



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

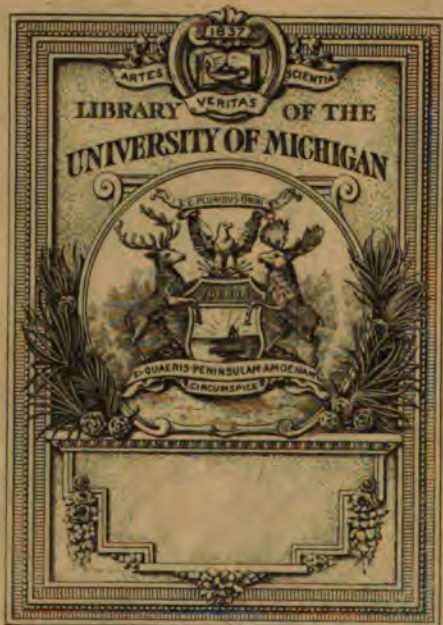
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

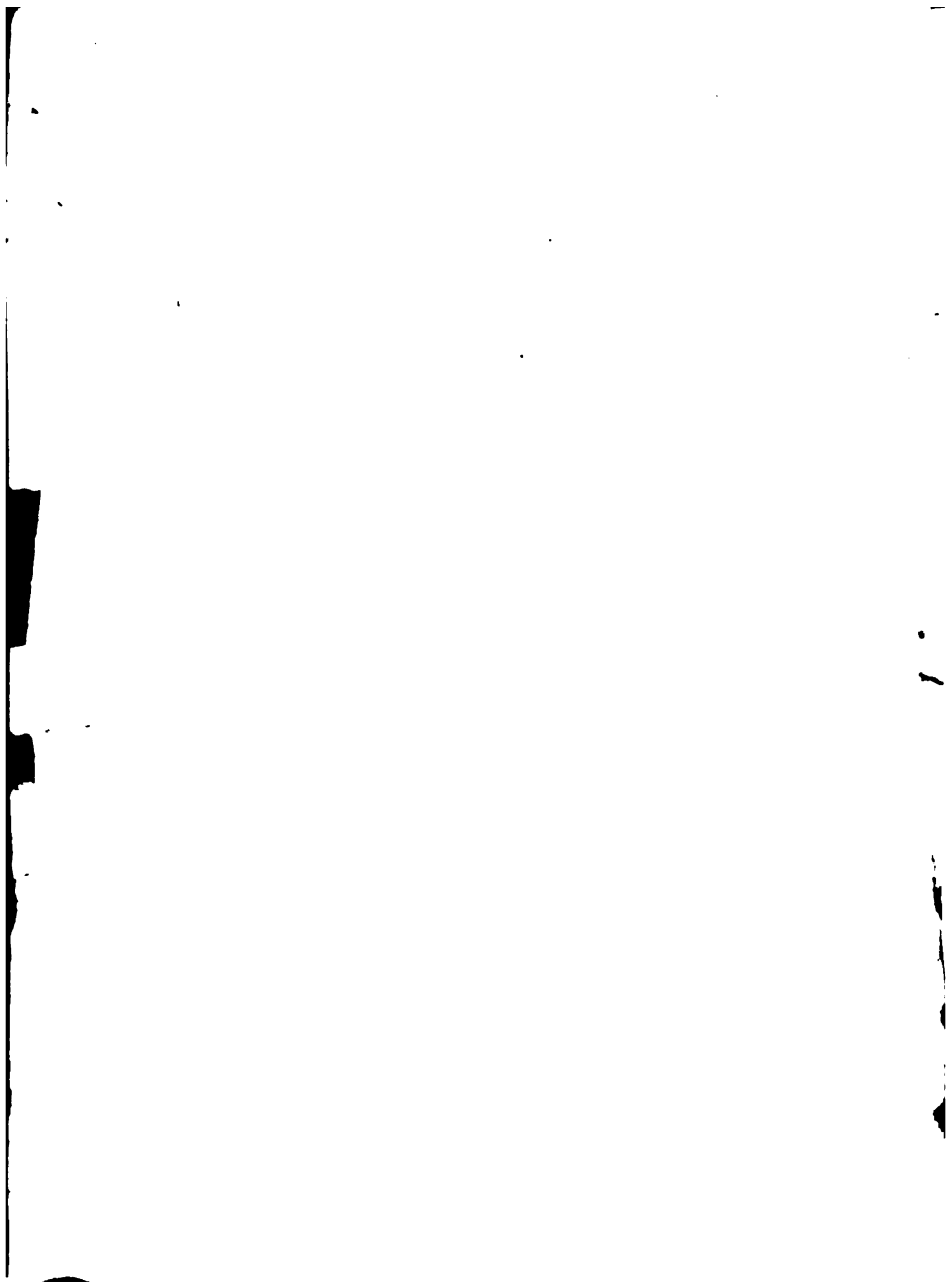
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







DK

210

D. 21

1

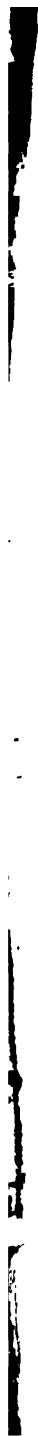
2

3

4

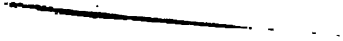
5

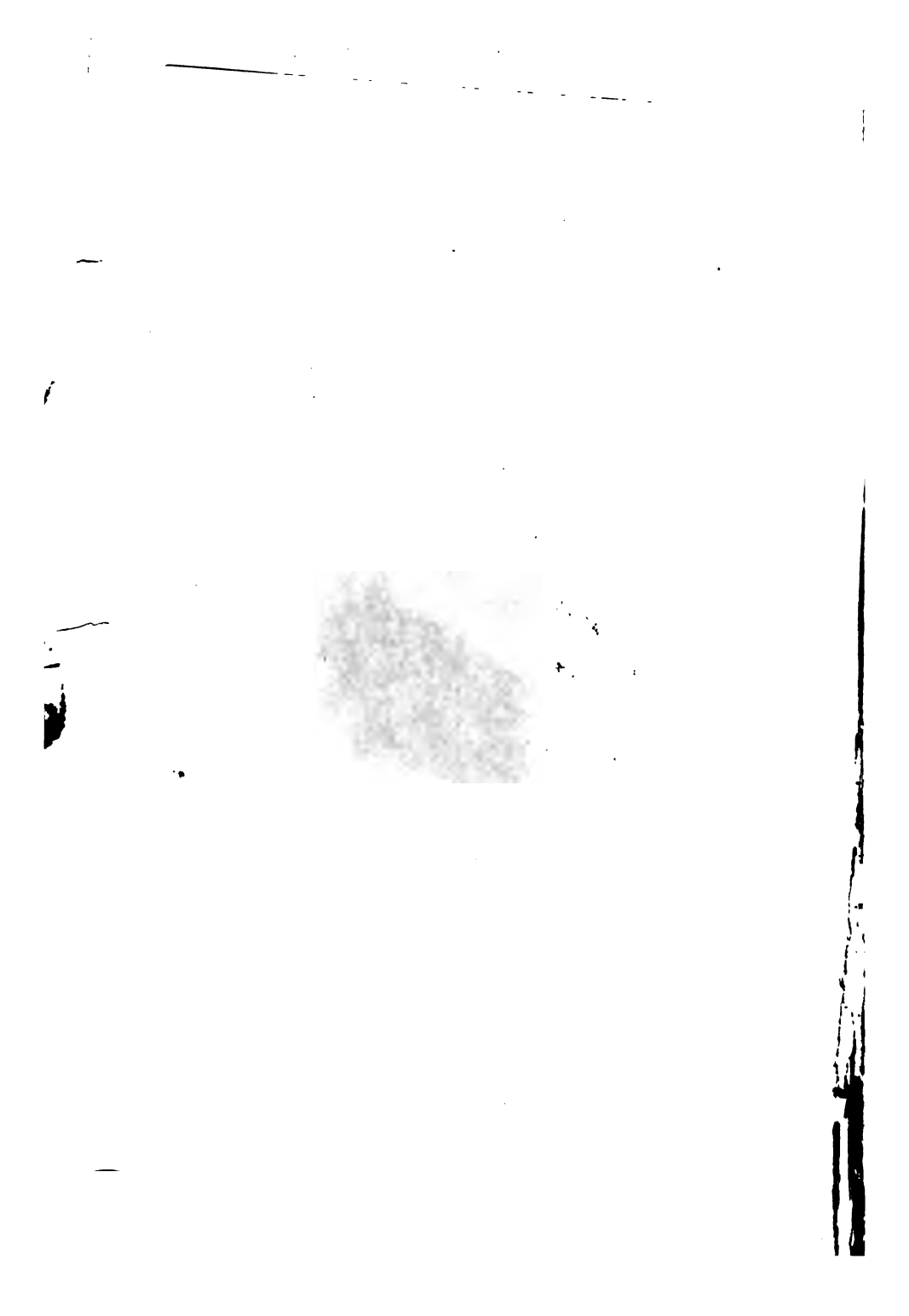
6





G. M. Dallas,





DIARY
OF 40824
GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS
=

*While United States Minister to Russia
1837 to 1839, and to England 1856 to 1861*

EDITED BY
SUSAN DALLAS



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1892

COPYRIGHT, 1892,
BY
SUSAN DALLAS.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

PREFATORY.

MY DEAR MISS DALLAS :

All lovers of literature, and especially all students of history, will, I am sure, hail with pleasure the publication of your father's diaries of the events of his daily life at the courts of Russia and Great Britain, which are soon to appear under the editorial auspices of his daughter.

His observation of affairs and his experiences, diplomatic and personal, while Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the courts of two of the greatest powers of Europe, cannot fail to be of much interest to the public, while all who knew him, and especially all who, like myself, had the good fortune to be honoured with his friendship and his confidence, will see in these pages the reflected image of a personality at once stately and genial, robust and refined, and equipped not only with the learning which befits a scholar, but also with all the graces and accomplishments which add such a charm to learning and to power, wheresoever they are found, when they are conjoined with them. Brought up, as he was, in that atmosphere which now appears so fascinating to us all,—the atmosphere which surrounded the old school of American gentlemen at the period immediately succeeding the Revolution,—and under the care of a father, himself one of the most illustrious of statesmen and lawyers which our country has produced, the friend and confidant of James Madison and one of

Review. A. J. 1866

the pillars of his administration, your distinguished father gave early promise of the great reputation which he subsequently achieved among his countrymen.

From his youth up he was acquainted with the cares and responsibilities of public office, and in every position to which he was elevated by his countrymen, he not only displayed great abilities, but also the most conscientious regard for both public and private rights, and that zeal and assiduity in the discharge of public duties which earned the approval of his fellow-citizens and the commendation of all familiar with public affairs. The diaries which you propose to publish were, as you know, read by me long ago, and I found them full of instruction and amusement. Mr. Dallas's pure and honourable life and his agreeable and courtly manners made him always a favourite at the courts to which he was accredited, and often, no doubt, put him in possession of secrets of state which would not have been intrusted to a less popular minister. Hence the diaries are full of interesting facts, while the occasional gossip of courtly circles adds much that is interesting as well as amusing to the reader. These records of the daily experiences and observation at foreign courts of one so quick of apprehension, so versatile, and so competent to impart to them an attractive form in their relation, are records which we could ill afford to lose, and you will deserve, and I doubt not will receive, the thanks, as well as the praise, of all who read this volume, for having given it to the public.

I remain, my dear Miss Dallas,

Yours very faithfully,

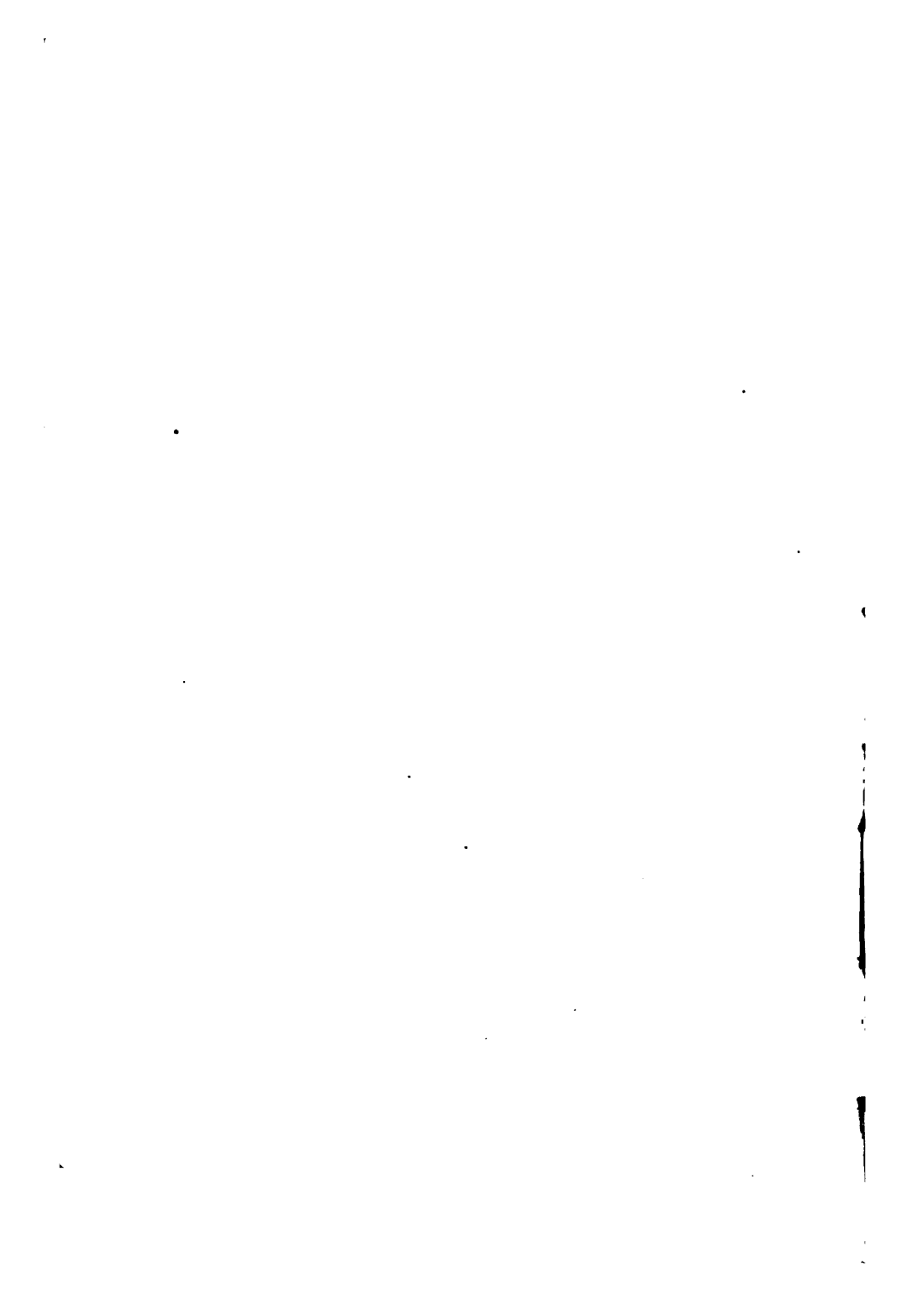
M. RUSSELL THAYER.

