the light of a setting sun. We toiled onwards in the growing darkness and experienced another violent storm before we reached the post-house. It was now quite dark, and the place where we meant to sleep was many degrees worse than any we had yet met with. It was quite impossible to enter it. There were no beds to be had, and the kitchen was filled with the lowest class of travellers. In these distressful circumstances we had no alternative but to move on to the next post, alas! with only two horses—all that remained in the stables. On inspection we found that the harness was broken, and every possible disaster loomed on the horizon of our imagination. Fortunately, we soon met a third horse returning home after his day's work, and having attached the poor beast to our carriage, we proceeded. The first hill was extremely heavy owing to the rains, and tremendously steep. We stuck fast! The storm had by this time abated, so we all got out and stood on the flooded road. Shelley, our manservant, and my maid Angelique all put their shoulders to the wheel, and eventually the carriage moved, and was dragged and pushed to the top of the hill. The clouds now gradually dispersed, and the night became clear, and bright; which was fortunate indeed, for, just as we were on the point of descending, the postilion discovered that the harness of one of the horses had given way. If we had proceeded down that steep hill in such circumstances, my journal would probably have ended abruptly.

We once more got out of the carriage and walked the rest of the way, which was not unpleasant. My sole regret was that we were passing through this beautiful country in the dark. We could just perceive the river, and richly wooded mountains on the farther side. We passed a curious well which they say has never been fathomed, and which sometimes overflows and throws out fish called *ombres*.[1] We arrived at Omans at midnight, and while the postilion was vainly attempting to make his wretched cattle drag the carriage into the *remise*, we entered the auberge through the kitchen. An immense fire was burning—the only light in the room—and I started on seeing four tall men, with military caps and dripping cloaks, seated in the chimney corner. Their whiskers, swords, and hirsute appearance, their silence, and lack of courtesy—for they did not move on the entrance of a woman, a thing so unusual in France—caused me to fear that we had tumbled upon banditti. I was immensely relieved, when one of these men opened his coat and displayed his medals and orders. They turned out to be some of Napoleon's old soldiers, who belonged to a Swiss regiment, and were on their way to rejoin it at Besançon. They travelled in an open conveyance with the mails, and when we entered were drying their clothes while waiting for supper! We wondered what their supper would consist of in this strange place. It comprised soup made of cheese and onions. The mail-man sat at the same table with them, in the room where we were drinking coffee. They afforded us much amusement, partly by their conversation, and partly by the difficulty which they experienced in swallowing the stringy soup, which reminded me of Grimaldi with the macaroni. In an hour they set off; and we slept very soundly in clean beds.

[1] A kind of perch.

Next morning, rain as usual! But it cleared up at times, and enabled us to walk up the hills, and enjoy the beauty of the scenery.

Eventually we reached Pontarlier at the foot of the Jura. We were again detained by the dislike of the people to going with the *limonière*,[1] by the usual examination of passports, and by going to the *douane*. They did not, however, examine anything, and were very civil. On leaving, we saw the castle of Joux, where Toussaint was confined by Napoleon.

After passing the frontier we entered upon a road which has been so much neglected that the mountain torrents cross it in many places and have completely destroyed it. Until we reached the frontier of Switzerland, we expected every moment that our carriage springs would break. The road from the frontier improved every mile, and we began to enjoy the consciousness of being in Switzerland. The pass of St. Sulpice was as fine as even I had expected. An old chain attached to the rock—a venerable relic of antiquity—was originally placed there to defend the pass in the twelfth century. The village itself, at the foot of the pass, is indescribably beautiful. When we came to Motiers Travers we longed to live there, and fully understood Rousseau's regret at being driven from it. We passed the house in which he had lived. The clear stream of the Reuss, and the narrow road on which we travelled, occupied the entire breadth of the valley. On each side of us rose fine richly clad mountains, which showed nature in her most *riante* aspect. One side of the valley was clothed with the richest verdure, on the other a densely packed forest of dark green trees. Having crossed the stream by a rude stone bridge, we came to a cave which has never been thoroughly explored. We were told that some of the more venturesome of the explorers had traced its passage for two leagues, into the heart of

[1] Shafts. They preferred the pole.

the mountain. At that point their hearts failed them, and they returned disappointed. We slept at a beautiful village on the Reuss, which is celebrated for its trout. It certainly deserves its reputation in a culinary sense, for the fish served up at table was excellent. They told us that the water is so cold that no other fish could live in the stream. We were awakened at five o'clock on the following morning by the beating of drums. It happened to be Sunday morning, a day upon which the National Guard amuse themselves by military exercises. The sound of their fifes produced a fine effect among the mountains, while the gaiety and bustle of the inhabitants of this happy valley on their way to church fully justified the general opinion which had been formed of them, namely, that they were the happiest people in the world. Strange to say, the people think so themselves.

As we proceeded on our way fresh beauties struck us almost at every turn. The river at Rosières is lovely, and the waterfall, which springs from a bare rock at a great height, plunges into the stream with force enough to turn five or six millwheels.

Our first view of the lake of Neufchâtel delighted me; and, as we approached, we saw Mont Blanc surrounded by snow mountains, but easily recognised by its altitude and its broad, flat front. We approached Neufchâtel through pine woods. Some of the trees were of great size, some mere seedlings, but the variety of foliage, spruce, fir, and pine, presented a beautiful effect as we drove along. We entered the town by a gateway which adjoins an old Roman castle. It is a very small town, and its streets are unusually steep. We dined in the *salle publique*, where we made the acquaintance of an old gentleman, who gave us a great deal of information about Neufchâtel. Since the time of Frederick the First, this State had belonged to Prussia, but, in the recent convulsion, Napoleon gave the principality to Berthier,

who, however, never came here. By means of the Governor whom he appointed to administer the State, Berthier attempted to levy a conscription, which met with strong opposition. On the passage of the Allies, in 1814, the people rose *en masse* against the French, and returned to their allegiance to the King of Prussia, who is much liked by the inhabitants of this place. His power, however, is trifling, and his revenue has been fixed at the modest rate of 30,000 francs a year. There are no taxes of any kind here now. Berthier put a tax on French wine, and tried to convince the people that it was for their benefit. However, they had no difficulty in convincing the Prussian Minister that it was not, it being more advantageous to the inhabitants to sell their own wine, and drink that of Burgundy, than to consume their own.

The *bourgeoisie* here has so great a dread of taxation in any form, that when it became necessary to raise a trifling sum for the Allies by taxation, the people at once raised the money required by voluntary contributions. So great was the feeling against the proposed taxation, that several thousands of francs were subscribed over and above what was required. The extra money is now being spent on the improvement of the town by lengthening the quays. Although they have a regiment in the service of Prussia, they possess the singular privilege of enlisting and fighting against their sovereign if they choose to do so!

During the Seven Years' War a Neufchâtelois, Captain Jacobin, who was in the service of France, was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and brought before the great Frederick. That monarch reproached Captain Jacobin for serving against him. The Neufchâtelois claimed his privilege, and said that he was merely performing his duty in fighting for the sovereign who paid him for his services. Frederick the Great acknowledged the justice of that plea,

returned him his sword, and gave him permission to return to his country.

July 15.—We visited the Lac de Bienne to-day, and saw the Ile St. Pierre, where Rousseau lived after he had been driven from Motier Travers.[1] The whole country, along the valley through which the Thièle runs, is completely inundated, and the three lakes now form but one. The season has been calamitous. All the crops were destroyed, and much of the beauty of the scenery has been spoiled by the wintry aspect of the meadows. We saw numbers of storks standing on the edge of the waters; and were told that during the winter the valley is much frequented by wild-fowl. We travelled in a char-à-banc—which is quite as rough a conveyance as one could wish for—as far as Erlach, in the Canton de Berne, where German is spoken by the peasants. There we took a boat, and were rowed by two women, singularly dressed. One of them—a girl of twenty years—rowed us for at least two miles against a stiff breeze. As it rained during the whole time that we passed on the island, we had plenty of time to inspect the interior arrangements of the farmhouse.

Rousseau's room is merely four bare walls, with a stove in it. The house is very large, and stands alone upon the island, which belongs to the hospital of Berne. In the centre there is a court, with open arcades on three sides of it. In the middle of the court flourishes a large lime tree, which casts its shade over the whole space. On the back of the court there is a wood, in which stands a small pavilion surrounded by grass, with oaks and beeches close at hand. In spite of the rain we visited this spot. Alas! our imagination was forced to supply the brilliant sunshine which would have enhanced its beauties.

[1] Rousseau left Motier Travers May 1765. He left the Ile St. Pierre October 29, 1765: on that day he finished his "Confessions."

Mr. Wilbraham and Lady Anne accompanied us on this expedition; and as we were determined to be gay in spite of the weather, we amused ourselves by talking bad German to the peasants, and very unsentimentally ate bread and cheese, where Rousseau had lived and dreamed, and where he had, for a short time, enjoyed that idyllic existence which he loved. We returned, wet through, to Erlach, and got into our char-à-banc, whose jolting kept us warm.

July 16.—Went to see La Petite Rochette. Sketched and spent a pleasant, quiet day. We dined at table d'hôte, and were amused by Mr. Legh's bad French, and the twaddling talk of Monsieur Meuron (who is mentioned in Cox's guide book), with whom Mr. Legh had been *en pension.*

July 17.—Monsieur Meuron[1] invited us to breakfast early at La Rochette. He had hoped that the weather would permit us to enjoy the magnificent view from thence to the Alps—the most extensive in Switzerland. Alas! these hopes were cruelly disappointed. It was only fine enough to enable us to take a few turns on the terrace. We were driven back into the house by the violence of the rain. The house is most comfortable, and I never had a better breakfast in my life. Professor Picot, and a friend of his from Geneva, were of the party. I hope that they are not good specimens of the clever men of Geneva! Professor Picot was fool enough, in the middle of breakfast, to read some verses which he had just composed. This was bad enough, to be sure; but he preluded with a sentimental story about a young man with whom he had travelled in the diligence. This young man, it seems, was, after many years' absence, returning to his native country. The Professor, who had witnessed the family greetings, was entirely overcome, and could not resist the inspira-

[1] M. Meuron's father was Procureur-Général of the Canton de Berne in Rousseau's time, 1765.

tions of his Muse! I cannot help quoting the opening lines of this wondrous production:

> "Quand il revoit de Neufchâtel les murailles
> Il sent par tout son corps remuer ses entrailles."

I regret that I am unable to do full justice to the nonsense of the whole piece. Nor can I convey any idea of the self-satisfied, pedantic tone of voice with which this Genevese Professor, with his round hat and wadded silk great-coat, gave it utterance. Of course we warmly applauded the poet, and I feel sure that he did not discover the laughter in our sleeves.

The road along the lake side to Yverdun is picturesque. We passed many old castles, notably that of Grandson. It is a fine old castle which, since the tenth century, was the seat of the Barons de Grandson, whose motto was "A petite cloche grand son." It is in a fine state of preservation, but no longer the property of its ancient owners. The road beyond the castle was completely under water. The lake was violently lashing its waves upon our carriage wheels as we crawled along its marge. Yverdun, always marshy, wore a wintry aspect, the surrounding lands being under water, and the harvest destroyed. By a police regulation the baking of white bread is prohibited in view of the threatened scarcity of the people's food. The peasant's brown bread is to them the very staff of life. We found an excellent inn at Yverdun, an intelligent landlord, and some very pleasant English people in the house—the Wilbrahams, Sir John Sebright and his daughter, from whom I gained much information about the people of the country, he having, many years ago, lived so entirely among them as to become a perfect Swiss. Sir John Sebright is very romantic in spite of his advanced age, and told us of an attachment in his early youth. The lady, though married, still retains for her first love the same ardent passion which she felt for him thirty years ago, a feeling which

he apparently reciprocates, for he told us, in the presence of his daughter and her children, that if he could begin his life again, that lady should have been his companion. He amused us very much during the evening, and told us so many good stories, that I suspect the next time we meet we shall have a second edition of them.

July 18.—Rose early to go to Pestalozzi's school, which is established in the castle. He professes to impart a clearness of ideas that is little attended to in the usual method of teaching. We merely saw a repetition of the classes, from which nothing of the real merits of the system could be tested. We were obliged to take the master's word for it, that the boys performed fluxions[1] by the mere force of reasoning without even opening a book! Pestalozzi himself is a German Swiss from Zurich, speaks unintelligibly both in French and German; is old; and by no means clear himself in his explanations. It is of course possible that this woolly-headed exponent of an obscure method of teaching may have a genius for clearing the ideas of his scholars. I am sure that I hope so. The school contains eighty pupils, and thirteen instructors besides himself.

At noon, we set off for Lausanne. The lower road being under water, we went two leagues out of our way, by Orbe and La Sara. This was enjoyable, as the country is magnificent, abounding with scenes worthy of an artist's pencil. We dined at La Sara, and visited the castle where Queen Brunhild[2] was confined. In the noble river at its foot are some fine trout. This is general throughout Switzerland. Every village has its trout stream. At sunset we approached Lausanne. At first sight, we thought the scenery finer than on the Lake of Neufchâtel. The boldness and grandeur of the rocks above Meillerie, and the two points of the Simplon were very fine. But when I saw more

[1] In mathematics.

[2] Brunhild, Queen of Austrasia, end of sixth century.

of the Lake of Geneva I changed my opinion. The height of the mountains opposite to Lausanne makes the lake appear too narrow; while the country between this place and Geneva is flat and tame. The higher Alps are not visible from Lausanne; but the nearer mountain-tops are covered with snow, which is unusual at this time of the year. Lausanne is decidedly picturesque: its antiquity is only too apparent from the condition of its dwellings, which look wretched. The castle, and the tower of the cathedral, built on one of the three hills upon which the city stands, rise proudly above the surrounding buildings. The streets are narrow, steep, and dirty. The outside of the inn where we are located looks most forbidding. We hesitated whether we should try elsewhere, when the proprietor came out, and persuaded us to take up our quarters in a house at the back of the "Lion d'or" which he had lately added to that Inn. We were more than satisfied when we found that our rooms looked towards the lake, and opened on to a small terrace, overhanging a garden of roses and orange trees. The rocks of Meillerie, and the clear lake peeped at us through the trees. Next morning we awoke to find the weather bright and warm, while the lake and the mountains shimmered in all the glory of an Italian *aria* and sky.

Mr. Brougham[1] has joined us; and we have been driving in a barouche (if a clumsy, heavy, dirty sort of sociable deserves that name) to Mon Repos and Ouchy,[2] a beautiful village close to the lake. Saw a number of those lovely birds who fly, like bright spirits of another world, over the face of the calm blue lake. Returned, and dined under the trees on the terrace. Sir John Sebright and his daughter

[1] Afterwards Lord Brougham (1778—1868).

[2] Exactly nineteen days after Byron, in that beautiful village, wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon."

joined us there. Mr. Brougham told me a good *mot* of Talleyrand's. Bobus Smith[1] was one day expatiating at great length upon the wondrous beauty of his mother. It was during dinner. After boring every one to death with a subject in which none of the company could be in the least interested, Talleyrand said in a drawling voice: "Monsieur Smith, c'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas beau?"

After dinner we all took a walk round the town. We visited the Promenades and the Signal, at a great height, from whence the whole neighbourhood can be seen. From here Lausanne, with its castle and cathedral, looks very picturesque. While we were resting on the steep ascent, I spoke to an aged dame who was gathering simples. She had a large bunch of vervain in her hand. I asked her why she gathered it? "Madame," she replied, "c'est mon remède contre la mélancholie. C'est bon pour les douleurs, très bon; mais pour la mélancholie il n'y a que cela. Pour les douleurs il faut le prendre en thé; mais pour la mélancholie mettez dans du vin. Quand je suis revenue de la France, j'avais une mélancholie à n'en pouvoir guérir! J'en ai pris tous les jours dans un bon pot de vin—et me voilà gaie!"

The old lady was certainly not tipsy, and thoroughly believed all she said. I wish I could describe the awful solemnity of her manner, while trying to impress me with the virtues of vervain!

At the Signal we were shown the place under the trees where the peasants dance on Sundays and holidays. We returned through a *guinguette*, cut out of the rock, from whence there is a beautiful view. We did not reach Lausanne until it was quite dark. Mr. Brougham throughout this expedition had made himself very agreeable, and we told him that we had

[1] Robert Smith (1770—1845), M.P. for Grantham 1812. He was an elder brother of the celebrated Sydney Smith.

saved him from committing suicide. He hates travelling, abhors Switzerland and the Swiss generally, scoffs at fine views, does not go to see anything if he can avoid it. He by choice travels at night, and passes the day in writing letters. He wishes himself back in England, and yet has no intention of going there. He stays in places where he has no reason for staying, and is always dissatisfied. It is evident that great talents are of no use, without a little sunshine of the mind!

. . . . .

We left Lausanne early in the morning of the following day, and reached Rolle by noon. Dined at the table d'hôte. Conversed with a *fabriquant d'Indiennes* from Berne, with whom we had a good deal of mercantile talk. There are no great capitalists in Switzerland, consequently but few manufactories. Most of the Swiss linens are made in the private houses of the inhabitants. Little or no use is made of machinery. He said that it would be a great misfortune if machinery were employed. In these conditions Swiss linen is not cheap, and we English much undersell them.

He was surprised to hear the rate of wages in England. The common rate in Switzerland is 30 sols Swiss[1] for the best workmen. Whether the use of machinery (affecting the rate of wages) would be advantageous to the Swiss or not, is a question in political economy which I am not qualified to answer. In spite of low wages, the Swiss appear to be a happy and contented people. Our friend told us that the cost of keeping a cow was about 27 batz[2] per week.

The heat during the day was excessive, and I am disappointed in the beauty of this part of the country —it is too flat and tame. Soon after leaving Lausanne we caught sight of Mont Blanc, which continued to

[1] 1 Swiss franc, equal to $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs French

[2] 4 French francs.

increase upon us until, at Sécheron, its entire front was visible. The lake was transparent, and every object was distinctly mirrored on its smooth surface. Although Mont Blanc was forty miles away, we saw it reflected upon the water as clearly as that of the nearer mountains. I make a special note of this, because my word was doubted when I stated that I had distinctly seen the reflection of Westminster Abbey in the Serpentine.

Shortly after our arrival at Sécheron, whose pretty gardens reach down to the lakeside, we took a boat, and were rowed about until bedtime. The perfume from the lime trees, which the breeze wafted towards us, was delicious.

July 20.—A long letter from the Duke of Wellington, dated July 10, from Cheltenham:

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LADY SHELLEY

"CHELTENHAM, *July* 10, 1816.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,—

"I received your letter of the 3rd and 4th this evening, and I am very much obliged to you, and flattered by your recollection of me. Notwithstanding that I dined with the Regent, and every day while I was in London at some large dinner, I have escaped as well as could be expected; and I am already so well that I believe half the world take me for a malingerer.

"As I came here, however, partly by way of precaution against the next winter, I shall stay during the time I originally intended, that is, till the end of July. I shall interrupt my course, however, on Friday, to go to the Regent's fête, in order to be presented to the Queen. I could not otherwise have that honour, and I don't believe that the interruption will be of any consequence. I am obliged to live quietly here, there being nobody here excepting the Duchess and my boys and Lord Lynedock, who is come down here to see me, and some few sick and wounded officers of the army.

"I have not seen your friend Dr. Borregan, but I will before I shall leave the place, and will mention

your name to him. Sir Walter Farquhar had written to another person to attend me, who called the day after I arrived, and as I am rather indifferent about these matters, I spoke to him about my health, and here he is established as my physician.

"The Rebellion[1] has not actually commenced yet, but I think the seeds of it are deeply laid. I certainly did Calantha[2] some good; but she is 'fit to be tied,' as the Irishman says. I asked Lady Downshire to give her an order for a ticket for Almack's, which she would not do without consulting her sister patronesses, and they (excepting Lady Bathurst, who was not present) unanimously agreed they would not. I then applied to Lady Bathurst, who gave her an order; but some of the others left directions at the door that she should not have a ticket, or admittance, when she should present the order! What do you think of that story? Luckily Calantha did not go, and the shot missed. But, in the meantime, all London is in arms, including even the patronesses who were not parties to giving the directions last mentioned.

"I was delighted with every part of your letter, excepting that part of it in which you tell me what Alava says of me. I don't believe he meant to apply it to himself. If he does he is very ungrateful; and as to the others, whether men or women, he cannot know the fact. The truth is that for fifteen or sixteen years I have been at the head of armies with but little intermission; and I have long found it necessary to lay aside all private motives in considering publick affairs. I hope that this practice does not make me cold-hearted, or feel a diminished interest for those I am inclined to love. If I may judge by what I feel, I should say it does not; and I am inclined to attribute Alava's *mot* to his long observation of the total indifference with which I viewed everything that came before me, whether relating to friend or foe, rather than to his belief of its literal truth. At all events, I hope you will believe so.

"I hope you will write to me whenever you may

[1] The Rebellion refers to a social opposition to the tyranny of Lady Jersey and her court.

[2] Lady Caroline Lamb. Calantha is the heroine of her novel, "Glenarvon."

have a leisure moment. Remember me kindly to Shelley, and believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

We were visited to-day by M. and Madame Briere, and by M. Ducloux, the banker, who called in the evening with his daughter, and drove us in his *calèche* to see the country. There are above 1,100 English in and near this place. In every hotel there is a perpetual coming and going of travellers. Lord Byron is living near here with Percy Shelley,[1] or rather, with his wife's sister, as the *chronique scandaleuse* says.

Scarcity, owing to the destruction of crops, has been felt here also, and white bread is forbidden, under an *amende* of eight louis d'or. The new regulations about the Swiss cantons appear to give general satisfaction. There is, however, considerable jealousy between the cantons of Vaud and Berne. The people of the Vaud were much attached to Napoleon for having given them liberty. At Geneva, in 1815, great fears were entertained that, on the return of Napoleon, the Vaudois would rise. I am told that, in 1814, the Austrian troops under Bubna,[2] who passed through this country, were extremely bad; and though opposed by French conscripts inferior in number, and without discipline—many of them scarcely knowing how to discharge their muskets—they were far from having the advantage. As they passed along the left bank of the Arve, they were forced to destroy the bridges to secure their retreat—or, rather, to prevent being taken in flank. We ourselves suffered from this

[1] Byron was then living at the Villa Diodati, on the opposite shore of the lake. Shelley, his wife, and her sister by affinity, Claire Clairmont, were living at the Campagne Chapuis, a few minutes' walk from Diodati. Shelley and Byron had returned from their eventful tour round the lake three weeks before these words were written. The "Chronique Scandaleuse" was Brougham.

[2] March 2, 1814. The Austrians were defeated, and lost a thousand men. The French were commanded by Angereau, Dessaix, and Marchand.

yesterday, during an expedition to Mont Salève, being obliged to pass over dreadful roads, and to cross the Arve in a boat. The current is very rapid, and we were roped across it. After crossing, we began to ascend the mountain in our char-à-bancs—the most disagreeable carriage that can be imagined on rough roads. We were terribly shaken. These conveyances are, however, very safe; indeed a char-à-banc is indispensable on these mountain tracks, as no other vehicle could pass along them. As we advanced, the view became very fine. The Môle,[1] with its abrupt summit, which I am told is not more than a couple of yards across, makes a fine contrast, by its sombre tints and shadows, to the bright mantle of Mont Blanc. The other mountains, with their sharp outlines, finished the distant tableau, while the centre of it was occupied by the winding Arve, flowing through a country which, from our point of view, appeared to be flat, richly wooded, and profusely set with villages and farms. At Mornex we left our char-à-banc, and walked to Monti, a mountain village of Savoy. The people here appear to be very poor. At any rate, they are all beggars. Eventually we reached the summit of Mont Salève, and saw the plains of Savoy extending to the Jura. To our right lay Geneva, with its blue lake. We were amply repaid for our jolting in the heat of a July sun, and thoroughly enjoyed the mountain breeze. The Salève mountain has a strange formation, and from every side we saw torrents descending to the plains below. We passed under some rock fissures, from whence the rain was dripping, and saw beneath us huge fragments of rock, which had been arrested in their fall to the Arve, giving a peculiar wildness to the scene, whose grandeur impressed us deeply. After having, like other foolish travellers, written our names upon the rocks, we returned to Monti, and dined under the

[1] Moléson.

trees. Here a Swiss officer joined our party, and gave us some local information. While I wandered through the churchyard I saw the following lines inscribed upon a tombstone:

"HENRI CORNJAD.

"MORT À L'ÂGE DE TROIS ANS. 1814."

"Repose en paix dans ce lieu solitaire,
O mon Henri, tu faisois mon bonheur!
Tu n'as vécu qu'un instant sur la terre,
Mais pour toujours tu vivras dans mon cœur."

A weeping willow had been planted on the grave, which had been recently ornamented with flowers.

We ascended the mountain behind Mornex to the Hermitage, a small cottage with a smiling garden. Its owner had died last year, after spending many years in the adornment of this spot, where he had lived the life of an anchorite. From the top of an observatory in the grounds there is a superb view. We were much struck by the sturdy fidelity of a little six-year-old peasant boy. He had been entrusted with the key of the Hermitage, and told not to admit any one without an order from the lady to whom it belongs. We had forgotten to procure permission, so one of the gentlemen of our party tried to bribe the urchin, with several francs, to admit us. The sturdy chap shook his head, and placed his little hands behind his back. And then, not to be tempted further, he ran down the slopes of the mountain and fetched his brother, a lad of only ten years of age. Our golden key was as little efficacious with him as it had been with his brother, and we should have gone away without seeing the place if one of the party had not told him that we were English. "Ah!" said the boy, "c'est autre chose; alors je dois vous la montrer." We saw it all; and, as we were leaving, we tried to press a few sols into their hands. The first boy would take nothing; and we had to use gentle

pressure to induce his elder brother to accept the trifle which we insisted on giving them. The Swiss are a fine race indeed. We returned home through Chambésy.[1] By payment of a small toll we were permitted to enter that town, the gates having been closed for the night.

. . . . .

Went to Ferney. It seems that during the Revolution the inscription which had been placed upon the church, "Deo erexit Voltaire," was removed, and the tower destroyed. They have replaced the tower in wood. The old sexton told us that Voltaire was constant in his attendance at Mass. The present proprietor of the château keeps two rooms open for visitors, in the same state in which they were during Voltaire's lifetime. Lord Fortescue, who was one of our party, had visited Voltaire here, forty years ago. The garden and the terrace are pretty, and in the *allées* of acacias openings have been cut, through which you gain a fine view of the country, and especially of Mont Blanc. You cannot see the lake from here, but the view towards the Jura is fine.

On the following day we went to a soirée at Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's.[2] It was like a bad London "Drum." Dined with Charles Ellis,[3] but heard nothing new, or instructive. On the following day Madame de Rouvillod called upon me, and took me in her *carrosse coupée* to see several of her friends. They all asked her the same questions, made the same remarks, and seemed to be occupied with the same little interests. Madame de Rouvillod is decidedly superior to her surroundings. She is one of the two-hundred-old families who do not mix with the rest

[1] The Empress Josephine had a villa here. In 1815 it was inhabited by Queen Hortense.

[2] Jane, eldest daughter of first Viscount Duncan, married 1800 Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, Bart. She was born in 1774 and died in 1834.

[3] Charles Rose Ellis (1771—1845), a Member of Parliament, and a friend of Canning. Created Baron Seaford in 1826.

of the town. She said: "Les étrangers nous trouvent très orgueilleux; mais n'ayant pas de noblesse, nous n'avons que l'ancienneté de nos familles pour toute distinction." They never intermarry, or associate with the rest. Madame de Rouvillod disapproves of the system which brings members of their small coterie together on Sundays. She says that they quarrel in childhood, and when they grow up, they are bored to death by being so constantly in each other's society. As they see too much of each other, they have very little respect for age. When their parents are present at *réunions*, they find the party very dull, and when they are absent, the young people have nothing better to do than quarrel. It gives point to the proverb: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Madame Rouvillod's grandson, aged five, was in the carriage with us. Madame said: "Il a déjà sa société, et les enfants de son âge se rassemblent tous les dimanches dans les différentes maisons, où ils restent sans bonnes, ni parents, pour les soigner. Aussi ils se battent bien! Mais c'est impossible de changer l'ancien usage."

In speaking on this subject with Monsieur De Saussure,[1] I remarked how little conversation there must be among people who had known each other from infancy, and who have no relations outside the town gates. He replied: "Ah, madame, nous apprenons de bonne heure le métier de nous ennuyer."

After our drive I dined with Madame de Rouvillod and Monsieur de la Rive, Head of the Police, an agreeable old man. The children dined with us. The dinner was not good. There was a curious *laitage* which comes from Savoy, made of sheep's

[1] Nicolas Théodore De Saussure, born 1767, died 1845, was the eldest son of the celebrated physicist, Horace Benedict De Saussure. As a young man he accompanied his father in the Alpine journeys, and assisted him in his scientific researches.

milk, which is reckoned a great delicacy. I did not like it. It turns sour so easily, that in summer women bring it at night-time in baskets covered with ice.

Next day was a fête-day, on which many prizes are given away. A large vessel full of people went far upon the lake, and returned after dark, firing many small cannons, to the great glee of the Genevese. The salute was answered by little cannons on the shore; after which there were fireworks in a garden. It was like a second-rate Tivoli, and there were so many vulgar English looking on, that I was (as at Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's) bored to death. Next day there was a cricket match on Plain Palais.

I shall with pleasure leave this little republic. It is the most despotic government I ever saw. Everything is done, or forbidden, by law; and everything is on so small a scale, that legislation becomes ridiculous. The people are dull and commercial. The women in general are pretty. They appear to be extremely fond of the English, whose residence here has turned Geneva into an English watering-place.

Mr. Brougham accompanied me to the library, to the Plain Palais, and to other sights. The day has been quite beautiful, and Mr. Brougham very agreeable. After dinner at Lady Euston's, Mr. Brougham accompanied me to Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's. The room was full. Lord Byron looked in for a moment, but on seeing so many people he went away without speaking to any one. He was evidently very much put out about something; and the expression on his face was somewhat demoniacal. What a strange person! They say that he will have nothing to say to the crowds of English who almost dog his footsteps.

Sunday, July 28.—We set off for Chamonix. The female reapers were waiting at the gates of the town for admittance. No foot passengers are admitted

until after divine service. I never before left any place without regret, and I never wish to re-enter Geneva.

. . . . .

The country is not particularly fine to Bonneville,[1] where we dined. During dinner it became cloudy, and just as we entered the fine valley leading to Cluses, the rain began, and with but few pauses continued for the remainder of the day. I cannot imagine anything finer than the termination of the Monts Vergi, which are calcareous, at the point where they join those of granite which overhang the road close to Cluses. There appears to be no way through, and one expects to be obliged to climb an apparently inaccessible mountain. But passing through the narrow street of this picturesque village, one comes upon a narrow ledge, which runs along the bank of the foaming Arve. That river dashes impetuously against its banks, and frequently overflows the road to the utter discomfiture of all vehicular traffic. On our left we saw masses of granite of stupendous height, from whence huge blocks are continually falling, to the imminent risk of the traveller. Only a few days ago a large mass of granite had fallen across our present path. The neighbourhood of Maglan formed a pleasing contrast to the wild scenery we had passed. Nothing can be more luxuriant than the vegetation, the foliage of the trees, and the clearness of the bubbling springs which issue from the soil at our feet. The only thing needed for our complete enjoyment was the hot sun, which might have been expected at this time of the year. How beautiful would then have appeared the sylvan bowers of Maglan!

We passed the Nant d'Arpenaz, a waterfall which descends 800 feet, and is finally lost in a cloud of

[1] As an example of the varying moods and impressions of travellers, it is interesting to note the words used by Hobhouse, who made exactly the same journey one month later. "Went through a fine country to Bonneville."

spray. It had the appearance of white smoke, or combed wool, until, uniting lower down in a thousand different falls, it dashes into the Arve. The rock through which it issues is composed of layers in a semi-circular form, which gives it a curious aspect. The bright patches of verdure due to the continual moisture from the spray—verdure upon which goats were browsing—the deep red and grey tones of the rocks surmounted by dark, diminutive pine trees which kissed the sky, would inspire the brush of a Poussin. I gazed enraptured on a scene glorified by a gleam of the setting sun, and thought of the poet's line:

"Bright, moist, and green, the landscape laughed around."

After leaving this fairy-land, we crossed over the ancient bed of the Arve—a river which is perpetually changing its course, and leaves a slimy sand through which our horses had some difficulty in dragging us. The postilion pointed out a former road, now covered with water, over which last year he had to gallop hard, as the ground was giving way from under his horses' feet. We slept at St. Martin, an excellent inn, beautifully situated, looking upon Sallanches, which is on the opposite bank of the river. Behind it the ground rises, clothed with fine oaks, like an English park.

July 29.—Heavy rain until noon, when it cleared a little, and I mounted my mule, while Shelley and Angelique, my maid, travelled in the char-à-banc. We followed the windings of the Arve for some distance. If I had been asked, I should have said that it would be impossible for a carriage of any kind to traverse such a road. The river had washed away so much of the bank, which had been raised at least twenty feet above the normal flow of the stream, that a boat would have been very useful at times; while, on the land side of the road, huge boulders projected

nearly to the centre, which compelled the guide to lift the hind wheels of the carriage to avoid a collision. Fortunately our driver was used to this sort of thing, and we got along somehow, as far as Chède. Here we alighted and walked up to the cascade, by a path which the late rains had made very slippery. We were lucky in the day, for the sun shone brightly. Alas! we arrived too late to see the rainbow, which had been so much admired by travellers. This roaring torrent, as it dashes impetuously over huge blocks of rock, on its way towards the Arve, is certainly a sublime spectacle; I have never seen a finer fall. We ascended a steep mountain, and, in a downpour of rain, passed the Lake of Chède. But we lost its especial attraction, which consists in its wonderful transparency and the brilliance of its reflections. The rain marred everything; and of course we did not see the summit of Mont Blanc, which, in fine weather, is reflected in that lake as in a mirror.[1]

Soon after passing the lake, a violent thunderstorm began, and we passed over the fragments of a mountain, which, in 1776, became detached, and rolled over a large tract of land. The country still bears traces of the desolation it occasioned. Huge blocks of grey marble have been hurled in every direction, as though there had been a conflict between the Titanides. In the midst of this wild scene, we reached the black torrent, which dashes through a deep ravine, its waters being coloured by the beds of slate through which it forces itself.

The torrent often carries away great blocks of rock on its furious course. It is not possible to bridge it without great expense—and the poverty of the people would not justify the outlay—so we had to cross it in a primitive fashion. I passed through it on my mule, and on reaching the opposite bank I

[1] In 1837, a *débâcle* of black mud and stones descended into that lake, and, filling it, wiped it out for ever.

watched the passage of our char-à-banc. About twenty peasants, male and female, who had followed us up the hill, lifted the vehicle and stepped fearlessly into the rapid stream. I never saw a finer subject for a painter. The women, who worked as hard as the men, wore short red petticoats, and broad black beaver hats. Their appearance, wading through the black waters in the height of a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, made a picture which I shall never forget. If I had the genius of Salvator I could reproduce it upon canvas, for the admiration of the world. I can see every detail, as I write, with vivid distinctness. Bright gleams of sunlight lit up the distant valley; while above our heads all was dark. Hailstones as large as nuts fell upon us, and caused us to hasten our steps to Servoz: but I did not in the least regret the wetting, nor the temporary discomfort of that passage among the mountains. I had seen Nature in one of her sublimest aspects, clothed in all the majesty of wild grandeur.

At Servoz we dined on trout and omelettes, and then proceeded on our journey. The mountains round Servoz form a complete amphitheatre, and the plain is richly cultivated. Eventually we reached a narrow pass, where the Pont Pélissier crosses the Arve. From hence the track assumes a truly Alpine aspect. It winds round a rock covered with Alpine plants. The Arve flows through a fine ravine, and on its further bank are masses of pine-clad rock which ascend abruptly to the clouds. The valley of Servoz is soon lost in the windings of the track; and before us stood Mont Blanc, whose summit was tinged by a thousand varying hues, kissed by the last rays of the setting sun. The effect was sublime indeed, and brightened a landscape otherwise of the darkest tones. On reaching the highest point we caught our first view of the

Glacier des Bossons. No painting that I have seen gives one the least idea of the peculiar tone of colouring of this wonderful glacier. It is a mixture of alum and starch, as seen from a distance. To this, as you approach nearer, is joined a transparency, of which the blue tint of the opal comes the nearest.

As we entered the valley of Chamonix—which is entirely pasture land—we were struck by the appearance of the women. They are accustomed for half the year to brave the mountain air and the scorching sun, the other half to remain almost smoke-dried in their châlets. This give them rather the appearance of men than of women. They wear petticoats, scarcely reaching to the knee, breeches, and cloak made of goatskin; while on their heads they wear a broad black beaver hat. They carry long staves, with which they hustle along herds of goats and cows, whose deep-toned bells re-echo from the surrounding mountains. The children are pretty, with quantities of sun-bleached hair; and some of the very young women look fresh and intelligent.

Both men and women are civil to strangers, whom they invariably salute in passing. After crossing some torrents, we walked to the Glacier des Bossons. Several women followed us, offering milk, which we drank to please them. The rain again pursued us, and drove us back to Chamonix, wet and cold. Having secured the services of the guide Pierre Balmat[1] for the next day, we went exhausted to our beds.

July 30.—Alas! all our hopes of fine weather are destroyed. Snow has fallen on the mountains

[1] In 1784 Pierre Balmat and Marie Couttet accompanied De Saussure on his abortive attempt to ascend Mont Blanc. Jacques Balmat, probably a relation of Pierre, succeeded in reaching the summit with Dr. Paccard in 1786. De Saussure did not reach the goal of his ambition until 1787, only six days before Colonel Beaufoy, an Englishman. In 1816 Jacques Balmat was, in his fifty-fifth year, still a vigorous climber. In September 1834 he was killed by a fall from some rocks bordering the valley of Sixt, to the N.E. Balmat was at that time seventy-two years of age.

during the night, and the rain is so persistent, that we were compelled to abandon our excursion to Montanvert. In these circumstances we amused ourselves by visiting the cabinet of a *marchand naturaliste*, where I bought a collection of plants and minerals. We wandered over every part of the house. Its chimneys are immense, and have trap-doors at the top, which can be closed at pleasure. The kitchen chimney is in the centre of the room, and stoves are placed in all the others. Cows, goats, and domestic fowls are all under the same roof. The windows are extremely small. They tell me that it is not unusual to have from fourteen to seventeen feet of snow on the plain near Argentière. In the neighbourhood of the village of Chamonix, there is not generally more than four or five feet of snow in the winter months. The inhabitants seldom leave the châlets, their chief occupation being, as they told us, to keep themselves warm.

At about four o'clock, we went to try to find our way to the Source of the Arveiron. We managed to get on the wrong side of the river, but found an old peasant, who carried me over on his back! It was a lovely walk through a forest of dark fir trees, and we enjoyed exploring our way to the Source, which we accomplished by scrambling over rocks surrounded by rhododendrons, whose dark crimson flowers make a fine contrast with the deep green of the firs which surround the Source of the Arveiron. While seated on an immense block of granite, the river dashing at our feet, we contemplated the clear blue arch of ice, from whence the stream issues. The mouth enlarges during the summer months, and closes during the winter, through the accumulation of frozen water above. The Source is constantly changing its situation, and the river its bed. As we were returning along the direct road to Chamonix, the sun suddenly broke

through the clouds, and quickly dispersed the dense vapours which had shrouded Mont Blanc. It was, for me, a moment of ecstasy; and the beauty of the spectacle was enhanced by occasional cloud-drifts which passed swiftly over the summit of the dome—for a moment veiling, in order to increase, the splendour of its reappearance. After our return to our auberge, we enjoyed the finest sight in Nature: the setting sun reflected upon the snows of this majestic mountain, which added tints and richness to the verdure of this fertile valley. The moon then slowly rose, clear and bright, with promise of fine weather for the morrow. We went to out beds contented by the prophecy of our guide, that our excursion to Montanvert would be made in glorious weather.

July 31.—How disappointed we were at midnight, to hear the rain pattering against our windows! Alas! this morning there is no hope whatever of a fine day. We watched until noon every brightening in the sullen, pitiless clouds, and, as there seemed to be no prospect of better things, I persuaded Shelley to allow me to go to Montanvert without him. As it was not possible to spend another day at Chamonix, this was my only chance; so I resolved to brave the elements alone with Pierre Balmat. Everybody said that I should bitterly repent my rashness, except my maid Angelique, who had made up her mind to share my fortunes. We dressed ourselves in the hats and coats of the peasants, and, mounting our mules, set off under the care of two guides—Pierre Balmat and Marie Couttet. Angelique rode *à califourchon.* From the moment we set out until our return at seven o'clock, the violent downpour did not cease, even for a moment. And yet we neither of us regretted our expedition. The mules did wonders. The trees gave us a shower-bath at every step, and the ground was so slippery that we could scarcely stand on our feet. But when, on reaching Montanvert, I beheld the Mer de Glace in

all the fine desolation—a picture which the elements intensified—all my discomforts were forgotten. I felt the presence of God, and realised that state of chaos from which this lovely world has been formed. I walked on that frozen sea, and gazed on chasms tinged with a deep blue, into whose depths no eye can penetrate. Through a snowstorm I beheld indistinctly the savage barrenness of the rocks on the further shore, while loud peals of thunder reverberated from side to side. And then, in the far distance, I heard that awful sound—once heard never forgotten—caused by falling avalanches, and rolling stones which bounded, from rock to rock, into the valley below. It was a sublime experience. The Mer de Glace, which from above appeared to undulate but gently, we found, on reaching it, to be broken into pointed ice crags of every fantastic shape. This wonderful glacier imperceptibly moves immense granite blocks, year by year, pushing them towards the valley with irresistible force, little heeding the wooden crosses which superstitious peasants and priests, with much pomp, place there to arrest its progress! I never before felt so near Eternity as I did at that moment. And yet, while bending over those awful crevasses, I felt no fear, and quitted this savage scene with a regret which, had I visited it in finer weather and with a gay party, I should not have experienced.

When I entered the pavilion, I was very glad to crouch over a fire which the shepherd had made, and drank, with real pleasure, some hot milk and brandy. Thus refreshed, we began to descend, and found the road excessively slippery and tiring. I leant on the shoulder of Balmat, who, in spite of his pointed stick, made frequent stumbles, and thus we went laughing along, sliding more often than walking. While crossing a ravine, our mirth was checked by seeing some large boulders rolling down the hill towards us. We ran back a few paces, and escaped them. We then quietly crossed the ravine, and waited

in the woods for my maid, who was some distance behind. When she came up to us, we warned her of the falling stones; she said that she had heard them, and regretted not having seen them fall. The words were scarcely out of her mouth when suddenly an immense block of granite came bounding past her. She covered her eyes. Angelique had no wish to see any more stones; and we hastened our pace down the zig-zag paths. In rainy weather these falling boulders appear to be of frequent occurrence. At six o'clock we reached our auberge, wet to the skin. For six hours we had been regaled by the praises of our guides, who seemed delighted with our gaiety and enthusiasm. I never enjoyed anything more, and was indeed thankful that I had not been deterred by the awful weather.

August 1.—In spite of the persistent rain, we made up our minds to make a start for the Tête Noire, which the guides told us is more picturesque than the Col de Balme. As the latter was completely enveloped in clouds, and the rain on the snow had made the track impracticable for our mules, we took the advice of our guides. We passed the glacier and village of Argentière, turned to the left, and followed the steep ascent to the edge of a rapid torrent. As we passed some châlets, the inhabitants flocked to their doors to have a good look at us. We then entered upon a wild and barren district, watered in every direction by mountain streams. Avalanches had effaced the traces of the path that had once existed. We saw the dangerous Buet, which has been so fatal to mountain climbers. Last year a young man was making an ascent with an inexperienced guide, and was precipitated into a crevasse. His guide, after giving the alarm, took to flight, and has not since been heard of.

Some hours later Pierre Balmat and others extricated the lifeless body of this young man from its bed of snow. I cannot bear to think of his sufferings during

the long hours before death released him—there were all the appearances of a long unavailing fight for life in the body when found.

We passed the *hameau* of Valorsine, whose church has been more than once swept away by avalanches, and which is now surrounded by a wall of masonry nine feet thick. The country hereabouts is of a beautiful verdure, and the pine forests magnificent. We began to descend steps cut out of the rock, our mules jumping first with their front feet, and then with their hinder ones. Both Angelique and I rode our mules astride. We were smothered in plaids and great-coats, and must have cut strange figures. Angelique's straw hat had got so out of shape from the rain, that it now had four angles from which the water poured copiously. Her white, terrified face made such a contrast to her droll habiliments and stiff attitude, that I nearly fell from my mule in a paroxysm of laughter. Her invariable good humour, under very trying circumstances, has been quite delightful. On a woman's saddle, it would have been impossible to sit the mules. We crossed a torrent over a real Alpine bridge—two trees laid across the foaming waters—without any rail to give confidence, and entered the dark forest of the Tête Noire. The road was scarcely passable, even on foot, with ascending and descending steps round huge boulders, in the centre of the track, round which the mules twisted themselves, taking care to keep as near as possible to the edge of the precipice! Experience has taught these sagacious animals, while carrying their burthens, to give the rocks as wide a berth as possible.

While halting at a fountain to drink, we met a party of gentlemen from Martigny, winding down the zig-zag track above our heads, like a scene in a play. The effect was picturesque. We came across a fine granite rock with a natural cave capable of holding at least thirty people. My imagination suggested banditti, to

which the savage Salvator-like scene around us lent some probability.

I have, at last, beheld that really wild Alpine scenery of which I had heard so much. The keen enjoyment I felt when on the brink of these precipices is not easily described. A dark forest rose majestically above me. A roaring torrent shouted at my feet. The opposite rocks were thickly clothed with pines. Some had been blasted by the winter storms, others lay prostrate in the torrent, whose remorseless waves passed swiftly over them. Far away stood the snow-capped mountains, whose summits kissed the azure sky, while fleecy clouds, descending half-way down, seemed to draw the earth to heaven. After leaving the forest we entered a fertile valley, in which a few châlets and a church represent the village of Trient. Here are the rocks of pudding-stone described by De Saussure. In one of these châlets we partook of an excellent repast, consisting of boiled milk, eggs, cheese, and the best honey in the world. The honey was quite hard, and cut like cheese. They told us it was three years old and had been kept in earthen pipkins underground. I am sure that Tweedale is right in recommending a milk diet during excursions to the mountains. I never felt less tired than during this thirty-mile ride over detestable roads. After our dinner we ascended the Forclas, which rises abruptly above the village, and joined the road which leads to the Col de Balme. The ascent is very rapid. The hill is covered with laburnums in full bloom. During the earlier part of the day we gathered many rhododendrons, and sweet Alpine roses without thorns. The air was perfumed by the breath of every variety of Alpine flower. Often, even in the wildest scenery, one sees green patches rising high upon the mountain sides, while the tinkling of deep-mouthed bells marks the site of châlets, some perched above the clouds, the summer residence of this hardy, industrious race. On the top of the Forclas there are the

finest larch trees that I ever saw; their girth is immense. Below us lay the Canton Valais. The setting sun illumined the distant town of Sion, which lies on the Simplon route. We followed the winding route that leads to Martigny, at the foot of a mountain covered with fine Spanish chestnuts and walnut trees. We saw the road that leads to the Grand St. Bernard, with its old castle and picturesque houses, which formed a striking contrast to the wild scenery we had passed. It seemed as though we had passed, in one short day, from a northern winter to a southern summer. The trees on each side of us were bowed under the weight of cherries and walnuts. Vines clothed the sides of the hills. In the midst of this luxuriance, where Nature smiled so brightly, man alone was defective. The villages are dirty and disgusting, and their inhabitants are mostly goiterous and idiotic. There is a dunghill before every door. Goats move about the kitchen, and the children have large heads, and a vacant expression on their sallow faces. The dirt and ugliness of the Valaisians are notorious, and I am bound to say that we did not meet with a single exception. I had a long talk with Pierre Balmat on the subject of goitre. He told me of a wonderful cure which had been performed by a native of Argentine upon himself. He was personally acquainted with the man before, and has seen him often since. He will swear to the truth of his statement. When this man was about seven-and-twenty, he was laughed at, and tormented by his companions about his goitre, which was immense. One night, at a cabaret, where he had been more tormented than usual, he left his companions and shut himself up in a room. While seated before a looking-glass he took a common clasp knife, removed the outer skin, took out the goitre, and replaced the skin where it had been. He then spread some ointment over the wound, and bound it up. In a short time the skin grew together

again, and he has never since had the least appearance of a goitre. The goitre resembled a lump of solid flesh.[1]

Balmat's character, and veracity, which no one here doubts, induce me to believe the story. Both Balmat and our other guide, Marie Couttet, are of opinion that goitre—that awful scourge in Switzerland—is a humour in the blood induced by drinking snow-water and encouraged by the close confinement in the valleys. But the locality of the disorder—in identical situations—does not account for the origin of this terrible malady. Balmat maintains that no child was ever born with goitre in its system. Somehow, it is quickly engendered, and often appears before the child is four years of age.

We reached Martigny through a dirty suburb, larger than the town itself, and put up at Le Cygne, a good auberge kept by a very pretty woman. She complains bitterly of the weather, which is destroying all the crops. She says that after having been nearly ruined by the war, they are now threatened by famine. She also complained of the conduct of the Austrian troops, who plundered the inhabitants most cruelly. She attributes this to the hatred of the Genevois, who told the Austrians that the people of the Valais sympathised with the French.

MARTIGNY, *August* 2.—We left the bad weather in the mountains. The sun arose in all its glory and bathed the Valais in its golden light. I bade farewell,

[1] The most generally accepted view among physicians now, is that the malady is due to drinking water impregnated with the salts of lime and magnesia, in which ingredients the water of goitrous districts appears always to abound. But this theory alone is inadequate, because in localities not far removed from those in which goitre prevails (and where the water is of the same chemical composition) the disease may be entirely unknown. It is safe to regard goitre as the result of a combination of causes, among which local malarial influences concur with those of the drinking water in developing the disease. It is not considered desirable to attempt to remove goitre by surgical means. The best system is absorption, by application of an ointment of biniodide of mercury, assisted by a long exposure to the rays of the sun.

with real regret, to our old guide Balmat, and to Marie Couttet.[1]

I entered our comfortable carriage with delight, and passed along a beautiful valley watered by the rapid Trient of the Tête Noire. The Rhône at this part is not of that deep blue so beautiful a feature at Geneva. Here the Rhône wears the tint of all snow torrents, to be later purified by its repose in the clear waters of Lac Leman. We approached the Pisse-Vache, which looks insignificant from this side, and made us regret the noble torrents which we passed yesterday. But as we came nearer, its size, and volume of water, compelled us to admit that it deserved its renown as the most lovely cascade in all Switzerland. A ruined cottage near the fall marks the spot from whence its inhabitants were driven by an immense moraine, or fall of stones. These unfortunate people, who lost all their worldly possessions, happily escaped with their lives before the cottage was destroyed. An intelligent little girl showed me the spot, now covered with a fine block of granite, where a French soldier, from the same cause, met the death which he had escaped on the plains of Marengo. When the poor fellow was found, he was holding a book. He had evidently been reading. His head was crushed to pieces, and his staff and wallet lay at his side. The rocks, which rise to a great height on each side of this fertile valley, contract in the neighbourhood of St. Maurice. That town is not unlike Cluses, and closes the entrance to the valley, which is watered by the Rhône. They are widening the cornice by the banks of that river, over which a fine bridge with a single arch leads into the Pays de Vaud. The road to Bex is shaded by fine walnut trees, and on each side the land is richly cultivated. On our arrival at Bex we dined at the table d'hôte. We had not time to visit the salt

[1] Marie Couttet, one of De Saussure's guides in 1787, was fifty-five years old at this time, 1816.

works, which are chiefly remarkable for the subterranean passages cut out of the solid rock. The fact that the great Haller resided at Roche has made this classic ground. After dinner we passed Aigle, and stopped at the marble quarries. Water saws are much used for cutting both stone and timber. At Villeneuve we reached the lake, and our drive along its bank was delightful. Alas! the inundations have had grievous results. All the gardens bordering on the lake are completely under water. We saw women hard at work trying to rescue their vegetables, while the men were bringing the hay home in boats. The Castle of Chillon is a fine subject for the pencil; and the whole of Rousseau's classic ground from here to Vevey is well worthy of his eloquent description. Vevey is lovely. We walked on the marge of the lake by moonlight. The scene was worthy of the brush of Vernet and reminded me of my favourite landscape by that great master, now at the Louvre. The violent storm which burst upon Vevey on July 31, has torn up by the roots seven huge poplars on the public walk.

August 3.—The red sky of last evening has proved treacherous. It promised a fine morrow. When we arose it was pouring in torrents, and continued thus nearly the whole day. This was the more to be regretted, as we passed through most lovely scenery. We ascended for about six miles above Vevey, being drawn by six horses. The mountains leading to the Gruyère country formed a fine background to the wooded banks of the Veveyse and the rich pasture on either side of it. At Châtel St. Denis we entered a dairy country, like Cheshire, extending for many miles. Here the cheese is made. We dined at Bulle, which a few years ago had been entirely destroyed by fire. It is now in part rebuilt, but owing to the costly plan laid down by Government, most of the peasants have forsaken their old

haunts in the town, and have built their dwellings on their own land in the neighbourhood. For that reason the population of Bulle is much diminished. Our landlord, at the inn, gave me some information respecting the management of the farms. The higher ground is let out for the summer. This year some of the best pastures have been entirely covered by snow. The merchants who buy the cheeses often keep them for twenty years, by washing them with wine. They consider them better for age. The milk of these cheeses is entirely from the cow, and is turned with rennet. The peculiarity is in the way the curd is worked, and in the pasture land. We tasted three different kinds of cheese. That from the higher ground is the most valuable.

We slept at Fribourg, a most singular town, built on so steep a hill that, in some of the streets, our carriage passed over the roofs of the houses, and through the smoke which issued from the chimneys at the side of the street. They showed us with pride a lime tree which had been planted by a soldier on his return from the Battle of Morat in 1476. It is still flourishing. Nothing is talked of here but the approaching Musical Festival, which is to be held in a few days. The performers are all amateurs from different towns in Switzerland. They assemble annually in a different canton. Three hundred young ladies are to sing in the cathedral, and to execute—I believe in the malicious acceptation of the word—Haydn's "Creation." The Queen and the Prince Royal of Sweden have taken a large house for the occasion.

This being Sunday, we saw all the varieties of national costume, which is a marked feature of this place. The French and the German parts of Fribourg are dressed differently. The weather is glorious. As we were leaving we passed through the whole town, and saw all the beautiful windings of the Sarine.

We were obliged to get an especial permit to have the town gates opened, as they are always closed during the hours of divine service. As we drove along through a rich, enclosed country, varied by hill and dale, one might have imagined oneself in England. But, on meeting groups of peasants, dressed as one sees them at the opera, all ideas of England vanished. They were coming from Mass. The young men, as well as the women, wore nosegays. Our road led us to a small river, which separates the cantons of Fribourg and Berne. Here we were surprised by the sudden change both of language and of dress. They declare that on one side of the bridge German is not understood, and on the other side not one word of French. So true is this that not even the men who examined our passports, nor the people at the cottages where I stopped to sketch, close to the bridge, could understand what we said! The religion also changes. We always knew when we were in a Protestant canton by the superiority of the roads, and by the land being better farmed, and the cottages neater. This applies especially to the Canton of Berne, which is, I believe, the richest and the happiest spot in the whole world. There are no taxes; and the government is universally praised as equitable, mild, and enlightened. The people of the Vaud, who are oppressed by taxes which increase from day to day, already regret their liberty. I have no doubt there will soon be a revolt, which will once more unite their canton to that of Berne.

The black lace caps, which stick out from the peasants' heads like the wings of a butterfly, are the habiliments of winter—summer, indeed, there has been none! At Berne some of the women wore a coquettish little flat hat, with a bouquet of flowers attached, which is so much more becoming. The peasants go to great expense in their dress. It is

not at all unusual for a complete suit to cost thirty louis. The women of a district near Berne[1] wear petticoats above their knees, and are so proud of their legs, that if they have not good ones by nature (which is unusual), they wear false calves. So much, then, for Swiss simplicity!

I cannot describe the beauty and *riante* aspect of the town of Berne. We longed to make some stay there. After dining at the table d'hôte, where six English people dined in silence, which we could not break, while two Germans gobbled their food, and jabbered their uncouth dialect, which they seemed to hurl at each other, we sallied forth to see the town. Having visited Chamonix, we found the Cabinet of Natural History very interesting. It was founded by the great Haller.[2] In a ditch close to the gates of the town they keep bears and stags. A crowd of peasants collected at this spot, and gave us quite as much amusement as the animals caused them. There are stone arcades on each side of the broad streets, under which are the shops. In front of every shop is a bench, on which, in the heat, or during the wet weather, the *bourgeoises* can sit in the air and display their finery. A great many fountains, and a stream of water down the middle of the street, prevent the smell which, in foreign towns, is generally so unpleasant.

I never saw anything so beautiful as the walk we now entered. Before us lay this ancient town, backed by the Jungfrau and her attendant Alps. To the right rolled the clear Aar, whose verdant, wooded banks rise from the edge of the water to the winding

[1] Guggisberg.

[2] Albrecht von Haller (1708—1777), Swiss anatomist and physiologist. His best energies were devoted to botanical and anatomical researches, which gave him a European reputation.

avenue of magnificent limes, which form an impenetrable shade. When we reached the top of the hill, on a square, shaded plateau, we saw numbers of people of all ranks drinking tea, coffee, or cream. They were merry as they sat under the trees, and above the hum of voices one heard the tinkling bells of the kine that were feeding on the sloping banks to the river's side, We remained on this lovely spot long after every one else had departed, and returned home by a circuitous route through a wood, where there are various drives. The bright moon tempted us to continue our walk round the other side of the town called "le petit Rempert." Nowhere have I seen so much beauty and so much *gaieté de cœur* as were concentrated on this spot.

What an ideal place this would be for the society of a chosen few! As we walked homewards, we met a party of soldiers singing in parts one of their national airs. It was a scene worthy of a poet's fancy.

We left Berne with deep regret the next morning. A bright sun, and every prospect of good weather, made our drive in a light barouche to Thun delightful. Here we embarked in a boat covered by an awning to protect us from the sun. Alas! the fatal hour of noon brought soaking showers, which continued, with bright intervals, for the rest of the day. The banks of the lake are rather tame, but the background of Alps, and the bold Niesen are unequalled. In four hours we reached Unspannen, and in a soaking rain mounted the most crazy char I ever saw, with the promise of a better one at Unterseen. As we were impatient to reach Interlaken, we made the best of it. Our old driver—a greater bore I never met—had starved the wretched horse that dragged us along. He promised to get us a better conveyance for the journey to Grindelwald, where we proposed to spend the night.

While our dinner was preparing in one of those pleasant wooden verandahs common to all houses in this part of Switzerland, we walked across a covered wooden bridge over the Aar, and ascended a hill opposite to Interlaken from whence there is a lovely view. I made a sketch here; but how futile the attempt to convey an idea of the varying tints of this Alpine scenery! That constant variety, caused by passing clouds, by transient showers, by distant rainbows, and the golden or lilac tints of the sun upon the now visible, now veiled mountains, how impossible the task of an artist! How coquettish are those Alps, as they retire behind the wreathed clouds, just at the moment when we admire them most, and feel so secure of their presence! Thus are our enjoyments chequered, even by the sublime beauties of Nature! We were destined to feel this to-day. How *triste* was the *finale* of our gaily begun expedition! After an excellent dinner, we mounted our char-à-banc—an improvement on the one that had brought us here—and found, to our dismay, that the horse was the same. Poor beast! instead of resting, it had been made to trot back to Unterseen, and return with a heavier vehicle! Every other horse was out, and we had no time to lose. Many attempts were made to get a jog-trot out of the weary animal, always in vain. Our progress was so slow that we feared being benighted in these wild scenes. This took much of the charm from the excursion. It diminished our pleasure at following the course of the rushing waters of the Lütschine, which issues in two streams from the glaciers of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. The slow progress of our wretched nag, and the increasing darkness compelled us to give up Grindelwald and take shelter (for we expected little more) at Lauterbrunnen. We walked the greater part of the way. The frowning heights over our heads threaten this valley with the fate of Goldau. We passed the cascade of the Sausbach, which is fine,

and prepared us to admire the famous Staubbach. Alas! our disappointment was great at finding it far below its reputation. It is certainly of great height, about 900 feet, but it is not to be compared to the Pisse-Vache. We approached near enough to be drenched with the spray. Just as we were turning from this fall, cold, cross, and wet, a number of women, whom we had not observed, set up a dreadful howl, which they called the Ranz des Vaches. It sounded like the crowing of a cock, and almost drowned the noise of the falling water. It was barely human. I never shall forget that awful sound. We laughed in spite of ourselves, and returned in good humour to our little inn. All my romance had flown.[1]

From my window next morning I could see the Staubbach. Alas! It was a wet morning. We were in for a drive of four hours, and a soaking! We set out with heavy hearts. In consequence of the bad weather, and the wretched condition of our horse, we were obliged to give up our excursion to Grindelwald. We therefore reluctantly retraced our steps to Interlaken. As we were passing along the narrow road we heard the sound of wheels coming up behind us, and saw a runaway horse, attached to a char-à-banc which contained two peasants, approaching at full speed. One of the peasants was thrown violently to the ground within a few feet of us: while the other man was trying to jump off, he was caught between the shafts. Our driver with great presence of mind, went to the rescue, and stopped the runaway horse. Providentially, neither of the men was seriously hurt. The accident arose from the pack-thread, which they call reins, breaking; this frightened the horse. We derived consolation from the thought that there was no probability of our nag doing the same!

We passed the spot where the Fête of Interlaken, so

[1] As this visit (August 1816) preceded the visit of Byron by one month, the inspiring lines in "Manfred" had not been written.

graphically described by Madame de Staël in "L'Allemagne," is held. On our arrival at Unspannen we re-embarked on the lake, and reached Thun in time for dinner. The rain had now abated, so I took my maid up the hill to the castle, and was rewarded by a magnificent view from the summit.

Our evening drive was delightful, and we enjoyed the comfort of our clean barouche, which we should in England have called a "bone-setter," but which was luxurious by comparison with the char-à-banc. We passed down avenues of cherry trees, laden with ripe fruit, and were much struck by the good humour of the peasant girls. Mounted on their frail ladders, with a basket on one arm, they threw handfuls of cherries into our carriage, and appeared to enjoy our eagerness in catching the fruit.

At Berne we found Lord Fortescue and his son, who envied us the good apartments which we had taken the precaution to retain during our absence. The whole town was full. The Prince of Würtemberg[1] with his wife were there.

. . .

On a lovely day we left Berne, and slept at Zofingen, where we found that our rooms had, on the preceding night, been occupied by our friends the Seftons, whom we were sorry to have just missed. The trout which they cooked for our supper had been kept in the village fountain, and our landlady used to catch them alive for her guests. This is one of the luxuries of a Swiss inn. The maid in her Bernoise dress delighted us, and I practised my bad German upon her.

Next day we dined at Sursee, near the Sempacher lake, a place celebrated as the scene of the battle (1386) by which Swiss Independence was established. It was fought on the east shore of the lake, behind the little town of Sempach. The heroic conduct of

[1] Now King. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

Arnold of Winkelried has been celebrated by Wordsworth:

> "He of battle-martyrs chief!
> Who, to recall his daunted peers,
> For victory shaped an open space,
> By gath'ring, with a wide embrace,
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears."

. . . . .

We arrived early at Lucerne, where there is nothing of interest beyond its beauty to detain the traveller. After dining at table d'hôte in a magnificent salon with some disagreeable Englishmen, we ordered our coachman to meet us with the carriage at Zug, and embarked on the lake at five o'clock.

The lake, like a mirror, reflected every object with tints as brilliant as the original colouring. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, we could see the newly built inn on the top of the Rigiberg, 5,000 feet above the lake. We passed a fine forest backed by Mont Pilatus, whose rugged summit, to all appearances inaccessible, has lately been attained by venturesome climbers. The mountains, which are of secondary formation, seem to have been a sport of Nature in her gayest mood, while here and there a passing caprice seems to have produced the sublime rocks which tower among them, like a commingling of frowns and smiles. The lake itself is as fanciful as its shores. A sudden calm is succeeded by as quick a tempest; and when the sun is most brilliant the winds are most treacherous. We were ignorant of this as we skimmed over the transparent surface of the water, and our evening row was entrancing. We passed the Gorge into the Alpacher See, and lingered till the setting sun had tinged the distant shores with the brightest lilac, and suffused with gold the summits of the nearer snow mountains. Here and there shot up above the beeches on the sloping shore a bold, bare promontory, on which some pious fairy

seems to have planted a tiny receptacle for the sacred emblem of the Christian faith!

Thus did we prolong our pleasure until our arrival at Stantstad in the dark. One of the boatmen carried our portmanteau, and we walked along a narrow valley. The road was bordered by walnut trees, and though it was eight o'clock, the heat was oppressive. A neighbouring chapel bell tolled the Angelus, and in every dwelling that we passed we heard the occupants chanting the evening prayers. We could just distinguish a family, assembled in the verandah, responding, in various tones, to the strong voice of the father of the flock, as he read the vespers.

We at first mistook the lights of the distant châlets, perched high on the mountains, for stars. But the moon arose from behind the Finsteraarhorn, and showed us with her silver light the entire landscape. It was all as distinct as in the daytime. Had I possessed a spark of poetry in my nature, this evening would have brought it forth. It was an experience of unmixed delight. Every pure feeling of the heart and soul was excited by looking, as it were, "through Nature up to Nature's God," and, so long as memory shall last, the recollection of this night will elevate my soul.