PHILADELPHIA, September 23, 1891.

AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

(NICHOLAS I.)

1837—1839.



DIARY
OF
GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS.

1837. *July 29.*—The Independence made Dagerost Point on the evening of Thursday, the 27th instant, and with a brisk breeze on the quarter turned into the Gulf of Finland at about eight o'clock; continuing our course almost before the wind, we reached the last light, the Tolbeacon light, at about ten o'clock last night, and the pilot deemed it most prudent to lay to until dawn, at two o'clock this morning, when we made sail again and anchored in the harbour of Cronstadt at about five. While coming up the gulf, on this side of Horgland, we passed a Russian squadron, principally composed of three-deckers and line-of-battle ships, one dozen in number, with the Admiral of which our Commodore exchanged a salute of seventeen guns. We saluted, after anchoring, with twenty-one guns.

The day has been rendered memorable by a dramatic visit from the Emperor Nicholas, accompanied by the chief officers now here, among them Count Nesselrode, Prince Mensikoff, and the Governor of Cronstadt. The Emperor is fond of these abrupt and covered visitations, and plays the game with dexterity and ease. Our vice-consul at Cronstadt, Leonartzen, happened to be accompanying the Commodore in his gig on a visit to the

Governor of Cronstadt, at about eleven o'clock, when the barge belonging to the Imperial steamboat passed them, and he immediately recognized the Czar acting as its coxswain, and distinguishable from the officers who surrounded him by a close white cloth cap. The gig was immediately turned back in the just belief that the Emperor would come on board the Independence. He first, however, stopped at the Danish frigate lying near us, and remained undetected for half an hour. He then came to us, still acting as a mere aid or subordinate to Prince Mensikoff, and coming last up our gangway. As he obviously desired to pass without recognition, his retinue paid no attention to him, and it was a matter of obvious courtesy with us to forbear breaking in upon his fancied incognito. He separated himself from the rest, peered actively throughout the ship, spoke inquiringly to a number of the seamen, and accidentally coming across my infant daughter, took her in his arms, expressed great delight at her beauty, and repeatedly kissed her.

His fine figure and penetrating eye had been remarked, however, by almost every one, and no one was deceived as to his reality. When going, he touched his cap to Prince Mensikoff, inquired whether he was ready to leave, and, being answered affirmatively, ran up the gangway, descended, and again took the helm, while the ceremony of departure was going through by the others. Our Commodore now broke through the disguise and saluted him with forty-one guns, which induced him at once to resume the Emperor, to hoist signals to the Russian frigate ordering a return of the salute, to run up at the mast-head of his steamboat the American ensign, and finally, to display his Imperial standard. This last act was instantly followed by tremendous salutes from

all the numerous men-of-war in the harbour and from the various forts of Cronstadt. The effect was fine beyond description, and our ship seemed to be for a time the centre round which was acting one of the most beautiful and exciting scenes imaginable.

During this remarkable visit I became personally known to Count Nesselrode.

1837. *July 31.*—The Governor of Cronstadt having placed his steamer at my disposal for the purpose, I, this morning, sent all my baggage on board of her, and embarked with my family, accompanied by a number of the officers of the Independence, for St. Petersburg. Commodore Nicholson stayed on board his ship, the Independence, and gave me a salute of fifteen guns. Thus closed my connection with this noble frigate and her gallant crew. It seemed like severing the last cord which bound me to my home, and, with all my family, I own I was deeply affected. The steamer was slow of motion; the navigation over flats and bars, although but sixteen miles, required a pilot; the sun was intensely hot, and we reached the English quay, on the right bank of the Neva, at about half-past four o'clock.

1837. *August 1.*—Much time was consumed in order to prepare for our presentation to the Emperor and Empress on Sunday next, and in examining the house of Monsieur Bobrinski, near the admiralty, which is recommended by our consul, Mr. A. P. Gibson.

1837. *August 5.*—I entered upon the possession of a house I have rented from Count Bobrinski, at the sum of nine thousand roubles, or eighteen hundred dollars, per annum. It is fully furnished, and promises to be alike neat, gentlemanly, clean, and comfortable. The operation of moving in has been laborious and fatiguing; but

I am overjoyed at again finding myself under a roof of my own, with all my children around me, and, as it were, once more at home.

1837. August 6.—Mrs. Dallas, my two daughters, and I in one carriage, and Mr. Chew, my secretary of legation, in another, with an extra carriage for baggage, left St. Petersburg to-day at about ten o'clock, and reached Peterhoff Palace by twelve. We were shown into a suite of apartments, and had served up a comfortable *déjeuner à la fourchette*. After putting on our court costume, we were informed that Imperial carriages would conduct us to the palace for presentation at about half-past three o'clock. Accordingly they came. I now rode with Mrs. Dallas in one carriage, and left my daughters to be escorted in the other by Mr. Chew. We were ushered into a splendid antechamber up-stairs, the walls of which were wainscoted with beautiful paintings, at least four hundred different heads, all of great delicacy and nearly the same size.

The master of ceremonies led the ladies into a corner of the apartment overlooking the grand water-works, and I entered into easy conversation with Baron Nicolai. We were almost the first present. The room, however, rapidly filled with glittering officers, military and civil, and with ladies, whose glowing, soft, and fair complexions it was impossible not to admire.

After some time passed in listless expectation and chat, I was conducted into a distant chamber and presented to Nicholas I. I had hardly entered the door before he came rapidly towards me, his hands both extended, and, with an air of great frankness and ease, shook me by the hands with the utmost apparent cordiality. His first words were: "Mr. Dallas, you are welcome to Russia.

I have to thank you for the very handsome and hospitable manner in which my disguised visit to your ship was received. I have never seen a nobler vessel. I found you knew me after I had gone; but did any one recognize me while on board? You were here twenty-four years ago, but you could hardly know me, changed as I am since then. I took your ship on the moment of her arrival, in her ordinary sea-trim: I did not want to see her dressed up. She is an admirable ship. I am going to send some of my naval officers to the United States to learn naval architecture and science; and I must request you to let them have such letters as will facilitate their progress. Can you persuade Commodore Nicholson to delay his departure until after Friday next, when the eighty-gun ship at the new admiralty is to be launched? I should be much pleased to have him present and to hear his remarks."

To all and each of these inquiries I, of course, made replies. He asked me also what the disturbances in Canada were tending to, and observed that when a government became oppressive, and forgot the tender care to which a colony was entitled, she justified resistance and separation.

I told him that I put little faith in the alleged spirit of independence in Canada; that dissatisfaction had long prevailed there; but the people were not, I believe, energetic or united enough for a decisive course of action. We then spoke about Russia, and I said that I had been much struck with the great improvements made during his reign in the department of his marine, especially at Cronstadt, and in the magnificent structures of St. Petersburg. "Why," said he, "I am perfectly satisfied with this people, and will do all I can for them."

At the close of the conversation he again shook me by the hand, and I bowed and left him. I had, during a pause, put my letter of credence in his possession, which he laid upon a table without opening; and, in reply to my assurance that the United States were disposed to strengthen and confirm the harmonious relations subsisting between the two governments, he said that he felt delight at the conviction of that truth, and would not be behind my government in manifestations of cordial friendship. I was immediately afterwards conducted to the Empress, who remarked, among other things, that our government was in the practice of changing its representatives here very frequently, and she wanted to know whether the same course was pursued as to other countries, and whether it arose from any settled principle of policy. I told her that it was indiscriminately done, was partly ascribable to the changes to which all popular governments were more or less subject, and in many cases was imputable to accidental causes. "Well," said she, "I hope you will prove an exception to this practice, that you will be happy in Russia, and remain long."

We had been formally invited to dine with the Imperial family as soon as we reached the palace, and as soon as the form of being presented had closed, and the Emperor, Empress, the Grand Duchess of Würtemberg, and the grand duchesses, daughters of the Emperor, had mingled in the crowd of the ante-room for about fifteen minutes, the doors of the banqueting-room were thrown open, a numerous band of music struck up, and the company proceeded, with apparently very little formality, to dinner.

One of the masters of ceremonies led me forward and placed me at table immediately in front of the Empress,

while Mrs. Dallas and my daughters were placed next to the Imperial family, alongside of the younger grand duchess. I was repeatedly addressed, on various topics, by the Empress, who spoke distinct, if not handsome, English. Among her other remarks was her desire to know whether our novelist Cooper had lately written another book, for he was her great favourite, especially in such works as the "Pioneer," the "Spy," and the "Last of the Mohicans." She had, however, not read all, nor, in my opinion, his best productions, and I recommended the "Red Rover" and the "Water-Witch." She had not heard before of his last work on England, and seemed surprised that he should write about a country where he had been so little.

I had cause to be officially and personally highly gratified, and hastened to return to St. Petersburg. We galloped home by nine o'clock, driven by a coachman who was very drunk, but of whose condition we were not aware till safely housed.

I left in the hands of one of the officers in waiting the sum of two hundred roubles, the customary present on similar occasions.

1837. *August 13.*—The frigate Independence sailed from Cronstadt at about noon to-day.

1837. *August 20.*—Attended divine worship in the chapel of the British factory on the English quay. The two front pews have been civilly devoted to myself and family. The clergyman, whose sermon was certainly good, is named Law, and is of the stock of Lord Ellenborough and of Thomas Law, of Washington.

1837. *August 26.*—The Spanish consul here, Don Raymond de Chacon, paid me a visit, to inquire about his brother in Philadelphia. In the course of conversa-

tion, he told me there was very little official business for him to attend to here ; that, although Spanish produce to the amount of fifty millions was annually brought into Russia from the West Indies or the Peninsula, sugar, coffee, wines, etc., it came in British or American vessels. During all last year but three Spanish vessels came to Russia, to the port of Riga. I asked him news from the seat of civil war, and this led to other general remarks. He says Mendizabel is a very able man, but no ability can compel the Spaniards to pay the levies made upon them for the public service, which cannot get on without money ; that the attempt of Don Carlos must fail ultimately, even if he succeed in reaching Madrid ; that he is fortunate in having excellent officers in command of his forces, and that his soldiers fight with an enthusiasm and devotion scarcely conceivable ; that he is openly countenanced by Russia, who, if she does not, as she in fact cannot, actually lend him money, secretly and efficiently encourages and guarantees others in doing so ; and that the pretensions of the people of Catalonia, the principal supporters of Carlos, are so obnoxious to all the rest of Spain, and so utterly inconsistent with the integrity of the Spanish monarchy, that nothing more is necessary than a little additional success on their part in order to make every other Spaniard a soldier for the Queen.

1837. *August 28.*—The Countess de Ficquelmont, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, paid Mrs. Dallas a visit. She is very far the finest-looking woman I have yet seen, her personal appearance being an agreeable combination of Mrs. Maria Watmough and Mrs. Wadsworth.

Our consul brought me cards of invitation to the sub-

scription ball given on Wednesday next at the Palace of the Mineral Waters. It is usually attended, I am told, by the diplomatic corps, and furnishes a fair opportunity for the ladies to see the fashionable world of St. Petersburg.

The Count and Countess Schimmelpenninck (Minister from Holland) called late this evening. He is anything but handsome, but speaks English slightly and French fluently. He is an unaffected, plain man of business, never before here, and confessedly as much like a fish out of water in diplomatic life as I am. He has eight children, the eldest sixteen years of age. He tells me he has rented a house in the Great Moscoy, belonging to Baron Talse, for fifteen thousand roubles. He says that his family have long been concerned in our Holland Land Company, and he manifested some pleasure when I told him that I did not believe the commercial distress of our country would affect the Genesee lands or their farmers.

1837. *September 8.*—Mr. Rodofnikine called this morning; among other matters he referred to the wretched condition of the Russian peasantry, and said that they were in the habit of burying their money, whether silver or gold, and of pretending to be utterly destitute; that four or five hundred rubles was a very large sum for them to own, and that until a recent ukase of the present Emperor they were not competent to hold any portion of the soil, but that now there were about a million of them who owned small tracts of land, which they farmed. He expressed an opinion that too much labour was already bestowed upon agriculture, and that more was produced than could be consumed, and no markets were to be found for the surplus. Great quantities of sheep were raised in the southern provinces, and Count Nesselrode

had, in the neighbourhood of Wosnesensk, a flock of about seventeen thousand merinos.

We repeated some of our diplomatic visits to-day, only finding the Countess Ficquelmont (Austrian embassy) at home. I mentioned to her that the United States were about to form diplomatic relations with Austria, and that we should all be proud to see her some day or other in America. She blushed for an instant, and then said that when fourteen years of age (I should suppose her now to be about thirty-five) she had been on the eve of marrying an American by the name of Dulaney, but that her mother had interfered and prevented it; she would otherwise have gone to my country and have there spent her life; and she seemed to recur to its beauties and fertility as to pictures which a young and ardent correspondent had indelibly engraven on her memory.