We slept at Stans. The young girls of the inn sang the wild airs of their country, until it was time to put away romance, and devour the eggs, cheese, and honey provided for our supper. I enjoyed the comfort of a clean bed after our long, hot walk, and slept soundly until the sun darted full into my eyes next morning, and made me long for an English shutter. Sleep being thus banished, we rose and started at six o'clock for Buochs. Our char-à-banc was the first of its kind ever made at Stans, and a curious machine it was! Its exceptional roughness made us regret the idleness, which induced us thus to travel by a circuitous and dreadful road, for an hour and a half, when we might have walked over

grass fields in less time. However, when wet feet from the amazing dew, and the intense heat of the valley, are put in the opposing scale, perhaps our choice, though disagreeable, was not unwise.

On reaching Buochs, a crazy boat, covered with a sheet by way of awning, was provided for us, and we embarked on the smooth lake. Around us lay the most lovely scenery, which we thoroughly appreciated, as we glided softly along like jaded spirits suddenly relieved. Behind us lay the valley which we had passed, with vegetation so luxuriant that its very summit forms the richest pasturage, on which kine are browsing, and châlets seem perched as if in the clouds. Before us lay the village of Brunnen, partially concealed by the bold rocks of the Lake of Uri. While dreamily enjoying the charm of our situation, I was surprised by the apparent anxiety of our voiturier, who acted as interpreter, that we should trim the boat, which was not riding straight in the water. In a strange guttural, which our Bernois himself could hardly understand, the boatmen gave warning of an approaching storm, and declared that they must run for shore. This seemed to us a gratuitous fear, as the surface of the lake was like a mirror. The boatmen pointed to a clear, bright line, on the distant portion of the water, which widened by degrees, approached our boat, and tossed us about as if we were at sea. The waves caught our fragile craft abeam, and gave us a good wetting. My maid began to be ill, and we were all pretty well frightened. Eventually we passed the dangerous points, and ran for Brunnen, where we resolved upon landing. Suddenly the wind dropped, and the lake became as calm as when we set off, having apparently taken this frisk to punish our incredulity, and make us treat with proper respect the memorable spot where, under similar weather, William Tell escaped from the tyrant Gessler. This classic ground burst upon our

view as we doubled the point which forms one of the horns of the Lake of Uri. In passing the point, our boatmen kept close under the rocks, which rise many hundreds of feet from the water's edge, and we rejoiced in the calm which would enable us to effect a landing. Suddenly the boatmen changed our course, and took us to the opposite side of the lake. They noticed that another storm was approaching, and hoped to reach Fluellen in time. Thus baffled in our attempt to land at Tell's Platte, indeed dashed from it by the waves, we appreciated the activity of William Tell, who had sprung from the boat upon this little knoll, which his persecutors could never again approach. In our attempt to land, we were nearly upset, and were so thoroughly frightened that we made what haste we could to reach Fluellen, where we landed safe and sound.

While waiting for our guide, we amused ourselves by watching the dexterity of the village boys with Tell's weapon, the cross-bow. The precision of their aim with cross-bow, and their firm belief in the traditions of Tell's history, soon emptied our pockets of sols. On shore there was not a breath of air; and we were overcome by the heat, as we walked from Fluellen to Altdorf, only a quarter of a mile distant. It was at the latter place that the Swiss hero laid the foundation of his country's liberty, a blessing which is commemorated by a statue of Guillaume Tell. This village has suffered much from the violence of the Russians under Suwarrow, when they crossed the St. Gothard. Many houses are in ruins, but there is no spot which reminds one so strongly of the romantic traits of the early Swiss history, which the peasants here so firmly believe.

After an excellent dinner we departed in a char, accompanied by saddle horses, to be mounted when the road becomes impracticable even for that rude conveyance. We were bound for the "Devil's

Bridge." The weather was lovely, and the road wound along under overhanging rocks, by the banks of the Reuss, which nearly fills the narrow valley. An opening on our left showed us Bürglen, the birthplace of Tell. We left the char-à-banc at Kluss, and mounted our horses. I was most uncomfortable on an Italian saddle. The next day I wisely adopted Angelique's [1] plan, and rode *en cavalier.*

The road is a *chaussée*, about six feet wide, with sudden rapid ascents and descents. Sometimes it leads one by the edge of the, now foaming, Reuss; at others one looks down from an overhanging crag upon that river diminished by distance to a silver thread.

We waded through three foaming torrents, which dashed down dark ravines, and joined the parent stream. One of these torrents forms an arch of snow and ice, over which we passed, while the water flowed beneath, without disturbing the surface. It was night before we reached Wasen. We had passed, during our ride, several caravans of mules, fifty or perhaps a hundred together. The tinkling of their bells harmonised well with the wild scenery, and the dashing of the torrents. A thunderstorm added to the sublime sensation which scenery so savage is apt to produce on a nature so impressionable as mine. We were in face of bold and magnificent rocks, through which the Reuss dashed with such violence that it was not possible to hear the rolling thunder, which the vivid lightning showed must be tremendous.

We found shelter at last in a wretched *osteria*, where I passed a sleepless night, and was devoured by bugs. None but muleteers ever stopped in this place, and no wonder! The first flush of dawn showed us the most complete rainy day imaginable. The clouds hung far below us, down the side of the mountain; and the fog was so thick, that there was

[1] Lady Shelley's maid.

no hope of better things. Here we were, in a miserable *osteria*, without books, and the whole house so dirty and uncomfortable that even my spirits began to flag. However, towards noon the fog lifted a little, and we looked forward with hope to a chance of getting away.

Having made up our minds to getting a good ducking, we at last mounted our horses, and felt as if we were escaping from prison. It never ceased raining the whole day, and imagination was invoked to supply those glories which would have added so much to our enjoyment and comfort. However, the elements were in harmony with the wild character of the scenery. A bright sky would perhaps not have been in keeping with such barren and savage grandeur. There is no trace of vegetation on those granite rocks between Wasen and the Devil's Bridge. We crossed and recrossed the dashing Reuss several times over picturesque bridges. Not even a fir tree relieved the desolation around us, and the fog concealed the tops of the mountains. The *chaussée* was covered with treasures for the geologist, and the variety of crystals shone more brilliant in the rain. As we advanced, the scarped rocks, and the deepening precipices, announced our near approach to the summit, near which is that celebrated bridge, whose single arch stretches over the yawning chasm, now filled with foam, driven by the wind from the precipitous fall on our right. We were completely enveloped in mist. I was much disappointed. The last short and steep ascent brought us to the Trou d'Uri, a subterranean passage with two openings to admit the light. As the passage is nearly two hundred feet in length, these openings are barely sufficient to enable the horses to pick their way. On quitting the darkness of this cavern, at whose entrance we had left the Reuss dashing in furious cataracts from rock to rock, enveloped in foam, we found ourselves

in presence of a tranquil stream, running between verdant banks along a peaceful valley. The bright green of this small valley—the cattle feeding to the music of their bells—the neat cottages, and the village church spire, brought back the vision of social existence. At this season the traveller forgets the misery of the wretched inhabitants during their long winter, buried in snow, in danger of the treacherous avalanche, and without any firing beyond what is carried on their backs during their short summer. We met many women thus employed, bending beneath their burthens. On our arrival at Andermatt, I had the pleasure of hearing Italian spoken by the peasants. This was a great relief after that horrid German, which had torn our ears for the past month.

We remained some time at the auberge drying our dripping garments. When we remounted our horses, we felt cold and wretched. Nothing could be more disagreeable than our journey back to Wasen. The paving stones were so slippery, that we were at last compelled to dismount, and leave the horses to pick their way as best they could. In this manner we made the whole descent on foot, through water which was often above our ankles. We passed close to the huge block of granite which the Devil is supposed to have hurled, from the summit of St. Gothard, at the head of some saintly pilgrim.

At Wasen, after a *maigre* dinner—omelettes full of garlic—we remounted our tired beasts, and arrived at Altdorf, completely knocked up. For the first time my spirits quite deserted me; I was thoroughly fatigued in body and mind. We met Lord and Lady Gage on the road. They recalled the comforts of England to Shelley's mind, and he shivered at the thought of his present condition—wet, cold, and hungry. He began to fear that the effect of cramp from the cold was a fit of the gout.

A night's rest, followed by a morning with a bright

sun, and an invigorating atmosphere, such as is felt only in the Swiss mountains, dispelled these fears. We arose with the sun, refreshed, and as happy as we had been miserable the night before.

Our early rising was necessitated by our wish to cross the lake and reach Brunnen before nine o'clock. We had been warned that, even in fine weather, the wind is most treacherous at that hour. Our boatman assured me that frequently the violence of the waves on that part of the lake is so great that no boat with which they are acquainted could live through them. The faded paintings at Tell's Chapel, which represent waves like the sea in a storm, are not untrue to nature. We were fortunate. The water was calm and of a deep blue. White fleecy clouds hung halfway down the mountains. As they gradually dispersed, they exposed to our delighted eyes glittering patches of verdure, bordered by rocks fringed with heather and lichens of varying hues. It struck me that the rolling away of the clouds lent an additional charm to the glory of the scene, as each beauty was gradually revealed.

At Brunnen we procured a char-à-banc, and, passing the lovely town of Schwyz, we reached the little lake of Lowerz, so sadly associated with a terrible calamity in 1806. As we reached this desolate region it was impossible not to be deeply touched by the awful fate of the inhabitants of that district, in which were once situated five villages, celebrated throughout Switzerland for that primitive simplicity of manners which recalled the pastoral ages of the world. Without the slightest warning a neighbouring mountain fell and destroyed four villages, a part of Lowerz and the rich pasturage in the valley. Nearly five hundred human beings perished, and whole herds of cattle were swept away. In a few minutes that smiling land became a desert. The Lake of Lowerz was nearly choked by an avalanche

of mud and rubbish, which fell into it, and caused its waters to rise in a gigantic wave, nearly eighty feet in height, which submerged the island that was its glory, and swept away a small chapel which stood upon it.

The inhabitants lived on the produce of their dairies, which were left open to the passing stranger, who took what he wanted and left what remuneration he pleased. Meat, even bread, were considered luxuries by these simple people, who reserved them for their *jours de fête.* M. Bridel, in his "Etrennes Helvétiques," of the year 1783, relates that one day a cause was to be decided at Schwyz between two peasants. As it was not convenient for one of the litigants to leave home, he requested his adversary to attend in his place. He did so, and returned home after the trial was over. With a smiling face he congratulated his adversary on having won his cause! Joined to such strict integrity and *bonhomie* there was much superstition among these people. Had it not been so deeply rooted among them, probably the worst effects of this dire calamity would have been obviated. Every precursory symptom of the approaching catastrophe was by them attributed to the agency of evil spirits, whom they endeavoured to appease by prayers and holy water.

The following account, which was received on the spot, may be relied upon. Rain began to fall early on the morning of September 2, and continued till noon. The heavens were overcast the whole day. At dawn some cracks were perceived on the summit of the Spitzbithel. Subterranean creakings were heard, which seemed to proceed from some fir trees, whose roots appeared to be breaking. Bumps rose out of the grass, and stones started with violence from the earth.

Small fragments of rock detached themselves and rolled along the mountains; then by degrees larger

ones were loosened. At two o'clock an immense block of rock was dashed down with violence. At every fall clouds of black dust filled the air. In the valley of Roethen, at the foot of Mount Ruffi, the whole earth seemed in motion. Soon afterwards a large opening appeared on the side of Roethen which enlarged rapidly. The earth began to give way softly, and then masses of rock rolled down into the valley. The fir trees on the heights began to totter before the great fall, and flocks of birds rose into the air, uttering piercing cries. At length the trees became detached, and began to slide gently, dragging with them fragments of rock, until, increasing in velocity as they advanced, whole forests and gigantic rocks swept through the air with the rapidity of lightning. Houses, cattle, men, all were carried away, and seemed to fly through infinite space. The waters of the Lake of Lowerz, impelled by the great masses of rock which fell into them, rose like a wall, and spread destruction far and wide. Midway in its course towards the chapel of Olten, the great mass of destruction divided into four distinct torrents —one below Goldau to the foot of Mount Rigi, and the others on the plain of Sattel towards the lake. Two young girls and two boys tending their goats on the Sattel were hurled through the air to an immense distance. Amidst the universal destruction a marvellous escape attended a party of travellers, consisting of a newly married couple and some young men and women. They had projected a party of pleasure to the Rigiberg. After leaving the inn they entered the village of Goldau, and heard a noise like thunder. They ran back to the spot they had left, but nothing was to be seen except a heap of ruins. Only one of its inhabitants had escaped. They thought that the day of judgment had arrived, and that they alone had survived the destruction of the world. They addressed themselves to God with prayers and sobs.

Among the heap of ruins they discovered a little child, whom they rescued, and who is now a lively, pretty, interesting girl, residing at Schwyz.

In giving these details I have omitted much of that harrowing tale. We were deeply interested in this desolate scene, where we passed a whole day walking among the ruins. A new inn and a church now stand slightly above the level of the former village of Goldau. At Lowerz are monuments to those who perished. This village has been rebuilt, and a new road made across the valley to Goldau. The river, choked in its passage, forms many pools, and perhaps vegetation may, in the course of a century, as in some other parts of Switzerland, efface all traces of the present desolation.

The inn is delightful, and truly *paysanne.* From the window you see the pretty Lake of Zug, with its wooded sides separated from the Lake of the Four Cantons by the Rigiberg frowning towards the water. Its sloping wooded banks invited our approach.

After dinner, we began the ascent, which, after the first hour, became very rapid. After mounting several flights of steps on horseback, on a sharp turn of the road the girth of my saddle broke. Shelley said it was madness to proceed, so I dismounted and went on foot. After resting at the various stations of the pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Notre Dame des Neiges, stations which were marked by a crucifix, and often by a seat, we at last arrived at the chapel, hoping that our fatigues were over. Alas! there was not a room to be had, and no view rewarded our pains. We had still an hour further to go, and hoping to find the new inn on the summit, and not be obliged to retrace our steps, we proceeded in haste. The lengthened shadows announced the setting of the sun, which would render our fatigues vain, unless we could get to the brow

of the mountain before darkness fell upon us. Harassed, fagged to death, and jaded in mind and body, we advanced. After a desperate effort I reached the summit. I cannot possibly describe the scene which burst upon our view. It amply repaid all our fatigue. The sun was still an hour above the horizon on the plain, and every object appeared clear as in a glass. The distant Alps of Savoy shone against the sky in their lilac tints. Sixteen lakes of burnished gold flashed upon the gay green of the landscape, while the sparkling white of the houses in the villages stood out distinct in their Liliputian forms. On the Lake of Lucerne, boats skimmed like mayflies over the unruffled surface of the water, showing nothing to the eye but their tiny sails. I felt that I should never be weary of the contemplation of this fairy world. That nothing might be wanting to make us forget our past discomforts, we were told by gazers whom we met on the summit, that had we arrived an hour sooner we should not have seen anything, as the mountain had at the moment of our arrival removed his nightcap. These people, who were wrapped in great coats and woollen caps, had for three days waited patiently the raising of the curtain of clouds, which had enveloped the mountain.

The inn on the summit was not yet habitable, and that at the shrine was filled with pilgrims and travellers. However, two gentlemen most hospitably gave up their room to us, and descended the mountain. This struck me as being exceedingly kind, but I felt that had I been in their place I would rather have slept on the bare ground than leave this enchanting spot. We could not tear ourselves away. Long after dusk a goatherd came and sang the Ranz des Vaches, and eventually led us by various short cuts back to the inn, where amusement and interest of another kind awaited us. While we were looking from the door of the great salon at the varied costumes of the

pilgrims with which the inn was filled, we suddenly heard a strain of pure Italian melody coming from afar. Three voices were accompanied upon the guitar. The female voice was the sweetest and most chaste that I ever heard. The episode seemed the work of enchantment, for I could not imagine such a voice among the peasants. We asked our host for an explanation, and he told us that Madame Shumacher of Lucerne, a celebrated singer, and two gentlemen had spent a month on the mountain to drink goats' milk. With that true foreign feeling of giving, while they received, pleasure, they passed their evenings in thus delighting the simple peasants, and weary travellers, with exquisite melody. We accepted their invitation to join their supper party consequently we had but two hours' rest that night, as we had determined to see the sun rise in the morning.

Next morning we rose in the dark and had a two hours' walk by moonlight, amid the soft shadows of the surrounding Alps. We passed cattle sleeping on their pastures. The perfect silence was only broken by the gay laugh of some distant pedestrian, which fell at intervals upon the ear. The memory of that scene, so soft, so calm, so beautiful, transports me in imagination to Arcadia, that region of which poets sing. Nothing can surpass the charm of lovely Rigiberg. Alas! on reaching the summit I realised that no poetry, save that of "Hudibras," could find a place in the ludicrous scene that presented itself. About fifty people were collected, robed in blankets, nightcaps, flannels, wraps of every kind and description, to guard them from the cold breeze of the approaching dawn. Some crouched over the half-extinguished fires, which were fanned by the morning air; others took refuge in the goatherd's shed, and breakfasted on goats' milk. I also drank it, and, in this romantic situation, thought

it excellent. The Princess Hohenzollern, whom I afterwards knew so well at Vienna, was among the number of these votaries of nature. As she was travelling for health, her courage and strength astonished me. A foreign woman has always strength to amuse herself, and I confess there is something in the Swiss air which gives strength and spirits.

Next morning was unpropitious, but at last, after many trials, the sun's powerful beams darted through the thick bed of clouds beneath our feet, which began to separate. They rolled off majestically, and left the valleys clear, brightening by degrees, till the whole landscape lay revealed in all its beauty. With many a backward glance, and lingering step, we descended the crags to our miserable inn; and from thence began our descent to Arth, which, after the wild scenes of the Rigiberg, appeared lovely in a wealth of wooded scenery. The hot sun and the flies made us glad to arrive at Arth, where we engaged a boat and crossed the Lake of Zug. We were delighted by the songs of our boatman, an honest-hearted mountaineer, who gave to his national melodies the charm of careless gaiety.

After an amusing table d'hôte dinner at Zug, we entered our long-deserted carriage, which we greeted with a feeling of home after our pedestrian rambles. Our interpreter jumped on to his horse with a glee at least equal to ours, as his thick boots had torn his feet to pieces in the mountains.

Our road lay through the narrowest lanes, bordered by trees, whose spreading branches scarcely allowed the carriage to pass.

We reached Zurich that night, having passed its beautiful lake, and admired the cultivation of its banks. The inn at Zurich, L'Epée, is excellent, and commands a fine view. Alas! our happy Swiss tour draws to a close. In the evening we reached the Falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, with which I

was disappointed. The breadth of the river detracts from the sublimity of the fall by lessening its apparent height. It is divided into three parts by rocks. The colour of the water is a beautiful clear blue, and the fall, when we saw it, was, in consequence of a wet summer, in full perfection.

We entered Schaffhausen in the dark, rattled through its gloomy streets, and regretted that our voiturier, who had faithfully served us during our tour, must be exchanged for stupid German postboys. We anticipated little pleasure from our German tour, and I most sincerely grieve at leaving this romantic, happy land.

CHAPTER XV

On August 14, 1816, we took the post from Schaffhausen. The horses were bad, and the hills steep. We entered the Black Forest. On its borders the peasants' dresses were beautiful, similar to that of the Duchy of Baden. There is a difference in the hats, which are here bent down to shade them from the sun. The Black Forest is uninteresting. There is no fine timber, chiefly fir trees. Where it ends the country becomes an open plain; the only object which the uniformity for many miles affords is a fine fortress, named Hohenzwill, situated on a hill. It was destroyed by the French in 1800, and is now a ruin. The country looks gloomy, is immensely large, and thinly inhabited. Stobach, where we dined, is, like most German towns, on a very steep hill. Additional horses were sent us from the inn to assist in dragging the carriage up. We slept at Mengen, having travelled for the last hour in perfect darkness, relieved now and then by flashes of lightning. We had, it seems, escaped a tremendous storm; but we had many disagreeables during the day, owing to our coxcomb courier, and to our ignorance of the language. This augured ill for the gaiety of our journey, except that our blunders, and attempts at talking, afforded us much amusement. The only novelty during the day was the post-horn, which gave me pleasure, though the postilions generally play ill and out of tune. The Wurtemberg postilions

are dressed in yellow, turned up with blue, with a great deal of silver lace. It is the royal livery. The horns are slung across their shoulders. In Germany one postilion drives four horses. The two leaders are fastened together by a rein, while from the head of the near horse there is a long rein, which is attached to the horse ridden by the postilion, who very seldom touches any rein at all. He carries a long whip, and guides the horses with his voice. They have no blinkers, and are constantly watching the motion of their rider's hand. Their intelligence, docility, and strength, particularly in Bavaria, are beyond belief.

When we arrived, at nine o'clock in the evening, all the inhabitants of this little town, who were in their beds, were roused by our courier. They afterwards made us pay dearly for breaking their rest. The beds in the inn are so short that poor Shelley sleeps every night with his feet protruding from the bottom of his bed. The sheets are fine, smooth, and extremely clean, and trimmed with lace, They are made in a complete square, and so short that they do not reach halfway down the bed. We found our leather sheets most useful. As a covering there is no sheet at the top, but an eiderdown, packed into a clean linen bag, which, in hot weather, almost suffocates one. A dozen bolsters at the head compel one almost to sit up in bed. In short, I can conceive nothing more wretched. Fortunately, there are generally so many beds in a room, that out of two you can make one comfortable.

August 15.—At Reidlingen we had a good opportunity of seeing the national costume, which is very striking. It happened to be the Fête de la Vierge, and the whole population, in gala dresses, was going to church. Tiaras of gold, silver, or black chenille, with large bows of ribbon suspended from the circular piece of embroidery to which the tiara

is fastened, descend below the waist. Their hair is parted in front, *à la Grecque.* Rose-coloured or blue petticoats, red or green slippers, with coloured silk handkerchiefs, form a very gay costume. But the silence of the groups assembled around the carriage made us realise that we were in the land of thoughts and not of words.

I entered the church, having been attracted by the music, and heard a fine organ, and the richest choruses, in which all the congregation joined. This is the first time that church music abroad has satisfied or even affected my feelings. I prayed for my dear absent children.

On leaving the town we crossed the Danube, here a small stream. The country to Ulm is decidedly monotonous, until, from a hill near the town, you see the windings of the Danube backed by the Tyrolean Alps.

We were detained above two hours at Ulm for the examination of our passports, and a scarcity of horses.

The fortifications were demolished after the capitulations of Mack, and gardens are now raised on the former batteries. We crossed the Danube over a stone bridge, and then found that we had taken the wrong road. The post had supplied us with farm-horses, and, there being none for the courier, we were very near finding ourselves on the road to Augsburg. Fortunately I recollected we ought not to cross the river, so we retraced our steps, and finally reached Nerestetten. Here our courier attached four wretched tired animals to the carriage, and, at six o'clock, allowed us to proceed, with an assurance that we should arrive at the next post by eight o'clock. We soon discovered the wretched condition of our horses, and wished to return; but being over-persuaded by the courier, we went on until it was too late to retreat. From a jog trot we soon dropped to a fatal walk,

which convinced us that we were in for three hours of darkness. Suddenly we saw the courier, who had preceded us on the road, close to our carriage. He was exchanging his horse for a char, as he said the beast would not carry him.

I had never seen a stronger horse. He told us he had just heard that there was a village, a league away, where he could get fresh horses, and that he would go on and bring them to meet us. This intelligence was welcome indeed, and we proceeded in patience for nearly two hours. Then total darkness overtook us. There was not a sign of a village, or even a habitation, and, of course, no courier. We contrived at last to understand from our postilion that the village in question was a league out of the road where the courier had gone, and that we must either proceed there, or drive double the distance. We submitted to our fate with a sigh. Fortunately, the greater part of the road was tolerable, but within a *stund* of the village (that undefinable distance which may mean one, or perhaps two leagues) the road became so bad that we expected every moment to be overturned. I never was so happy as when I saw the lights of the inn, where stood our detestable "fine gentleman," whose total ignorance of the language had got us into this scrape. With matchless assurance, he told us that we had arrived at the station originally fixed upon for our sleeping. This appeared to us incomprehensible, and after examining a map, which was incorrect, a dictionary, and signs with mine host, we found that the real truth was that we had actually come two leagues out of the way. It was explained to us that we should be obliged to retrace our steps next morning. This afforded us a good specimen of our courier's intelligence. But there was worse to come.

On the following day, at Hudenheim, we got into the great road, and congratulated ourselves upon

the impossibility of mistaking the way. Away went Monsieur le Courier on his nag, flourishing his whip, displaying his medal, and expecting universal admiration. Two roads branched off; he took the wrong one, of course. We took the right one, but unfortunately our postilion discovered from a waggoner that the courier was not on the road, at which he swore terribly, for his horse was very tired. Eventually the courier joined us again. He looked sheepish, as he had been six English miles out of the way.

The road to Neresheim runs through a forest. The town is striking. A large convent stands on the rising round. We found a very bad pavement at Nördlingen, the frontier of Bavaria; there were such holes in the pavements as to make them scarcely passable. Our whole travelling equipage, postboy, whip, harness, all was changed here; and smart Bavarian blue, covered with silver, replaced the dirty Wurtemberg yellow. At Orttigen we saw a number of beautiful women. The town dirty, and, as usual, horridly ill paved. The civility of the people remarkable. They stood at their windows and bowed as we passed. The peasants' dress changed: bare legs and feet, red petticoats, and large black beaver hats, bending down all round like an umbrella. Slept at Gungenhausen, which is full of Jews. Prince Wrede has a fine estate near here, which was given to him by the King after the Peace. He has also estates near Augsburg. He is a man of no family, and owes his position to merit.

On leaving the town we passed along an excellent *chaussée* through a magnificent forest; in places the waters overflowed the road. All at once we plunged into the sands of Ansbach, where the *chaussée* ends abruptly; and in an instant we were up to the axle of the wheel in deep sand-holes. We escaped an overturn by a miracle. We were obliged to walk

to Schwabach, a large town with a beautiful fountain, and frightful women; uglier than any I had ever seen. Here the horses alone are beautiful. We admired all those in the carts, while the post-horses would have been admired in a carriage in England. They are so much better broke in than our English horses, that I cannot understand why our carriage horses are so much sought after. Our riding horses are certainly superior to those of any other country.

Nuremberg is a large, clean town, and well paved. A new church, in the worst possible taste, is being built. On leaving the gate our road became nearly impassable. No road in England could possibly be so bad. The box of tools was twice buried in the mud, and we were compelled to walk two leagues. We passed wretched-looking peasants, bent double under the heavy weights they were carrying on their backs, and bearing in their faces the marks of hard labour, poverty, and suffering. The neighbouring forest, from whence they are allowed to get the dead wood, affords a scanty and hardly earned supply. They say that they are making a new road here; and certainly not before it was wanted. It was little consolation to us to know that in a few years there will be a hard road to Nuremberg, for I trust never again to pass along this uninteresting country. After Eschenbach the country becomes very hilly and picturesque, and the road safe, though stony and rough. It is very like the forest of Fontainebleau, but larger. The entrance is formed by a romantic-looking town, built on a calcareous rock. A ruined castle in the midst of the forest invokes a thousand wild legends of banditti, but the many cottages and patches of cultivation in the valleys show that those times have gone by.

Abrupt rocks rise in a thousand fanciful shapes, while clumps of trees are disposed artificially, as in an English park. In the distance stand hills covered

with black firs. It was growing dark as we reached Leopoldstadt, a wretched village in the centre of the forest, and we had no choice but to sleep at an auberge into which we entered through the stable. We were surprised to find clean beds, an excellent supper, and no banditti!

Next morning we left the forest, and entered an open and endlessly hilly country. On the left rose some of those bumpy rocks which we saw in the Valais, and which De Saussure calls *moutonnée.* How cold and *triste* is this vast Germany! What a sameness, what monotony! During five days we have travelled through a country whose features, with trifling exceptions, are so exactly the same, that it appeared as if some malicious fairy had carried us back in the night over the distance we had advanced during the day.

The town of Bayreuth, where there is an excellent inn, looks deserted, and bears traces of having seen better days. I visited the palace and gardens in memory of the Margravine. The alleys of the garden are fine, and were crowded with people, in Sunday dress, assembled to hear the band play. The inside of the palace was completely dismantled, having been pulled to pieces by the Bavarians, who established their public offices there. Eugène de Beauharnais wished to make it his residence, and caused the offices to be removed; but it was found too expensive to make it habitable.

I never saw anything so unbecoming and ugly as the dress in this part of Germany. A child of six, a girl of sixteen, and an old woman of sixty are all dressed exactly alike—a waist down to the knees, a fly cap bound tight round with a straight, coloured handkerchief, as if they had sore heads, and a jacket with long peaks before and behind. Some of the women wear hoops, all of them full-bottomed petticoats. The men wear cocked hats and Quaker coats.

As we ascended the long, steep hill out of Bayreuth both our *pélonniers* snapped at once, and if we had not had the spike we should have had a fine roll. Though we were passing through immense forests, we saw nothing green during the day except the young corn. The trees are quite black, especially when seen at a distance. After crossing a small stream we entered Berneck, a town picturesquely situated at the foot of a hill, on which stand the ruins of an old castle. The National Guard, whom we met going to exercise, looked as if they belonged to the olden times. They descended from the castle with stiff gauntlets and hatchets on their shoulders.

Berneck is remarkable for its pearl fishery. We went to see the spot where the mussels lay in the clear water. The pearls are found in the black ones, but not one in a hundred contains a pearl.

They have a singular custom all over Germany of plucking the breasts of the geese. The poor animals look wretched.

After constantly passing up hills of black sand, a few bluish trees, spruce, alders, and willows, as well as the eternal firs, we reached Münchberg, where, in spite of their dress, we saw several very pretty women. A mile beyond Hof, where we slept, we passed the first barrier, which, in Saxony, is a long pole fastened across the road and raised by a chain.

It was not necessary to tell us that we had passed the frontier, for the road now became bad beyond description. That of Nuremberg was, by comparison, smooth and safe. Nothing but the uncommon skill of the drivers and the tractability of the horses could have got us through it. For two days we suffered martyrdom, expecting at every step that the carriage would be broken.

We slept at Zwickau. From thence to Kaunitz the road had been completely destroyed by the passage

of artillery. As I had become quite ill with fatigue we were compelled to sleep at Oderau.

From here to Freiberg the road is still bad; but afterwards in excellent order all the way to Dresden. Unfortunately, in all German roads they cut a kind of ditch every hundred yards, fatal to the springs of an English carriage, and which very often nearly jerked our servants from the box.

I never felt keener pleasure than when I first saw Dresden from the heights. The fatigue we had gone through disposed us to look to Dresden as a home and place of rest. We also expected to find letters, of which we had been so long deprived, and which would fix our future plans.

The many public buildings and churches of Dresden, enclosed in a small space, give it at a distance an elegant appearance. But, on a nearer approach, one discovers that the buildings are in bad taste. The heights surrounding the town are dotted with villas, encircled by forests, which in the bright sunshine and clear atmosphere caused us to anticipate with real pleasure a residence in this little capital.

We went to the Hôtel de Bavière, where we were disappointed to find that there were no letters at all! What a blank! Our next *embarras* was to know how we could write to Prince Schwarzenberg, for we found they knew as little about him here as at Schaffhausen; consequently we were nearly as far from the object of our journey as when we started.

Shelley called on the Austrian Ambassador, who was extremely polite, and full of compliments to the English nation. The Count Dillon, to whose society we looked forward with much pleasure, is at Carlsbad. This is a great loss to us. As we both felt unwell, we retired for the night. But what a night we passed! Not one, but I believe hundreds of animals effectually prevented our rest, and made us so completely uncomfortable that, though we removed next day to

another hotel, Shelley has not yet got into a good humour with Dresden.

August 24.—The weather is dreadfully cold; frequent showers of rain, and very damp. Seeing Shelley so uncomfortable I cannot enjoy myself, otherwise the Gallery is unequalled, and I cannot express the pleasure that the pictures give me. Raffaele's "Virgin and Child" is even finer in conception than the Correggio; but what colouring, what drawing, and what a soul had Correggio! I have just bought the print by Müller of the Raffaele. Müller was a young man of the greatest genius. Constant contemplation of this picture, while engaged at his engraving of it, had so worked upon his mind that he became insane a few months after he had completed it, and died in a madhouse here. He was a native of Stuttgart. His death is a very great loss to the Arts. His first engraving from a picture by Domenichino is remarkably fine.

Everything is to be got in Dresden for money, and nothing without it. Provisions are *hors de prix.* The King is extremely avaricious, and his subjects are proud to follow his example. Our *laquais de place* is extremely intelligent, and has amused us much by his description of the Royal Family. The King, who it seems is, after all, still a rank Bonapartist, was never seen to smile. He is a Catholic, and his subjects are Protestants. He thinks of nothing but praying and going to church.

The "wild boars" are quite tame, and are fed during the winter. They are let loose for sport; the King alone rides. When the dogs run the boar down, the Grand Veneur catches him by the hind leg, and holds him tight, while the King majestically descends from his horse. He then deliberately draws his hunting knife and plunges it into the poor prisoner's heart. The Grand Veneur then draws out the knife, wipes it with a silk handkerchief which one of the

attendants carries on purpose, and returns it to the King. Then the same ceremony of butchering recommences.

Prince Maximilian, the King's brother, passes most of his time in catching small birds. When caught, he ties a string round one leg and lets them fly. If caught again he ties a second string, and the third time the bow string. Prince Antoine, the other brother, married a sister of the Emperor of Austria. He squints out of one eye and she out of the other. The King's daughter seems beloved by the people, and is clever—at least, she speaks all languages. She leads a melancholy life.

To-day we visited the field of battle of 1813, and saw the spot where Moreau was shot. Cannon balls entered the town in many places, and one house is so riddled that it looks like a plum pudding. The inhabitants of Dresden preserve the balls, which have entered the town, with care, and those that fell in the yards are carefully plastered into the walls of the houses. War and an epidemic have completely ruined this fine country. Out of fifty thousand inhabitants, ten thousand were destroyed, and there is a great scarcity of work. This accounts for the *tristesse* of the streets and promenades, where formerly the happy *bourgeois* were smoking, and eating, every evening. They are now only to be seen on the bridge, where their quick strides denote that business, and not pleasure, brings them into the streets. A singular custom on the bridge is that, in going to the new town, every person takes the right pavement, in returning the left. This rule, without any written order, or person to enforce it, is never infringed. The streets of Dresden are so ill-paved, that one ought to wear nailed shoes, like the inhabitants.

There is a singular custom with respect to the clocks of the churches. They are struck every night by a man, who watches for the purpose, and who

is relieved every twenty-four hours. As a consequence the clocks, instead of all striking together, strike one after the other; which makes a distracting noise. The night watchman not only sings a song at the hour, and the quarters, but also loudly blows from his horn discordant notes. It may be imagined that it is not easy to have a good night's rest!

Sunday, August 25.—We went to Mass, where we heard some fine music, though not, to my mind, suitable to a church. The Royal Family were there. They had been there from nine o'clock until nearly one, and seemed to be praying the whole time, especially the King, whose lips moved constantly. Mrs. Morier, the Minister's wife, gives a more favourable account of the King than I have previously heard. She says he is extremely poor, as are all the nobles, who live a very retired life, and see no company.

During the war the pictures, treasures, etc., were sent to the fortress of Königstad, a stronghold which has never yet been taken in war, and is familiarly known as *la Pucelle.* It is so strong as to be impregnable, and can be provisioned for ten years. It has deeper foundations than the bed of the Elbe. On its summit there is a garden, and a little arable land. Some of the national treasure is still there. The Promenade de Brühl is beautiful.

Monday.—We set off at nine o'clock for Pillniz, the King's palace. It is about a league from Dresden, on the banks of the Elbe, which we crossed by a fine bridge of very neat construction.

The palace looks much out of repair, and the King's apartments are not in a much better state than those of his attendants. I never saw in an English farm anything so shabby as the green baize carpet and chairs of his dining room. We saw him at dinner with all his family. Some of the young Princesses, daughters of Prince Max, are pleasing-

looking, if not quite pretty. The King usually rises at four o'clock; dines at one; and goes to bed at half-past nine. He is a great botanist. The ruin, situated on the summit of a picturesque hill behind the château, contains an excellent room, from whence there is a fine view.

We went with the Moriers, the English Minister and his wife, to a *soirée* at the Austrian Minister's. He happens to be a Frenchman, the Comte de Bombelles. We passed an extremely pleasant evening. His wife is very pretty, and *folle*. But she sings divinely. We played at a game called *la Loterie*, which created a great deal of mirth. The Count made an excellent auctioneer. The Princesse de Corignan was there. She is a notorious character, of bad morals, and was not received at Court until her son became Heir-Apparent to the throne of Sardinia.

Tuesday, August 27.—After paying a farewell visit to the dear pictures in that matchless gallery, we left Dresden. The road passes along the banks of the Elbe to Pirna, and from thence to Peterswalde, the frontier. It is all classic ground, every inch of which was disputed in the last war. We saw the plains where Kulm is situated, and where Vandamme was taken prisoner. All the villages that were near the battle have been totally destroyed, but they are rebuilding them very fast.

We entered Teplitz, a well-built town. We saw the fine château and gardens of Prince Clery, which formerly belonged to the Prince de Ligne. Prince Clery lives there now *en grand seigneur*. He is out hunting all the morning, and attends balls or plays in the evening. The air here is oppressive, like that of Cheltenham. Every evening in summer, the gardens of the château are illuminated by swarms of fireflies, which present a remarkable sight.

After leaving Teplitz we proceeded by slow stages

to Prague. I never was more struck than with the beauty of this town, into which one descends by a very steep road. We passed a church resembling a mosque which, with the Oriental-looking dresses of the peasants, made one fancy oneself in Asia. The houses in Prague have magnificent façades, with huge bronze doors and balconies, supported by colossal bronze figures of men or animals. Over the River Moldau is an ancient bridge of great breadth and length, on which are nearly six hundred marble figures of saints. In the centre stands the figure of St. John of Prague, with his aureole of stars; he is a favourite Bohemian saint. They have a tradition here that he was confessor to a certain Queen of Bohemia, whose husband was jealous of her, and endeavoured to satisfy his doubts by making St. John reveal the secrets of confession. On his refusal the King had him thrown into the river, from whence he arose with a crown of stars, that has now become his attribute. Lamps were burning on the different shrines, and it is evident that superstition here has full sway over the minds of the peasants.

For the next few days after leaving Prague we passed along bad roads, and slept at night in dirty inns, where we were devoured by insects. We were amused by the dresses of the peasants, which, in many places, consisted of an immense shawl draped over the head, and veiling all the face except the eyes. The women's petticoats were of various colours; and on weekdays the women walk about without shoes or stockings. The men wear immensely heavy boots. I wish it were in my power to divide the leather more fairly! However, on Sundays the women wear white or red stockings, with coloured shoes. After one o'clock nothing is to be got at any of the inns until nine o'clock at night.

By slow stages we approached Vienna, which we entered by the fine Faubourg of Leopoldstadt, and

passed through a long deep arch into the capital of Austria. On the right, rows of shops; on the left, fine buildings. On turning to the left we crossed through streets compared to which that of the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris is broad. The sun never penetrates here. It was a marvel to me how the carriage could pass.

The first appearance of our inn was pleasing. We found Lord Bradford there. He told us that Lord Stewart was coming from Baden that day, and that we were to dine with him.

The fatal trunk, which we had sent off from Paris, had, on the previous day, left Vienna for Dresden; and I was much amused to hear that the best way of getting it back was to send a *fiacre* after it. The *fiacres* here are excellent. They go an amazing pace, and think nothing of fifty miles, which they go regularly in five hours. The plan answered, for we have regained our trunk. Lord Stewart proposed our going down with him the next day to a château in Hungary, which Prince Esterhazy has lent to him, and where a large party was expected for a ball.

That night we were so devoured by animals (of which we caught at least twenty) that, tired as we were of German travelling, we set off with pleasure at twelve o'clock. Horses had been ordered for us all the way. The postilions appeared quite animated hy the number of carriages on the road, so we travelled along at a rattling pace. After two posts some fine reaches of the Danube enlivened the scene; and from Altenburg we obtained a beautiful view, which I drew as we walked up a hill, the only one in the fifty miles. Before us lay the Danube, with its richly wooded banks crowned by an imperial château. Beyond stood the mountains of Heidemberg, beneath them the town; and, on the right, a fine ruin, beneath which is the château now inhabited by the ex-Queen of Naples. Although it is a lovely

spot it can hardly reconcile her to what she has lost. It is, in fact, a state prison. We kept along the banks of the Danube, which is fringed with willow and alder. The road passed fine avenues, until the château of Kitsie, standing on a bare plain without a tree near it, stared at us bleak and desolate.

On this side of the plain herds of Hungarian horses were feeding; but on the other side lay land off which the corn had been carried, and which had been freshly ploughed. This looked as dismal as anything I ever saw in Norfolk.

Never was a château so ill placed. It was built by the Prince's grandfather, merely to be inhabited for one week in two years, during the time when the States of Hungary are assembled at Presbourg. This immense house is so much surrounded by trees that it ought to be lighted by skylights. The Duchesses de Sagan and d'Agerenga, Madame de Trogoff, two young ladies (related to the Duchesse de Sagan) and myself, are the only ladies in the house. The rest of the company, about forty people, was composed of gentlemen, and six ugly women of the family of Zichy, two frightful men of the same family completing the party. I have, however, been much amused by having new neighbours every day at dinner. I do not know how it will end, but at present the gentlemen whom I think the most agreeable are General Walmoden and Count Tüttmansdorff. Count Palfi gives me all the information I require about Hungary. Every man who has sat by me at dinner has given me a history of his own importance. Until this had been done no other subjects could be discussed.

Hungary has a semblance of liberty; at least, so far as the Emperor is concerned. He cannot impose any taxes without the consent of each individual noble, but I fancy the people are little better than slaves. The nobles have many feudal privileges,

which they jealously maintain. Parts of Hungary, where the roads are impassable, are picturesque. From here to the frontiers of Turkey is one immense plain. The villages look like encampments, and further on the people actually live in tents. Every village contains a great many Jews, but the religion is Roman Catholic in its deepest superstition. The men wear a complete Turkish dress, but without the turban, which is replaced by a round black hat.

September 16.—I must fill up this interval of my diary at leisure, and write while it is fresh in my memory.

The Princess Esterhazy, whom I did not know, and who does not live well with the Prince, sent to invite me to Eisenstadt.[1] We set off one evening after dinner, and arrived at eight o'clock. There were guards at the entrance of the courtyard, and the beating of drums marked a truly princely residence. The château was brilliantly lighted, and, after we had passed through twenty rooms, the Princess came to meet me in a corridor leading to a theatre, which had been fitted up in a large salon that was filled with people. On my inquiring if there was any town near from whence this large society came, the Princess informed me that they were all *employés de la maison*. The Prince is, in fact, a sovereign Prince. The Princess has been very handsome, but is now near fifty, not in very good health, and has bad teeth. She told me that she was married to the Prince at fifteen, having seen him only once before, he being at that time seventeen years of age. On the day after they were married the Prince set off on his travels with his governor, while she remained under the tutelage of her governess! This arrangement lasted for two years. Can one be surprised at the misery which results from such marriages? Is it surprising that he should have a hundred mis-

[1] Haydn is buried in the Pilgrimage Church near Eisenstadt.

tresses, and she a lover? It seems that her lover has lately put her in despair by marrying at sixty-five. The late Empress was her great friend, and she talks of her with affection, while tears spring to her eyes. Our *soirée* was rather dull. I was obliged to give an account of all the people in London, which is not my *forte*. She kissed me so often, and made me so many compliments, that I never was so sleepy in my life; and at half-past eleven we went off to bed. There were guards at every corner of the staircase and passages, presenting arms as we passed. Mademoiselle Welterskirken, a veritable toady, and an old Countess Festeritch are the only women here. The family physician, Capellini, tells the Princess what she is to eat; and presents her daily with a dose of quinine, which, after many grimaces, and with plenty of bonbons, she contrives to swallow. She talks incessantly, and hopes that you are not bored by her asking questions without waiting for an answer! It is evident that she wishes so much to please, and to be amiable, that it is impossible not to be interested and pleased by her.

The Prince arrived at six o'clock this morning, the rest of the party in procession, each individual boasting of the speed at which he had travelled. This is one of their greatest pleasures. They always travel in the night when possible, and, consoled by their pipes, will pass three days and nights in their carriages, without feeling fatigued. Count François Zichy arrived in this way from Tuniswaar, on the frontiers of Turkey, without stopping on the way. He had been to visit his estates, and to settle the amount his tenants are to pay him. He told me that he had desired his bailiff to render an exact account of what each peasant possessed. Their corn must be measured, and they were to be left enough to support their families, and to sow their fields; the rest was to be taken from them. Count Zichy says there is

no danger of famine; the only difference will be that, the wheat having failed, the peasants must eat rye, and that provisions will be dear. In Styria the scarcity is great, as it is a poor country, and the corn, even in good years, is scarcely sufficient to feed the people.

With all the magnificence of this château, I never slept in so bad a bed! Its curtains are of silk, and the whole furniture of my apartment is superb, but the bed is as hard as iron. We breakfasted in our rooms. The moment I awoke, the Prince sent his compliments to me, and hoped that I would receive him as soon as I was dressed.

In order to make a decent show, I was compelled to turn housemaid, and help my maid Angelique to arrange the room, so that I might receive him a little *à l'Anglaise.* While I was at breakfast the Prince entered, and asked me at what hour I wished to have a carriage to go *à la chasse.* I replied that I would go when he did, so he invited me to breakfast *en chasseur*, at eleven o'clock. We had an excellent dinner: soup, omelettes, *côtelettes*, fruit, pastry, and all the rest of it. We waited some time in vain for Lord Stewart, who did not arrive; and, as I saw all the grandees were getting into very ill humour, I begged that the Prince would wait no longer. Lord Stewart was two hours beyond his time; so, at half-past twelve, we set off *pour la chasse.*

At the entrance to a low cut wood, an immense number of people were stationed. About four hundred peasants were arranged in a semi-circle to drive the game back when it was disturbed in the *remise.* A walk was assigned to each gentleman; and when the beaters entered the wood, the shooting began. I never saw anything equal to the quantity of game. In one hour, Shelley killed above fifty head. Then I grew tired of counting; and at the end of another hour the slaughter was too great for pleasure. As

we were always moving like a horse in a mill, the same round grew tiresome; and I begged for the carriage, to go home. To my great annoyance the Prince heard the order given, and insisted on accompanying me. So here I am, *rentrée chez moi.* The result of the *chasse* is seven hundred and fifty head of game, four hundred being partridges.

A four-o'clock dinner makes a long evening. But as it was extremely hot and fine, we sauntered upon the balcony, where my vanity was fully gratified by the homage of all the gentlemen, of which, by the bye, one soon gets tired. But at Eisenstadt it was new to me, and I was very well amused.

We had a fine concert in the evening. Before daylight next morning, nearly the whole party dispersed. Shelley went out shooting, which was even better than on the day before; and I accompanied the Prince to see the improvements he has made. The château is ancient; but the Prince has added one side in the purest Grecian architecture. If his plans are completed, and the four sides are similarly treated, this will be the finest château in the world. At present the antique Moslem-like towers clash unpleasantly with the simplicity of the new part, and disturb the repose which the architect has been particularly happy in seizing in his Grecian architecture. Near the house an English shrubbery leads to magnificent hothouses and conservatories. There are four of the latter, with different temperatures, besides an immense orangery now empty. The plants are of great size; one of them is three hundred years old and forms a shady grove, rich with fruits, and mixed with magnolias in full bloom. I never saw anything so lovely. The garden is masked from the house by an ancient avenue, resembling the aisle of a cathedral, which is in turn masked by an English garden. The effect of perfect shade thus produced is very striking. From the

gardens we went along an avenue, bounded by vineyards, and ascended a steep hill to a beautiful building called the Temple, from whence there is an extensive view over the Prince's *seigneurie*.

The Temple contains a salon, a boudoir, and a bedroom, all luxuriously furnished. The floors are inlaid with parqueterie, like the most finished cabinet-work. A kitchen and servants' rooms enable the Prince to retire from the world whenever he likes.

By the bye, whether princely state is assumed from ostentation or necessity, I notice that a loophole is always left. This shows the emptiness of such pleasures, and the delight with which the possessor occasionally creeps into the privacy and comfort of a less brilliant station. The use of this magnificent bauble is, I fear, not the most likely to secure the content it promises. The Prince is a perfect Sultan, and possesses ten or twelve houses, inhabited by different ladies, who share his favours and diminish his faculties.

I am struck by the change in his manners since I met him in England. Here he is ostentatious, haughty, sleepy, and dull. Not with us, however, for his adoration of the English makes him court us beyond measure. His haughtiness and dullness are reserved for the people who surround him. His estate is now out at nurse, and he is allowed only sixty thousand pounds a year, which he feels is nothing at all, after the possession of two hundred and fifty thousand!

In the days of his glory he had a Court, like a sovereign Prince. The Princess had her circle, where her subjects, from the different estates, assembled to kiss her hand. The Prince used to go to church surrounded by his guard. He rode on horseback through the church, to the door of his tribune, where he sat in solitary grandeur. The Princess also sat alone in her tribune opposite. The officers of the guard

occupied another, and the visitors had another to themselves. All this was a good deal ridiculed by those who considered themselves his equals; and as the Prince has not been particularly fortunate either in a military or in a diplomatic career, having failed in both, he is not liked; and his low intrigues prevent his being respected. As a consequence, he hates Vienna, abuses his fellow countrymen, and passes his time in rambling from one fine estate to another. He always winters in Italy.

It is a great misfortune to the Grand Seigneurs that few of them possess less than four or five châteaux, and two or three palaces in Vienna, besides their villas. They have not time to get attached to one spot, nor can their habitations be made as comfortable as they would be if occupied as a permanent residence.

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LADY SHELLEY

"PARIS, *August* 26, 1816.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your letter of the 14th, and you will see by my *empressement* to answer it that I am not dissatisfied with the warmth of your fire. I really hope that you will write to me whenever you will have a leisure moment, and I will answer you punctually; and I only beg that you will not show or quote the contents of my letters, and I promise you the same discretion respecting yours. Indeed, excepting Calantha's[1] letters to you, I never show my letters to anybody and never talk of them.

"Your account of your journey is delightful, and makes one wish still more anxiously that one was with you. But I hope that you will soon come back, and that you will spend some time with me at my château at Mont St. Martin, near Catelet. I am going there on Saturday; and shall stay there, or thereabouts, till Christmas. Let me know what your intended movements are. In September and October we shall have encampments, reviews, races, hunting, and shooting. In November

[1] Lady Caroline Lamb.

and December probably hunting only. But I believe the Duchess of Richmond and all her daughters propose to spend the whole winter with me, and we shall have plenty of whist for Shelley of an evening and what they call in Zeland *la Bra Pleasura*, and gambols of all kinds for you and the girls.

"I left England on the 13th, and am quite well. I saw a good deal of Calantha at different times, and I think I was of some use to her, more particularly as my family, which is tolerably numerous, took up her cause very warmly. She discovered that it was Queen Willis[1] alone who gave the order that she should not have a ticket at Almack's, notwithstanding that Lady Bathurst had given her an order for it, and it was said that the Queen had done so because I had been the cause of asking for the ticket for her. But this I don't believe. H.M. is now abroad, and you will probably meet her, *but not at the Mont St. Martin.* I recommend her not to stay too long, or she will find the exercise of her intolerable tyranny very difficult when she returns to England.

"I am not the head of the party[2]; but am understood to belong to the 'Shelley faction,' and the 'Lamb party,' *so the Queen says!* There is one thing very certain; and that is, that she has no chance with us here.

"Nothing has yet been done about my house.

"Believe me, dear Lady Shelley,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

"Remember me kindly to Shelley."

[1] Lady Jersey, the Queen of Society, who presided over Almack's. The rooms in which those balls took place were long known as Willis's Rooms, in King's Street, St. James's.

[2] The party in opposition to Lady Jersey, whose social tyranny was causing much dissatisfaction at that time.

CHAPTER XVI

I HAVE now passed more than a month in Vienna. The town itself is small, and surrounded by a rampart, the fashionable promenade, which one can go round in about three-quarters of an hour. Five or six gates lead to the Faubourgs, each of which is nearly as large as the town itself. They contain fine palaces, inhabited in late spring and late autumn, when the dreadful state of the unpaved streets drives all the *beau monde* into the town. As Vienna itself is small, society is very *rapproché* and pleasant, particularly to those who, like ourselves, are fortunate to be in several of the côteries. As a rule strangers cannot get into more than one. They are obliged to attach themselves to one person, to whom they must pay a good deal of court. This is, however, amply repaid by a kindness, attention, and *bonhomie* quite peculiar to Vienna. Our circle being more extended, we are more free, and our lives more pleasant. I find people in society perfectly satisfied if one calls after dinner, and plays one's part in contributing to the general amusement by conversation at their Receptions. When one is invited to *soirées*, it is either to tea, which is not the quickly dispatched business of our English tea-drinking, but the antiquated usages of our forefathers. The lady of the house smokes over the tea-urn, and is fully occupied in distributing sugar and cream to the whole party. The cloth is laid, as at dinner, and the table is laden with fruit and cakes.

In most of the tea-drinking houses, they assemble at eight o'clock. At Prince Metternich's the *soirée* begins at ten, and lasts till two or three in the morning. Princess Labomierska has a supper very much *à l'Anglaise*; and so also has Count Zichy, once a week. The usual hour of dining is four o'clock. At about half-past five the company is increased by the arrival of evening visitors, who remain about an hour. They then go to the theatre, or to a *soirée*.

We always end the night at Prince Metternich's. The society there is select, and chiefly diplomatic. Sometimes they have charades. If there are not many people, Princess Marie plays waltzes, and the old Princess talks the scandal which she dearly loves. Her history is that of most German wives. Her husband was faithless: and she consoled herself. The children of the liaison are distinguished by their black locks from their fair sisters, the children of the Prince. It is wonderful with what perfect coolness the Princess calls one's attention to the striking difference between them! She is a fond mother, very dull, and undemonstrative. She shows her liking of me by treating me without ceremony. Sometimes she goes to bed, and leaves me to my own resources. After she has gone, the conversation becomes most brilliant and agreeable. We get into a little circle, and Metternich, who is very susceptible of being encouraged to talk, and indeed likes to be drawn out, becomes so brilliant that I feel almost inspired.

One of the great charms of Vienna is its delightful environs, which are so truly the country, that in half an hour's drive you find yourself in wild, mountain scenery. The mountains bordering Styria, which extend from the Danube to Baden, contain endless rides and drives by ruined castles, wooded heights, fine parks, and sheltered valleys. The valley of Briel, one of the many enviable possessions of Prince Jean

Lichtenstein, is in the wildest scenery. It is interesting from having been the retreat of the Austrians when flying from the Turks. The fine ruined castle of Lichtenstein, whose grounds afford views without end, rustic temples placed in the most perfect taste, a Swiss farm, etc., are quite enchanting. Another of his castles is situated on a bold rock overhanging the Danube, which rolls its mighty flood of water round innumerable islands. That river often changes its course, and causes dire devastation. Sometimes the whole plain becomes a mighty sea. A deep semi-circular valley encloses the back of the castle. From this valley rise the finest wooded hills, backed by others in the distance. We made an excursion to this place with a party of Austrians, and Mr. Warrender. After a ride of three hours through the woods, we dined at the castle; and then went two posts to Glaster Neuburg, in half an hour, by one of the Emperor's carriages, which was drawn by six horses, who went the whole distance full gallop, bespattering us with mud. We then returned, and entered a Court barge in which we swept along the rapid stream of the Danube.

We made many other excursions into the heart of this magnificent scenery. I have spoken of the beauties of Nature. I regret to say that art has done only harm. The walks are laid out without taste, and the *alentours* of pavilions and houses are neglected. This applies to all the places in this neighbourhood. The Grand Seigneurs have so many places, that all are, in a degree, neglected.

On the 12th Count Stackelberg gave a ball. It was one of the gayest I ever attended. It was given for the Emperor's Name-Day, the anniversary of the camp at Vertus. Unless one has seen waltzing in Germany, one can form no idea of the life and spirit of that dance. It is extremely quick, and only three or four couples dance at a time. They then range themselves beside

those who are waiting, until their turn comes to begin again. This prevents all confusion. We afterwards danced the German quadrille, and "Mon Grand-père," a funny, romping dance, with which all Viennese balls are concluded. It is danced with a *sangfroid* which makes a queer contrast to the ludicrous attitude of the dance, and gave me fits of laughter. Chernicheff did the honours, and protected me as an old *amie*. We have since become really great friends.

One of our excursions was to the Caltenberg, the retreat of the Prince de Ligne. It was formerly a monastery belonging to the order of Chartreux. The Prince located his friends in the cells of the monks. The view from the terrace, where we dined, is very fine. The town of Vienna lay at our feet, and we could trace all the windings of the Danube, with the battlefields of Aspern and Wagram on the opposite bank of the river. These, with the island of the Lobau, add historic interest to the natural beauty of the scene. While we were looking at that classic ground, the Battle of Wagram was described by General Walmoden, who had an important command, and distinguished himself greatly, on that memorable day. He did the honours of this party, sent his cook, and lent me his horse. It was quite dark when we returned home, and we were caught in a thunderstorm.

During the early part of our stay at Vienna, before Metternich's *soirées* were quite established, I used to have tea parties every evening after the theatre. Once Count Trauttmansdorff[1] sent the Tyroleans. They sing beautifully, in parts, the wildest airs without music. Another excursion was to Hitzing, Count François Palfi's pavilion, a lovely spot. Music was played in the garden during dinner. I drove myself down there in one of the Emperor's open carriages; the horses had been perfectly broken in. We then mounted our horses, and rode to the valley of

[1] Afterwards Prince de Trauttmansdorff, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Heinberg, where I gathered a quantity of wild cyclamen. On our way we rode through the Royal chase of Schönbrunn, and saw quantities of wild boar, who came to be fed at the call of a whistle, like our pheasants.

I was rather embarrassed to-day to keep all my beaux in good humour. We were rather too large a party; Clanwilliam, Elcho, and François Palfi were *de trop*.

I often went in the evenings to visit Princess Galitzin. There was always a Russian and Polish society there. Princess Galitzin is a *belle esprit* who travels perpetually in search of happiness, but without success. She has been, and is still, very handsome; has a mass of raven black hair which she sometimes hides with a flaxen wig. This has the oddest effect possible. Sometimes we played at Patience, sometimes Princess Galitzin told our fortunes. One of the gentlemen, a pupil of Lavater, professes to describe character by handwriting. He wrote a very pretty character of me. Sometimes we acted charades, sometimes we listened to excellent music, and sometimes waltzed. When we were a small party, Chernicheff would produce the maps, and recount the history of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 in which he played so distinguished a part. I became acquainted with Count Pahlin; and constantly met Ozarowsky.[1]

Shelley went into Bohemia for a month, to shoot with Maurice Lichtenstein, and afterwards with Field-Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg, who treated him with unexampled kindness. He always gave him the place between him and his brother in the *battues*, and exceeded the usual attentions due to a stranger. He took him to see the Princess, who is a blue-stocking and very seldom takes fancies; she certainly did take a liking to Shelley.

After his return to Vienna we paid a second visit to Eisenstadt, which broke most terribly into the delight-

[1] General Count Ozarowsky, a Russian diplomat.

ful life I was leading. I thought this visit duller than the first one, and was glad to get back to Vienna.

I shall never forget the night of my return, when I went to Metternich's. There was a larger party there than usual, and I was loaded with reproaches for my absence. Chernicheff's departure was announced. Walmoden is to go to Warsaw to congratulate the Emperor Alexander, who has arrived there. Metternich, and one or two others, looked cross because I seemed to regret the departure of the others. I had difficult cards to play to get them all into good humour again, but at last I succeeded.

Marie Metternich and the whole society received me with a delight, which proved to me that she spoke truthfully in saying that they missed me very much. Even the Princess said she was glad I was come back. I amused them with histories of the dullness of Eisenstadt, and told them that I had been obliged to kill wild boars in order to pass away the time! Leopoldine Lichtenstein, who had been there with me, and had been as much bored as myself, backed up all I said.

When, in about three weeks' time, Walmoden returned, he gave us an entertaining account of Warsaw. The Emperor had made himself very popular by dancing and making love to the women. All the upper classes are delighted that he possesses the kingdom of Poland. This does not apply to the middle orders, who have now just liberty enough to wish for more.

On November 10, the Emperor's[1] marriage took place. There had been some difficulty in regard to the presentation of strangers. The Austrian ladies were indignant at foreigners being presented before them, but as we could not have been presented at all, except by being presented by the Corps Diplomatique, I induced Metternich to take the question up. He

[1] Francis I.

managed it with the Emperor, and this little triumph and glory was pleasant enough.

The entrance of the Empress into Vienna was the most magnificent thing that could be imagined. It had all been arranged by Count Trauttmansdorff. Walmoden commanded the troops on the day. The streets were all hung with tapestry, and decorated with flowers; all the windows were crowded with people. We went to the Church des Augustins and sat in the gallery with the Corps Diplomatique. All the Austrian ladies were below in full Court dress, wearing superb diamonds. When the Guard of Honour and the Hungarian Guard of Nobles entered the church, and lined the aisle, the effect was magical. A Saint-Esprit formed of wax candles filled the end of the church, the whole of which was hung with fine tapestry. The Empress did not look unpleasing as she walked up the church; but, on a nearer approach, she is very ugly. Though very amiable, she is very dull.[1]

After the marriage we went into the palace, which was fitted up and lighted as it had been at a celebrated Congress which preceded the Battle of Waterloo. After having been presented to the Queen, we witnessed the presentation of all the ladies. This was a disagreeable ceremony, as they had to kiss her hand, and then walk backward to their places. Most of them did this very awkwardly, for they trod on and got embarrassed with their long trains.

The assembly was held in the large ballroom, which is entirely of white and gold, and lit by wax candles. We then retired to another room, and awaited the arrival of the Princes to the banquet. The whole scene reminded me very much of a similar scene in "Henry VIII." The table at which they supped was raised a few feet, and was approached by steps.

[1] Caroline Augusta, daughter of King Maximilian of Bavaria. She married November 10, 1816, Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

On these steps we, who were near enough, were glad to sit and rest, while awaiting the entrance of the Royal party. The young Napoleon attracted my attention. He was seated in a box prepared for him in the gallery, with the Duchesse de San Carlos, and looked full of reflection, far above his years. The remainder of the galleries were filled with the *petite noblesse*, as none of those who have not the forty quarterings can be presented at Court. Other seats were placed round the room for spectators in full dress. It was considered a distinction to stand, which, like many other honours, was decidedly fatiguing.

I had plenty of time to examine the magnificent dresses of the ladies. Picturesque veils which swept the ground were worn by the Hungarian ladies, who at Court, like the gentlemen, always appear in national costume. The Comtesse Caroline Zechany looked lovely in a dress of black velvet richly embroidered in gold, with an antique stomacher of precious stones. She wore a net veil embroidered in gold falling from a coronet of diamonds.

It is the custom at Vienna at *bals parés* to borrow, or hire, as many jewels as can be obtained. The head of the family who is present wears all the treasures of the family. In her absence the second of the family wears her jewels. It was thus that the beautiful Leopoldine was laden. Her own jewels are also magnificent; but as they consist of strings of the finest diamonds and pearls, they can be worn in immense quantities without detriment to the general effect. Prince Esterhazy's dress (for be it observed, the wearing of jewels is not confined to the women) was that of captain of the Hungarian *Garde-noble.* It consisted of scarlet cloth, embroidered from head to foot in pearls. The tops of his yellow boots, and his spurs, were set with diamonds. His cloak, lined with the finest fur, was fastened with a magnificent cluster of diamonds, so also were the belt, sword-knot, the

handle and scabbard of his sword. A heron's feather and aigrette of diamonds rose from his fur cap, whose loops, like his sabre-tache, were of pearls and diamonds. He and others told me that his dress that day was worth more than one million pounds sterling, and yet he had not on his person more than a quarter of the family diamonds, which have been collecting for centuries. The head of the family is obliged to lay out a certain sum every year on jewels. It is no wonder, then, that the Princess Esterhazy's are considered the finest in Germany, and far superior to those belonging to the Crown. Count Palfi's dress was fringed with turquoises and diamonds. I remember that when he wore the same in Paris in 1815, it then struck me as extremely ridiculous in a man. On my telling him that I had never seen turquoises of so large a size, he replied: "Je le crois bien, elles sont uniques. J'ai passé ma vie à les ramasser."

I have since heard that, only a few days before, Count Palfi had been arrested for debt at Paris, and would have been sent to prison had not Metternich, Trauttmansdorff, and some others of his friends paid his debts. They said they could not bear to leave a compatriot in prison in a foreign country. They had received this very necklace as security; but had allowed him to wear it on great occasions, thus gratifying a vanity to which he has sacrificed a handsome fortune. He has lost most of his money in managing, or rather mismanaging, the financial affairs of all the theatres in Vienna. This is strange in a man who has talent, and who possesses a remarkably good head for business.

From LADY SHELLEY *to the* DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"VIENNA, *September* 25, 1816.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"A thousand thanks for your letter. With what pleasure I sign the contract of silence, which

I already felt was understood between us, or I should not have dared to write to you as I have done. I knew you would regard my letters as for you alone, consequently I did not doubt that their contents would be sacred. Your letters are, and shall be, the same; and when you know me better, you will feel that security in my promise which I feel in yours.

"I wrote to you on my arrival here, and as you say that you will answer me punctually, I hope soon to receive an answer upon which so much happiness depends. Since I last wrote one of the Ministers said to Shelley: 'Quel plaisir cela nous ferait si le Duc de Wellington venait ici pour le mariage.' I now feel that this may be possible since you are in Flanders. If you give a decided negative to this suggestion I shall be more disappointed than perhaps I ought to be!

"What a tempting proposal you make, that we should visit Mont St. Martin. How delightful to see you daily and hourly, but alas! it cannot be at present. Shelley is delighted with Vienna, and has had wonderful shooting. I think that we must go into Italy—for improvement, more than for pleasure.