1837. *September 10.*—The imports of tobacco into St. Petersburg have been the subject of my study to-day. I am satisfied that we supply Russia with this weed to an extent of nearly half a million dollars annually, and that the trade has increased, is still increasing, and might, by modification of the Russian tariff, be very largely increased.

1837. *September 11.*—The ceremony at the monastery of St. Alexander Nafsky attracted us to-day. It is that saint's day, and usually a very imposing procession, after much solemn church performance, accompanies the image of the Virgin Mary from the monastery to the Church of St. Kazan. The Emperor and his court, however, are absent, and things were this morning comparatively flat. The crowd of gorgeously-dressed officers was considerable; the priestly services were protracted, and the throng of spectators in the perspective was long

and dense. The badness of the weather no doubt interfered disadvantageously. The church in the monastery is remarkably fine: its lofty dome, finely-arched ceilings, rich altar, countless paintings of uncommon excellence, and the sumptuous silver tomb of the saint, were all sources of much gratification. Nor could we avoid being struck with the music of the chanting, characterized, as it was, by some of the deepest and most powerful voices I ever heard. There must be something in the worship of the Greek Church more impressive than a stranger who cannot understand its language, and, therefore, cannot follow its forms, is apt to imagine. It was singular to see the apparent earnestness and reverence with which, as the consecration closed, the gaudily-dressed officers of state and army and navy, some of whom we knew, hastened to kiss the cross, held mildly forward by the officiating priest, and the external coverings of the saint's monument.

The Saxon *chargé*, Baron de Seebach, spent tea-time with us. He gave me an animated account of my landlord, Count Bobrinski, who is about twenty-eight years of age and married. His fortune is immense; he takes the lead in munificent subscriptions and contributions to all enterprises of importance, and is distinguished for eccentricity. He derives his principal enjoyment from the excitement of danger,—navigating his boat when the wind is heaviest, and seeking sport in bear-hunting. On one occasion he was fortunate enough to have a fight with a large bear he had wounded, and whose tracks he needlessly followed; he was regularly hugged, torn with claws, and would have been killed, had he not used a knife, handed him by his servant, with great dexterity and presence of mind.

1837. *October 9.*—I visited to-day the Mining Company, an institution devoted to the improvement and study of mineralogy, metallurgy, and kindred branches of natural sciences. It is located in a splendid building on the west bank of the Neva, and forms a conspicuous object as the city is approached from Cronstadt. The collection of minerals and fossils is extensive and most beautifully arranged. Nothing can exceed their neatness. I saw here the largest lump of naked gold, weighing twenty-four pounds; the huge rock of malachite, weighing three thousand four hundred and fifty-six pounds; and a number of beautiful models of celebrated mines, factories, and projected bridges, etc. At present there are two hundred and fifty students in the college, though they can accommodate four hundred. The director, whose name I procured from one of the officers, in order to be able to write to him about the box of minerals confided to my care by Dr. Waggener, of Easton, is General Weixenbreyer.

1837. *October 10.*—I have had to-day a protracted and agreeable call from Count de R——, the Danish chargé d'affaires. Our conversation assumed a cast of peculiar interest to me, in relation to public men, and to the difficulties of acquiring information on the internal condition and administration of affairs in Russia. He expressed a very high opinion of the abilities of Lord Durham, who told him, shortly before he left here, that he intended spending this winter in the south of Europe; to abstain during his return to England from entering into busy politics; and to come again to St. Petersburg in the summer of next year. He presumes that the death of the King, William IV., altered his position and plans in some degree. He describes

him as naturally a proud, haughty, and resolute man ; well versed in the practice of business ; eager to be the chief wherever he is, and bent upon being premier sooner or later. Europe, he thinks, will applaud his moderation in reference to the case of the Vixen, when it is known that, having had it in his power to produce a general war, and being impelled to it by his own ministry and by the inclination of his own sovereign, he nevertheless boldly and effectually pursued a course to maintain peace. He assumed, indeed, an attitude in all his public conduct, of unexampled independence, as well in reference to his own as to this government. He was in the habit, whenever any Russian officer thwarted his views, of going directly to the Emperor, and of enforcing his complaints even so far as, on several occasions, to obtain the dismissal of those of whose conduct he complained. I told him that I thought, after all, his lordship would find his way into the British cabinet, principally on account of his known radical principles, and the expediency of conciliating the radical party. He said that he was in reality a higher-toned politician than Sir Robert Peel, and that his recent abjuration of radicalism was nothing more than a return to natural sentiment from the disguises of policy.

The present Emperor proposes to emancipate the serfs on the Imperial domain, and to confide their government to Kitisoff. The example will ultimately work its way ; but its progress must necessarily be very slow, as it will be resisted by the great nobles.

1837. *October 12.*—I accompanied my family to-day in visiting two places well deserving the curiosity of strangers,—the Tauride Palace and the Preobrajensky Church annexed to the Smolnoy Monastery.

The palace is probably but little inhabited now. Its furniture in general seemed old and neglected, and the temperature throughout was disagreeably cold. With the exception of two or three, the rooms are small. The objects of attraction are: First, the banqueting-hall, a spacious colonnade, opening on one side into an extensive conservatory, with a profusion of plants, smooth gravel walks, and fixtures for splendid illuminations; there are beautiful specimens of antique sculpture stationed between the Corinthian pillars and some noble marble vases; the pillars are surrounded by artificial garlands, twining to the dome, and sustaining innumerable lights; the bas-reliefs were crowded and exceedingly fine; second, the collection of paintings distributed through all the apartments, and in one of them arranged in panels so as to cover entirely two sides, is celebrated; the architectural pieces and the city views struck me as the most vivid and true I had ever seen. The enormous picture of Orpheus before Pluto surrounded by the Fates and Judges, with Cerberus charmed into silence in one corner, and the shade of Eurydice impelled forward in the background, seemed to my eye of the French school. There were excellent specimens of other schools; third, the collection of ancient marbles, busts, figures, and groups is admirable; a good copy of the Laocoon adorned the head of the banqueting-hall. Several figures of laughing children were exceedingly delightful, and, fourth, the gorgeous temple of malachite columns, mosaic slab, Siberian porphyry steps, and rich gold ornaments, which occupies the centre of the circular hall of entrance. This is temporarily placed there, and kept covered by an immense round screen that is hoisted by pulleys; it is intended by

Dimidoff as a present to the church now building in St. Isaac Place, in the rear of the statue of Peter the Great.

The Preobrajensky (commonly called Smolnoy) Church struck us all as by far the most beautiful one we have yet seen. The purity of its milk-white polished columns, the exquisite delicacy and grandeur of its dome, the gorgeousness of its altar-piece, fenced in by railings of *cut glass* and loaded with golden ornaments of the nicest workmanship; the splendid paintings in its panelling, the light yet massive folding-doors of carved gold, and the grand delineation of the Ascension upon which the eyes rest as these doors open; the superb canopy of the Emperor when he worships there, and the chaste yet rich slab and its frame erected in memory of the Empress Maria, recently dead; and, finally, the tasteful form given to the many stoves with which the building is warmed,—all conspired to make our admiration more decided and eloquent than usual. I can imagine nothing finer as a spectacle than what must be the appearance of this church on occasions of solemn ceremony, and when fully lighted up.

The river Neva rose to-day, under the influence of a strong wind from the southeast, three feet higher than I have yet noticed it to be.

1837. *October 15.*—Mr. Van Buren's first Presidential message, made to the special Congress convened on the 4th of September last, was in *Galignani's Messenger* that reached me this morning. Thus forty days elapsed before I received this most interesting document.

At so great a distance from the theatre of action, I cannot pretend to speculate, with any confidence, upon the state of politics at Washington. There are, however, two or three conclusions deduced from recent news

which I think are reasonable and just. Two hundred and nineteen out of the two hundred and forty members of the House of Representatives were present on the first day: allowing for some imperfect delegations and some sicknesses, the number that attended indicates an active state of the public mind, and a hope, on the part of the opposition, of being able to effect something. Polk had one hundred and sixteen votes for the speaker's chair, and Bell one hundred and three: if, as is probable, neither voted for himself nor for his competitor, then the number present was two hundred and twenty-one. The result indicates a sound condition of our party, generally speaking: so decided a rally for so decided a partisan as Polk is not to be mistaken; and I feel assured that the administration is secure of a steady support. But the majority of thirteen cannot be expected to remain uniform and inflexible as to all measures, and I apprehend secession or independent voting will take place as readily and promptly on the questions respecting the currency and the establishment of government offices of deposit and disbursement as on any imaginable question. No doubt, the election of the speaker extinguishes all idea of a national bank, and so far Mr. Van Buren will be victoriously borne out; but his project of relief—of severing altogether the connection between the national fiscal concerns and the State banks, and of creating officers as means for that end—may be embarrassed, if not rejected. The message is an able paper. In its tone and dignity it is auspicious of a new era; in its extreme length it belongs to the old class. Its decision is admirable, and bespeaks, especially as the production of a most sagacious politician, the strongest possible confidence in the dispositions and will of the

people. The President is obviously sure of his ground, and throws his views to his fellow-citizens with all the boldness and the fulness which attest a conviction that they will be acceptable and echoed back. If I mistake not, the time has come for the most important operation of finance ever yet executed in America: I mean the un-meshing the public revenues, and keeping them always, and at a moment's warning, at the control of the people to whom they belong. The whole science of finance will become simplified; all the doubts heretofore mixed up with its movements will be removed; and the commonest farmer will be able to appreciate, with positive certainty, the condition and capabilities of the public treasury. What has the government got in its vaults? will be the only necessary inquiry in order to determine all questions of expenditures.

I have some speculative doubts about this great measure of isolating the public treasure which might probably yield to the suggestions of clearer heads than mine. I can very well perceive all the safety and convenience resulting from the plan, and I feel no sort of apprehension about the pitiful augmentation of patronage or expense. But as a politician whose creed reposes mainly upon the separate State governments and the people, I entertain some jealousy of a proposition which contemplates endowing, not the national executive, but the Federal government, with a treasure absolutely independent of all popular sympathy or local embarrassment. Is it not the beau ideal of American republicanism that the government, participating promptly and keenly in the weal or woe of the people, is therefore perpetually alive to their prosperity? Ought not the government, particularly as to its life-blood, money, to be always

embarked in the same boat, sharing in the same hazards, with the mass who are governed? If its treasure be safe on shore, are not its dependence upon, and its attachment to, the crew diminished? Will not the influence of the people upon their government be lessened, if not totally destroyed, when that government has accumulated a vast hoard of wealth, not to be affected or endangered by anything they may suffer or want? Suppose the surplus revenue at this moment to amount to five hundred million,—and ten years of prosperous hoarding would make it equal to that,—and see how practically independent, both of the people and the States, the general government becomes. There would exist a central and consolidated power with a vengeance; a power that would have as little need to attend to the happiness of the people as had Napoleon, with his four hundred millions of francs in the cellars of the Thuilleries, when he meditated the invasion of Russia. It was certainly the doctrine of Chief-Justice Marshall that the general government should always be capable of an absolute, independent exercise of all its constitutional functions; and in the abstract the theory is sound; but, as a Democrat, I doubt whether we should be very vigorous in carrying it into practice. I do not mean that I would be in favor of preserving the connection subsisting between the national treasury and the State bank: the evils springing out of that are positive and overwhelming; but I do mean to say that I doubt whether I would consent to such an arrangement for the keeping and disbursement of the public moneys as would make their safety and availability totally independent of the condition, wants, wishes, distresses, and opinions of the people.

1837. *November 1.*—The acting consul of the United

States, Mr. Van Sassen, called on me yesterday. In course of conversation he stated that he was obliged to meet the Commercial Court at twelve o'clock, of which he was one of the judges, and I obtained from him the following description of this tribunal :

The three mercantile guilds embrace about eight thousand persons. These are all entitled to participate in the annual election of the members of this bench, although, in fact, not more than two thousand take a part. The court consists of one president (now and generally a person learned in the principles and forms of Russian laws), one vice-president (of the same qualifications), and eight merchants. The merchants receive no compensation, and are obliged to serve for three years. The court divides itself, for expedition and facility, into two sections,—one of four merchants, over which the president presides ; the other, of the same number, with the vice-president. Their jurisdiction extends to all controversies in the slightest degree connected with and arising out of any transaction of trade, and their decisions are final, if the amount in dispute does not exceed ten thousand roubles. An appeal lies to the senate. Their sessions are secret, each section meeting twice a week and on different days ; and the parties litigant may, if they like, employ lawyers, a class of persons here in no repute. The judges have each an equal voice in deciding every cause, and the decision is made by ballot. This tribunal was established by the present Emperor about five years ago ; and, as it is a court of record, it has had great effect in systematizing and settling commercial principles and rule. Its expenses are defrayed partly by the Imperial treasury and partly by the city of St. Petersburg.

There can certainly be no lack of materials for corre-

spondence here, for everything and everybody and every usage and every fashion are novel and striking. We are out every day, one squadron of four or five in the carriage, and another on foot, and we uniformly return, after two or three hours' exercise, with exclamations as to the strangeness, the grandeur, the folly, or the beauty of what we have encountered. On one day, an Imperial band of music, several hundred strong, is met in the Nevski Prospective, and our carriage moves slowly for a mile in the midst of the finest airs most finely executed. On another day, the postilion cracks his whip, and we are galloped to a parade-ground and witness the evolutions of two thousand cavalry, the men richly equipped in white casimere, with helmets fit for Achilles, and mounted on jet-black horses. Again, what carriage is that we are meeting? It is drawn by six grays, with postilions and outriders all in crimson-and-gold liveries, and is that of the Princess Galitzen, who is more than a hundred years of age, and is the revered maid of honor of the present Empress, as she was of the great Catherine II. Again, we will wait till the approaching cavalcade passes by. The moulding of the magical bullets in "Der Freischütz" was not accompanied by a more horrible and grotesque set of figures. They advance in pairs, enveloped in long and loose robes of black, wearing hats with crowns fitted tight and round to the head, and brims at least a foot broad, each man carrying a blazing torch in the clear sunshine. There may be a hundred of them, and in the centre of the line there is borne upon the shoulders of six or eight a bright, gaudy, tinselled, scarlet coffin!

It is not necessary that I should pause to find subjects for description. The commonest and most constantly recurring appearances are singular to our eye and taste.

The streets afford at every step something for comment. Here, for instance, comes a mere labourer. His covering is a sheepskin cloak, the wool inwards, lapping over in front, and kept together by a coarse and often colored girdle. It is dirty externally beyond conception, smeared black with grease, and smells most offensively. He wears a hat of no shape, with the band drawn tight half-way in the crown. His feet are hid in a sort of matting, composed of strips about an inch wide and plaited in the form of a moccason. His beard hangs a foot from his chin. His moustache is thick and conceals both lips, and his hair, coarse and matted, is cut close and round, just along the rim of his hat. His neck is entirely bare, and his skin is everywhere pallid, hard, and dusty. This is an exact delineation of the mass of the serfs or peasants whom you meet by thousands at work along the wharves, or on the public buildings, or at the highways. They are literally "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," and when in the former occupation have a huge, broad, short-handled hatchet stuck in their girdles; when in the latter, they move in pairs, carrying an enormous conical bucket, hanging from a bar of wood, which rests on a shoulder of each. The droschky driver covers his sheepskin with a blue woollen coat, has a black velvet collar and a scarlet belt. The domestic servants indulge in every variety of fanciful clothing. The shopkeeper is more staid in externals, but still prefers the girdled coat, and is inseparable from beard and moustache. The merchants, who are slowly rising in the social scale under the auspices of the existing autocrat, are assimilating to the merchants everywhere. Distinct from all these, distinct and domineering, are the military and nobles,—the military, worthy of personal

association only after their ranks have been winnowed; the nobles, spoiled by slavery, are fierce and despotic, but hospitable and patriotic.

1837. *November 14.*—The French Ambassador, Barante, paid us a long visit. He is obviously preparing for a permanent departure. His conversation, always intellectual, was peculiarly agreeable this morning. In speaking of the comparative characteristics of this country and England, France, and America, he was particularly emphatic in pronouncing society in Russia to be listless, sombre, and indifferent or unexcitable. In Paris, people had no time to note the weather or for sickness. Here time hung heavily upon the health and spirits of all but the natives, and they were heavier than time itself. He gave me a brief notice of the Greek minister, Prince Soutzo, who, he said, was in reality unknown to the soil of his own country, having sprung from a family of Wallachia of great distinction, hospodars under Turkish government, and having spent nearly all his life in Paris. He had, however, exhibited great patriotism, made vast sacrifices to principle, and stood deservedly high in the affections of Greece.

I asked him whether he was going home to aid in settling the policy of France as to Constantina. He said it required no consultation or settlement:—it was impossible, without wasteful expenditure, to colonize Africa:—the Arabs could no more be persuaded to turn farmers than our Indians could, and no possible benefit could result from their colonizing their conquest.

He was much surprised to hear from me that Texas was sufficiently extensive to furnish six or seven new and distinct States ultimately to our Union, and presumed that all the Eastern and old States would op-

pose an annexation which must be followed by the loss of political power in the end. He had adopted an idea from Galignani, and was astonished at my opinion that Texas would, notwithstanding one or two difficulties, be soon admitted as a member of the confederacy.

1837. *November* 18.—Strangers, on coming to St. Petersburg, are apt to be early impressed with the belief that they are vigilantly supervised, even in their domestic recesses and conversations, by the police. Your principal household servants are represented to be secret agents of this body, who will affect ignorance of your language and great personal fidelity, and yet be knowing and dexterous enough to understand and communicate everything to their employers. To me it is matter of no importance whatever. I have nothing to conceal, and entertain no feelings in relation to this government or its masters which would betray me into idle talk. Nevertheless, we all experienced last evening a short fright, arising out of this idea, which may make us for the future more prudent. Mrs. Dallas had occupied the morning in writing to her mother, and had freely expressed some sentiments in her letter relating to the Imperial family and to Russian society generally; just enough, without any harshness, to make the notion of its being seen unpleasant. Called suddenly from her writing, she hastily put her manuscript, with other papers, into the drawer of the table, and was unable to recur to it again until late in the evening. It was not to be found! Every drawer or recess was carefully searched; every sheet of paper was separately examined; behind the sofas, under the cushions, on all the tables, in all the rooms, to no purpose. And yet certainly, most certainly, she recollected having put it in one of the table-drawers, and with some

pages of ruled paper, which were there untouched. I began to be worried. I asked to have the contents repeated to me, and did not quite relish the possibility of their being inspected. We have an English nurse, just now in a state of discontent. Could she have seized it for mischievous purposes? We have a new, dark-eyed, silent, and sagacious porter. He had obviously, while we were at dinner, been in the parlor, and had changed the candles on the very table. Could *he* have pocketed the missing sheet? The police-office and its instruments now became bugbears. I had a notion of apprising the whole household of what we found was abstracted, to demand its restoration in the course of ten minutes, or to dismiss every servant at one fell swoop? Mrs. Dallas began her perplexities, and looked upon the probability of its having been stolen with great alarm. After working ourselves gradually, by reflecting upon the possible consequences and by repeatedly searching in all places fruitlessly, into fever heat, when on the point of giving up all hope, I suggested the expediency of taking out entirely all the table-drawers and of looking into their cavities, as the paper might have got shoved behind the drawers, or might adhere to the surface of the table which it came in contact with. Sure enough, there it was, according to the last suggestion, sticking to the under surface of the table, and remaining, therefore, wholly invisible when the drawer itself was opened or taken out. Though at once relieved from our solitudes, we deduced from the incident a lesson of prudence as to what we committed to paper which will not readily be forgotten; while at the same time it struck me that similar occurrences might often awaken an exaggerated and false estimate of police interference.

1837. *November 20.*—While riding yesterday, at about 3 P.M., we noticed that the bridge which crosses the Neva near the Winter Palace had been floated loose along the opposite shore; and this we conceived to be proof that the ice was coming down from Lake Ladoga, and that the police of the city were making the necessary preparations. This morning the river is filled with large masses of ice, extending nearly from shore to shore, the bridge from St. Isaac's Square to Vasiliosteff has been removed, and the boats alone now afford means of communication.

1837. *November 22.*—Lamartine, in his "Voyage en Orient," describes a semi-official attendant or body-servant among the Arabs very much resembling the *chasseur* in this country. The *carvas* were originally designated by the Sultan to wait on Ambassadors and distinguished travellers; they subsequently were attached to consulates. I am not aware that the *chasseur* here derives his peculiar functions from the government; he is, however universally and uniformly recognized, and is exclusively associated with diplomatic representation.

1837. *November 23.*—We go to-night to our first Russian entertainment since the dinner at Peterhoff,—the *soirée* of Count and Countess Levachoff. We are invited to come at ten o'clock,—and I presume we will reach there by eleven.

1837. *November 24.*—We remained at Count Levachoff's till between three and four this morning. He is an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a cavalry general, a nobleman of great wealth, and his personal manners recommend him strongly, at least to a stranger like myself. His palace (for it cannot be otherwise called) is exceedingly splendid, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most beautiful in this city of palaces. The Countess

has the look and deportment of an accomplished and unaffected American lady, and often reminded me of Mrs. Robert Morris, subsequently Mrs. Bloodgood. Both of them speak the English language fluently. I counted eleven rooms, of various sizes and furniture, opened for the entertainment, all brilliant with light, paintings, and decoration. The two largest rooms were appropriated to dancing and card-playing. The order of arrivals and departures at the front door was protected by hussars in couples, and a shoal of most gorgeously-liveried servants superintended every detail within-doors. The Count, in full military costume, met us at the drawing-room door, took Mrs. Dallas from my arm, and led her to the Countess and then to a seat. I was cordially saluted by several whom I had visited but not seen, and among them by my old acquaintance Poletica, who is remarkably unchanged in appearance. Many of the diplomatic corps were there,—the Austrian, Würtemberger, Neapolitan, Englishman, Dane, Sardinian, Saxon, Swede. The company was, however, not large, perhaps not exceeding one hundred and fifty. The Grand Duke Michel was present. I remarked as very striking in figure and expression, Count Orloff. We supped at about two in the morning. Count and Countess Woronzow invited us to their *soirée* of Thursday next.

Count Nesselrode, though he still abstains from his bureau, sent me an invitation, this morning, to dinner on Tuesday next; and we have all received the tickets for the "Assemblées de la Noblesse" which are commencing.

1837. *November 25.*—I went to-night to the "Assemblée de Noblesse." The rooms, nearly opposite the Church of St. Kazan, are sufficiently elegant and commodious; the ball-room is, perhaps, very fine. Of the

company that convened, however, I formed an unpleasant impression; they were secondary in every aspect,—a sort of shabby genteel. One of the directors, himself a nobleman, stated that *nobody* was present, and he hoped that I would bring my family to the next, when the Imperial family were expected to attend. I left the palace in the course of an hour, Sunday having hardly begun.

1837. *November 30.*—The *soirée* of Countess Woronzow Daschkaw was resorted to this evening. We went at half-past ten and remained till four in the morning. I met here, and was introduced to him by Count Nesselrode, Count Orloff, whose fine military figure and manner seem to justify the high favour he is known to enjoy with the Emperor. Most of the diplomatic corps were present, among them the Marquis and Marchioness Villafranca.

1837. *December 3.*—The weather has remained open and mild: a slight fall of snow during last night gives a general appearance of winter, and for the first time the little sledges are in numbers substituted for the droschies, but unless the wind shifts to the north we can have but little frost yet.

My presentation to the Grand Duchess Helen, wife of the Grand Duke Michel, took place at the palace at two o'clock. On entering the door, I was saluted by a company of dismounted dragoons, and ushered up-stairs through rows of attendants into a magnificent hall of reception, supported in its vaulted and richly-painted ceiling by noble columns of white mock marble. Here I remained in conversation with two officers of the household, and admiring the walls and other ornaments of the apartments. I was particularly struck with the glowing and immense paintings executed on the milk-white and glossy walls, and with the uncommonly beautiful

mosaic floor. After waiting there about twenty minutes, I was marshalled through a suite of rooms until I reached one of special elegance, in which the Grand Duchess advanced to meet me with much animation and grace. We stood in conversation for fifteen or twenty minutes. Her dress was in nothing striking, except a single enormous pearl of great purity which hung directly in the centre of her forehead below the parting of her hair. We spoke about my family; about her travels during the summer; about the rapid improvements making in Russia under the auspices of the present Emperor; about the annexation of Texas to our Union, and about the possibility of Canada following in the same course. In all she manifested much intelligence and vivacity.

1837. *December 4.*—My set of silver salts and cruets were purchased this morning for one thousand and thirty roubles; and I think I thus adequately furnish my dining-table, having already procured English glass, French porcelain, Russian lights, and English cutlery. My aim has been to unite elegance and taste with as much simplicity as the subject-matter would admit. As to vying, even remotely, with the gorgeous extravagance exhibited by the principal members of the circle in which as a national representative I necessarily must move in this capital, the attempt would be equally out of character, in bad taste, and utterly futile.

I went, accompanied by my daughter, to a *soirée* at the Countess Laval's. It is one of the handsomest and most richly-furnished houses in St. Petersburg. Nothing more strongly shows the magic of wealth. The Count is said to have come here originally as a French hair-dresser, and certainly looks the origin at this moment admirably; he is short, mean, and insignificant in ap-

pearance. The Countess is the personation of an indented toad-stool,—fat, coarse, short, and ugly. They are, however, both very kind persons and seem deservedly favourites. He is one of the four “*Maitres de la Cour.*” His establishment presents many points worthy of admiration. It is on the largest scale of private dwellings in a city where all such dwellings are palaces; its various apartments are adorned with the utmost profusion and with great judgment; its largest saloon, an oblong square of about thirty-five by twenty-five feet, with vaulted ceiling, and walls covered with deep crimson satin drapery, is hung with choice paintings of the best Italian and French masters; adjoining this is an apartment of about the same dimensions, whose floor is ancient mosaic from the Island of Capreæ, and whose sides are crowded with specimens of antique sculpture, vases, and curiosities. I noticed especially here a most exquisite antique Gorgon’s head, another of Augustus Cæsar, and several that I could not identify,—the money expended in this single room must have been incalculable; beyond this, and after passing a narrow passage, I reached a most beautiful boudoir, modelled with the most elaborate exactness, in all its colours, shape, size, and arrangements, after an excavated chamber of Pompeii. This seemed the pet piece of the Count and Countess, both of whom were eloquent in pointing out its peculiar beauties. There was one display at this entertainment which I have not seen at others, except at the two public balls of the Mineral Springs and “*L’Assemblée de la Noblesse:*” in the first of the range of saloons as you entered, one side of the room was occupied by an immense table covered with all sorts of delicacies, ices, jellies, fruit, cakes, sugar-plums of all colors and fanta-

sies, coffee, chocolate, wines, liqueurs, and which was the fountain whence the attendants afterwards distributed on waiters to the company, or to which the gentlemen resorted whenever inclined for refreshment. Cards, particularly, if not exclusively, whist, were playing in four or five saloons; and Countess Laval, with entire composure, executed a most skilful game of chess with Count Litta in the very midst of her guests in the most thronged saloon. The party was what is here called a rout,—without dancing,—beginning at eleven o'clock and closing in less than two hours, and it was composed chiefly of married ladies from thirty to seventy years of age. I should not suppose there were four girls, as we would call them, present. The dresses were exceedingly handsome, but some of the matrons shocked my American notions not a little by a most profuse display of the bust. Conversation does not seem to be as much a pursuit as it should be; generally speaking, gentlemen arranged themselves in a dark mass on one side of the saloon, respectfully and vacantly gazing at the ladies, who were closely packed on divans, ottomans, or sofas, on the other side or in the centre. The diplomatic body are an exception to this remark, and seem disposed to make themselves agreeable to their fair associates.