"I cannot describe the kindness we have received since our arrival at Vienna. There are but few people here at present, but those few we meet daily.

"We have made various excursions on horseback into the environs. In the evenings we all meet at Prince Metternich's after the theatre. There about twenty people—chiefly men—assemble *sans gêne.* Shelley plays at whist, and I play a little the queen—for, in the dearth of women at present at Vienna, I am rather in request! Prince Metternich's eyes are still very bad—I much fear that one is quite gone. He speaks of you as he *ought* to do, and always wears the gold ring with your head engraved upon it. 'Prince' Charles,[1] who is a little put out at the arrival of Warrender, is gone with the Duchess into Bohemia. Shelley set off to-day for Prince Maurice Lichtenstein's, and from thence he goes to Prince Schwartzenberg's. He will be absent, I fear, for nearly three weeks, during which time I shall be obliged to live a cloistered and rather dull life. I hope to be

[1] Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Stewart, the British Ambassador at Vienna.

enlivened by your letters, but I still wish for Husayn's carpet to take a flight to Mont St. Martin.

"We also are to have races here on October 25, and as the marriage will certainly take place on November 10, I fancy that people will come earlier to town than usual.

"I have only seen *la belle Julie*[1] once since I wrote. She remains at her country place near to Schönbrunn until her confinement. People here say that during the past year and a half she has become *dévote*, and lives entirely with the priests. Is that your fault? We went for two days to Eisenstadt, Prince Esterhazy's, where there were two excellent *chasses*. You know that old Rozamoffsky married? The Princess is handsome, *très aimable*, and very lively. It is supposed that she will give her husband *des inquiétudes*. Chernicheff *fait la cour* there, and on all sides as usual. He is at present *très affairé*. He is to remain here as Ambassador. He has not yet forgotten his exploits in 1814. He complained to me the other day, that in spite of his services neither he, nor any other Russian, had been thought worthy of receiving the English orders. We keep up a *petite guerre*, which is very amusing. Count Caraman, the French Ambassador, is one of the most agreeable of our daily society.

"That strange woman, Princess Galitzin, is here; and also a sister of Chernicheff's, who is twice as large as Lady Hertford. If you were here I think we should have some excellent fun, and the Glass Coach would be in great request, especially if you brought Georgiana Lennox[2] with you.

"Believe me,

"Ever your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LADY SHELLEY

"CAMBRAY, *October* 25, 1816.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Your letters of the 8th and 25th September reached me nearly at the same time a few days ago: and I am very much flattered and obliged by the

[1] Julie Zichy.

[2] Lady Georgiana, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. She was born in 1795.

proofs that they afford of your constant recollection of me. I assure you that I deserve it, in return for my never-ceasing good wishes for you. I wish it was in my power to go to Vienna to the Emperor's marriage, not only because I have the greatest respect and regard for His Majesty, and should be happy to take this opportunity of showing it, but because you appear desirous that I should come, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to meet you again and to pass some time with you. But it is not in my power to quit home at present. I must wait to see the result produced in the Chambers by the late elections. The marriage and all its consequences would be over long before I could possibly reach Vienna. I must therefore wait with patience to see you, till you come to this country on your return to England. I hope that you will let me hear from you sometimes, how you are going on; and particularly at about what time you expect to be at Paris, or in France, on your return.

"I understand that Queen Willis[1] is gone to Italy, where you will most probably see her. I have no intention of going to Paris for some time; but even if I should meet her there, you may depend upon my not quitting the opposition to the odious tyranny. I believe I told you how she treated poor Calantha! There is a story here of an innkeeper, in a quarrel with an English lady, having called her *canaille vagabonde*. This story has been told of the Queen; which shows what we think of her in this quarter of the world.

"I don't know the story about Sir George Warrender; is he a rival of the Prince's?[2]

"I have finished my reviews, and am now settled at Mont St. Martin for the winter, for the sake of very bad hunting, etc. I had a very fine review in this neighbourhood of the British, Danish, Saxon, and Hanover contingents. The Dukes of Kent and Cambridge came to it; and we had some grand dinners, balls, etc. Unluckily the weather for the review was very bad, and the ground so deep that

[1] Lady Jersey.

[2] Sir George Warrender was a well-known figure in the society of the time. Gronow says that he was a great gourmand, and went by the name of Sir Gorge Provender. The "Prince" is Lord Stewart.

the troops could scarcely move; but altogether they looked remarkably well, and I was not dissatisfied with them, or their performance. I wished much for the company of my absent A.D.C. during this review, which I think she would have enjoyed much.

"The Duchess of Richmond and all her daughters are now at Mont St. Martin, and Lord and Lady E. Somerset; and I expect my brother and Lady Georgina this day, on their way to Spain.

"God bless you, my dear Lady Shelley. Remember me kindly to Shelley, and believe me

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER XVII

I WILL attempt to sketch those persons who formed our delightful côterie at Vienna in 1816. Our *petit comité* at the Metternichs' assembled usually at ten o'clock. Tea was served by the Princess herself, whose manner is most ungracious. She scarcely deigns to notice the entrance of her guests. After her invariable *Prenez-vous du thé?* she wraps herself in a shabby shawl, and creeps to a corner of the sofa, where, if she has some one to listen to her, she drawls out, in German, her grievances. More often than not, she bores her listeners to death. Not so the Prince, whose elegant address, courtly manners, and deep politeness, joined to a fine person, at once prepossess strangers, and secure the affection of those admitted to a closer intimacy. A sparkling wit which never wounds, an easy gaiety which inspires those who talk to him, and the gift of drawing out whatever is agreeable in those with whom he converses (thus making them pleased with themselves) may be used in the Cabinet for political purposes, but it is in intimate society that these gifts inspire an attachment, often feigned, but seldom felt, for an absolute minister. Prince Metternich is beloved to an extraordinary degree by all who do not smart under his diplomatic talents. He is universally admitted to be the most amiable man in Vienna. A Prime Minister at the Austrian Court usually holds that position for life. This security causes him to disregard all petty

intrigues. It is universally felt at Vienna that even the Emperor's death would make no change in the Government of the country. Metternich would easily guide the imbecile Heir-Apparent, as he now does the sometimes refractory Emperor, who in some things, especially in matters affecting Italy, is allowed to have his own way for a time. The Chancellerie, where the Prime Minister resides, adjoins the Palace. When visitors arrive at the gate they never inquire whether the Prince or Princess receive, as it is understood that those who have the *entrée* are admitted under any circumstances. So completely does Society form one family that the Prince's wishes are immediately known, and, if he does not wish to receive, Society adjourns to Madame Zichy's, that *belle esprit* of Vienna! Unless it was known that Prince Metternich did not receive, his company mounted the great staircase as though they were at their own homes, and without any servant to announce them, they opened the door of the salon. The ladies then trooped in, and seated themselves at the tea-table, and began working at tapestry, which had been spread out for that purpose. This puts a stranger at her ease, and helps to fill in occasional pauses in conversation.

Marie Metternich, who is nearly as cold in manner as her mother, and as clever as her father's daughter ought to be, is decidedly satirical, and, in consequence, is not a general favourite. We got on very well together, and the tears that filled her eyes when we parted caused surprise at Vienna, an example of feeling which no one had expected. She is very accomplished, and joined in conversation as naturally as a married woman would have done. Madame de Marasec, a *ci-devant* humble companion of the Princesse Bragation (though of the highest family), generally took a silent place at the work-table, and acted as chaperone to Marie, during the occasional absences of the Princess. A glass screen, placed between the

entrance door and the work-table, enabled us to see those who entered the room. My seat was at the farthest end of the long sofa on which sat Princess Metternich. Between that screen and the tea-table a little circle of my favourites was soon formed. Early in the evening Metternich would walk up and down the room, discussing diplomatic affairs with those who wished to consult him. Meanwhile, I chiefly passed the time in desultory conversation with one of my favourites, among whom was occasionally the delightful old Prince Ruffo, the Minister of Finance, Stadion, Prince Hardenberg, Palfi, Wenzel, and Lichtenstein. There was generally a whist table in one corner of the room. Among the company there was sure to be the Duc de San Carlos, the Baron de Kuresmach, in short, most of the Corps Diplomatique.

Before my arrival at Vienna, no females were admitted at these gatherings. But as Metternich insisted upon my passing every evening at his house, this rule was broken. Towards eleven o'clock the Prince, who may have been playing a rubber at whist, or had various diplomatic promenades, established himself, for the rest of the evening, in my little circle: unless indeed he asked me to walk about with him through the long suite of rooms. On these occasions he entertained me with many interesting private anecdotes, giving an account of his own feelings and conduct on various occasions. It was evident to me that he was as anxious to secure my good opinion as my affections.

I must confess that any indulgence in that pride of virtue, which makes an Englishwoman in England respected, by at once checking every effort at compliments and *hommage*, would have been ridiculous at Vienna. Perhaps the experiment was dangerous; but, as my husband was my confidant, and indeed encouraged me to allow myself to be worshipped (a circumstance which pleased him as much as it did me)

I indulged my vanity to the full, and by the little arts of *coquetterie permise*, I succeeded in turning the heads of all those whom I have called my favourites. It was a great amusement to me to keep them apparently good friends, to excite their jealousy, *de les faire enrager*, and to keep myself out of the scrape of falling in love! This sin (if it were one) has left such pleasant remembrances, that I cannot find it in my heart to regret it. As I had the strength of mind to pursue my plan, and to leave Vienna when I did, my reputation remained intact. I had excited the envy of none, and carried with me the regrets of both sexes. Under these circumstances I trust it will be thought a venial offence; though undoubtedly a dangerous precedent.

The jealousy which I evoked had some small political consequences. Chernicheff was sent away on his mission sooner than he wished, as Prince Metternich desired to get him away from Vienna for a time. Part of my fun was to hear this from interested parties, and to exercise my diplomatic talents, by evading the insidious inquiries of the different persons concerned. In every instance I was true to my trust, and never permitted myself to be drawn into the vortex of speculation, or to betray a secret that had been committed to my care. I must admit that in the *abondance de cœur* the mouth was often unguarded, but I returned the chivalrous adoration of my *soupirants* with a sincere and true friendship.

I am naturally romantic; and at Vienna I had *beau jeu*, such as seldom falls to the lot of woman. I fear that if I had remained there much longer, this state of things could not have continued; but, while it did, life was an enchantment. I had felt a pleasure and pride in thus vindicating the character of my countrywomen, who, at the last Congress, had through their prudery and vulgarity contrived to leave an unfavourable impression. I endeavoured to show that love of

society, equal to that of their own amiable women, was not inconsistent with perfect modesty and virtue.[1]

I fear that I have digressed, and made personal reflections, which may seem to be outside the scope of my original plan. But if these remarks are ever published, it will be long after my death, long after the death of those whom I have mentioned in my diary. If, in accordance with my resolution to keep nothing back that might elucidate my character, I have betrayed a weakness, perhaps under the circumstances it may be pardoned.

I will now return to my little corner. Metternich is beginning an interesting subject of conversation. There is no political news at Vienna, mainly owing to the irregularity of the post, and the tampering with letters *en route.* New books never arrive. Society is so exclusive that none but the very highest nobility are admitted into it, and gossip, if it may be called so, especially that which relates to distinguished personages, forms almost the sole topic of conversation. Bonaparte and his Court were often discussed. Any new discoveries in science were explained, romantic stories were told; while charades, *jeux d'esprit*, each in turn, enliven our evenings. Although there were no *conteurs de profession*, each member of the society had some anecdote to relate. My part was usually that of an animated and admiring listener. The enjoyment that I felt, and expressed, seemed to excite fresh discussion: while *un petit mot placé à propos* (which was often inspired by the encouragement I received) gained for me a reputation for conversation at which I am often, when I think of it, astonished.

There is a *bonté*, the groundwork of the German character, which is most attractive. I experienced it particularly in the women, some of whom I had

[1] This impression I left, and have had the happiness of hearing this year that it still remains; and that the *énigmée* (for such I was called) is still talked of with enthusiasm. (Note by Lady Shelley, 1819.)

unintentionally supplanted in their love affairs. Alas! I had drawn away Monsieur de Caraman, who previously had lived entirely in their set, but who now devoted himself exclusively to me. And yet, the greater the loss, the more amiable was the friendly kindness of the lady to whom he was devoted—a lady with whom I could have no pretensions to vie, as she had far more wit than I had. Alas! all her attractions did not preserve her from the mortification of losing the best, and most elevated man of this age. I have no hesitation in saying that goodness and talent are rarely found so united as in Victor de Caraman. His parents, with a truly liberal spirit, had relieved the greater part of their tenants from feudal vassalage. They possessed the land of Languedoc, a mine of inexhaustible wealth. Every gift of fortune, added to a handsome person, failed to ruin this man, or to render him as frivolous as the rest of his nation. Strong passions, and an ungovernable temper, made him at the age of fifteen a torment to his governor. His father, a man of great judgment, perceiving that common measures would not succeed, determined to throw him upon his own resources. He called him one day into his study, and told him that he was his own master, that for the future he must answer to the world, and above all to God, for his conduct. This discourse affected Caraman so much, that after the lapse of many years he repeated it to me word for word. His father's reproof made so deep an impression on the youth's character and feelings, that he instantly became an altered being. His father gave him a commission, and obtained the King's permission that he should travel for some years. He gave him letters for the Court of Berlin, where Frederick the Great reigned, in the plenitude of his great renown. Caraman's introduction to that monarch may here be given. The details are characteristic of both.

Caraman was asked by the French Ambassador at

Berlin (to whom he had been recommended) whether he would like to be presented at Court. Without much reflection the young man assented; and at a fixed time he went to Potsdam. On his arrival Caraman was shown, much to his surprise, into an empty room. He asked the servant where he could find the Ambassador who was to present him, and was told that it was Frederick's custom to receive all strangers alone. He was requested to wait, until the King's arrival. I can well imagine this young man's dismay, and it was amusing to hear his own description of what passed. On the King's entry he rose and made a profound bow, which the King acknowledged by a wave of the hand. Caraman felt very nervous, but after a few minutes of obliging conversation the King put him at his ease. Then Frederick the Great, as was his custom, began to try his understanding by one of those insidious questions, upon the reply to which depended his future favour.

"Dites-moi, donc, Monsieur de Caraman," said he, "est-ce qu'il y a encore de bons généraux en France?" This question addressed to a youth of seventeen, by the hero whose renown had spread all over Europe, convinced Caraman that a trap had been set to catch him. With wonderful presence of mind he replied: "Sire, à mon âge, on ne sait que les obéir, on ne sait pas les juger."

"Le grand Frédéric," said Caraman, "était si content de cette réponse, que depuis cette entrevue il m'honora de son attention particulière, et de ses conseils pour ma conduite; ce qui acheva de la former. Le Roi me permit de l'accompagner aux revues de ses troupes, au grand étonnement de toute la Cour, puisque cette faveur, à laquelle il admettait un enfant de seize ans, n'était que rarement obtenue par les étrangers les plus distingués."

One day Frederick the Great observed Caraman

in a contemplative mood, fixing his attention on an object before him. The King asked him what he was thinking about. Caraman told him that he was interested in the little pointed hats, which belonged to other times, worn by the King's soldiers. He was wondering why the King still allowed them to be worn, since they were of no use for defence, and were not ornamental.

"Le Roi me répondit avec bonté: 'Vous avez raison, et j'en ai même eu l'idée; mais depuis longtemps je suis convaincu qu'un mal qui reste vaut mieux qu'un bien qui change.'"

There is a depth of observation in that remark which is verified by our daily experience. The difficulty of obtaining perfection either in men, or things, ought to teach one to rest satisfied with known defects, rather than, by changing the object, discover perhaps greater ones hitherto unsuspected. Those pointed hats of Frederick the Great have been a little object-lesson to me, for they have often served to check in my mind that love of change which is inherent in human nature.

From the Court of Frederick, Caraman proceeded to that of Catherine of Russia. He passed many years in that atmosphere. He visited his intimate friend the Duc de Richelieu, in the Crimea. Caraman assured me that it was a sense of patriotism that at last induced the Duc to leave that happy little kingdom of his own creation, where he was idolised, and where he had resided for twenty years, to assume the helm of government in France. Meanwhile the French Revolution broke out, and the lands of Languedoc were among the first to be forfeited for the so-called "Good of the Nation." As they were divided among small investors in national property, those lands are lost to Caraman for ever.

Young Caraman was employed in various negotiations for the Princes; and even after Bonaparte's

Consulship, he twice traversed France. On his return, the second time, he was arrested near the frontier, and confined in a castle in the Alps for many years.

After a time he was allowed, on parole, to make excursions among the mountains. Here all that was noble in his mind and character developed. Solitude and misfortune effaced every trace of frivolity in his nature, and he became a model of all that is noble, honourable, and gentlemanlike in man. When his friend the Duc de Richelieu came into power, he appointed M. de Caraman French Ambassador at Vienna, where he is universally beloved and esteemed. The many hours of conversation that I had with him during his almost daily visits, the memory of which will never fade, helped to cultivate my mind, and laid the foundation of whatever power I may happen to possess of making myself agreeable in my intercourse with others. I discovered through him that conversation is an art which requires cultivation.

Every morning after breakfast General Chernicheff paid me a visit, and stayed until driven away by some of the rivals; for he never could endure their presence, and stormed at what he was pleased to call my coquetry in treating all alike with civility and attention. I will attempt to sketch this extraordinary character, but the task is not an easy one.

Cariaccioli thus described his nation: "Un Russe est un singe greffé sur un ours." That may perhaps not be an unfair description of Russians in general; but the character of Chernicheff has been much softened by experience. He has great talents, and many good qualities; this, in a measure, redeems his good opinion of himself, a failing that is certainly very pronounced. He is extremely handsome; though with a trace of Scythian origin, in the width between the eyes, which are small and dark. He has a clear, brown complexion, and the

finest figure that can be imagined for an Apollo. He performs every manly exercise to perfection, and dances *à ravir*. His success with the fair sex goes far to justify his excessive vanity. But his love of glory on the field of battle is the absorbing passion of his life, and in this he has been most successful. It is well known in the army that Platoff's Cossacks were led to victory by Chernicheff, who persuaded the former to abandon his share of the command, and to allow him to command the whole. Chernicheff with his Cossacks was first in every attack, and performed some extraordinary services, while Platoff remained smoking in the rear. He captured towns at a time when he was supposed to be hundreds of miles from the field of action. He combines the courage of the lion with the wisdom of the serpent. The feats he performed resembled those pertaining to the Age of Chivalry—in which individual prowess shone so conspicuous—rather than the regularity and precision of modern warfare. I listened by the hour—with every faculty strained—to the animated and lucid descriptions which he gave, of the principal events connected with the momentous campaigns of 1813-14. Chernicheff with the map before him was in his element, and was supremely happy in fighting all his battles o'er again. His conspicuous merit as a soldier was recognised by the Emperor. He took Chernicheff into his especial favour, and employed him on every secret mission—indeed, he is supposed, by the enemies of Alexander, to be one of his most dangerous agents. Chernicheff's wonderful diplomatic talents were shown early in life. At the age of twenty, he was sent to Paris, after the Peace of Tilsit. He contrived so completely to deceive Bonaparte—by an assumed frivolity, and by reckless amours and coxcombry—that, during several years, he obtained copies of every despatch that was drafted in the Office of Foreign Affairs, and forwarded them

to Russia. His information of Bonaparte's intention to march into Russia was at the time considered so improbable, at a time of profound peace between the two countries, that the intelligence was disbelieved. It was not until Chernicheff furnished his government with particulars as to the route which Bonaparte's army would take, that the Emperor of Russia could be prevailed upon to take any precautions. Meanwhile Chernicheff's proceedings in Paris began to create suspicion, and he would certainly have been arrested if he had not flown from that city two hours before the order for his detention was given. He managed to escape in safety, having previously destroyed every letter except one. That document remained unconsumed in the fireplace, sheltered, apparently, by the ashes of the rest! That letter incriminated two unfortunate men, the victims of their own treachery, who were executed by orders of Bonaparte. They undoubtedly deserved their fate. Chernicheff has been much censured for this carelessness, but, from his own story as told to me, his betrayal of their treachery was an accident. After all, these men had been bought by Russian gold, and are therefore not much to be pitied. And yet one must regret that the crooked paths of diplomacy should have occasioned to Chernicheff an enduring remorse.

As he was proud, haughty, and vain to excess, it was not easy to keep my chains over him, and yet prove to him that his charms were not irresistible. With a deep knowledge of the foibles of women, he tried to mortify and make me jealous, by his apparent preference for another. He ostentatiously broke away, only to resume his chains in a few hours! Such was his devotion that he spared no pains in order to succeed. He even went so far as to feign an illness for many days, at which I only laughed. When I first arrived at Vienna, Chernicheff claimed

to have made my acquaintance in Paris, and committed himself by attaching himself to me, and deserting Princess R——,[1] from whom he had received sufficient encouragement to satisfy his inordinate vanity. He was a perfect infidel to the virtue of women in general, until I made him a convert to mine in particular. From the state of society in Russia, and from the libertine Courts he had lived in, the only doubt in his mind that appeared possible was "Si on se convenait." It was not until Chernicheff was assured by his own disappointment, that he could be convinced that the Duke of Wellington's attentions to me at Paris last year were the result of a pure friendship. At last Chernicheff's departure from Vienna was decided upon, and the day fixed. Through a clever diplomatic stroke, he had caused Walmoden to be sent to Warsaw. It was jealousy that prompted him to get rid of one whom he considered to be his rival. Walmoden lost no time either in going or coming. He was seven days on the road, seven at Warsaw, and seven on his return journey to Vienna. Walmoden was the bearer of a letter from Chernicheff to the fair Princess Radzivil, who had long submitted to this tyrannic lover, and who adored him with a devotion of which she soon gave a signal proof.

It appears that the Princess became so unhappy at the long silence of her lover, that she caused inquiries to be made as to his conduct at Vienna. The moment that Walmoden arrived at Warsaw, he called upon Princess Radzivil and delivered Chernicheff's letter into her hands. The letter only served to increase the Princess's anxiety, for it was a very cold one. She then primed Walmoden with questions, and discovered that her faithless lover had attached himself to an English lady (meaning me!)—a circumstance which the diplomatic Walmoden had his own motive for divulging.

[1] Radzivil.

Immediately after the Emperor's departure, Princess Radzivil set off for Vienna, to resume her place in Chernicheff's affections which she had lost through absence. This brave lady travelled night and day over the most awful roads in the depth of winter, and arrived *incognita* the day preceding that fixed for his departure. When Chernicheff heard of his lady-love's arrival, he shut himself up in his room and feigned to be ill. But the Princess came to him, *tout même*, and reminded him of his broken vows and his promise to marry her.

I think I may justly claim to have had a fair share in the reconciliation which took place between them. Not only had I disappointed his hopes, but I had given Chernicheff the best possible advice as to his future conduct. Added to this, the Princess had just given him a high proof of her devotion. She was lovely and rich, and she had made immense sacrifices in order to retain his love. Her beauty and her tears decided the question. Chernicheff applied to the Emperor for permission to marry a Polish lady, and left Vienna in the same carriage that had brought the Princess Radzivil from Warsaw. They were married a few months later. On the night that Chernicheff feigned illness, I called upon his sister, with whom I was intimate, to inquire after her brother's health, having heard that he was seriously ill. My card was carried up to the salon, where the fair Pole and Chernicheff were arranging matters with his sister. The Princess was dying to see me, and begged that I might be admitted. But Chernicheff interposed: "Si elle vient," he said, "je ne verrais qu'elle, et je ne veux pas de scène." Thus my good fortune befriended me, and I was not admitted.

I heard all this from Chernicheff's sister, after the couple had left Vienna. It would have been a dangerous secret to be entrusted with at the time, as Metternich had his suspicions, and pumped me to find

out if I knew who the lady was. He told me that a lady had left Vienna with Chernicheff, and hinted that the latter had probably been attached to that lady, during the time of his stay here. Metternich thus hoped to lower Chernicheff in my opinion, which it did for a time, and until, by Chernicheff's express desire, his sister told me the whole story. In order to save the reputation of the fair Pole, I was asked to keep the matter secret even from my husband, until the marriage had actually taken place. The reputation of a woman in the Courts of either Vienna or St. Petersburg is not much thought of. The latter is decidedly the most profligate, yet there is a licence in the former which is fatal to the preservation of virtue, although where it does exist it receives universal homage. Women are not, as in England, disgraced for licentiousness. Although the Viennese Court is extremely correct, it does not interfere in any manner with the morals of the nobility. Their admission to Court depends solely upon the number of their quarterings. At the same time, nothing was held in such esteem as womanly virtue, which meets with an admiration but little short of idolatry. The fair Julie Zichy, whom I saw so often in Vienna, was an instance of this. This lovely woman—the living image of Raffaele's Dresden Madonna—was from her birth distinguished by an elegance of mind and person, which seemed heaven-born. Her parents were very commonplace Germans of the old stamp. She married the eldest son of Count Zichy and led a miserable life. Her husband was brutal, debauched, and jealous; and by his treatment of her, sorely tried the virtue and temper of this angel. But she kept on the even tenor of her way, patient under great provocation; she became the peace-maker and counsellor of the various members of her husband's vulgar and coarse family. Her health had been affected by constant child-bearing; and a fortnight after the birth of a little boy, she was

called to a better world, for which she was so well prepared. When I set out from Paris, all her acquaintances sent their remembrances to Julie Zichy, and when I arrived at Vienna, she appeared to be the star of that capital. During the Congress the King of Prussia, from a fancied resemblance to his late Queen, openly attached himself to Julie Zichy, and was in many matters supposed to have been led by her advice, and receded from some of his inadmissible pretensions. And yet scandal never breathed upon her good name, and the King's homage was regarded as something like the devotion of the Knights of Chivalry.

I shall never forget the sensation caused by her death, nor the indignation which was felt against her husband's family, for their coarse and heartless conduct on the very day of her death, in spending the whole evening at the card-table! Metternich was supposed to have felt more love for that extraordinary person, than is usual in a statesman, and, for once, to have failed. It was generally supposed in society that Julie Zichy was far from insensible to Metternich's passion; but she nobly conquered this weakness, and a friendship subsisted between them, which lasted to the end of her noble and pure existence. Perhaps a beam of innocent tenderness, unsuspected by the world, preserved it from decay. After her death the ashes of a *billet-doux* were found, hidden away in the secret drawer of the writing desk which she had left to Metternich. According to the gossips, that letter was a sacrifice made to virtue. In her will, dated a few weeks prior to her death, she expressed a conviction that she would not survive her confinement, and she left full details as to the education of her children. It was the will of a purely German female, and confirmed the picture which Madame de Staël so eloquently described in "L'Allemagne."

One of the most frequent *habitués* at Metternich's

was Walmoden, who won his fame at the Battle of Aspern, where, though unfortunate, he greatly distinguished himself. While Davoust was defending Hamburg, Walmoden opposed him with an inferior force, and kept him in check. One day, while we were riding in the Prater, I persuaded Walmoden (who was not expansive about his achievements) to give me an account of this campaign. I had to employ a great deal of persuasion, as he is a complete contrast to Chernicheff in that respect; but at last I succeeded. Walmoden's father, Count Walmoden, was a natural son of George I., and possessed a good fortune. But the property and money which he left at his death eventually disappeared. He suffered considerably by the loss of Hanover, and afterwards by injustice, by carelessness, and so forth. In short, Walmoden, though most highly esteemed, and employed in every difficult service, is cruelly poor. His poverty oppresses his mind, and causes a listlessness which at times is hard to overcome. I used to call him Rasselas, and sometimes succeeded in drawing him out of his lethargy. It was at such times that he became delightful company.

Walmoden has been for ten years attached to the Princess Hohenzollern, sister to the Duchesse de Sagan.

CHAPTER XVIII

On the morning of November 30, 1816, we left Vienna with the Emperor's horses on our road to Venice. We were often delayed for want of horses, but eventually reached the Simmering Pass, where we bid a last farewell to the Plain of Vienna. The next day we reached Gratz, where we slept. The Val d'Amour, between Bruck and Gratz, is magnificent. Gratz is finely situated, commanding the defile, with its castle perched on a steep hill, overlooking the surrounding country. Before reaching Marburg we made a steep ascent of some miles, winding over a chain of mountains from whence we obtained a magnificent view over Styria, with the Alps in the background. The valleys and Alpine cottages remind me of Switzerland. At the close of the day we entered a very fine pass in the Alps, wider than any I ever saw. I had been asleep, and awoke to find, by the light of the moon, snow scenery like the St. Gothard. Rocks of granite on each side, rising perpendicularly, with here and there a solitary pine. We travelled all night in beautiful weather; and the yellow-tinted clouds which passed over the moon enhanced the beauty of the scene. In my broken slumber I unsentimentally dreamed that I was eating tarts with that dear society of Vienna!

The whole of the next day we wound around rocks, in the most picturesque country. Evening brought us to the confines of Carinthia, and a

great plain, covered a foot deep in snow. We crossed a river over a wide bridge. Here had been fought a great battle between the French and the Austrians, the latter having commanded the heights. In this engagement both armies thought they were worsted, and both retreated. We slept that night at Laybach. We left next morning at six o'clock, and continued to cross the snowy plain in a thick fog. When we reached the first post, at the foot of the mountain, the sun burst forth and lit up the snowy landscape shimmering with innumerable crystals, which looked like diamonds and strewed the road. This pass is very wild. The language was now a mixture of German and Italian, and at every stage the post-boys became more and more animated. A very steep descent, which lasted until we arrived at the next post, compelled us to lock both wheels. While I was asleep that night we passed Goritz, and I was awakened soon after by the jabber of the two post-boys in pure Italian. The post-horses look like rats and go like the wind. The gaiety and noise of the people are striking, after the German phlegm. A broken bridge obliged us to cross the bed of the River Torri, and the post-boy assured us that the shingle we had to go down was a *cattivo precipizio.* The roads are perfectly flat and smooth, raised in the centre like a hog's back by the new materials spread in the middle. Vines are trained from tree to tree, and hang in festoons. They are thus too much in the shade, and the execrable wine is like red ink. Mulberry trees are planted in rows, and the corn, chiefly *blé de Turquie,* is sown between. On our right lay the fine chain of Alps coloured by a thousand glowing hues, ever changing, and beautiful beyond description. Otherwise the country and the weather were like England—the former flat and uninteresting, the latter *grisâtre.* There is a striking difference between the animated

countenances of the peasants here and in Germany. They are a very fine race of people, and one often sees faces that remind one of antique busts and paintings. The flat roofs which are common, even in the poor cottages, have an elegant appearance in the towns, when the broken line is agreeably diversified by tall steeples and towers. Udine appeared in sight, backed by the Alps; the bridge of the Fella (a river whose bed is very wide, though now an inconsiderable stream) had been carried away, and was only sufficiently repaired to enable us to pass it. Pordenone is elegant at a distance, but wretched beyond description in the interior. Its arcades are filled with a squalid population, and beggars innumerable. Eatables, hot and cold, are sold in the streets. The countenances here were often horrible. One might imagine they were all banditti, while the violent importunity of the beggars was quite alarming. We reached Treviso in the evening, and slept there.

The road from Treviso to Mestre is good, perfectly flat, with broad ditches filled with water on each side. The country reminds one very much of the Netherlands. The road is lined on both sides by country houses, but here they are mostly out of repair, which makes a striking difference. The architecture is in bad taste, and the houses are ornamented with statues which would be better suited to the citizens' gardens round London. However, the festoons of vines must, in summer, be lovely. We are lost in admiration at the care taken of the roads, on which hundreds of people are working. Each party, consisting of ten or twelve men, has an inspector.

Mestre is the most desolate-looking place possible, and has every mark of decay. Some of the houses are tumbling down, others are uninhabited. The cold weather gives an additional air of wretchedness to a people accustomed to a southern sun, and who

evidently feel the loss of their best friend during the winter months. Innumerable beggars assailed us as we walked to the gondola. These boats are always in readiness, and are paid for on the same principle as one pays the post. For instance, when you arrive with four horses, you must take six gondoliers, and so forth.

Venice is exactly what I expected to find it, from the pictures of Canaletto, except that it is now falling fast into decay, and looks wretched and poor. It required a bright sunshine, which was lacking, to make one forget the nasty details of the entrance, which is like a bad seaport town. The buildings in general appeared to be on a smaller scale than I had expected. They are much out of repair, except the Palace of the Government, which has been restored by the Viceroy, who also pulled down a church,[1] and completed the square of the Piazza San Marco, which has certainly spoilt the effect of the whole.

Soon after our arrival, we went to visit the church of San Marco. It is a curious medley, and magazine of curiosity. It is entirely lined with mosaic, while its exterior is ornamented with trophies of victory from every country and age. The bronze horses are replaced, and look much less well than they did at Paris. Since I have studied the Elgin marbles, I perceive that these horses are not so good as I had at first thought them. The bronzes which have for centuries supported the colours of the Republic (which, strange to say, were not taken to Paris) are very fine.

The height of the ancient Ducal Palace makes the other buildings appear smaller than they really are. The cafés and shops of the Piazza remind one of the Palais Royal.