1837. *December 10.*—The Neva was thronged with ice, which continued, however, in motion until about three o'clock, when it fastened.

I was yesterday and to-day particularly struck with the brilliancy of the moon, which, at about half past three P.M., shone with that clear golden light we would expect in the United States to see at about nine at night.

1837. *December 12.*—Yesterday, crowds were constantly

walking over the Neva upon a wooden platform laid on the ice, starting near the admiralty.

1837. *December 17.*—Corréa, the Portuguese chargé, spent the evening with us, and made himself exceedingly agreeable. He mentioned that General Dearborn had been very much liked at Lisbon; that he dressed with all the simplicity of a Quaker, with his long, white hair hanging about his neck, and was an object of great popular deference whenever he appeared in the streets; that the King was extremely partial to him, always shook him by the hand as a personal friend, and on one occasion begged him to accept as a present a gold snuff-box, surrounded with brilliants, estimated at a value of forty thousand pounds, but the General declined, as officially prohibited, and, being pressed to take something as an old friend, said he would accept the old gloves of his majesty, which were accordingly given to him. The snuff-box was afterwards reduced in its costliness and presented to another member of the diplomatic corps.

1837. *December 18.*—This being St. Nicholas Day, and therefore the "*Name's Day*" of the Emperor, it is the subject of universal celebration. Count Nesselrode has a multitudinous dinner at the "*Hôtel du Ministère d'Affaires Étrangères*," to which I am obliged to go, "*Selon les Usages*," in grand uniform; and in the evening, as I was formally apprised by the secretary of the court, Mr. Maikailoff, some days ago, the Ball of the Nobility will be attended by the Grand Duchess Helen, and all are expected to dress their lofliest. The city, generally, also undergoes illumination at night, and the Neva consecration.

1837. *December 19.*—At Count Nesselrode's dinner, yesterday, all the diplomatic corps attended except Lu-

chenfeldt, of Bavaria. On such occasions established etiquette requires that Ambassadors and Ministers should take their seats at table according to the precedence arising from the dates of their respective arrivals at this Court, Ambassadors, of course, as higher in grade, being before Ministers. I took my place next to Mr. Milbanke below, and, as I presumed, above Count Schimmelpenninck. In the course of the evening, after we had risen from the table, the Dutchman informed me that he disputed the right of Mr. Milbanke to the precedence he assumed; that he had spoken to Count Nesselrode upon the subject, and to Mr. Brunoff, and that both these gentlemen were inclined to agree with him in the views he expressed, and promised to communicate to him their formal decision on the point. The result would, of course, affect me by advancing me one step in the line should the conclusion be against the British representative. The grounds of his proceeding are simply these. Lord Durham was Ambassador, and, on quitting Russia, he left Milbanke chargé d'affaires, an appointment since confirmed by the British government. As chargé left by an Ambassador, Milbanke ranks as a Minister Plenipotentiary, and took that rank before either I or Count Schimmelpenninck reached here; but he is not an Envoy Extraordinary, and that is *our* most important and distinctive grade, and the Count considers it essentially higher than the mere Minister Plenipotentiary, and therefore entitling us to precedence. It would seem, also, that Milbanke is even Minister Plenipotentiary more by a sort of diplomatic *brevet* than by actual commission in *the line*; and his personal deportment appears to have kindled a disposition to pull him a little back from the forward position he too boldly takes.

At the "Assemblée de la Noblesse" all attended, in honour of the day, "*en grand costume.*" The effect was striking, but somewhat fantastical.

1837. *December 22.*—The Imperial standard waves this morning over the Winter Palace,—the silent proclamation that the autocrat is again here. He probably arrived during the night.

1837. *December 25.*—Received two New York newspapers, confirming the entire defeat of the Democracy in that State at the elections in November. Is this State, then, relapsing into its former character for instability and veering? I remember well that, until the success of General Jackson, the politicians of Pennsylvania scarcely ever thought it worth while to count New York one way or the other: they had an invincible impression that she pursued no principle, and was just as liable, in following the lead of her clannish families, to be against as for the Democracy. She has relapsed—or collapsed—with a vengeance, and I do not see how her "favourite son" can reconcile it to himself to proceed without her. He must either abandon his post or his policy; and of the two, I mistake his character if he would not prefer the former. Were I in his position, I should be irresistibly impelled to this course: *first*, because it would indicate a just submission to the voice of popular suffrage; *second*, because it would be an *éclatante* manifestation of his disinterestedness as to office, and perfect sincerity as to the opinions heretofore expressed; *third*, because, as a stroke of policy, effective by its novelty, it would probably make its actor the rallying-point of a new struggle in which I could not doubt ultimate and glorious triumph. It would be analogous, though in a much wider sphere and upon less purely party grounds, to the withdrawal

of Mr. Rives from the Senate and his victorious return. But my impulses are not exactly such as govern statesmen generally: so nothing of this sort need be looked for; and I must confess that I fear being mortified by finding the administration quarrelling among themselves, weakened by changes, and timidly yielding to the panic: I hope not, but I dread. Suppose, however, that this extraordinary and unexpected result in New York be but the forerunner of an overthrow to the Republican party in the Union, and the reinstallation of Federalism. The calamity will be great as regards the character and progress of our institutions: we shall retrograde rapidly; but the evil cannot, in the nature of things, last long, and the people may be taught a wholesome lesson of moderation for the future. As to my particular self,—although, I dare say, this result would be thought specially mortifying to my feelings and disastrous to my fortunes,—I should really not care for an opportunity to prove that sunshine is not essential to my well-being in any point of view.

1837. *December 26.*—I dined to-day with Prince Butera, the Neapolitan Minister. He married a Russian widow of immense wealth, owning productive gold mines in Siberia. His residence on the English Quay is one of the most splendid establishments I have visited. There were present the Austrian and French Ambassadors, the Prussian, English, and Dutch Ministers, Count Woronzow, Count Matuzewitch, the French secretary of legation, the Marquis de Villafranca, and a French attaché. The table was brilliant and the dinner exquisite, especially the dish of Neapolitan macaroni and the glass of Imperial Tokay. During the repast much conversation of a lively character took place respecting Madame Taglioni, whose dancing, last evening, enchanted

the Emperor and Empress. On this topic the Austrian was poetically eloquent, and described the feet of the actress as actually speaking. He insisted, also, that her extraordinary length of arms greatly contributed to her grace and activity, being admirable substitutes for the balance-pole employed by tight-rope dancers. The Marquis de Villafranca and I, after being introduced, had a long and interesting confab. He is not an unapt-looking representative of the Spanish Pretender, Don Carlos. Of about forty years of age, short figure, round limbs, jet-black hair and eyes, bushy moustache, and swarthy complexion, he looks the young but grave grandee. He has heretofore represented his country at Naples and Vienna in different capacities, and has now been absent from it for eight years. He is modest and unassuming, and seemed quite conscious of the peculiarity of his position here. He had been well acquainted in early life with the Yrujos; recognized the old Marquis from the manner in which I described his figure and gait, and said that his son, a man of decided talents, after being employed abroad, was likely to be distinguished as a statesman at home. He did not exactly know how either the Yrujos or the Tacons sided in the present civil war in Spain.

We prepared, this evening, the "Travels of Miss Martineau in America" as a present for the Grand Duchess Helen, as she particularly requested a loan of the book from Mrs. Dallas, at her presentation. I don't half like giving circulation to the production, as if specially sanctioned by me, although it certainly has much merit, and is, with some exceptions, reasonably fair; but it cannot be avoided without making the matter of much more importance and formality than is at all necessary.

I crossed and recrossed the Neva upon the ice to-day, and was amused by seeing the preparations making by a body of men for an extensive skating plain. Trees were planted in the ice on the line of demarcation; some benches were already stationed; the snow was shovelled and wheeled off, and through a hole cut water was procured and thrown in buckets over the appointed space, thus securing a smooth and clean surface. On returning home, while walking carelessly with Philip along the English Quay, a single-horsed small sledge approached at a rapid pace, with apparently one of the numberless military officers in it, whom we see in all directions, enveloped in a light-blue cloth cloak, and with cocked hat and feather, and speeding exactly in the same unattended and simple manner. I did not notice, much less recognize, the person in the sledge until after he had made the usual gesture with his hand (putting it to the side of his hat by his forehead and there retaining it), and had nodded repeatedly at me, with smiles, as if endeavouring to make me know him. I had just time to whip my hat off and turn towards him most respectfully: it was the Emperor of all the Russias! He flew rapidly by, and I observed that all who were in his track seemed aware almost by instinct of his approach, and doffed their hats and caps instantly. Here was the monarch of myriads—the despotic arbiter of life and death and liberty and law—actually and visibly enjoying the *sleigh-ride* in a style as entirely unassuming and fearless and natural as would be chosen by any one of his subjects or slaves. The constitutional king, Louis Philippe, could not venture on this without the music of whistling bullets being awakened, and even a king or queen of England would run some risk of violence or rudeness. Yet such is the

every-day practice of Nicholas the First. He is probably bold in the consciousness that he strives to do his duty, or the excessive degradation of his slaves prevents the least hazard of a generous aspiration and struggle for liberty.

1837. *December 27.*—Dr. Lefevre's second lecture on chemistry was delivered this evening, and I accompanied three of my children to it. At its close we went to Mr. Law's, the English clergyman, nephew of Lord Ellenborough and our Thomas Law, and remained till midnight. My daughters danced to the music of the piano, while I took my seat at a card-table and won from his reverence at whist ten roubles! How strangely different are the religious prejudices of different countries! Mr. Law dresses in black, and in that alone, when out of the pulpit, differs from any of the crowd of gentlemen who may meet in the ball-room, the theatre, or at the green baize!

1837. *December 28.*—Dined at Prince Hohenlohe's; meeting the French Ambassador, his secretary, D'André, and his attaché, Marquis Darchiac, the Neapolitan Minister, General Narischkin, Count Borch, General D'Apotchinine, Mr. Rianhardt, and another gentleman whom I did not know. The service of china was singular: a first set, for substantial eating, of English, light-blue figured Liverpool ware; the second set, for jellies, etc., a splendid series of paintings on porcelain, representing the principal views of Paris; and a third set, very delicately finished, seemingly of Dresden, each plate containing a coloured picture of a village or chateau. This last struck me as peculiar, and I examined the back of the plate and found that all the scenery and houses represented, numerous and various as they were, were described as "Appartenant au Prince de Hohenlohe." As I sat near him, I expressed

my admiration of a delineation of an ancient chateau, beneath which were written in gilt letters "*Orient*," and he immediately said it was the place of his birth.

As to the cookery, it was signalized by one dish, "*Un pouding a la Richelieu*;" the *carte* lay near me, and I discerned its title. The rest was good, but not wonderful, not as *recherche* as Buteras. I have yet to accompany the ladies to Count Woronzow's *soirée*.

1837. December 29.—We were gratified last night by finding the Emperor among the guests at Count Woronzow's. He had told the Count when at Moscow that he would attend his parties, provided that they began at nine o'clock; the Count feared that was an impossibility: his Majesty went, however, at the hour he had indicated, and was alone until nearly eleven! Fashion is more potent than autocracy. When I entered the room where he was, I perceived him to be in conversation with Count Schimmelpenninck, and forbore to advance: he caught my eye, left the Count, and coming towards me we shook hands, when he observed that he had met me two days ago; that I obviously did not recognize him, but that he never saw any person for five minutes whom he afterwards forgot.

The Winter Palace is just reported in flames!

1837. December 30.—The great Winter Palace is now a quadrangular stack of blackened and gloomy walls; still, however, at twelve o'clock to-night blazing in every direction with almost unabated fury. As a spectacle, it is more grand and imposing than any exhibition I ever beheld. The Emperor has ordered all dangerous efforts to arrest or extinguish the flames to be abandoned, and the noble pile, with its gorgeous and rich contents, is left, surrounded by an army in full costume, to consume itself

away. The whole scene is the celebration of the obsequies of some mighty monarch. As yet, the origin of this calamity is merely matter of conjecture and rumour; but one story has an air of verisimilitude, and is generally credited. Some persons are said to have been engaged in the apothecary's apartment in making chemical experiments, and having accidentally ignited a quantity of fluid, the blaze extended itself and gradually became irrepressible and inextinguishable. The Emperor was, at the time, in the theatre, witnessing the graces of Taglioni, and hurrying home, he arrived at the palace at the moment when the fire burst forth from several points. This immense conflagration has in no manner disturbed the general tranquillity of the city. No bells have rung, no outcry has been made, no noisy engines have rattled along the streets, and no crowds have been collected. The process of supervising it being allotted to the military and police, the operation has been conducted with the silence, system, and despatch by which those two departments are characterized.

I did not retire to bed this morning until some of the household servants were bustling about preparing for the day. Circumstances, over which we sat brooding, had excited vague alarms in all the family. In despotic governments, fears of conspiracy and change are always more or less afloat. The agents of the police keep these fears alive, as necessary to their own importance. Some of the French newspapers had contained a statement that a plot against the Emperor was being actively followed up. He went to Sarsko-Selo for some days, on his return hither, instead of taking up his quarters at once, as he was wont to do, at the Winter Palace. Then he moved about without attendance or parade, as witness

the manner in which he appeared at Count Woronzow's *soirée*; and we recollected, furthermore, many harsh things said of his extreme and passionate violence in the reviews at Wosnesensk, and especially towards a general officer of noble rank, whose badges of honour he rudely tore from his breast with his own hand in the presence of the troops. All these ideas, when aggravated by the light of the burning palace, would probably have given way to farther reflection, had not, as if to invigorate and confirm them, a notice been sent me from the Imperial Guard that two other large fires had broken out in distant quarters of the city; that a doubt existed whether they were not the explosion of some general plan, and that I was desired to be vigilant in the care of my own household. I was on the point of revisiting the palace a second time, when I met the soldier at the door who gave this notice to my servant verbally. We were now countenanced, in some degree, in indulging our imaginations, and we very soon worked our way into the midst of a revolution and the conflagration of the city. I sent for the secretary of legation to take charge of the archives of the mission, stationed my servants at the points most suited for effective lookouts, and tranquillized the family as well as I could. The extraordinary silence that prevailed was, however, the great restorer of intellectual composure, and I got all to bed by two o'clock, except Mr. Chew and myself, who remained up and on the *qui vive*.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

“DEAR MARIA,—The vast Winter Palace of the Czar has been blazing, unchecked and irrepressible, for sixteen hours, and will soon be a mass of black ruins!

The richest, strongest, proudest regal residence of Europe is no more!

"The fire broke out at about ten o'clock last evening. Jumping into a sleigh, I reached the palace square in ten minutes, but a military cordon was already formed, and I could advance no farther. Silence the most profound reigned everywhere,—no outcry, no bells, no roaring of engines, no alarm of any sort; nothing below to be seen but the fitting of police-officers on sledges, and the hurrying of coaches and four to the palace doors, while, above, the bright volumes of flame, augmenting and spreading every moment, illuminated the whole heavens and shed a most disastrous glare over the city. Even curiosity seemed to be lulled, for, except at one or two street corners, not a group to be seen!

"As soon as we had breakfasted this morning, the carriage was ordered, and we have *en masse* just returned from gazing upon the still blazing windows of a pile within whose walls we had promised ourselves a succession of delights during the present winter. Its interesting and precious wing or detachment, the Hermitage, built by Catherine II., and the repository of the finest existing collection of paintings, jewels, and curiosities, has been preserved by early cutting away the flying gallery which united it to the palace. The fire seems to relish its dainty food, and will not quit the repast before the expiration of at least forty-eight hours. It would be idle to speculate thus early on the origin of this disaster. Some pretend that it burst out of the four corners of the building at the same moment, and others that it was kindled just beneath the Emperor's chamber. The fact is, that his Majesty was at the theatre witnessing the graces of Taglioni; and that if a design existed against his person, it

was developed at a most unseasonably early hour of the night. Nor can I see any motive for plotting against the present sovereign; such a plot must necessarily be in the hands of the nobility and army, for as to the mass here, they are as yet nothing. What good can the Boyars or the soldiers promise themselves from removing an able, indefatigable, and ambitious chief, in order to hasten the reign of his son, who is young, amiable, and rather dull? They cannot hope by any possible change to get a sovereign so admirably fitted for Russia in her actual condition, and so capable of pushing onward her European ascendancy. It is worthy to be told of him that when he reached his burning palace, after quitting the theatre, and heard that two or three men had been killed in the effort to extinguish the flames, he instantly exclaimed, 'No more of that; human life is infinitely more valuable than human treasure. Let the building consume, and only prevent its extending.' The worth of this can only be fairly appreciated by those who know the incalculable amount of wealth that has been expended upon and amassed within the palace. The value of the contents is estimated at forty millions of pounds sterling!

"The disquietude created in my household by this event was considerable, and has scarcely yet subsided. Circumstances gave it intensity; and as we talked them over, our conviction became rooted that the town was destined to conflagration, and that we were in the midst of a revolution. There had been much said of the Emperor's violence at the reviews of Wosnesensk. Then a French newspaper had intimated that a conspiracy was tracing. Then on his return to this capital, instead of taking up his quarters at the Winter Palace, as he was in the habit of doing, he remained at Sarsko-Selo, an Im-

perial château about fifteen miles in the country; then, again, he had made his appearance at a ball of Count Woronzow's the night before, at which we were all present, in a manner wholly unexpected, unattended, and remarkable; then, and still worse, two immense fires burst out in distant quarters of the city, instantaneous with that of the palace; and worse than all, while we pondered over these signs, I received a notice from the Municipal Guard that the conflagrations were extending; that they did not know whether they were accidental or otherwise, and I was requested to be vigilant in securing my own house. I forthwith summoned out of his warm bed, half a mile off, the secretary, to stand by the archives and public documents. I stationed the chasseur at one point, the porter at another in front, and the maître d'hotel I specially charged with supervision of the stable. I remained on the *qui vive* until five in the morning, and though the glow of the sky seemed to increase and expand every moment, and I reveried myself into the conviction that Maelzel would soon have a counterpart of his masterpiece of Moscow, I thought I could neither expedite nor retard the catastrophe by throwing myself on the bed and forgetting all anxieties in sleep."

1837. *December 31.*—Dined to-day at the Princess Bellozieskoy's, meeting Count and Countess Schimmelpenninck, Baron Palmstjerna, General and Countess Zukazanet, etc. Our hostess ranks very high in the first circle of Russian society. Her family, wealth, and hospitality give this distinction, besides being, what is esteemed extremely, a maid of honour, a *portraits*, to the Empress. Everything in her establishment bespeaks vast resources, and an inveterate attachment to old fash-

ions, old furniture, and massive ornaments. Three separate groups of sporting Cupids of solid silver constituted the central decoration of her dining-table, looking ponderous, rich, and beautiful, also.

1838. *January 1.*—The incidents of the conflagration are rapidly developing and engage at present every attention. The number of lives lost is differently stated: some carry it up to more than two hundred, others to eighty, and a general in actual service on the fatal night explicitly assured me that but one man had been killed. A body of grenadiers are represented to have perished by the sinking of the floor at the moment they were endeavouring to remove and save the throne; and the Emperor is said not to have abandoned the hope of extinguishing the flames until he saw the staff of his standard which surmounted the palace blazing, when he lost colour for a moment, and exclaimed that it appeared to be the will of God, and he would no longer hazard the lives of his officers and subjects in the attempt. He disappeared for a short time from among his attendants, who were alarmed at his absence: he had gone into his private cabinet to collect and secure his private papers, with a large bundle of which in his hands he then came out.

There were nearly four thousand permanent occupants of this immense palace, many of whom were entirely dependent upon this sanctuary for their means of livelihood. Numbers of young ladies attached to the court as maids of honour, or in other capacities, have been suddenly deprived of all their jewels and little property and made destitute; several of them, in their extreme terror, fled from the scene, and were not found again for forty-eight hours, having taken refuge among their

friends. Much of the most valuable furniture has been rescued: the Hermitage, which remains untouched; the interesting collection of portraits which covered the walls of the Historical Hall of the Generals was saved by a regiment of soldiers who devoted themselves to that particular object; the crown jewels were early sent away; the Empress, after her return from the theatre, went in person and preserved her own jewelry. The splendid malachite vase, esteemed one of the most precious articles, resisted by its weight and fastenings the exertions of sixty men, and was lost. No attempt was made to sever the gorgeous jasper columns which adorned the saloons of the Empress from the walls, and they are reduced to power. The estimated loss is fifty millions of roubles, or ten millions of dollars. Orders have already issued for the rebuilding, and the Emperor has said that he will reoccupy the palace next September,—utterly and absolutely impossible!

I am informed this evening that a new ministerial department is about to be created, with General Kisileiff at its head. It is exclusively designed for the government of the private domain and properties of the crown, which have latterly been injuriously neglected: a matter of no inconsiderable importance, when it is recollected that the Emperor actually owns about eighteen millions of peasants, or one-third of the population of Russia. This enormous acquisition has been caused by the loans he made after the French war to the nobles, which being unpaid were followed by seizures, etc.

1838. *January 5.*—In the last received number of *Galignani's Messenger*, I perceive among the reported discussions in the British House of Commons that Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, defending

the extravagance of the civil list against the attacks of Mr. Hume, has grossly assailed Mr. Stevenson and his legation generally, whom he describes as a "*gaudy array of American officers*" at the levees of the Queen. The insult is so gross and so utterly unwarranted, upon gentlemen who really sacrifice their own tastes and feelings in order in some degree to adapt themselves to the rules and costumes of the court, that I think our government should notice it. Certainly, were I in London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer should explain and retract as publicly as he has insulted, or Lord Palmerston should know that I would thereafter not again appear at court except in plain attire.

1838. *January 6.*—The President's message reached here to-day. As Congress met on the 4th of December, and the message could not well have left New York before the 6th, it has crossed the Atlantic and Baltic in less than thirty-one days. While on a visit to Count Nesselrode this evening, I was told by Count Laval, Count Schimmelpenninck, and Count Nesselrode that they had received this document. Neither of them, however, had read it. The American Minister, who ought to have got it first and would have devoured it greedily, was obliged to accept a loan of it from one of these gentlemen.

Agreeably to the note I yesterday received from the master of ceremonies, Count Woronzow, I was, at two o'clock to-day, in due form, presented to his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michel, eldest brother of the Emperor. Mr. Chew accompanied me. Several other diplomatic functionaries underwent the same process while I was there. The Grand Duke is seen to advantage when more closely approached, and impressed me, cer-

tainly, more favorably as to his manners, intelligence, and personal appearance than he had done before. There was nothing in our conversation worthy of a memorandum.

1838. *January 12.*—One of the most beautiful objects which I have noticed as developed by the frost, in the scenery of St. Petersburg, is the monument of Peter the Great, in St. Isaac's Square, as it now appears. For two or three days there has been much fog in the atmosphere, which, collecting uniformly and gently upon the icy-cold surface, presents the most splendid creation of frost-work imaginable. The granite rock, the rearing horse, and the noble rider, are all equally and purely white. The shades are finely displayed, and, at a little distance, viewed with a dark cloud behind, the whole realizes perfectly a colossal specimen of the newly-invented medallions. A similar effect is produced upon the Alexandrine Column, which looks like an unbroken shaft of exquisite alabaster. The rows of trees, too, in front of the Admiralty and of the Gostenadvor are picturesque beyond description.

1838. *January 13.*—This is the New-Year's Day of Russia, and an active interchange of personal civilities takes place. Cards are sent to all one's acquaintances.

The Court convened at the Palace of the Hermitage at twelve o'clock, to celebrate, agreeably to my note and invitation, the anniversary of the birth of "*Her Highness Helen.*" The ceremonial is one deemed peculiarly high and important, and the occasion rallies all the Court, all the civil functionaries, and all the military officers, together with all the maids of honour, to the presence of the sovereigns. I made it a point to reach the palace-door punctually at the hour designated, accompanied by the secretary of the legation. It was instantly obvious

that the vast basement accommodations of the Winter Palace were no longer to be had. The door, though not obstructed, was flanked by throngs of liveried servants, whose masters had passed in, and the stairway was equally crowded. On my name being announced, an attendant, dressed fancifully as a highlander, presented himself as our guide, opened the mass of human beings in our way, and marshalled us through two lines of richly-apparelled gentlemen and officers, along an extensive corridor hung with the finest paintings, until we reached the saloon appropriated for the meeting of the foreign Ministers. On entering, I found the corps diplomatique assembled, with the exceptions of Prince Butera and Count Schimmelpenninck, who, however, soon appeared. We were all in full costume, and Counts Nesselrode and Woronzow were with us. A folding-door at the extremity of the room, opposite to where we had come in, being suddenly thrown wide, we were gratified by beholding an immense array of ladies of honour, dressed in the rich and gorgeous national costume which has been prescribed by the present Empress. The apartment in which they stood was large and beautiful, and they moved about with ease, and thus exhibited their fine figures and finer ornaments to entire advantage. The trains were mostly of crimson, purple, or light-blue velvet, embroidered in gold or silver, and dragging about two yards upon the floor. The head-dress was a variation of the ordinary Russian nurse's cap, a peculiarity in attire which was very becoming; it was composed of every kind of material, and of all varieties of colour. Diamonds, pearls, emeralds, topaz, etc., jewelry of all descriptions, seemed to have been showered upon each of the ladies. We arranged ourselves in a sort of semi-

circle, with the Austrian Ambassador at the head, and according to the rank of seniority. Our secretaries stood behind us respectively, and soon the approach of the Emperor and Empress from the interior of the palace and through the splendid saloon before us was felt. The gentlemen of the bedchamber, with coats covered with gold embroidery, white buckskin pantaloons, shoes and buckles, and chapeaux and gloves, first moved by us in a throng of about two hundred, going out at the opposite door, and halting at the entrance. Then came the high officers of ceremony, Litta, Laval, Narischkin, etc., with their appropriate attire and insignia, who ranged themselves on our left, by the side of Nesselrode and Woronzow. These were immediately followed by the Grand Duchess Helen, wife of the Grand Duke Michel, the Grand Duchesses Marie and Olga, and their two younger nieces, daughters of the Grand Duke Michel, who, in a line fronting us, stationed themselves on our right, the Grand Duchess Helen being within easy speaking distance of Count Ficquelmont. Following these Imperial ladies were the Grand Duke Michel and the Grand Duke Heir, who, as they entered, turned a little to the left, and left the way clear for the Emperor and Empress. As their Majesties entered, we all bowed, first to the lady, and then to the monarch, and the former advanced to the Austrian, offered her hand for the usual kiss, and conversed for a few moments. She was victoriously equipped: her train of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with silver flowers to the depth of two feet, was protected and occasionally adjusted by two pages, who followed her in the garb of young lieutenants; her cap, in shape and meaning like that worn by the maids of honour, was decorated by rows of enormous pearls and diamonds,

and appeared to be of cherry-coloured satin; her gown was of pink satin, richly embroidered in gold; and her necklace, bracelets, rings, etc., were brilliant in proportion. As soon as she left the Ambassador, the Emperor advanced to him, shook hands cordially, and talked with animation. His dress was that of a general, unincumbered by glitter; his coat green, his epaulettes gold, his pantaloons white buckskin, fitting tight to the skin, and his boots, long hussars, eclipsing Day and Martin by their polish. On these occasions, the sovereigns pass slowly down the line of diplomats, addressing each as they like in succession. When my turn came, I kissed the hand of the Empress, and expressed my gratification at perceiving that her summer travels had improved her health. She said they had on the whole, but just now she felt exceedingly unwell; that she had not recovered the shock of the conflagration, and was utterly unfit to go through the labours of the day; that, according to established rule, she would be obliged to receive and shake hands with about four thousand persons, and, being then scarcely able to stand from faintness, how was she to get along? I told her she really looked very differently from what she felt, and expressed my sincere regret; but that perhaps the delight her presence would inspire might react upon herself and give her strength and spirit for the scene. The Emperor shook me by the hand, and at once asked me why I had not been at Count Woronzow's party on Thursday; that he had seen Mrs. Dallas and my daughters there, but looked in vain for me. I told him that I had gone, unfortunately for me, too late; that I had been occupied (as in truth I had been in preparing for all the emergencies that might arise on my interview with Count Nesselrode) until past

eleven o'clock; but that, had I been aware that I should have met his Majesty, no engagement should have detained me. He said, with a smile, "The plain truth is, you are more fashionable than I am." The Empress spoke to me in English, the Emperor in French. After completing the semicircle, and being then by the door, they both turned round, gave a salutation to the corps generally, and left the room, their attendants all following. And then came, in one splendid and prolonged sweep, with a magnificence of rustle and smile altogether overwhelming, the whole cavalcade of maids of honour, giving to us a rare and surpassing review. When the door closed, we were at liberty to depart, and I hastened to my carriage, eager to reach home and divest myself of my stiff uniform.