After dinner the Marquis of Cigognera paid us a visit, having been asked to do so by Metternich.

[1] San Giminiano; pulled down by order of Napoleon in 1810.

He is full of every kind of information connected with Venice, and is director and founder of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He says that the decadence of Venice is due to the fact that it belongs to Austria. Every encouragement is now given to Trieste, while trade was completely shackled in the time of the French. The Arsenal alone employed six thousand people in the old days. It now scarcely employs as many hundreds. There is now no Court, or centre of Government, which, in the time of the Doges, gave life and industry to every branch of trade in Venice.

The police formerly was supported in the performance of its duties by public opinion, and its prestige was so great that during the fête in the Piazza San Marco, four men (one at each corner of the Piazza) wearing the red cap of office, were sufficient to keep order. The police are now organised by soldiers, whose authority is not nearly so great, and they are personally disliked.

The canals are becoming choked up, and the stench from them at low water is often dreadful.

To-day we made a round of the churches, beginning with the Chiesa dell' Redentore, the purest work of Palladio. We descended into the crypt, to see a fine picture by Zambellone, the master of Titian, which is very superior to the age in which it was painted. The canal to the island, on which this church is situated, is often stormy, and sometimes not safe for a gondola. We then went to the church of the Frari. It happened to be the Fête of the Virgin, and the church was so crowded that we could not see the celebrated picture by Titian. However the Venetians themselves interested me. Their white veils, thrown over their heads, show from whence the painters took their first idea of the dress of the Virgin. In other respects ancient costumes and customs are neglected. The clocks no longer strike

twenty-four hours; and, in consequence, all the hours are alike. The theatre begins at nine o'clock and the casino at twelve.

We went afterwards to the Accademia, formerly a church. Here there is the finest collection of plaster casts in the world. Among most wonderful pictures I saw the Peter Martyr, which I had last seen in Paris. At the sight of this picture I shed tears. All the pictures which have been returned from Paris are in the greatest confusion. They have no place to put them, and some are still rolled on their cylinders; others are leaning against each other, at the end of the room. The Emperor has promised to build a gallery for them, but he cannot do as he likes. He has not the management of the affairs of Italy, from which impoverished country he draws everything, and gives nothing in return. Every little officer is German; even those interpreters of the laws, the judges. They scarcely understand Italian, far less old Venetian, and consequently they give great dissatisfaction. In the Palazzo Pisani we saw the finest Paul Veronese in the world, namely, "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander." It was painted for the family who now possess it, and has never been removed from the spot where it now hangs. The Palazzo Barberigo is full of Titians, and is in dreadful order, damp, and dirty; but Titian's favourite Magdalen (which he afterwards repeated ten or more times) is worthy to be seen—beauty in tears, which it is impossible to see without forgetting that it is a picture. It appears to have been a favourite of his; for he put his name upon it, a thing very unusual for this painter.

In the evening, we dined with the Governor, Count Goetz. He tells me that he is in great hopes that a gallery will soon be built for the pictures. Meanwhile it is more essential to go on with works which employ a greater number of people, such as roads, bridges, etc.

The scarcity of the harvest is deplorable. There have been dreadful inundations around Padua. After dinner we went to a reception at the Countess Albrizzi's, a friend of Denon's, and saw a beautiful Helen, by Canova. Went to Countess Goetz's box at the opera. The opera is now being given in a very small theatre, St. Moïse. The troupe is tolerable and one woman with a fine contralto voice, Madame Marchesini, acted Janerius. The chorus ridiculous. Madame Albrizzi paid me a visit in my box.

December 10.—Count Cigognera came early, to fetch us, and we visited the church of the Salute, where we were particularly struck with the fine Titians on the ceiling of the sacristy. We then crossed to the Piazza San Marco, which was illumined by a bright sun. We ascended the Giant Stairs, and the Scala d'oro, and entered the Ducal Palace. I can imagine nothing finer than this palace, which shows the wealth and luxury of the Republic. The ancient hall where the Senators assembled, the Chamber of the "Council of Ten" and that of the Three Inquisitors, are classic ground. In the Chamber of the "Council of Ten," the centre of the ceiling was originally painted by Paul Veronese. Napoleon sent it to Paris. During the negotiations for the restoration of works of art to their several owners, the King of France took this painting into his bedroom, and begged permission to keep it. He offered three other paintings in place of the three removed from the ceilings. To this proposal the Emperor of Austria unwisely consented. Nothing can replace the loss of this work of art, and Cigognera wisely determines to leave the centre of the ceiling unfilled. The great hall in which the whole Senate assembled on great occasions, is, I believe, the largest room in the world. The ceiling was painted by Tintoretto.

We went afterwards to the house of Count Cigognera.

We saw his wife; and also two pictures which he has sold to Lord Stewart. They are certainly originals, and very beautiful. After passing the Rialto, we went to the Palazzo Barberigo, where, though perished with cold, I was amply repaid by a sight of those wonderful pictures. I saw the celebrated Giorgione, and a Titian that was next to it. Guido's "Lucrece" is the most perfect example of that master that I have ever seen. The "Descent from the Cross," attributed to Raffaele, is taken from a drawing which is now in possession of Prince Esterhazy. The cold was so great that we lost much of the enjoyment which that fine collection of pictures would otherwise have given us. It is the custom in the great rooms (all of which have marble floors) to put little round bits of carpet in front of each chair. We kept moving them about as we went to look at the different pictures.

We dined with Count de Goetz, and met an Austrian officer. He was interesting, having served in all the different wars from the time of Suwarrow. He talks Russian, and told me that nothing can surpass the intelligence of the Cossacks. He says it is quite wonderful what they did in the last wars, owing to their quickness in movement. He had much to say about Chernicheff.

After dinner we stayed with Madame de Goetz, who receives twice a week, and we saw all the society of Venice. Two rows of chairs led to a sofa, on which she and I were placed; and the other ladies, after making their curtseys, ranged themselves on each side. Some of them were pretty. Madame Albrizzi came to sit by me, and was very agreeable. After a short time the ladies—who, by the bye, each arrived with her *cavalier servente*—arranged themselves at different card tables to play at *trepet*. Afterwards Madame de Goetz went round the room, and said a few words to each of them. We left at half-past ten;

and Cigognera took us to Madame Benzoni,[1] where we met a really very agreeable society, and many strangers of all nations. There were among others two Swedes—the Counts Possi—a Greek from Corfu, who is a *savant*, and the French Consul.

Madame Benzoni, after having introduced her cavalier to me, requested him to entertain Shelley; which the poor man did to the best of his ability. If he was silent for a moment she pounced down upon him and asked him why he did not make himself more agreeable, and talk. Madame Benzoni called those men, whom she wished to introduce to me, by their names aloud, often from the other end of the room; and, in an equally loud tone of voice, gave me a description of each one, loud enough to reach the ears of all. Thus one had *beaucoup d'esprit*; another was a *savant*, had published such and such a book; another had *des qualités*, *des malheurs*, and so on. I never met with so agreeable a custom, which supplies one at once with a topic for conversation. I passed two hours there very pleasantly. Madame Benzoni had an almost world-wide celebrity for her beauty. Alas! now she is sixty. The Princess of Wales, when she saw her, exclaimed: "Je reconnais Madame Benzoni par l'éclat de sa beauté." Those words can no longer be said; but, in regard to the beauty of women, it is better to be a "has been," than a "never was." The society at this house seldom assembles before eleven or twelve o'clock.

A Venetian lady's day is thus passed: She rises about twelve o'clock, when the *cavalier servente*, who waits until she is awake, attends her to Mass: few of them read anything except their prayer books. The lady then takes a few turns on the Piazza San Marco; either pays visits or receives them, and dines between three and four o'clock. She then undresses, and goes

[1] Countess Marina Benzoni was the heroine of "La Biondina in Gondoletta"—the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility.

to bed completely. At about eight o'clock she arises for her toilette, spends until three or four o'clock in the morning at the theatre and the casino, or, during the summer, in the cafés on the Piazza.

In summer the air of Venice is so oppressive that it makes people melancholy, and one fancies oneself ill, until one becomes so. For that reason all those who can afford it go into the country. At that season the stench of the canals is dreadful. During the French occupation they were neglected; and are all now very much choked up. During the time of the Republic they were all cleaned out every ten years.

We left Venice early in the morning, and crossed to Fusina, where our carriage awaited us. Near the shore the lagune was covered with ice. Our road, which followed the course of the Brenta, has been much praised for its beauty. But whether the difference between winter and summer in these climates is so great, that no imagination can supply its place, I know not. To me the Brenta appeared no better than a dirty canal, with vulgar citizens' houses (all out of repair) standing on each side. The country is set with deep ditches; vines hang in festoons upon mulberry and fig trees. This is picturesque, it is true. But the country is ugly, flat, and almost destitute of trees. After the first post at Dolo, the Palazzo Pisani, now belonging to the Emperor, which Monsieur de Goetz inhabits in summer, is certainly very fine, and its delicious garden is full of shade. Padua is immense, and thinly inhabited, but it is full of treasures. We visited the Grande Salle, the University, now almost deserted, and the church of Sant' Antonio. It is in the Gothic style, rich beyond belief, and entirely lined with marble. It happened to be a fête day, and the service was performed by candle-light. This church is always very dark, so we lost much of the beauty of the bas-reliefs. After making pilgrimages to other churches, we returned home to an excellent dinner,

but in a very cold room, where we saw our breath as plainly as out of doors.

December 11.—A very short day to Vicenza; where we stopped, in consequence of being told that the road to Verona by the side of the mountains is dangerous. The road hither is straight, and uninteresting, but good; we saw the vines hanging in luxurious festoons from fig trees. Vicenza, which is beautifully situated, is full of buildings by Palladio. We walked to the Villa Capra,[1] about a couple of miles from the town up a hill. It is very handsome, and has four pavilions which are united by a cupola; it was on the model of this villa that the house at Chiswick was built. But how different the situation! From each of the four great doors there is a magnificent view—one towards the mountains, and the others over a richly varied country, set with handsome villas. The day was foggy and unfavourable, but I can conceive nothing so beautiful on a clear day. One view is towards the arcades which lead to a church on the summit of a mountain, a walk of half a mile, under cover. Each family in the town contributed handsomely to the cost. We descended into the "Champ de Mars." After passing through a fine Arc de Triomphe, we re-entered the town by the Verona gate. At Capra we made the acquaintance of Count Leonardo Trissino, a *savant*, and a friend of Cigognera. He led us about the town, and exercised my Italian, as he spoke very little French. The inhabitants of this town seem, if possible, more wretched than those in other towns. I never saw such miserable objects, or such clamorous beggars.

We proceeded on our way to Verona. We passed beautiful ranges of hills on the right, ornamented with villages and country houses, and richly cultivated with figs and vines. We crossed several rivers, at least their beds, for now they are quite dry. The post-horses

[1] Now known as Villa Rotunda Palladiana.

are very bad. The approach to Verona, by the side of the Adige, is beautiful. Michele's fortifications run up the side of a hill.[1] The town is clean; the people look happy, with smiling faces, and there are few beggars.

It is market-day, and we are much struck by the beauty of the women, who wear a picturesque peasant's hat, quite round, and a variety of long pins sticking out behind their ears, with ornaments of coral, and Venetian chains. They have fine countenances, and are as lightly dressed as in summer; while the men are wrapped in long cloaks, which they throw over their shoulders, covering their mouths.

We left our letter of introduction for the Governor, Baron de Lederer, and then proceeded under the Arch of Galileo to the Arena. The amphitheatre is decidedly fine. From the upper steps we obtained a view of the surrounding country, thickly dotted with villas on picturesque hills, backed on one side by the Alps. I am sorry to say that the French have cleaned and smoothed the stones on the benches, removing the moss which gave picturesqueness, and a look of age. They have also committed another sacrilege, in destroying the triumphal Arch of Vitruvius to make the fortress more secure, although even now it is not in a condition to hold out against the enemy.

After dinner we received a visit from the Governor. He is a fussy, little old man, and very talkative. He mentioned the supposed tomb of Juliet, to which all the English hasten the moment they arrive. He also frightened us very much about robbers. It seems that a carriage was stopped yesterday morning, at the last post nearest to the town, and eleven men were arrested the day before. The fact is, that all the rogues are assembled here on this side of the Mincio, where the laws are administered, as in Germany, slowly, and with too much lenity to the

[1] Michele Sammicheli (1484-1559), the greatest military architect of Upper Italy.

prisoner. This does very well at Vienna, with quiet, stupid Germans; but with those nimble-witted, animated Italians it is fatal. Round Mantua the Emperor has granted a separate tribunal to try, condemn, and hang highway robbers in twenty-four hours. This has driven all the rascals to this part of the country, where they are almost sure to escape. As there is no solitary confinement here, they return, after passing some months in prison, to their mountains, greater rascals than before, acquainted with each other, and knowing how to escape justice. One of the banditti has taken great pains to master the German law, which he has explained to his fellow prisoners. The Governor has established a poor-house here, and the idle beggars are put in prison; the consequence is that you see fewer beggars than in any town in Italy.

Our fine weather has departed, and we are on the road to Mantua, which lies over a rich, extremely fertile plain. Rows of trees, deep ditches, and a corn country, very uninteresting until you behold Mantua, which rises from out of the waters of the Mincio. Mantua is surrounded by three large lakes, over whose surface flew large flocks of wild fowl. We approached it by a fine gate, which commands a narrow causeway, and over a very long bridge, like a gallery. We skirted the citadel through a road full of water, and entered the town, which looked perhaps more dirty and dismal than usual owing to the bad weather. Mantua can never have been imposing. The appearance of the inn, the Leone d'oro, is bad, but the interior better than the Duc Torri, the inn at Verona. In spite of the rain we immediately set out to see the Palazzo del Té, which was erected by Giulio Romano. The palace is just outside the gate to Parma. It is situated close to some marshes, and so unwholesome to inhabit that it is abandoned to the care of a concierge. Many of the paintings are injured by damp.

Many of the rooms in this palace are ruined. They

were on several occasions used as hospital wards. In other respects, during all the wars, this ancient palace of the Dukes has been respected. There are many marks of the siege of Mantua, which lasted eight months, in 1796. The place at last surrendered through famine.[1] The garrison had lived for some time on horse-flesh, but they would have held out longer if it had not been that they had nothing for the horses except Indian corn, which was too sweet, so the horses died, and the garrison was obliged to capitulate. There are marks of war on all sides. A bomb burst through the ceiling of the beautiful portico of the palace, opposite to the main entrance.

As we returned, we passed the market, under which there are shambles, through which the river runs, sweeping away the offal. This was designed by Giulio Romano, and gives this market a cleanliness seldom seen in Italy.

We met some deserters, handcuffed, and shoals of ill-looking people. One of them, staring under my bonnet, said, "Andate a Bologna," which frightened me, for I believe he is a robber who will wait for us. The stories we hear of these gentlemen are dreadful. We have had much conversation with our innkeeper, an intelligent man, who is strongly opposed to the present order of things. He says that the number of travellers do not make up to him for the departure of the French officers. He says that the Austrians, though very quiet and good, spend nothing except at play. They are always gambling. In a French soldier that would have been remarked, and he would have been set down as an idle fellow, and one not likely to distinguish himself. Under the French régime the thirty millions of revenue drawn from Italy was spent in the country. Commerce, which might have supplied the place of French gold, is now so hampered by the number of different duties

[1] February 2, 1797.

it pays, that trade is almost stamped out. Under the French the merchant paid a duty in Paris for his goods, which cleared him all the way to Naples. Now he has to pay the King of Sardinia, the Austrian States, the Duke of Modena, the Grand Duke of Florence, and the Pope. In these circumstances, where the merchant formerly paid five francs, he now pays twenty-five francs. Moreover, the contributions which the country people pay to the Austrian Government are transmitted to Vienna. As the Austrians are too poor to spend the money here, the number of people thrown out of employment is the main cause of the universal brigandage which exists. The country here is so fertile that it often produces enough for six years' consumption. This year, although the harvest has not failed, bread is enormously dear. The loaf, which used to cost two sols, now costs eight sols. Under the French the proprietors were obliged, under pain of being called upon for a requisition, to sell at a fixed price. To show how little idea our friend the innkeeper has of the liberty of the subject, he told us that it was a great shame this Government did not employ the same force as the French did, and that the peasants had in several places burned stacks of corn.

While we were at dinner a Savoyard came along the road with his organ, and played an air which reminded me so forcibly of home that I burst into tears. How strange is this effect of music! I can think of England without being affected, without even wishing to be there, and yet a few simple bars at once give me the *maladie du pays*. I now understand the effect of the "Ranz des Vaches" upon the Swiss. Their sorrows are very real.

The Governor sometimes gives a great *chasse* on the lakes, which are preserved. The party often kill two or three thousand wild-fowl in a day.

We left Mantua at seven o'clock in the morning.

It was scarcely daylight, and there was a soaking mist, which developed later to a decided rain. The mist was so thick that when we arrived at the Po we could not see halfway across it. The banks of the river are composed of nasty black sand, and the river itself is dull and muddy, but very broad. The country on each side is marshy, flat, and ugly the whole way to Modena. There are some oak trees close to the entrance to the town, which is clean, with broad, arcaded streets.

On leaving Modena we crossed a fine new bridge, and came upon the Duke of Modena's *douane*. Only a quarter of a mile farther on we were stopped by the *douaniers* of the Pope. Here they were decidedly troublesome. There seems to be no end to these *douanes*—those weighty shackles which commerce has to bear!

The Albergo Reale at Bologna is very good, and has fixed prices, which is a great comfort, as poor travellers are much imposed upon by being asked to pay more than double the sum that the innkeepers are prepared (after haggling) to take!

At Bologna I have seen some of the noblest pictures in the world. The twelve which were returned from Paris are all *chefs d'œuvre*. Raffaele's "St. Cecilia," Guido's "Murder of the Innocents," two Domenichinos, one by each of the Caraccis, one Guercino, and one Cavedone, all of the Bolognese school. In one of the galleries we saw a girl making a wonderfully good copy of Raffaele's "St. Cecilia." She has managed to catch the expression, and I am much mistaken if she does not eventually make a name in the artistic world. I find that she is a Signora Gargani, only twenty-two years old.

I have seen so many fine pictures that I feel something akin to a mental indigestion. I hope that this confusion in my head will soon evaporate! It is painful not to have as distinct an impression of all that is good in Bologna, as I carried away from other towns where there were fewer things to admire.

I am, so to speak, intoxicated by beauty. But, as bibblers say that provided the wine is good the evil effects will not be permanent, I trust that this confusion in my head will soon evaporate!

It strikes me that, in point of drapery, Italian painters had a great advantage. Every peasant has his cloak thrown across his shoulder, forming the finest folds, and the women are beautiful. I saw a young girl to-day, taking care of some sheep in the road. She would have made the finest study for a painter. Her black hair, which hung in ringlets, resembled the Sibyl of Guercino. Others wear a veil of white muslin, their usual dress even in winter; they do not cover their heads, which reminds one of the various Madonnas. One perpetually meets men whose countenances resemble the tormentors of the different Martyrs, or, say, the murderers of the Innocents, whose dark fierce eyes droop beneath your glance.

The Pope has now in his pay the troops of the Viceroy. There are about six hundred men in garrison here. To-day we met the carriage of the Cardinal-Governor, escorted by soldiers. He does not perform Church functions. We were told that he was going to shoot at his country house. As he returns in the night, guards are necessary for his protection. He has a *soirée* every night. There is much misery here among the lower classes, and the streets swarm with beggars. The Pope has just given an order for a poor-house to be established, where they may have work. Meanwhile they starve, and steal. The prisons are full. For common offences, such as larceny, they have brief periods of imprisonment, but assassination is punished by death.

December 15.—It is lovely and quite warm; the sun is so hot that we have the two windows open. Leaves are on the oaks, and some of them are still green. The country is covered with mulberry trees and vines, and we are moving along the Emilian Way,

after crossing many rivers. The hills around Bologna are studded with villas. They say that there is no danger of robbers during the day, but that early in the morning, and late at night, we are sure to be stopped. Our fate in these short days therefore depends upon good driving, and no accident to the carriage. As a thick fog came on at three o'clock we were glad to stop at Forli. The roads are bad, and we were badly driven. At the inn they began by asking forty francs for one room; and as they afterwards agreed to accept fifteen, it was a sure sign that the inn was bad. And so it was! There was literally nothing we could eat; the soup, which Walmoden had given us, saved us from starvation. We were nearly frozen to death in an immense room, which seemed to be all doors and windows. On being informed that there was no danger to be feared from robbers, we resolved to make a dash for Pesaro, and set off at half-past six, quite dark and in a dense fog. Our anxiety was great until daybreak, for we had been warned to expect to be stopped on the road, but fortunately we have escaped! The whole country is famous for hemp, which might come in useful for the brigands. During the following day we passed several small plantations of a sort of bamboo, which resembled sugar canes. The sticks are used to support the young vines. Just before Rimini we passed a river which is supposed to be the ancient Rubicon. In the centre of the town we passed the stone block, or tribune, from whence Cæsar is said to have harangued his troops. Although the troubles of modern times have a tendency to efface the interest which is attached to events of antiquity, we could not pass this classic spot without deep interest. The whole of the Emilian and Flaminian Way recalls a thousand historical events which, alas! have grown faint in my memory. I much regretted the loss of Eustace's "Travels," which we left at Vienna.

A fine bridge of white marble stands at the entrance of Rimini; and a Triumphal Arch of Augustus forms the gate to Pesaro. I saw little of the town, owing to the fog. The post-master assured us that the road was bad; that a bridge was broken; and that we should be obliged to ford a deep river. He said this so that we might take another horse. As a matter of fact, the road was nowhere really bad, was often good, and the water at the ford did not rise above the horse's fetlocks. This was merely one of the numerous impositions to which travellers have to submit.

Yesterday we experienced a singular one, which did not redound to the credit or the brilliancy of our courier, who, though a good fellow, is dull. They made him pay an additional charge as courier. He had looked at the tariff, and yet had not discovered that this rule applied only to the Government couriers. After he had gone, and when it was too late, I examined the tariff myself and discovered the blunder. We seem destined to be unlucky in these gentlemen. It was by our courier's advice, and after a great deal of consultation and debate, that we took this road, on which the posts are ten miles instead of eight, and we have to make a circuit of sixty miles. Prince Rufo and Prince Esterhazy also advised our coming by this road, which is very strange.

Soon after leaving St. Cattolica, where they made us take six horses for the mountain, we soon got above the fog. The scene was lovely. The blue Apennines rose above the fog, which lay like a sea in the valleys, while the hills over which we passed were sprinkled with neat farms, cottages, and olive groves. The peasants appear extremely industrious, and were working at a most inconvenient plough, which obliges them to walk bent nearly double. A woman guided four oxen, yoked like ours, but without cloths on their backs. We find few travellers come this way.

Leaving the valley of Pesaro, with its dense fog, we found a fine clear morning on the hills. As I write this the sun is rising out of the sea, which reflects its golden bars. The town of Fano stands on a point, with its lighthouse and steeples; the foreground is broken, and there is a steep descent to the seashore along the road we are now passing. It is perfectly calm, rolling clouds of fog envelope the distance, and give it the appearance of a lake.

Fano is ancient, and its streets extremely narrow. Our carriage excited the wonder and amusement of the people, who seemed to be merry and happy mountaineers.

Nothing can be finer than the situation of Fossombrone at the entrance of the pass leading to the Furlo. We entered the town known in classic times by the name Forum Sempronii. Here they put on six horses, and off we went, at full gallop, through a narrow high street at the end of which was a gate. After a steep ascent by the side of a deep precipice, the road became too narrow for a mule to pass our carriage. As we advanced we saw Urbino, the birthplace of Raffaele, and realised that this wild lovely scenery must have given those first impressions to his mind which he afterwards brought to such perfection. The landscapes in his early pictures bear evident marks of his birthplace, so familiar to those who have studied his sublime creations. Presently we passed the mount where Asdrubal was defeated by the Romans,[1] and soon arrived at the mountain of the Furlo.

As we pass through the villages, from every window a head pokes out to see us go by. I believe the courier's smart jacket tells these people that we are great persons, as many carriages do not pass this way. From Acqualagna to Cagli we went a great part of the

[1] The celebrated Battle of the Metaurus, when Asdrubal, at the head of 60,000 men, marched to the relief of his brother Hannibal. This event—B.C. 207—decided the Second Punic War in favour of Rome.

way at full gallop; how we escaped an overturn is a mystery, but I have no longer any fears. Cagli is remarkable for the passage of the Scaletti across a deep ravine, which I suppose is a Roman work.

I was much pleased by the enthusiasm with which one of our post-boys pointed out Urbino; and the pride with which he cried "Bravo!" when I exclaimed "The birthplace of Raffaele." The drivers sing to their horses, as in Spain, and are very merry, laughing and talking with every passenger on the road. At Cagli the whole population stood at their doors, and then collected round the post-house. I own that at one moment my heart seemed to come into my mouth. Fortunately we were not obliged to stay there. The inn looked horrid.

Later in the day a violent storm came on, and, while we were crossing a bridge, without a parapet, I thought our *calèche* must have been overturned. We alighted at the Cangiana post-house and ascended a steep narrow staircase belonging to an old building which seemed most uninviting. When we reached the top of the stairs, we were shown into a room which, even in England, would be thought comfortable. The walls and the ceiling were prettily painted and what was stranger still, the doors and windows could be made to open and shut. A fire was burning and candles were lighted. In the bedroom we found a snow-white quilt. The people of the house were remarkably civil, and eager to serve us. What a blessing to find cleanliness and comfort in a small village in the Apennines; a blessing the more valued because wholly unexpected.

Next morning we left this comfortable house with regret, and continued to follow the course of the Metaura to its source. The posts are villages built on the site of ancient castles. Gualdo[1] is particularly fine, covering the top of a pointed hill, the foot of

[1] Gualdo-Tadino, where, in 552, Narses defeated and slew the Ostrogothic King Totila, and gained possession of Rome.

which is fringed with olive trees; while the higher Apennines, with their tops covered with snow, rise around it. After passing Nocera we descended into a richly wooded country, whose noble oaks replace the firs in this otherwise Swiss scenery. Almost every pointed hill has its ruined castle; fit haunts for banditti! Suddenly two soldiers stopped our carriage, and told us that as we should be late in arriving at Foligno we ought to take them as escorts. They informed us that twenty-five prisoners had escaped from Perugia, of whom twelve were known to be hiding in the mountains. Although we suspected that they wanted a job, we resolved to be on the safe side. Thus escorted, we arrived at Foligno, through a beautiful valley watered by a stream of palest green, which gurgled gently over the stones, and broke now and then into foam. The inn at Foligno is a perfect contrast to our last night's lodging in the mountains. It is dirty, noisy, and full of fleas; what must it be in summer?

The night is passed, and we are now really in Italy. A rich broad valley watered by the clear Clitumnus. The hills form an amphitheatre, in the centre of which, on broken ground, stands Spoleto with its old castle,[1] and ancient laurels. It was here that Hannibal was stopped and compelled to raise the siege after the victory of Thrasymenus.[2]

After passing for some hours a country of indescribable beauty, of which no language but the Italian of Tasso or Metastasio can do justice, we entered the Vale of Terni. We determined to visit the waterfall at once. The *calèche* produced for the occasion was quite a curiosity; it looked as if it had been, a hundred years ago, the vehicle in which some priest conducted

[1] This castle was originally founded in pre-Roman times. It was rebuilt in 1364. In 1499 it was inhabited by Lucrezia Borgia.

[2] Plutarch, in his Life of Fabius Maximus, gives a graphic account of this affair.

his *gouvernante*. It had certainly seen its best days; but, in spite of its crazy appearance, it was very strong, otherwise it would have broken twenty times on that road, full of bumpy rocks, which leads to the cascade. Along this same way the Austrian General Bianchi marched his troops and artillery to Naples, thus gaining two days in his pursuit of Murat.[1] As we were beginning to ascend, our postilions stopped for us to admire the view. It was indeed lovely, but farther on it was still more striking. We overlooked the Vale of Terni, thickly dotted with villas, while beneath us the river ran in curves along the fertile valley which it waters. The road, which descends zig-zag from an apparently inaccessible rock, was crowded with mules and peasants, male and female, returning from market. Our carriage was soon surrounded by screaming beggars and children, who called out "Ferma, per l'amor di Dio." We got rid of them at last by promising to give them something on our return. At the top of the rock we beheld the head of the cascade. We left our carriage, and followed our guide through a wood, where we distinctly heard the roar of the cascade. The Swiss waterfalls are nothing to this. The Falls of Terni unite every beauty which belongs to all the others.[2] In this cataract we behold the luxuriance of the Pisse-Vache, the height and shoot of

[1] April 1815.

[2] "How the Giant Element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an Eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract."

Childe Harold, Canto iv. stanzas 70-71.

the Staubbach, and the picturesque environments of the smaller cascades. It is truly sublime.

Narni is situated on a very steep hill, at the foot of which they attached oxen to our carriage, as horses could not have drawn us up. The streets of Narni are as narrow as those of Fossombrone.

Near Otricoli we obtained our first view of the Tiber, as it wound gently through a broad valley. The road to Borghetto, in the country of the Sabines, is very bad. We slept at Civita Castellana, in a wretched inn, for which we paid enormously.

We set off early next morning and passed through a deserted and uncultivated country on our way to Rome. There were patrols the whole length of the road. From the top of a hill beyond Baccano we first saw the sea, and then the dome of St. Peter's. It happened to be a lovely day. Wild fig trees were in the hedges, olives were scattered about, and here and there some evergreen oaks. Ever and anon a ruined villa made a sad contrast to the surrounding gardens and groves. At last we came to the Tiber, having passed, every half mile or so along the road, the leg or arm of a man nailed to a post, as a warning to malefactors. 'Twas thus the Pope had done justice to some of the assassins who infested the roads. We also met numbers of wretched-looking people being escorted by soldiers who were taking them to their parishes, to get rid of them out of Rome. This may perhaps account for the fact that we have not as yet met many beggars in Rome.

As we entered the City, by the Porta del Popolo, we found a note from Canova, who had secured us very good lodgings at La Grande-Bretagne, in which we established ourselves after three nights' and thirty-two days' constant travelling.

.. Lady Jersey and all her *clique* are here, but we have sent out our letters, and I am quite ready for battle.

Our first visit next morning was to Canova's *atelier*.[1] He was not at home, but had left a very civil message, and called upon us while we were out. I had no idea of the extent of Canova's talents until I came to Rome. It is not one thing, but numbers, that attest his genius. He has just finished a group of Mars and Venus which is perfectly lovely. Perhaps the hands of the Venus are slightly an exaggeration of *potelé*, and the fingers taper too much. I ventured to ask him if he had ever seen any hands like that in Nature? He replied, "Yes, those of the Princess Borghese." He told me that his idea of the Mars and Venus came into his mind at Dover, while waiting for the packet boat.

Canova speaks bad French, and, when perfectly at ease, he loves to indulge in his Venetian *patois*. He says that he was only once in love, and that his timidity then, as always, got the better of his passion; so that he never could screw up his courage to propose marriage. He now considers this a most happy circumstance, and rejoices in his single blessedness. I am told that the lady with whom he was in love was a German, and not very handsome, but full of wit and talent. He says that he longs for the presence of a woman in his *atelier*—some one for whom he could feel a passion. This would give him new ideas. His *naïveté* is very attractive. He seems to think you do him a favour in listening to him, and he shares with deep pleasure your enjoyment of his works. He shows them to you in the most favourable lights, has no mock modesty in disclaiming your praises, and regards your enthusiasm as a tribute, not to himself, but to his art. He has a very fine countenance, and, though not tall, is robust. He is very much afraid of hot rooms, as, indeed, are all the Italians. He says hot rooms always give him a cold. As his *atelier* is without

[1] Canova's studio still stands at 16 Via S. Giacomo, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. It will soon be pulled down by the Municipality. It was here that he executed his celebrated statue of Pauline Borghese.

a fire, and he is there from morning till night, I can well imagine how dangerous a hot room would be to him.

December 16.—Canova this evening introduced me to the Duchesse de Fiano, almost the only house he visits. After staying half an hour, he complained of the heat, and departed, but he was very amiable while he stayed. He tells me that permission is very soon to be given to excavate the ground in Rome, for the purpose of discovering antiquities. If any are found, the Government is to have the first option of purchasing them. He has just begun to write to Metternich, to recommend the Cavaliere Fonbroni as Director of the Austrian Academy.