In the evening we went *en masse* to a ball given by Mrs. Harder, the married daughter of Baron Steiglitz. The ladies returned home before midnight, resolved not to invade their Sabbath; but at one o'clock in the morning I carried off Mr. Chew to the masquerade at the Great Russian Theatre, and continued there, without amusement except such as is afforded by an idle, motley, musical, and strolling crowd.

1838. *January 15.*—Countess Laval's first ball was to-night, and we repaired to it. Her magnificent dwelling expanded still farther than I ever noticed it before: a new series of splendid rooms was opened in addition to those heretofore described, and ended in a vast dancing-saloon, with superbly arched ceiling, lighted by two immense bronze chandeliers and side candelabras—wax candles in all. No supper; but a large apartment with two tables kept loaded all the evening with refreshments. Card-tables innumerable, and all occupied.

1838. *January 18.*—*La Fête des Rois*, and the consecration of the Neva under a pavilion opposite the Hermitage and through a hole cut in the ice, performed by the Emperor. We started to witness the proceedings at half-past eleven in a crowded carriage, and drove at once upon the frozen river, and within two hundred yards of the pavilion. It was thronged with priests in their sumptuous garments, and with military officers who brought their respective banners to be dipped in the holy flood. All present stood uncovered while mass was being performed. The vast multitude collected for the occasion could not be less than forty thousand in number, and those gathered immediately round the scene of consecration, and in a compact mass upon the ice, I presumed to be about twenty thousand.

1838. *January 19.*—At noon went to the Emperor's private Palace of Annitchkoff, high up the Nevskoi Prospekt, and was in due form presented to his Imperial Highness, Monseigneur the Grand Duke Czarovitz Heir, with whose fine form, soft countenance, and unaffected good manners I was highly prepossessed. His destiny is a striking one, but I should much question his possessing the bold and resolute qualities of the will, as well as the active intellectual ones, without which he must be a sad and uncertain successor to his father. We were introduced by Count Woronzow, who seems to limit his services as grand maître des ceremonies personally to the Emperor, Empress, and heir. Mr. Milbanke preceded me, and I was followed by Count de Rantzau, Baron Seebach, Marquis de Carrega, Count de Sersay, chargé d'affaires, and by Mr. Chew, Counts Chazelle, D'Archaic, Gerard, and D'Appony, as secretaries and attachés. The whole thing was over in less than an hour after quitting my home.

Apprised by De Sersay that our diplomatic set of *ice hills* at the country residence of Count Laval were ready, I drove Phil and my daughters forthwith to visit them. We were all delighted with the amusement. Two parallel and nearly adjoining straight platforms of beautifully clear and smooth ice, formed of distinct but inseparably united blocks of uniform width and depth, run in opposite directions for perhaps two or three squares, and rise gradually at their opposite extremes fifty or sixty feet high into the upper chambers of two fanciful pavilions: the line separating the plains is a mound of soft and clean snow, of sufficient elevation to prevent it being easily surmounted in the progress of the sport, and the outer boundaries are similarly composed. Very small and exquisitely neat and showy sledges are employed, with runners generally of polished steel, and with light and narrow cushions of differently coloured velvet, or worked worsted, or red morocco; each accommodates two persons, and a lady may seat herself in front of a gentleman, with her feet a little lifted and pointed the course she is going: the start from the pavilion is precipitous, and, of course, requires no external impetus; the velocity is extreme during the greater part of the transit; the course is governed by the gentleman, whose hands are covered with thick, stuffed gloves or gauntlets, and who, leaning a little back, by the slightest touch upon the ice guides the vehicle with the nicety and precision which characterize the effect of a rudder upon a skiff; the sledge is arrested gently or abruptly, according to the skill of its manager, at the end of the plain and at the foot of the other pavilion, into which the parties mount by a stairway with their feathery apparatus, and taking a fresh start in the reverse direction shoot back

to the foot of the pavilion whence they first issued. The going and return may occupy two or three minutes, and seemed to be accompanied with great exhilaration and delight to the voyagers. The cold was severe, and we had somewhat too much wind; but my children, who immediately and fearlessly engaged in the excitement, were much pleased. There is no real danger, though awkwardness and failure in the descent may cause vexation, as they give rise to loud mirth in the spectators.

1838. *January 20.*—Went to the ice-hills, but the weather was too cold and windy for the amusement.

Dined at the Austrian Ambassador's. Met there the Countess des Champs and her nephew, Baron Palmstjerna, Baron Seebach, Colonel Terchky, who leaves for the Caucasus in two days, Count D'Appony, Kaiserfeldt, and two other officers whose names I do not know. Madame Hitroff took the seat of her absent hostess, whose ill health will not permit her to be at table. Madame Hitroff is the daughter of the illustrious Kutusoff, who resisted and defeated the invasion of Napoleon in 1812-13. She bears a striking resemblance to her father, but is not handsome enough to be recognized as the mother of Countess Ficquelmont.

1838. *January 23.*—Dined at Baron Palmstjerna's, the Swedish Minister's, meeting the Austrian Ambassador, the Würtemberg do., the Dutch do., and a number of Russian gentlemen, among whom I knew only Baron Brunoff, Count Woronzow, Mr. Narischkin, the two brothers Prince Dolgorouky and Prince Dondankoff Korsakoff. In the course of conversation, the Austrian told us an animated anecdote of his crossing the Alps on a particular occasion, just after the road on which he was travelling had been completely overwhelmed by an

extensive avalanche; that the peasantry perceived that it would be an almost endless job to remove the snow by hauling in carts, and therefore resolved to tunnel it; and in fact had cut a square avenue directly through a distance of two hundred feet, that his coachman drove straight forward, and that his calèche, being an inch or two higher than the excavation, peeled off with great regularity from the top that quantity of snow, so that he was completely buried in his own vehicle when he emerged from the tunnel. He says modes of directing avalanches, so as to make them in their fall project beyond and pass over the traveller, have been successfully employed of late years.

At half-past seven, I repaired to Count Nesselrode's, with Mrs. Dallas and Julia. It was a grand and select ball to the Imperial family, and the early hour of meeting was designated to suit the health and medical advisers of the Empress. The two sovereigns, with their son the heir, and the Grand Duchess Marie, and the Grand Duke Michel, arrived at about eight, and when the company had, in expectation, collected in the dancing-room. They instantly on entering led off a polonaise, the Emperor with Countess Nesselrode, the Empress with the Austrian Ambassador, and all who could procure walking partners joined the procession, which wound its way through the suite of apartments twice or thrice. I first led Countess Schimmelpenninck and then Countess Laval. The Empress formed a cotillon at the head of the room, and danced repeatedly with much apparent spirit and enjoyment. She participated also in the frolic and waltzing of the mazurka at the end of the evening. The cordial manner in which both the Emperor and Empress addressed me, and the length of time each remained speak-

ing to me, seemed to produce quite a sensation in the crowded and brilliant circle, to whom I was but partially known, and to whom my plain blue coat and white cravat must have appeared singularly unattractive. The Emperor, among other ways of indicating his disposition, raised his voice several keys louder than usual, and said to me, "You are the first gentleman that has ever induced me thus publicly to speak English. I hope you will now undertake to teach me, by frequent conversations, how to speak it well." "With all my heart," was my reply, "though you really speak it so distinctly and correctly already, that I have little or nothing to teach. I will, however, undertake anything, in order to be frequently honoured by your attention." Shortly after this interview, the Grand Duke crossed one of the longest rooms, came directly up to me, and shook hands. He said he had met me the day before yesterday, while he was in a sledge, and I on the English Quay, and that I had not recognized him. "How is it possible for me, an utter stranger, to know you when, without a single attendant, you drive along like any private person, muffled up completely in your cloak and covering your face from the cold? As soon as you lifted your hand, and thus in some degree uncovered your face, I hope your Highness perceived that I knew you instantly." "No doubt, no doubt. The truth is, I prefer moving about without escort. I think we are the only reigning family in Europe who attempt it. It is impossible for me, as a military man, to leave off my uniform, and to divest myself of these tell-tale ornaments (epaulettes and orders), but I should like to avoid the notoriety consequent upon them." The Empress asked me as to the personal appearance of the Queen of England, saying, "I hope she

will be great, for she cannot be beautiful. A queen must be tall. A short queen is unfortunate."

All the diplomatic body were present, the Austrian alone in his uniform. Mr. Milbanke treats the Canada affair as a light matter, already ended. I told him he was too sanguine; there was obviously greater concert and enthusiasm among the insurgents than he imagined. "But what can they do?" said he. "They have no army, and, as soon as spring comes, we shall have a force of twenty thousand men there." "That," said I, "will be both very expensive and very formidable." He was obviously not well informed as to the character of the Canadian population, nor as to the measures of his own government to repress the insurrection, and was drawing upon that delightful braggadocio confidence with which Englishmen, in everything and everywhere, anticipate and predict the success of their country.

Our supper, at half-past eleven, was as rich, *recherché*, and gorgeous as possible. Prince Narischkin told me that he had himself purchased at Paris the golden and malachite ornaments of the table, and had given ninety-five thousand roubles for them. He subsequently sold them to the Emperor, who gave them for the use of his Vice-Chancellor.

1838. *January 31.*—We went to the ball of Princess Beloselsky at half-past seven. The Imperial family were all there. The exterior of the house in the first story was illuminated by innumerable lamps. Four hundred and fifty guests were accommodated at the supper-table. The magnificence of the whole scene is indescribable. The stone staircase, branching off at the first landing and leading to the second story, was, in its vastness, ornaments, and style, worthy of the splendour

to which it introduced one. After the company had collected in what seemed to be an endless suite of drawing-rooms, another suite, embracing an immense picture-gallery, was thrown open for dancing, and finally, beyond this, another and still more noble series were displayed for supper. The picture-gallery contained many very fine originals, especially of the schools of Correggio and Annibal Carracci, and one, *Judith with the Head of Holofernes*, by Andrea del Sarto, particularly struck me. Numbers of the subjects were too indelicate, and ought to have been removed on this occasion. Suffering as I did during the whole evening with a pain and fever in my head, I felt no disposition to partake in the gayety around me, and less to converse: my chief occupation was, therefore, in examining the paintings and statuary. In the apartment appropriated to engravings, of which the collection in portraits is extensive and remarkable, I was surprised agreeably by seeing one of Trumbull's of the *Battle of Bunker's Hill*. While musing silently and in a retired niche, I was agreeably surprised by the Emperor's coming to me, shaking hands, and then leaning against the wall as if disposed to a little chit-chat. I asked him, in allusion to what took place between us at Count Nesselrode's, whether he was ready to take his first lesson in English. He said he hoped to benefit by frequent conversations with me, and repeated emphatically the assurance that I was the only gentleman by whom he had ever been induced to speak the language publicly. I expressed myself highly flattered. He then asked what I thought of the state of things in Canada, and intimated that he had heard of my doubting whether the insurgents had among them a single man competent to lead them. He obviously referred to my interview with

the Vice-Chancellor. I asked him whether my opinion had not already been confirmed by the last intelligence? as Papineau, Brown, Mackenzie, and Nelson seemed to be all flying, after having betrayed the cause to which they were attached by mutual jealousies, and by precipitate demonstrations easily put down. Still, I thought the matter was not ended, as the public meetings which took place on the American frontier in my own country indicated a greater confidence in the rebellion than I could explain, while the measures and language of the English governor manifested strong apprehensions of a protracted, if not desperate, struggle. Besides, in London, Lord John Russell seems to have no idea that the affair is over, but, on the contrary, is preparing quite a formidable army for immediate shipment. The Emperor said that it was neither his temper nor his policy to rejoice in the misfortunes of other countries, even though they might be supposed beneficial in their tendencies to the interests of Russia; but, added he, almost in the very words repeating the sentiment he uttered when I presented my letter of credence at Peterhoff, if the mother-country will act oppressively and unjustly towards her colonies, they are right to resist. I told him I thought it would be on the whole the better policy for England to consent to the separation and independence of Canada. "But where then is she to get her timber?" "From the Baltic," I replied. "Yes," he said, "she might, but perhaps not of such good quality, nor as cheap." This drew my mind to his fleet off Cronstadt, and I hazarded the remark that I should like to see those fine-looking ships of his out in the Atlantic. "Why," he replied, "I will probably send some of them there; but really I am charged in all directions with such ambitious

projects and such mischievous designs, that I am averse to do anything that, in the slightest degree, might countenance these imputations." "Send a small squadron to visit us," said I, "in the United States. I assure you we shall give them a most cordial welcome." "I should like to do so," he answered, "and think I will send one or two; but my men, who make such good soldiers, make poor sailors." "Give them, or some of them," I observed, "the opportunity of good long voyages and of a bold sea, and they will rapidly improve." The Emperor then invited me to accompany him, as soon as the opening of the navigation in the spring would permit it, on a visit to his Baltic fleet; an invitation which I, of course, accepted. I forgot to record that when he adverted to the accusations commonly made against him, I interrupted him, as apologizing for them in some degree, with the remark, "But, then, you are so powerful, that you naturally inspire jealousy." "Yes," he said, "we are powerful; only, however, for defence, not for attack;" and he seemed anxious that he should express this last idea distinctly, for he quit English, for an instant, to give it in French.