The first view of St. Peter's, as seen from behind some shabby houses, did not impress me. Indeed, I asked the name of the church, as I did not feel sure that it was St. Peter's. But when we arrived at the Piazza, all my doubts vanished. That beautiful colonnade and the fountains most gracefully lead the eye to the lofty façade. It was not until we were close to the church that we realised its height. There is too much ornamentation, both without and within. On my expressing this feeling to Signor Ré, he agreed with me, and said that the church of St. Peter's had contributed to a decline of the Arts, by encouraging a taste for redundant ornament, which only the vastness of this building could in any way excuse. In the interior of St. Peter's we saw paintings in mosaic, which imitate paintings so well that I was completely satisfied to look at a copy of the Transfiguration, and to believe it to be the original returned from Paris.[1] The breadth of the dome takes off from its height as seen from the Piazza, but within the building its effect is sublime. Although, on the morning of Christmas Day, thousands of people entered St. Peter's, they were lost in its immense space. Behind the High

[1] I should not have thought so if I had then seen that inimitable picture, which I have since seen in a good light. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

Altar the church was hung with crimson silk, and two chairs, draped with white silk, were prepared for the Pope. On each side leading to the High Altar stood a row of the Garde Noble, richly dressed in scarlet, and wearing caps with white feathers. The Garde Suisse, in armour, lined the rest of the church. Presently the Pope arrived. He was borne in a chair on men's shoulders. His approach was announced by a chorus of voices, which became louder as the Pontiff advanced up the church. This had a fine effect. The procession was dignified, and well conducted. When the Pope was seated on his chair, the Cardinals advanced and, one by one, kissed his hand. They were followed by the Bishops, who embraced his knee; then came the priests, who kissed his feet. The ceremony of pulling up his petticoats struck me as ludicrous. Mass began with the ceremonies observed when the Pope officiates in person. Pius VII. is a venerable-looking man, with black hair, although seventy-four years of age. Cardinal Gonsalvo, the Pope's assistant, both looked and acted very well. In spite of every endeavour, I feel it impossible to associate my religious feeling with the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Shelley, who was placed behind the Cardinals, heard them talking together while upon their knees, although apparently praying devoutly. The sun shone bright, and threw a thousand picturesque lights upon the ceremony. When the Pope elevated the Host, a sudden gleam burst forth, which to the people appeared miraculous, but was simply produced by the sudden raising and lowering of a closed blind, a manœuvre which I plainly saw. The only difference between the Christmas ceremonies and those of Holy Week is that the Benediction is bestowed from the balcony of St. Peter's. This has an effect similar to that which we saw at Vertus, when the soldiers all fell on their knees. The music at St. Peter's was not striking, and

that which I heard in the Sistine Chapel was almost bad.

On Christmas Day we went in the evening to the Santa Maria Maggiore. The church was entirely hung with red cloth, and finely illuminated. As we came out of the dark church, we beheld Rome bathed in all the glories of a setting sun. The transition from dark to light was most impressive. On our return from St. Peter's, we received a visit from Count Apponyi, and in the evening we went to his reception. Cardinal Gonsalvo, the great man here, has shown us many little attentions. In short, I had various triumphs during the evening. Next day I visited Canova at his studio. Afterwards I went to the Vatican, and gazed at the Apollo, which is marvellous.

I am not pleased with the colossal statues at the entrance of the Capitol. The statue of Marcus Aurelius, though fine, is much out of the perpendicular, and, if not attended to, is in danger of falling. On reaching the summit of this building, a panorama, probably unrivalled in the world, presented itself. Señor Ré, who accompanied us, is an excellent *cicerone*, and gave us a lesson in Roman history while describing the ancient and modern geography of the city. The evening was so clear that we could distinguish the houses at Tivoli, eighteen miles off! On Christmas Day Madame Apponyi was good enough to take me to St. Peter's. On our tickets was printed an intimation to the effect that, as the *grilles* had been removed, ladies were requested to come dressed in a manner appropriate to a religious ceremony. On my inquiring the meaning of this, I was told that ladies attended last year with bare necks! In the evening we went into a café, and drank coffee, the universal beverage. We were much amused by the gaiety of the people. The master of the house carried many saucers on his head, and dealt them out quickly, upon a marble table, like a pack of cards.

In the evening I went to a ball at the Marchesa Torlonia's. I happened to arrive an hour too soon. This confusion of hours is due to the Italian mode of counting time, in accordance with sunset, which is always twenty-four. The same thing happened to me with Canova, who arrived to take me to the Duchesse de Fiano's at half-past six, instead of seven; I had not even begun to dress. On my arrival at the Marchesa Torlonia's we found that the Pope had forbidden the ball, which was not considered proper for Christmas Day. This naturally caused annoyance; but I think the Pope was right. It appears that the Marchesa had already received a hint of this, but she was determined to disregard it, until obliged to obey by an official order. It seems that the old-established rule, of not dancing during Advent, had already been broken at a ball given to Prince Leopold. This the Marchesa, I suppose, took as a precedent.

The Torlonias are *bourgeois*. His father was a *laquais de place* who, nobody knows how, made a fortune, turned banker, and becoming enormously rich, bought palaces and villas. He obtained a marquisate, and later on a dukedom; meanwhile, he continued his business as banker. He gives fêtes, receives all Rome, and last night all London too. It was, however, a bad London assembly.

December 26.—Canova took me into his sanctum, and worked before me for some time. We then went to the Vatican, where we passed two hours, and saw the pictures which had been returned from Paris. Thence we went to the Forum, and spent some time at the Coliseum, which is far finer than that at Verona. Its picturesqueness is enhanced by the quantity of evergreens which adorn its ruins, through which we had peeps of landscape.

After dinner we went to the Duchess of Devonshire's, where I saw some etchings by Mr. Williams,

who has invented an instrument of ivory with several points, by which the process is rendered much quicker and answers extremely well. It is on a soft ground, and cut with *aqua fortis*.

On our return home I found a note from Cardinal Gonsalvo, to say that the Pope would receive me in the garden of the Vatican, and that Shelley might accompany me.

December 29, 1816.—We arrived at the Vatican punctually at three o'clock, the hour fixed for our reception. The gardens are beautiful, but, as the day was cold, we were shown into the pavilion. In about a quarter of an hour the Pope came, attended by his Court. On his entrance I ought to have kissed his hand. Unfortunately I was not then aware of this ceremonial, so I merely made a curtsey. The Pope received me very graciously, and then led us into an inner room, the door of which was closed upon us, so we remained alone with him.

Having motioned us to be seated, the Pope began a very animated conversation in Italian. He speaks very little French. He is a venerable-looking man, and converses very freely on politics and art. He started off at once by saying that the Court of France is displeased that he should have given Lucien Bonaparte[1] permission to reside in Rome. The Pope said that he acted out of compassion for a Prince who had been driven from place to place, until he became a mere wreck, both in body and in mind.

The Pontiff then spoke of Pauline Borghese, and

[1] Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino (1775–1840). In 1803, after the marriage which displeased his brother Napoleon, Lucien was compelled to leave France. He settled in Rome. After the Peace of Tilsit, Napoleon had an interview with him, and offered him a kingdom, if he would look upon it in all respects as a province of the Empire. As Lucien refused, Napoleon ordered him to quit the Continent. In 1810, he embarked for America, but was captured by an English cruiser, and landed in England, where, for some time, he was kept under surveillance at Ludlow Castle. He afterwards bought a house near London, where he remained until the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, when he returned to Rome.

described her statue to me very *naïvely*. He then described Canova's statue of Napoleon, and said that the ladies of Paris were so angry at its nudity, that it had to be concealed. I am bound to say that on these subjects the old gentleman talked very oddly for a Pope, and with marvellous *naïveté*.

Our interview lasted three-quarters of an hour, and after I had kissed the Pope's hand, we returned home quite pleased with our reception. The Pope's niece, a nun, had been waiting in the outer room, and went in when we left him.

We dined with the French Ambassador, the Count de Blacas. Prince Henry of Prussia was there, and the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, by whom I sat at dinner. On my other side sat Prince Altieri. There were about fifty people present.

Next day we visited the Thermes of Caracalla, Titus, Diocletian, and Nero; the latter is now the church of the Madonna delle Angeli.

I cannot describe the effect made on me by the Pantheon, which surpasses all previous conceptions.

On the day that Shelley dined with the Cardinal Gonsalvo, I dined with Lady Westmorland. The dinner itself was magnificent. There were fifty servants out of livery; and each person was waited on by two men in livery; and yet the dinner was dull!

Madame Apponyi called to take me to the Opera. The ballet was the most ridiculous thing imaginable; it was all burlesque, and that in the worst style. The dresses were such as would scarcely be tolerated at a country fair, and yet the Italians seem passionately fond of these ballets! The music of the opera was badly executed.

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON *to* LADY SHELLEY

"MONT ST. MARTIN, *December*, 18, 1816.

"Many thanks, my dear Lady Shelley, for your letter of the 25th November, which I received a few

days ago at Bruxelles, to which place it had followed me. I went there to pay my respects to the King and Prince of Orange, and to see the Princess; and I stayed four or five days in a constant fête, and returned about ten days ago.

I am very sorry indeed for poor Julie.[1] She was in every way a delightful person, and I agree with you in thinking that she alone was worth the whole family of the Zichys' together: and I could even throw her old mother into the bargain, who had no merit whatever, excepting to have been so closely related to so charming a creature. I know no person so popular as she was; and I am convinced she is universally lamented.

"I was certain you would like the society of Vienna, and I see that I did not form an erroneous opinion. The best people there are naturally attached to the English, and disposed to receive them well, and to live upon easy terms with them; and even Prince Charles's folly has not been able to get the better of this disposition.[2] To do him justice, however, I must say that he does everything in his power to make his home agreeable to his countrymen who go to Vienna; and the Ambassador can always do a great deal to render a place agreeable to those who go abroad *pour passer le temps.*

"I am delighted to find that you are thinking of your return, and I will certainly meet you at Paris. I propose to go there at the end of this month, and to stay till the spring; or till you come. There are numbers of English at Paris, and still more going there. I have here at this moment on their way Lord and Lady Conyngham and their daughter, Sir James and Lady L. Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, etc. I amuse them with bad hunting, but excellent coursing, of which I wish you were here to partake.

"I am very anxious to learn how you will have

[1] See pp. 323-4.

[2] Sir Charles Stewart (1778—1854), Ambassador at Vienna, was created Baron Stewart after the Congress. He had been a distinguished soldier, was Wellington's Adjutant-General in the Peninsula, and was severely wounded at Kulm. On the death of Lord Castlereagh, he succeeded as Marquis of Londonderry. He was a pall-bearer at Wellington's funeral. The point of the Duke's allusion is lost to us, but evidently Lord Stewart bore the sobriquet of "Prince."

been received by Queen Willis.[1] I should imagine not very graciously, though I cannot understand what objection she can have to you.

"I have not heard from Calantha very lately. She told me that an answer had been written to 'Glenarvon,' but she did not say by whom. She did not think it good. I think she would have mentioned it if she had imagined the answer to have been written by Lord Byron. God bless you, my dear Lady Shelley. Remember me kindly to Shelley and believe me ever

"Yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

[The following letter, although written at Naples, is inserted immediately after the Duke's letter, to which it is an answer.]

From LADY SHELLEY *to the* DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"NAPLES, *January* 1817.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"We are at last arrived at Naples, the end of our pilgrimage, and henceforward every step we take will bring us nearer to you and to England. The certainty of your being at Paris delights us. Shelley has promised me, in spite of his impatience to return home, three weeks, at least, of your society.

"We travelled day and night from Vienna to Venice, where we stayed a few days. We then visited Verona, passed the Furlo, and arrived at Rome on 23rd December in time for the ceremonies of Christmas. I had an audience of the Saint Père, with whom I had a conversation which will, I think, amuse you. During the fortnight we spent in the Eternal City we were occupied, from daylight until dark, sightseeing. In spite of every prediction that we should be robbed, and perhaps murdered on the road, we arrived here without any *contretemps*.

"I now begin once more to breathe after the rapidity and fatigue, mental and physical, of our journey. I am enchanted with the beauty of Naples, which far surpasses all the descriptions which I had heard. I have found here excellent accounts of my children, and a letter from you which brightens the prospects of our early meeting, and makes me quite happy.

[1] Lady Jersey.

"Metternich gave us letters for every town through which we passed, and here in particular. We have been introduced to some charming people, the Austrian Minister and his wife, who receive every night, in the Vienna fashion. They have a very pleasant society at their house.

"I must now tell you that I was bored to death at Rome. The Cardinals and Bishops overshadow and *gêne* society. We found the Queen,[1] surrounded by her Court, having a reception every night. At Rome she established the same system of tyranny and exclusion as she practised in London. She affected to despise the Italians, and declared that the Austrian Minister and his wife were the only foreigners worth speaking to, always excepting the immaculate Pauline Borghese, and the Bonaparte family, who receive the homage of the Jerseys, the Lansdownes, the Cowpers, the Kings, in short the regular Opposition. They have made Pauline Borghese their bosom friend. This causes surprise to the foreigners generally, who do not understand that, with us, politics play a grand rôle, in cementing or destroying friendships. They are astonished at the exclusion of Lady Westmorland —she and Lady Jersey are all but *brouillé*.

"In the midst of all this, the Apponyis, having received a letter from Metternich, received us with open arms, so Lady Jersey, I suppose, begins to think that it would be well to be on good terms with us. Lord Jersey spoke to Shelley about our estrangement, and said that though I had behaved very ill to his wife, by preventing her reconciliation with Burghersh, Lady Jersey wished to be friendly with me.

"You ask what objection Lady Jersey has to me. I cannot say, for I do not know. But I am not a good courtier, which accounts for much. But the ostensible reason given is that I prevented Burghersh's reconciliation with her. This does me too much honour, and is wide of the mark. The real reason is, that I never have, and never will bow to her autocratic decrees, and continued to see Lord Westmorland after she had quarrelled with him. It is too ridiculous!

"Believe me,

"Ever your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

[1] Lady Jersey.

We have been along the Via Appia, and visited the tomb of Cecilia Metella. She appears to have been the wife of Crassus, and a friend of Cicero. Her tomb is in good preservation, although the Goths used it as a fortress.[1]

January 1, 1817.—Shelley went out shooting, and killed twenty-three snipe on the marshes towards Ostia.

January 3.—Went to Canova's studio, and saw the preparations for the mould of the Mars and Venus; the model is now broken into little bits. Canova accompanied us to see the great horse he has made, and which was intended for an equestrian statue of Napoleon. It is wonderfully fine. Canova wishes to put the figure of the Duke of Wellington upon it; and it is certainly worthy of him. He then took us to the Villa Ludovisi, belonging to the Prince Piombino.[2] In a small gallery are three *chefs d'œuvres*, amongst some inferior statues. We walked for some time in the garden, which is composed of walls of evergreens, bordering long alleys interspersed with statues, upon which the damp has had the same effect as in England. Canova then took us to the Palazzo Torloni, which belongs to a man of whom it is said that the ruin of the Roman nobility has made him rich. There are many stories told as to the means he employed. It is even hinted that the spoils of the sanctuaries, which were given to the French as the price of peace, passed into his hands and remained there. Canova told us that when the Duchesse Torloni appeared one night in splendour

[1] The tomb was entire in 1402, when Poggio was received into the service of the Roman curia. It was reduced to its present condition in the time of Urban VIII. (1623-44).

[2] The Princess of Piombino—Marie Elisa Bonaparte—was a sister of Napoleon. She married a simple Captain of Infantry, Felix Bacciochi. In 1805, Lucca and Piombino were erected into a principality for her. She was commonly called the Semiramus of Lucca. Born 1777, she died in 1820, in comparative obscurity.

at the Opera, the audience saluted her with the cry "Madonna del Loretto." Be that as it may, the palace is splendid. It contains a "Hercules and Lion" by Canova, which I do not like. The palace is full of antiquities, and the finest porphyry tables in the world.

. . . . .

We have visited all the wonders of old Rome, and I begin to be impatient to get to Naples, where I hope to receive letters from home. I have never felt so anxious about the children; and I trust that it is not a presentiment.

Since I came here Lady Jersey has been making advances towards a reconciliation. She has written and called on me, and I trust that in the future we shall meet like other people.

We went to the Villa Borghese. It is now entirely neglected, and does not contain any good statue, except that of Esculapius. In the grounds are some of the finest evergreen oaks I ever saw. That evening we dined with the Apponyis—a most agreeable dinner; afterwards we were joined by Cardinal Gonsalvo. He brought Madame Apponyi the Order of Malta, and gave me letters for the whole road to Naples. I went to Lady Jersey's to complete our reconciliation. It passed off very well.

Owing to these Italian hours which begin at sunset, count to twenty-four, and change every ten days, there is nothing so uncertain as fixing an appointment with an Italian. Cardinal Gonsalvo ordered the dragoons who were to attend us on the road to come to our house. We expected them at three o'clock in the morning, instead of which they arrived at twelve o'clock at night! As they roused the whole house, we were obliged to get up and set off at exactly three o'clock in the morning. A bright moon, and perfect stillness, accompanied our departure from Rome. As we drove through the deserted streets, the buildings appeared to be gigantic, especially

the Coliseum, which, with the ruins of the Forum, spoke of ancient Rome. I imagined the genius of the city hovering above its ruins, and weeping over the degraded inhabitants of a once powerful capital.

We reached Villetri in broad daylight. From here, for two posts, especially near the wood of Cisterna, is very dangerous; for though many of the brigands have been taken, it is known that several still remain at liberty. The wood on each side of the road has been burnt, to prevent their concealment. If the present energetic measures continue, the danger may soon cease. We now entered the Pontine Marshes. The air at this season is not unhealthy, and the inhabitants do not look so sickly as I had expected; nor are the postilions convicts, as they once were. The draining of the marshes by Pius VI. has destroyed the malaria, except during the heat of summer. They are now covered with corn and pasture land, upon which as we passed many herds of cattle were feeding. The cattle are in a wild state, and when they are wanted the shepherds hunt them with dogs. Countless flocks of wild-fowl of every kind and description wheeled in the air within gun-shot of our carriage. They seemed to cover the earth like flies upon a window; or—to employ a homely simile—like fleas upon a Roman bed.

On the right appeared Circe's promontory, no longer an island; though it appears such from Terracina, a beautiful town situated on a bay. We slept there, and enjoyed the first view of the Mediterranean.

On the following day we had plenty of time to admire this enchanting spot, which has "fallen from its high estate," and is now little more than a fishing town. Its mountains are infested with robbers; one band being known to be composed of twenty-five desperate men. Three hundred troops are now pursuing them in the mountains. Gonsalvo told me that seventy-five were executed last year, and two hundred sent to the

galleys. Some of the most desperate are the discarded Sbirri, whom gendarmes have replaced. The police are much better organised than they were, and are now under the direction of Roman Princes. Until recent times the post of Head of the Police was so odious that it was difficult to find any respectable man to fill it.

At Terracina, a short time ago, the banditti carried off some women who were working in the fields, and having taken them into the mountains they demanded a ransom. They threatened to murder their captives unless the poor peasants gave up all the money they possessed. They did so, and were completely ruined. On another occasion some men were taken, and the brigands cut off the ear of one of them, sent it to his friends, and demanded a ransom. The Austrian Commander, for whom we had a letter, actually saw the man to whom this happened. Were it not for these little accidents, Terracina would be a delightful place to stay at. There are wild boars, stags, and chamois in the mountains; and as the town stands at the extremity of the Pontine Marshes, and is sheltered by fine rocks, the situation is healthy.

After passing the gate of Terracina we wound round the rocks. On one side stood hills covered with evergreens, on the other the sea was dashing over rocks, and all that remains of the ancient Via Appia. We now arrived at one of the most dangerous places on the road. Fortunately we were accompanied by four dragoons, who with their long cloaks and fine horses made a scene which Salvator Rosa would have chosen for one of his immortal pictures. Every now and then they would gallop forward to see that all was safe. The sensation which these precautionary measures gave us may be imagined. It certainly was not fear, for we felt certain that they would not attack us while guarded by dragoons, but the whole affair gave a wild and romantic character to the scene.

A gateway across the road announced our entrance into the Kingdom of Naples. As the Austrian posts are stationed every half mile, we no longer thought it necessary to keep our escort, though we found out afterwards that robberies have actually been committed between the posts.

The inhabitants of the small places we passed are at once the most squalid and villainous-looking people I have ever seen, but the country is lovely the whole way to the spot where remains exist of Cicero's Formiæn Villa.[1] The bay is lovely, and the sharp point running into the sea is crowned by the citadel of Gaeta.

It was dusk before we reached Capua, where we took an escort, and travelled by the light of the stars. I never saw Jupiter so fine. We saw his reflection in every pool of water. We were constantly annoyed by a change of escort, which caused much delay, and we did not arrive at Naples until ten o'clock at night. At Santa Lucia we beheld Vesuvius emitting flames. The light-house, and torches in the passing boats, while the moon burst from a dark cloud above the burning mountain, formed a sublime effect. I stood at my window and watched the trembling lights reflected upon the bay. I really could not tear myself away from all the wonders of a Naples night.

January 9, 1817.—I have received letters from my children, which have eased my heart's anxiety. The moment that I left my bed I went to the window again. The scene before me was so beautiful that I could not repress a scream of delight. Our inn faces Vesuvius, which is partly covered with snow. From its summit the smoke, resembling white wreathed clouds, sloped gracefully down and faded into the clear blue sky.

As I entered my carriage I saw an English frigate enter the bay under full sail. The sea was studded

[1] The villa was near Formiæ. See Cicero's letter to Atticus, April 59 B.C.

with fishing-boats. Birds were singing over my head, while waves dashed against the rocks at my feet.

Three days after our arrival at Naples I paid my respects at Court. The Marquis St. Clair gave me his box for the opening of San Carlo. We were seated before the King's arrival. The house was brilliantly lit, and the general effect was good. But Meyer's music was very tiresome, and badly executed.

The ballet of "Cendrillon" was exceedingly pretty. The ices which the Marquis procured for us were made of snow instead of ice, which makes them feel warm. They call them "winter ices."

Naples swarms with beggars afflicted with every kind of deformity, who torment one to death.

Visitors at Naples quickly deteriorate and, so I am told, eventually become as bad as the natives.

It is a curious fact that Naples has always been conquered by a mere handful of men, who, as soon as they have got possession of the country, become enervated, until they are conquered in their turn. Such is the influence of this climate, from whose ill effects few escape. It creates a *volupté* and a *laisser aller*, fatal to energy and good principles. Prince Tablowowski and Count Gonfaloniere both experience and deplore this fatal influence. They say that they are always fighting against it. The former confesses that the difficulty is almost insurmountable. It is worse in summer, when the luxuriousness of the air, rich with perfume and refreshed by the sea breeze, must be felt to be fully understood.

My companion, a Neapolitan, told me that he could not understand the peasants. The language they speak is more like Latin than Italian, and yet it was very soon understood by the German troops, many of whom were Wallachians and Roumanians, once Roman colonies. The natives of that part of Germany preserve for their dialect a corrupt Latin, which resembles the Neapolitan dialect.

Shelley, who walked home from the Chiaja, was disgusted and oppressed by the number and wretchedness of the beggars, who groan at every corner of the streets and divest themselves of insects on the doorsteps. How completely this state of things destroys the natural romance of Italian life! I never wish to return to Naples.

One evening a ball was given by the Neapolitan nobility. I danced a great deal and passed a pleasant evening. At that ball we arranged to make a party for Vesuvius for the following day.

Of the party Prince Tablowowski and ourselves were novices, whereas Conte Gonfaloniere and another gentleman had often ascended the mountain. They told us as we were leaving the house next morning, that they had never seen Vesuvius in such beauty, or under such favourable conditions for an ascent. An hour's drive brought us to Resina, where beggars, drivers of asses, and guides all began to fight for the honour of conducting us. Our own party were in fits of laughter at the obstinacy displayed by the donkeys, and we were at least half an hour getting under way, but afterwards all went on prosperously.

Although it was January 17, it was as hot as in the middle of an English summer, and between the vineyard walls the heat was oppressive.

When we had passed the house of the King's Chasseur (all this part of the country is full of game, and is a Royal preserve), the air became very soft. We passed over black lava six years old, and saw the remains of a cottage that had been destroyed by it. As we ascended, the view expanded. We stopped a short time at the hermit's house to refresh our beasts. H.M.S. *Tagus*, an English frigate, which had sailed in the morning, lay becalmed in the bay. The sun lay low on the horizon, and was finely reflected in the water; while, from the elevated spot upon which we stood, we saw the sea beyond the island of Capri, the

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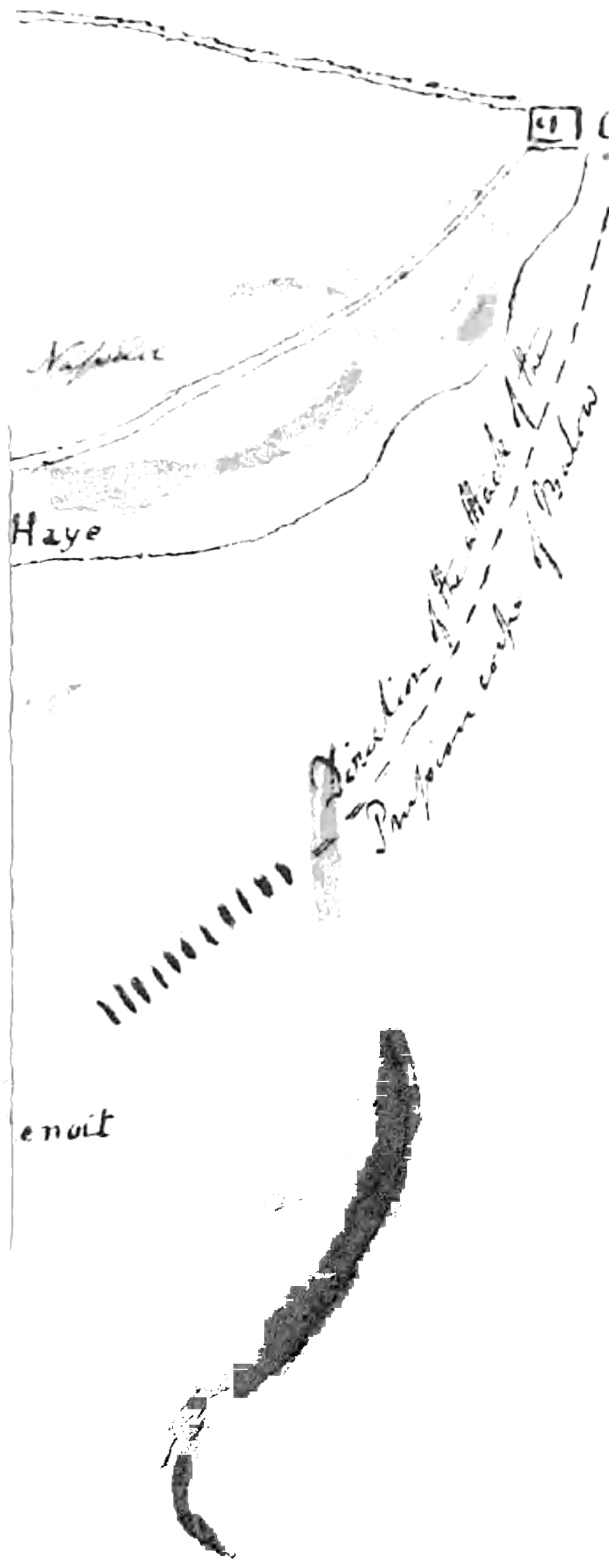

isles of Procida and Ischia, with Cape Miseno. Beneath us lay the Plain of Capua, the grave of Hannibal's army, now rich with vines and fruit trees. Clusters of towns spread over it to the foot of the mountains of Calabria, which were clothed in snow. Caserta, with its fine palace, and the Champ de Mars, were also very distinct. We remounted our mules and continued to the steep part, and met several parties returning. The ascent was painful, but not so much as I had expected, and I became less fatigued as the wonders of these infernal regions filled my thoughts. We passed the old crater, which was closed three years ago, when the new one broke out, but it is still smoking, and burnt our shoes as we passed. After a time, the road became more perilous. We passed over deep cracks, upon the uncertain footing of single bits of lava, while the sulphurous smoke which issued from the cracks over which we passed took away my breath, and I was obliged to cover my mouth with my handkerchief. At last we reached a place which overlooks both craters. The lava on which we stood was covered with flakes of pure sulphur thrown from the crater, and some tremendous showers of stones came very near us, but fortunately the smoke set the other way.

We descended by a very bad road, with great cracks through the upper part of the old crater. The lava had unfortunately taken its course towards Pompeii. As it ran for some distance underground, the guides tried to persuade us that it would not be safe to go to see it. However, as we were all of good courage, we persisted; and the descent, though very fine, was extremely painful. My shoes were literally cut in pieces. Through cracks in the lava we saw the glowing fire burning underneath, and sometimes the stones on which we stood gave way, and I fell to the ground. As this happened also to the guide, it cannot have been my awkwardness alone. Although my legs

were much bruised, we had succeeded, and were fully rewarded by seeing three streams of liquid lava issuing from the old black lava like a millstream, running with great rapidity down a steep descent. To employ a homely simile, the lava appeared to be of the consistency of "hasty pudding," and we stirred it with our sticks, and dipped money into it.

It was now quite dark, and we retraced our steps by torch-light. The dining place was so hot that we could scarcely bear to sit, and were obliged to put great-coats under us. We had an excellent dinner, and our coffee was heated in the lava. While we were enjoying the grand spectacle made by the crater (which was making a tremendous noise), fragments of red-hot lava came very near to us, and, as the wind changed, the guide advised our removal. Although he tried to impress us with the danger, we could not tear ourselves away. In a few minutes the wind again changed, so we were able to enjoy the awful grandeur of this scene in security and comfort. I never passed an hour more delightfully. The picturesque, banditti countenances of our guides were lit up by the torches they carried. We watched the glare produced by frequent eruptions, the black foreground, the murky sky, with here and there an emerald star, which became greener as the red glow paled their ineffectual fires. Towards the sea, the distant view was tinged by the light of volcanic fire. Then there fell a sudden darkness, while the deep roar of the mountain, as it gathered strength for another eruption, produced an effect upon my mind which I cannot pretend to describe, and which will live in my memory for ever.

We ran almost the whole way down the mountain to the place where the mules awaited us. I held tight to the dirtiest and gayest of guides, but my tumbling about was so ludicrous that the whole party laughed. After we had mounted our mules, we rode for two hours in total darkness. The mules would not walk

side by side, so conversation was out of the question. Meanwhile, our guides chattered incessantly in their incomprehensible Neapolitan jargon. Now and then we made them talk in an Italian which we could understand. My guide informed me that he had killed a man who had ill-treated his aunt. He told me that as the man was pulling the old lady by the nose, he gave him a dig with his stiletto. He seemed very proud of the feat. I suspect that the other guides were equally bad. At last we reached Resina. The pavement here was excessively slippery, which my guide told me meant a wet day to-morrow. This phenomenon appears to be an infallible sign of bad weather in the neighbourhood of Naples.

The following day was very wet, and we were glad that we had made our excursion when we did. In the evening I went to the Opera, to hear Rossini's "Otello," which is very fine, and I was pleased with Madame Colbrun's acting and singing.[1] Next evening there was a masked ball at the Opera House, which was the stupidest thing I ever saw. We took a few turns in the *salle de jeu.* It is through gambling that the Marquis, who built the theatre on speculation, hopes to repay himself. He has the privilege of gaming tables throughout the whole of Naples. Next day Count Gonfaloniere accompanied me to Pompeii. The Count is more full of information than any man I ever met with.

On leaving the port of Naples, he showed me the place where so many young noblemen were beheaded by the Queen's orders, after her return from Sicily.

[1] Madame Colbrun was long esteemed the finest singer and actress in Italy. In 1822 she married Rossini. They came to London together in 1824, and were engaged on high terms, she to sing, and Rossini to compose; but both disappointed public expectation. Colbrun's taste was acknowledged to be excellent, and she was much admired in private concerts. She appeared also in Rossini's opera "Zelmira," which was not liked. Madame Colbrun was then entirely *passée.* (See "Musical Reminiscences" by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, p. 143, edition 1828.)

Count Gonfaloniere has made every possible inquiry about Caracciolo, with the following result. Caracciolo was a distinguished naval officer, at the head of the Marine. When the King was driven into Sicily, Caracciolo followed him. After some time, as there did not seem to be any likelihood of the King's return, he asked, and obtained, permission from the King to reside with his family at Naples. He lived there quietly for above a year. Then, tired of leading an inactive life, he was persuaded to serve under the Government, which at that time appeared likely to remain permanently in office. On the King's unexpected return to Naples, Caracciolo was sacrificed to the Queen's hatred of him, and he was, with Nelson's connivance, put to death.[1] He was then seventy years of age. We now inhabit Caracciolo's palace. Gonfaloniere mentioned another blot on Nelson's character. When the French garrison retired into the Castle of St. Elmo and the Castle of Ovo, where they could have held out for some time, they were persuaded to capitulate under a promise of pardon. The terms of this capitulation were violated, and, with Nelson's concurrence, they were all beheaded.[2] The

[1] Admiral Prince Caracciolo was head of the Marine at Naples. He had been trained for the Navy in England. Count Gonfaloniere, if correctly reported, has made many blunders in his prejudiced report. He was not seventy years of age when he was put to death. He was still in the prime of life, forty-eight. He was powerful, he was trusted, and he betrayed the King. He had fired on his own flagship. He was tried by a court-martial composed of his own countrymen, and he admitted having been one of those who went out to stop his Sovereign's troops by sea. His own peers pronounced him guilty of death, and Nelson merely confirmed the sentence. He was hanged at the yard-arm of his own flagship, the *Minerva*, as a warning to others, in very trying times. It cannot be said, with any regard to ascertained facts, that Caracciolo was the victim of the Queen's hatred. His acts are now a matter of history, and his punishment is regarded as just.

[2] It was Nelson's view that the presence of his ships, which were not at Naples to relieve the garrisons, annulled the armistice. With regard to the capitulation, Nelson plainly told the rebels that if they came out of the castles it would *not* be with any of the honours of war. He told them that they must submit to the judgment of their Sovereign. They seem to have had the choice between starvation within the blockaded forts, or the well-merited punishment

King seems to be now pursuing a fatal system of government. The French had abolished the feudal rights of the Neapolitan nobility, which caused a great injury both to the reverence of the people for their Government, and to its prosperity. When Murat came, he gave pensions to all those who had suffered under that law, and by his generosity, which was a trait in his character, reconciled the nobility to their losses. The abolition of their rights over the customs receipts had raised the revenue of Naples from eight to twenty-two millions. Of this large sum, Murat gave five or six millions in pensions to the nobility as a *solatium* for their losses. The King now keeps the whole of the revenue, and thinks only of his shooting. He neglects all the roads, except those upon which he himself travels. The roads made by Murat are fast going to decay. The only tolerable road is kept up by General Nugent with the Austrian troops. In Murat's time, ten thousand people were constantly employed in making and mending roads, and in excavating Pompeii; now there are not two hundred. As a natural consequence, there is much poverty amongst the people. Fortunately for the King, the population of Naples is naturally inclined to indolence. In summer they can live for five grains a day, their only luxury being ice; and the wretch who eats nothing but carrots will drink iced water two or three times a day! In the preservation of ice, and in that alone, the Government shows some energy. Great store-houses are prepared in the valleys above Castellamare, and the supply is brought daily in boats, and is distributed with the greatest regularity into every quarter of the town.

During the heat of summer, there are three or four

for treason. In October 1799, the British Government fully endorsed Nelson's policy. Lord Spencer wrote: "I can only repeat that the intentions and motives by which all your measures have been governed, have been as pure and good as their success has been complete."

hours in the day, when neither threats, entreaty, nor money will induce one of the *lazzaroni* to carry a message for you. If you offer him a *piastre* he will reply, without moving, "In quest'ora non si lavora," and there the matter must rest. There are sanctuaries in some parts of the town of Naples where justice may not pursue criminals. But we passed several chapels on our way to Vesuvius, on which it is written: "Qui non si gode asilo." During the French occupation, these asylums were altogether abolished.

We passed La Favorita, a palace with lovely gardens stretching down to the sea, beyond Portici.

I give the following for what it may be worth.

In 1805, the King was at Castellamare. The Russian Fleet were there also, endeavouring to make him join the Alliance against France. The King refused, and decided to leave Castellamare. The night before they set off, a torrent of lava descended from Vesuvius, and completely blocked the road to Naples. During the eight days that the King and his Court were detained, negotiations were resumed, and the King was induced to join the Alliance. This led to the immediate occupation of Naples by the French troops, and the flight of the King to Sicily.

Owing to Count Gonfaloniere's researches, it appears certain that the city of Pompeii was not ruined by clouds of cinders, as is generally supposed, but by water-spouts which burst suddenly out of the earth, and, forming into torrents, swept everything before them. After forming a kind of paste the flood overwhelmed the town. His opinion is based on the discovery of flints and other materials in the paste. Walls were pushed down, all in the same direction and not squashed, as they would have been if the pressure had been from above. Count Gonfaloniere says that the distance of Pompeii from the mountain is too great for the transit of so light a body as cinders.

We entered Pompeii by the Street of Tombs. About 150 people are now at work upon the excavations. During the summer there were not more than six or seven. In Murat's time 500 were constantly employed. They told us that the Amphitheatre had not been used for some years preceding the destruction of the city, owing to a dispute between the inhabitants of Pompeii and those of Nocera, which accounts for the fact that many of the seats are wanting. In the evening we went to the Fiorentino, a pretty theatre for comic operas. "Paul et Virginie" delighted us.

The King has ploughed up the ground close to the Palace of Caserta, for the birds to feed on. In making the regular round of all that is worth seeing in Naples and its neighbourhood, we have been pestered by beggars. I could not help seeing how miserable the people are. We went to the Belvidere, with its lovely view over the town and bay. The scene was gilded by an Italian sun, every tint of the rainbow tinged the hills, the sea, the sky, and the bright houses. In the distance little boats, no larger than flies, lay like white lilies on a blue ground. Two fine frigates are lying at anchor in the bay, and another is waiting to catch the first breeze. Here, undisturbed by the misery, poverty, and clamour which infest the streets, I abandoned myself to the luxury of the climate, and rejoiced that we are only passengers in this dangerous, though entrancing spot.

January 24, 1817.—It is a summer's day, such as youthful poets fancy when they muse. We have spent most of our evenings in society. The Carnival is very dull this year; there were numbers of carriages, but no fun at all. Under the French, Naples went mad during the Sundays of the Carnival.

We made an excursion to Baia with Count Gonfaloniere. He is an agreeable and instructive guide. The isles of Nisida, with the promontory of

Posilipo, and the distant isles of Procida and Ischia, formed a complete panorama: while the mist which rose from the glassy sea gave an effect which could not fail to inspire a painter. As we drove along the shore, annoyed by a strong sulphurous smell, we noticed that the ground was volcanic. One can form some idea of what its appearance must have been in Homer's time. He peopled its mysterious hills and valleys with beings of his own creation, but with a good foundation of truth. Here dwelt the Cimmerii, in their sombre caves. The present inhabitants enable one to form some idea of their ancestors, whose savage passions they have inherited. It is evident, from the exactness of Homer's description of this part of the country, that he had himself either made the voyage or had conversed with those who had done so.

Pozzuoli, which was formerly a fine city, is now given up to filth and wretchedness. We crossed over to the shore, near the Lago d'Averno. The Bridge of Caligula, or rather the remains of the mole to which his bridge was attached, and upon which he passed triumphantly to Baia the day before it was destroyed by the sea, lay on our left. On the right stand the remains of Cicero's Villa, while the Monte Nuova, which had been formed in one night by a volcanic outburst,[1] gave me the idea that possibly the whole of Italy might once have risen from the waves. The sea is so clear here that, at the depth of several hundred feet, the smallest pebbles are visible. We were carried to the shore on the backs of our boatmen, and landed by the Lago Lacrino, where the ancients used to fatten their fish for the market. The depth of this lake was for centuries unknown. Some years ago an English admiral caused soundings to be made, and reached the bottom at fifteen hundred feet.

[1] Its upheaval took place on September 30, 1538.

After passing through a grove, we entered the supposed cave of the Sibyl of Cumœ, which answers so completely to Virgil's description of it. We passed along a fine vaulted passage, without waiting for our lights, as we saw in the distance the gleams of torches, carried by a party who were slowly approaching. It turned out to be a party of vulgar English. One of the women screamed out: "La! I am sure we have had trouble enough to see nothing." The sight of these scenes of mystery delighted me. We followed our guides through a passage, which was barely wide enough to admit a man. Here we came to some water, through which we waded on the men's backs. Poor Shelley, having dropped his legs into the water, complained bitterly. I rode my horse better, and saw the whole scene by torchlight! Before me stood the Sibyl's bed, her bath, and the different chambers in which she delivered those oracles upon which hung such portentous events in that age of heroes and superstition. These winding passages, with their deep echoes, must have heightened the solemnity, and have given a magical effect to the solemn voice of the Priestess. As I beheld this spot, a light entered into my brain, and I fancied that I understood the effect which these oracles must have made in those ages of ignorance.

We returned to our boat besmirched by the smoke of torches. I had a fine pair of whiskers!

We crossed to the Baths of Nero, which were fed by a hot spring. As we passed along its passages, we burst into perspiration and were almost suffocated. The water at that spring is so hot that an egg may be boiled in it. I proved this by eating the egg which Shelley boiled. In the chamber are the remains of the rock sofa, where the Romans anointed themselves after the bath. There is a fine view of the outside world through the broken arches. We

then crossed the bay, and landed at Miseno. As we passed through a wretched village, we were tormented by beggars, old and young, and reached the Campi Elysii Alas! what disenchantment! We beheld a burnt-up, barren, treeless shore; a stagnant lake. We were worried to death by beggars, and oppressed by the heat; so we quitted the Elysian fields with pleasure, and ascended the promontory overlooking the Bay of Miseno, where the Roman fleet lay at anchor when Pliny saw it, on the day that he went to meet his death in the eruption of Vesuvius. The bay is now very small, having been blocked by a fall of the surrounding promontories.

We scrambled down, and noted where once the plough had turned the soil, and we picked up on the shore bits of marble and coloured glass which had once decorated the villas of wealthy Romans. The *Piscina Mirabilis*, or reservoir for fresh water, is still entire, though the contents are destroyed. It is encrusted with that wonderful cement which hardens in the water. As there are no springs on these shores, this great work was designed to supply the Roman fleet and the inhabitants of these arid shores with fresh water.

We returned by boat to Baia, and were tormented by our dissatisfied boatman, who, having been paid more than his usual fare, still asked for more. We joined our carriage at Fusaro, and returned to Naples.

The whole of the next day was employed in receiving visits of farewell, and it was with regret that I parted from many, whom I could never hope to see again.

From PRINCE METTERNICH *to* LADY SHELLEY

"VIENNE, *Février* 1817.

"J'ai reçu vos deux aimables lettres de Naples, et je vous en remercie. Votre voyage est si prompt que l'on sait, à peu près, toujours où vous n'êtes pas, sans

pouvoir calculer où il faut vous écrire. Je suis donc à vos ordres, en faisant aller cette lettre droit à Paris. Cette ville est connue; la station est bonne, et je n'ai pas pour rien des correspondans dans les capitales.

"Notre Ministre en France, qui n'est pas bien allant, saura, je m'en flatte, faire arriver ma lettre jusqu'à vous. Si je calcule la bonté que vous m'avez eu de vous souvenir dans les lieux saints, et au pied du Vésuve, de l'humble citoyen de Vienne, je compte un peu sur le plaisir que vous aurez de voir que l'on ne vous oublie pas non plus. Ce que vous me dites de 1818 est très bien; j'en accepte l'augure, et j'espère que Vienne sera, pour le coup, le but de votre voyage.

"Je trouve que nous sommes si loin, que nous valons si peu comme lieu de passage, qu'il y a de l'ambition à vouloir nous traiter comme si nous habitions le centre du monde civilisé. Je ne sais si notre position géographique influe sur notre moral, mais je vous réponds que nous valons mieux à user qu'à être vu et jugé à la hâte.

"Rien n'est changé ici que les pensées de l'homme à l'écurie, ou plutôt tout serait changé s'il ne changeait plus. Il avait essayé de noyer ses peines dans les charmes de M. Borgondio, que vous n'avez plus vu, et que vous avez eu raison de ne plus attendre—il lui avait juré un amour éternel. Il a tenu parole et lisant tort que je lui connoisse dans cette affaire, c'est celui d'avoir oublié de la prévenir que l'éternité en amour chez lui est synonyme de huit jours, moins quelques heures. Il a juré depuis de ne plus aimer qu'une dame que vous ne connoissez, je crois également, pas. La pauvre petite est au 15ième jour, et je crois qu'elle le trouve un peu plus froid que le premier jour.

"La cuisine ne va plus; on la ménage comme un magasin à poudre, et il y fait un froid à mourir! Le salon blanc va toujours, parce qu'il se compose de tous les numéros. Je ne vous cacherai cependant pas que je trouve le change à la caisse; les 5 sont de bonne aubaine. On est, au reste, dispensé encore pour plusieurs jours d'avoir de l'esprit, et même de se donner la peine d'avoir l'air d'en avoir; on ne fait que danser. L'esprit des jeunes personnes, et de nos jeunes gens, est dans les jambes. Celui des hommes d'un âge mûr se confond avec les règles du whist, et les dames qui ne dansent plus, et ne jouent pas encore,

sont comme toujours, et à Vienne comme partout ailleurs, tantôt bonnes, tantôt un peu mauvaises.

"Rentrerez-vous dans les seules voyes du salut, depuis que vous êtes charmée du Saint-Père et un peu éprisé de son Cardinal secrétaire d'Etat? Je vous promets de ne plus prier pour vous, le jour où j'apprends cette bonne nouvelle; vous ferez alors bien votre affaire à vous seule.

"Mandez-moi ce que le Pape vous a dit de si extraordinaire. Le Saint-Père est infaillible, mais il est homme, et je comprends que, comme entaché de ce seul péché, il ait pu vous dire de drôles de choses—pour un Pape. Si vous voyez Lord Wellington, dites-lui mille choses de ma part. C'est l'un des hommes que j'aime le mieux au monde, et si j'étais femme je l'aimerais plus que le reste du monde.

"Ne faites plus de politique entre femmes à Londres. Apprenez à vos dames à causer de toute autre chose, à faire de la tapisserie—fut-ce même de la peluche; enseignez-leur une demie douzaine de patiences et de tours de cartes, et invitez-les à prendre des mœurs et des habitudes un peu plus continentales. Vous gagnerez visiblement à ce marché, auquel les tribunaux, les avocats, et les curés en Europe peuvent seul perdre!

"Mon train de vie est toujours le même, mais ma santé est très bonne, malgré ce que l'on vous en a dit. On est si habitué à me priver de l'un ou de l'autre de mes sens, qu'on a pris un léger rhume pour la mort de mon nez! Mon œil va très bien; vous le trouveriez à peu près comme l'autre, c'est-à-dire guère beau, mais bien clair-voyant.

"Adieu, ma chère Lady; milles choses à Shelley. Le Prince de Schwarzenberg va très bien: nous en sommes quittes avec lui par beaucoup de frayeur, et, heureusement, sans mal, et sans suites probables. Sa paralysie a quasi disparu à l'heure qu'il est, et le reste de sa santé vaut mieux qu'avant son accident. La nature paraît avoir fait une crise, mais à laquelle le malade a manqué succomber. La nature a souvent ce genre de procédé, de commune avec les médecins.

"Adieu! je vous demande pardon d'une aussi longue lettre, mais j'ai cru causer avec vous, et vous ne me gronderez pas de cette erreur?

"M."

We left Naples at six o'clock, and after twenty-five hours' travelling, we reached Rome on a fine moonlight evening. As the letters we had written for lodgings had not arrived, we were detained at the *douane*. Angelique, my maid, was very ill, and I passed two wretched hours wandering about the streets of Rome.

On the day after our arrival at Rome, I called on Madame Apponyi, who received me with every mark of affection. In the course of the afternoon, we heard at her house the most perfect music. Rossini, the composer, Madame Vera, and five or six other voices.

While we were at dinner, Canova walked in, and afterwards Cardinal Gonsalvo, Monsieur de Sommery, the Comte de Blacas, and the Comte Chotek; the latter stayed till midnight, and then set off for Vienna. The sad news of Prince Schwarzenberg's attack of apoplexy has hastened his departure from Rome. He showed the deepest feeling, and is a most excellent young man.

I went to Canova's *atelier*. He made me a present of two busts, which he is to send to England for me. I dislike the cast from the Mars and Venus. It is heavy. After a visit to the tomb of Caius Cestius, I went to the summit of the tower on the Capitol to bid farewell to Rome.

I called on Madame Apponyi, and stayed an hour. She talked Religion all the time, as she was going in the evening to Confession, and thought it wrong to see me.

After I left her, I mounted to the highest gallery in St. Peter's. I had deferred this because I was told it was not worth the trouble. Fortunately, the finest evening in the world tempted me, and I never was so enchanted. It is impossible to form an idea of the magnitude of St. Peter's without ascending the Dome. It was quite dark when we returned to dinner.

In the evening we went to Lady Westmorland's,

meaning to return early to bed. She happened to be in a talking mood, and began the subject of Lady Jersey, with whom she has quarrelled about Pauline Borghese. It was impossible to get away before two o'clock in the morning!

We reached Siena in the evening. As we approached Florence, the setting sun gave place to the silver moon. The scene reminded me of the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin. The grouping of buildings and trees is very picturesque. On the following evening we went to a ball given by the Grand Duke at the Palazzo Pitti. The heat was intense, there were too many people, and the rooms were full of flowers. I was bored to death. The Grand Duke bears a very strong likeness to the Emperor of Austria. He talked to me about Vienna. The dancing here is decidedly solemn, and society does not appear to be in the least amused, although everybody spoke of the gaiety of Florence! Count Spanocchi came next morning to act as our cicerone. We went to the Cascine, which is something like the Prater in miniature. The gardeners presented us with flowers in pretty baskets. In the evening we went to the Countess of Albany, to whom Gonsalvo had given me a letter of introduction; she received me with the greatest cordiality. She struck me as being a clever and agreeable old lady. I met at her house a Monsieur Bartely, who had served with Napoleon in all his campaigns, inclusive of the Battle of Waterloo. He seems to be much attached to him. He told me that the qualification necessary for the Imperial Guard consisted in five campaigns, three wounds, and ten years of service. He said that all the army of the Loire would have shed their last drop of blood for Napoleon. I told him that the Emperor's abdication had impressed everybody most unfavourably. To this he replied, "I am quite certain that Napoleon was forced to abdicate. He had no choice in the matter."

Monsieur Bartely, who is a pleasing young man, is willing to serve under the King, as he did under Napoleon, believing it to be a duty which he owes to his country. He assures me, from his own knowledge (though I doubt it), that Napoleon headed the last charge of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo in person!

I may here mention that, in my opinion, Raffaele's Fornarina, which I saw in the Tribune, is the finest portrait in Europe. It has all the colouring of Giorgione, with the soul of Raffaele. It forms such a striking resemblance to Julie Zichy that it might have been her portrait. The Niobe impressed me deeply. I have never seen drawings of it, and therefore I had a pleasing surprise on first beholding this *chef d'œuvre* of expression and feeling. The tears that sprang into my eyes were caused by maternal feeling, and by those family sensations which this sad story awakens in every breast. I was much struck by the strong resemblance of the children to their mother, and, in a less degree, to each other. One of the daughters might be Niobe at fifteen, while the fine pose of the mother, as she stands in all the majesty of pride imploring the gods to spare her youngest child, shielded by her own person from a shower of arrows, portrays so much dignity and feeling as could only be attained by the greatest master of plastic art. The dead son is equally fine; in short, the whole of the children of Niobe are worthy of their mother.

The Pitti Palace contains the finest modern library on the Continent. It is continually augmented by the Grand Duke. He himself makes the catalogue and classifies the works, which are divided into rooms under the heads of Philosophy, Natural History, Art, Poetry, etc. The catalogue is perfect. We saw the Grand Duke's writing room, where he spends two or three hours every evening.

It is the rule here, and also at the Uffizzi, never to leave the visitor an instant unattended by the custode.

This is very irksome, and occasions great loss of time, as one has to wait until a party has finished a tour of the rooms. Meanwhile, the doors are closed, and are not again opened until the party emerges. This rule is very annoying, as one may wish to move about and to return to a favourite work of art. I have, however, become bold and callous, and pursue my way without scruple. I am obliged to visit these galleries alone, as the cold is too great for Shelley.

I never saw anything so dull as these Carnival amusements. As a rule the women in masks allow themselves to be recognised! It is at Carnival time that they usually change their *cavaliere servente*. To the uninitiated, nothing could be more dull, although the noise and scenes in the streets are curious and gay enough.

We rode to Fiesole; Count Spanocchi accompanied us. The old friars would not let me into the gardens of the monastery on account of my sex. We were much amused by an old man who showed us the ancient amphitheatre, now entirely covered by earth, with only a stone here and there to indicate what it was. His description was in every respect as pompous as that of the guide at the Coliseum. We rode home through the Cascine, where we saw several pheasants and hares.

The roads in the Pope's dominions are generally bad. The great drawback to travelling in Italy is the incessant stoppage by the *douaniers* at the entrance of each town. These officials are very difficult to deal with, and are rarely satisfied.

We passed on to Parma, where, on sending my letter to General Niepperg, we received an invitation to dine with Marie Louise.

When we arrived at the Palace, servants plainly dressed showed us to an ante-room, where a few officers were waiting. We then passed through a suite of rooms into a salon which was beautifully

furnished. Its white walls were bordered with gold, and had no ornaments upon them whatever. The only picture which hung upon the wall was a portrait of the young Napoleon. Pier glasses were arranged all round the room, and under each glass stood a table bearing some of Canova's figures, and copies of antique statues in alabaster. The apartment was brilliantly lit by chandeliers.

I was most anxious to see Marie Louise, and to form my own opinion of a personage about whom there has been so much discussion. Presently a slight rustling announced her approach, and then the Empress of the French, very simply attired, walked into the room. Her Majesty was preceded by General Niepperg, her Chevalier d'Honneur, and was followed by her Lady-in-Waiting. Marie Louise, though not regularly handsome, has an animated and expressive countenance, and her figure is fine and commanding. She looked at that moment every inch the Empress, and when I reflected upon her fallen state—a mother deprived of the child whom she adores—I felt for her the deepest sympathy.

Our dinner-party of six persons, including ourselves, comprised two gentlemen—General Niepperg and her Secretary--and her Lady-in-Waiting. The Empress did not allow the conversation to flag for a moment, and I soon felt quite at ease with her.

After dinner we went into the salon, and I had an opportunity of speaking to Marie Louise about her son. When I told her how interesting he was, and how fond everybody in Vienna was of him, her eyes filled with tears. She said: "Oui, ma seule consolation c'est, que je crois qu'on l'aime beaucoup. Il y a dix mois que je ne l'ai pas vu. Il s'est beaucoup amusé à danser." They had told her, in a letter, the story of the Lion!

Marie Louise spoke of making a journey to England, which she said would give her great

pleasure. She told me that she was learning English. She also spoke with enthusiasm of her Swiss tour, to which she attributes her complete restoration to health, which had severely suffered after her husband's fall.

I cannot help thinking that General Niepperg, who accompanied her on that romantic tour, had more to do with it than the climate. She seems to be deeply attached to him, and Shelley thinks . . .

At nine o'clock, the Empress said that as we proposed to leave Parma very early in the morning, she would detain us no longer. She graciously expressed a hope that we would return to Parma, and make a longer stay.

Next morning at five o'clock we left this old town, and drove for an hour in the dark. Although I had heard strange stories about brigands in these parts, I felt no fear, and slept all the time.

On that same day one courier was stopped near Cremona and robbed of twelve thousand francs! As they did not take the letters, they had probably received information that he was carrying money. After Piacenza we crossed the Po, over a bridge composed of fifty-two barges. This bridge was made by the French two years ago. Formerly there was a ferry. We passed through Lodi, crossed the celebrated bridge,[1] and reached Milan before dark. The entrance to this town is beautiful, and its whole appearance cheerful and clean. The women are particularly pretty. They wear their hair dressed in plaits, which are held up behind by silver pins. It is dreadfully cold here, and I am astonished at the women's summer dresses.

[1] Bonaparte's glorious passage, on May 10, 1796, of the narrow wooden bridge of Lodi, against a terrible storm of grape-shot, contributed greatly to exalt the character and raise the courage of the Republican troops, by inspiring them with the belief that nothing could resist them. According to Alison, the bridge of Lodi exactly resembles the wooden bridge over the Clyde at Glasgow, in form, in materials, and in length.

Sa Majesté Madame l'Archiduchesse Duchesse de Parme me charge de faire part à Lord et à Lady Schelley, qu'Elle les recevra en soirée à dix heures trois quarts, et m'ordonne de les inviter à dîner pour sept heures.

Veuillez Milord et Milady d'agréer l'hommage de ma haute considération

Parme le 18 février
1817.

Le Lieut. General
Comte de Neipperg
Chev. d'honneur de S. M.

LETTER CONTAINING THE ROYAL INVITATION

We sent out our letters, and received an invitation from Monsieur de Saran, the Austrian Governor, to dine with him next day; also an offer of his box at the Opera to-night. We went, and saw "Mahomet," by Winter. The music is beautiful, and the singers good. The Scala is built upon the same plan as the San Carlo at Naples, but it pleases me better. We waited to see it lit up for the masked ball. During the performances the auditorium is totally dark; this takes off much of the illusion, and gives the actors the appearance of puppets, while the stage itself looks like a large picture. During the ballet the effect was good, but there are no especially good dancers.

Madame Amedi, a lively German, Mr. Fitzgerald, an Italianised, mad, but honest and hearty Irishman, and several other people, came into our box.

My first visit next morning was to the fine Gothic Cathedral, clothed in pure white marble. It was nearly completed by the French; the unfinished part is now at a standstill. It was in front of the Imperial Palace, on the south side of the Duomo, that the Viceroy, Eugène Beauharnais, reviewed his troops before their fatal march to Moscow. Alas! of that gallant band only one hundred and thirty returned to tell the saddest tale in history. What a theme for poetry!

I went to see the famous "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. The original is mouldering on the wall, and is nearly destroyed. It is now being copied in mosaic by a Roman artist for the Government. His work is on an immense scale, and as it is being done in separate pieces, I fear that they will not join without the lines being seen.

On my way to the Triumphal Arch, I passed the Forum Bonaparte, which was cleared by Napoleon close to the ruins of the Castle of the Viscontis and Sforzas. It is now a large green park planted with

trees. On another part of the ground Napoleon has built a Circus, on the Roman plan, where he entertained the people with games. The Austrians still go on with this, and in summer there are chariot, foot, and horse-races, and a Naumachia with boat-races.

Whenever the Triumphal Arch is finished, it will be a very noble edifice, as, though larger, it is nearly on the plan of the Arch of Titus. A good part of this Arch being finished, it would not require more than six months to complete it; but the Austrians, instead of going on with it, talk of removing it to another spot. In my opinion it ought to be left where it is, at the termination of the Simplon road, which was one of Napoleon's most useful works.

Surely, one may allow him a Triumphal Arch, especially as it is not aggressive. The entrance to Milan is not usually from that quarter of the town. The reason that Suwarow gives for removing it, namely, that it is not seen by those who enter, appears to me to be in its favour. It would form an historical ornament, without daily or hourly recalling to the memory of the people the deeds of their fallen but belover ruler.

From a house on the Corso we saw the Carnival in all its dull gaiety. What possible amusement can the Milanese find in driving for hours up and down the streets, throwing with incomprehensible gravity sugar-plums at the multitude? Those who are not masked, go to display their equipages. They dress very much as we do in Hyde Park, but they run the risk of losing an eye, owing to the force with which the "masks" unmercifully pelt the occupants of the carriages. The prettiest part of the scene was the number of pretty women who lined the balconies all the way along the street.

During this visit to Milan, I met Madame Cafarelli, whose history interests me. She is the daughter of

an emigrant Royalist, and, after a youth of peril and misfortune, married Bonaparte's famous General, Cafarelli, who was Governor of Milan, and received from the Emperor large tracts of land in Lombardy. On the fall of Bonaparte, the Cafarellis lost all their possessions. She is now trying to recover enough to live upon, from the Austrian Government. As Madame Cafarelli was humble in the days of her prosperity, she is much beloved at Milan, and as she now bears her misfortunes with noble fortitude, she commands universal respect. I fear, however, that she is deluded by false hopes, and that the Austrians will not do anything for her.

We had a long, cold, and dusty drive to Monza, which is ten miles from Milan. We visited the Cathedral, where they keep the celebrated Iron Crown, which was last worn by Napoleon. Bonaparte instituted from this historic relic the Italian Order of the Iron Crown. Among the treasures in the church are some ivory tablets, on which the Romans wrote. There is also a cup, made from a single sapphire, now restored, or rather lost, to the world, by being buried in this dark sacristy.

We left Milan, taking an escort for the first stage, and had no alarms. We travelled very fast to Turin, sixteen posts, and arrived there in eleven hours. Shelley went to see the English Minister, Mr. Hill, who asked us to stay and dine with him. We set off at six o'clock next morning, hoping to be able to cross Mont Cenis. For the first two posts we went on prosperously; but, as we began to ascend the mountain, we were warned to expect some wind. We walked a great deal, enjoyed the hot sun, and said farewell to the plains of Italy, which I am glad to have seen, but which I feel no wish to re-visit. While we were changing horses, the wind began to increase in force, and we were much interested by the formation of clouds caused by the driven snow. The breeze developed into a whirlwind,

and causing the snow to rise like smoke, it spread in the air and formed great white clouds over a blue sky. We enjoyed this phenomenon, little thinking how dangerous it would be, and laughed at the fears with which they tried to inspire us at Susa. But as we advanced, the wind and snow increased, and our horses could scarcely face it. When we reached the house of one of the *cantonniers* the road became totally impassable. Twenty men set to work to clear it, but as fast as they opened a passage, the snow drifted back again. Our harness broke several times, and our carriage had to be held up by the men. On one side was a precipice of several thousand feet; there was no rail to guard us, and the snow was so soft that my heart beat loudly as we advanced. On the other side, the snow had mounted higher than the carriage. Several times we stuck fast, and we almost gave up hope. The wind was too strong for us to walk. I never remember a more awful moment, especially as the men began to bellow, and showed a total want of presence of mind. As they could get no footing on the soft snow, they did more harm than good by clinging to the carriage. However, at last we got through it, and descended on to the Plain of San Nicolas, where a temporary road is formed, the old one being completely blocked by avalanches. After passing two more bad places, we at last arrived at the Hospice. As we were driving to the door we were very nearly upset. I screamed lustily, and jumped out of the carriage. As Shelley would not do so, I had all the misery of seeing him very nearly overturned. I never felt so nervous in my life. We entered the Hospice, and left the carriage in a deep hole, from which they eventually released it.

The old friars received us with every mark of hospitality. The rooms, though comfortably furnished, are uncomfortably warm. The Hospice was built by Napoleon when he made the road in 1804, and he

endowed it with lands. The present King has taken the lands away, and makes the monks an annual allowance of twenty thousand francs, which is ample for four fat friars, who live on the fat of the land. They gave us an excellent supper, but the dishes were full of garlic. We met two of Napoleon's Generals, who had taken shelter here on the preceding day. I felt very unwell during supper, and the next morning became seriously ill. However, as everybody predicted bad weather, and as I was determined not to be shut up in the Hospice, we set off in a hard snow-storm. Our conveyance was an open *traineau* with an improvised hood. If I had felt well, I should have enjoyed all this excessively, as the quick motion is delightful. It was like being suddenly transported into Russia, in all the horrors of a Siberian winter! As we proceeded, we met several *traineaux*, whose drivers were wrapped up in skins. There were twelve feet of snow on the road. The *cantonniers* were all hard at work. Our carriage passed an hour later, but it did not arrive until four hours after our arrival at Sans-le-Bourg. After a short rest, we departed for San Martin. While we were proceeding, the post-boy, who had not seen a hole under the snow, drove the *calèche* through it, and of course we were overturned. Nobody was hurt, but the maids were terribly frightened. Angelique, who had been seriously ill, stood up to her knees in snow, but luckily was none the worse. We reached Chambéry on February 26. The whole of the country to Lyons is well cultivated by a happy, smiling, well-dressed peasantry; the children, as usual, begging. The entrance to Lyons is very fine. We crossed the Rhône over the bridge used by Napoleon when he arrived from Grenoble. We lodged at a very bad inn, near the principal Place.

February 28, 1817.—From here, during the horrors of the Revolution, were removed the fine statues

representing the Rhône and the Saône in bronze, which supported a statue of Louis XIV. These statues were removed to the Hôtel de Ville, thereby fulfilling an ancient prophecy, to the effect that if the Rhône and the Saône should meet at the Hôtel de Ville, the city of Lyons would be burnt. This actually happened during the siege, which, once in a way, justified the prophet. The figure which represents the Rhône is very fine.

We went to see the real junction of the rivers. It is a pretty spot, on which formerly stood a fine temple, and an equestrian statue of Julius Cæsar. The Goths threw everything out of the Temple into the river. Some things have been recovered, and are now preserved in the Museum here. We saw an ancient inscription, which states that the Emperor Claudius granted to the people of Lyons all the privileges of Roman citizens.

Our banker here tells us that the people of Lyons are not ill disposed to the present Government, and that when Napoleon arrived here it was only the populace who welcomed him. He said it was unfortunate that, from a false economy, the telegraphs happened to be out of repair. This prevented the early communication, which they think might have prevented Bonaparte's success. I do not myself think that it would have made much difference.

There are no great manufactories here. Every article, even the finest white satin, is fabricated at the workman's own house, in an atmosphere of dirt and misery. The commerce of Lyons has suffered since the Peace, as it formerly received a factitious impetus from the Continental system, which, by closing the seaports, forced the commerce to pass through Lyons and the interior. It does not appear that Napoleon did more than this to benefit the town of Lyons. He certainly caused some morasses, which had previously made some part of the town unhealthy, to be filled up.

The two rivers are magnificent, but there appears to be little traffic upon them.

It is said that there is the same difference in colour between these rivers as there is between the Arve and the Rhône, but this is only noticeable in summer. At the present time the old gentleman is as dirty as his wife, the Saône, who runs in great haste to meet him.

Thus ends the first part of Lady Shelley's Diaries. Various distractions may have interrupted a detailed record of experiences previous to her arrival in England on March 25, 1817.

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