I became this evening personally acquainted with Count Cherchineff, the Minister of the Department of War. He is said to be distinguished by great ability and energy. His figure is tall and stout and well proportioned; his head and face rather small; his hair, eyes, and moustaches peculiarly black; and his complexion somewhat pallid. His department exacts infinite labour. I told him that we had repeatedly interchanged visits and cards without meeting, and that I had ascribed it to his incessant engagements. He said I was right; that such an empire as this, with such a military system, re-

quired inconceivable exertion, especially with an Emperor who entered into all the details of business. "For instance," said he, "here I am at midnight, but I must be up at five in the morning, and must meet the Emperor at nine. I have been eleven years in my present post, and can't tell how I live through it all!" I should presume him to be about fifty.

It would seem as if my journal were to be taken up with the descriptions of entertainments and conversations at them. This is not surprising when the season is recollected, and when it is also borne in mind that matters of information are almost inaccessible here except in the manner described.

1838. *February 3.*—The *soirée* and ball of Count Koutchilieff-Besborodko took place to-night. We went there before ten o'clock. He is a widower and the son of Chancellor Besborodko, remarkable for his desire and exertions to collect choice furniture; and truly the house contained rich specimens of his taste in abundance; some of the bronze pieces and many of the paintings are admirable. The suite of rooms is extensive and attracted general curiosity. The stairway, formed of inclined planes, not steps, especially adapted for the safety of children and winding to the upper stories by a series of light square galleries, was novel and beautiful.

I played a game of chess with Countess Laval, and was after a long and interesting fight beaten by a king, knight, and pawn. The Prince of Oldenburg was civil enough to have himself introduced to me without formality. He is a prepossessing young man, lately married to a niece of the Emperor, with a Danish countenance, projecting nose, light flaxen hair, large blue eyes, and delicate complexion; his height is below the ordinary one.

We hurried home early in order to avoid a breach of the Sabbath.

1838. *February 7.*—We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson at half-past five, and at eight rose from the table, leaving our entertainment partly unfinished and a numerous company, in order to be early enough at Count Levachoff's, where the Imperial family were to be present. We reached the count's, and were ascending the stairway when the Emperor and Empress and Grand Duchess Marie overtook us. So that we just saved our distance. We got home pretty well tired of our day's exploit at one o'clock in the morning.

I played chess with Count Litta, the crack performer of the highest circles here, and beat him. This at once establishes my reputation; it does more; it affords me a resource at these *soirées* much better than the one of gambling at whist, to which I am so generally persuaded, and to which the lack of something to kill time with strongly tempts me. The extent to which gambling is carried with this sober game of whist is surprising. One gentleman of the diplomatic corps told me that he frequently played for twenty thousand roubles a game, and that last year he lost about eighty-five thousand roubles. *Ecarté*, too, is constant, and I have noticed many thousands changing owners at this sport in the course of fifteen minutes. At large entertainments twenty or thirty card-tables may be readily counted,—all actively going. I have, however, noticed but one disagreeable scene of conflict, and that ended tranquilly and liberally.

1838. *February 9.*—A prevalent disease here, among ladies particularly, is the *tic-douloureux*. It is ascribable to the severity of the climate and to the habit of exposure. Its origin is a cold. One of the most distressing cases

now attracting general sympathy is that of the young, beautiful, and universally admired Ambassadors of Austria, Countess de Ficquelmont. She has for some years been subject to it. Her recent attacks, however, are appalling in their severity. The complaint has lodged in her throat and jaws, and she is utterly disabled from swallowing. She has now for eight days been lying on her back, her mouth open, her eyes sunk, and incapable of taking sustenance, of speaking, or of sleep. Latterly, strange to say, but I have it from the indubitable testimony of Mr. Kaizervelt, the secretary of the embassy, she has for three nights in succession avoided the paroxysm by animal magnetism; as she feels the prefatory agitation, she writes a direction for the physician, who immediately attends and magnetizes her short of the point of sleep. She has tried all other remedies in vain, nor is it supposed that this of magnetizing does more than assuage the nerves; cure seems to be hopeless unless she is taken to Italy, the country of her youth and of warmth.

1838. *February 16.*—The splendid ball and supper of Count Woronzow, at which he entertained the Imperial family, opened this evening at half-past seven o'clock. Opposite the door, on the River Neva, and extending the whole width of the house, was an illuminated scaffolding, hung with innumerable lamps. The apartments were numerous and brilliant beyond any former entertainment we have witnessed at this nobleman's; and his guests in greater crowds and more showy equipments. The company of Horse-Guards officers appeared in their fullest costume of scarlet and white, and the uniforms generally were particularly studied in honour of the birthday of one of the Emperor's sisters. The chief supper-room, oval in its form, was arranged with

elegance and taste. I should presume that there were plates laid for at least five hundred.

I very soon heard, in the course of the evening, the intelligence, which has reached here through the *Berlin Gazette*, in relation to the attack made by Sir F. Head upon the Canadian insurgents on Navy Island in the Niagara River, his having routed them, and his having pursued an American steamboat, which was said to be engaged in their service, killed her crew within our jurisdiction, set her on fire, and allowed her to drift over the falls. The incident is a stirring one, and is regarded here as involving an outrage upon the sovereignty of the United States, which cannot be overlooked. There is obviously a general dislike of English policy and pretension, and everything is eagerly caught at to fan a quarrel with her. It is impossible, however, without humiliation, to submit to the proceeding of Sir F. Head. The killing of such of our citizens as joined the insurgents on Navy Island is certainly no cause of complaint; the destroying of the steamboat, if she were engaged in the same service, was an act perfectly justifiable, even if she had the impudence to hoist the American flag within the limits of British Canada, and Navy Island is within them; the Governor had a full right to murder, burn, sink, and destroy without incurring any responsibility towards any other nation. The point then merely is—but it is a vast and vital point—that he did not confine himself to the boundaries of Canada, but pursued the insurgents into our limits, and there inflicted the punishment he might well have inflicted on Navy Island. He had no right to follow his criminals—his alleged traitors and rebels—on to our jurisdiction. *He has violated our territory*, and thus inflicted upon the United States as

gross an insult and as great a national wrong as it was in his power to inflict. I trust the patriotism of my fellow-citizens has shown itself even without waiting for the action of the national government; but I feel quite sure that, however averse we may be to war, the administration and Congress will be prompt in vindicating the honour and security of the country. Some analogy may be conceived to exist between this conduct of Governor Head and that of General Jackson, when, in 1818, he pursued the Seminole Indians into Florida. The cases are, however, very different, and principally in this feature. Spain had expressly stipulated by treaty to prevent, by force, any Indians within her territory from committing any outrage, invasion, or war upon the adjoining territory of the United States: she distinctly, after remonstrance, admitted her inability to fulfil this stipulation, and that her power was inadequate to control the savages; we were, therefore, driven by the necessities of self-defence to do what Spain had engaged but was unable to do. We crossed the line only after in vain invoking the Spaniard to perform his covenant, and after repeated proofs that as fast as the Seminoles were beaten back into Florida, and our soldiery retired, they would recruit their strength, and return to renew on our soil their butcheries. Nothing of this sort extenuates the proceeding in Niagara River. We have never stipulated to prevent our citizens engaging in any enterprise they please out of our limits. We have never stipulated to surrender traitors or criminals on demand, and if we had, no demand was made for them, and it was clearly not necessary to the self-defence of Governor Head that he should chase a boat within our waters, and then destroy her and her crew.

1838. *February 17.*—Went at half-past ten to a masked ball at the "Assemblée de la Noblesse," and remained without being entertained till near one o'clock in the morning. Nothing can be more stupid. The Emperor and Grand Duke Michel, and it was said some of the Imperial ladies, were present. The ease and fearlessness with which the first moved about showed how little he apprehended hostility towards his person. I *remained* though I did not *go* alone.

1838. *February 20.*—The carnival commenced yesterday. This morning I rode around the Champs de Mars, a large vacant square by the summer gardens, in which have been erected all the temporary buildings usual at this season for the amusement of the people. Heretofore these structures were put up in the square fronting the Admiralty; but it was thought on the present occasion that the sight of the ruins of the Winter Palace would mar the popular pleasures. Neat ice-hills have been prepared, flying-horses, swinging-geese, booths for jugglers, houses for theatres, and the exhibition of wild beasts and tumbling. I went too early and found nothing doing. Adjourned, therefore, to the Imperial Library, situated on the Nevskoi Prospekt, between the Alexandrine Theatre and the Gortenadvor. The locale is fine, and the arrangement internally admirable. Everything seems in capital order, as if not frequently disturbed. We walked slowly through the apartments, and were struck with the quantity of volumes assigned to the department of Russian literature. It probably is more bulky than valuable. All agree, the Russians themselves, that their language is yet in its rude state, and but imperfectly understood. Another room was crowded with Latin works, and is exceedingly precious to the eye

of a scholar. We looked through its shelves, and occasionally examined a volume with great interest. Some of the editions are equally rare and ancient; one of Pliny was printed in 1483, only thirty-four years after Gutenberg is supposed to have put the art in full operation at Mentz, and it certainly looks as well executed as the ordinary books of the present day are. We were so much taken up by this collection that we had no time to do more than examine some rare manuscripts, with a great mass of which, of extreme interest, this library has been enriched. I noticed about fifty folios bound in red morocco, which contained autographic correspondence of European sovereigns and ministers during the last eight hundred years. Finding that our curiosity was intent, one of the persons attached to the institution addressed us in French, and politely offered to exhibit some of the rarest morceaux. He put before us a small collection, most carefully secured and protected, of the original letters of Queen Elizabeth, of England; and assuredly I feasted for a while on the character of her writing and the emphasis of her signature; one autograph letter of Richard the Third, the crookback tyrant, several of Charles the First, who was paving his way to the block, and a number of James the First. He then showed us some beautiful illuminated manuscripts, among which that which attracted us most was the prayer-book, in Latin, of Mary Queen of Scots, with her own signature on the first page, and with many couplets of French poetry written by her in the occasional blank spaces; here and there, too, she had made her visitors write their names, and the signatures of Essex and N. Bacon were conspicuous. The tone of her rhymes indicated that they were composed while in prison. The pictures

with which the book is embellished are numerous and glowing. In this same department we observed a collection of instruments for writing in glass cases—from the reed to the stile and the pen, and from the dry, broad grass to the papyrus and bark in all their modifications. Two fine full-length portraits of the Emperor Alexander adorn the opposite extremities of the library, importing that he actively and liberally contributed to its advancement. The number of volumes, General Alenine, the director, informed me, was about four hundred thousand. It must be visited again and again and again before it can be justly appreciated.

1838. *February 21.*—In the evening we repaired to the ball of Madame Boutourlin at about nine. The Emperor and the two Grand Dukes, Heritier and Michel, came in the course of the night: the first danced a quadrille with our hostess. After shaking hands, I expressed myself pleased to see that he still danced. He said he was too old, but that an old sentiment of attachment to the lady had got the better of him. "Certainly not too old," said I, "because you are several years younger than myself, and have not got one of the gray hairs by which I am surmounted." "Yes," he replied, "my hairs are gray,—the few I have,—and this (pulling the curls on top) is a perruque." The rooms opened were numerous and furnished beautifully. The pride of the owner lies in his collection of paintings, which he bought in Italy, and some of which are exquisite. I think his Titian, Christ bearing His Cross, over the large sofa of a deep crimson satin saloon, very much the finest I have seen in Russia, and worthy to be a companion of the same subject by Carlo Dolce which I saw at Stratton Park, Sir Thomas Baring's. A marble head of a satyr by Michael Angelo

was arranged for great effect, and attracted much notice, but did not equal my expectations of that master : it may be the very head which he copied when but sixteen years of age, and which elicited so much applause as a promise of genius from contemporaries.

On conversing, to-day, in terms of admiration of some of the things I had seen at the Imperial Library, Count Lerchenfeldt informed me that many, if not most, of them had been obtained from the libraries of Polish nobles whose estates had been confiscated. I had noticed a Polish name in many of the volumes.

1838. *February 22.*—Dined at Mr. Sebastian Cramer's. Met Admiral Hamilton, General Ovender, and Mr. Pezanovius, with others. The dinner was execrable. A dancing-party assembled at ten. We left them at half-past ten, and repaired to Princess Butera's. Nothing more beautiful, rich, and tasty than her salon of cut crimson velvet tapestry, with white and gold chairs and settees, splendid mirrors and lustres.

1838. *February 23.*—Thermometer remains the same, and the temperature in the middle of the day agreeable to a rapid walker. At about noon I went on foot with Philip in search of amusement, which, during carnival, seems to be pursued by all Russians, high and low, with untiring assiduity. We first made our way to the Great Theatre, and found it crammed so as to be wholly inaccessible. We then hastened to the French Theatre, or Theatre Michel, and that also was full to overflowing. As a *dernier ressort* we proceeded to the Champs de Mars, intending to look into all the booths and frames devoted to popular gayety. We got into the temporary circus, after paying an enormous price for admission, and, having waited in the cold for half an hour, were content

with the first appearance of the wretched troop of riders and hurried out. The ice-hills attracted our attention for a short time, and we travelled through the throng of pedestrians and carriages, but were soon convinced that the chill of the circus made a rapid walk homeward the most agreeable proceeding we could adopt.

1838. *March 11.*—Yesterday, after spending all day in writing, I repaired, conformably to a card of invitation, to the Imperial Institute of St. Catherine, which is of the first distinction as a seminary for the education of the daughters of the nobility, and over which the Empress specially presides as patroness. The triennial examination and display of the quitting class took place. It continues for two or three days in succession. Etiquette required me to go in full costume. We reached the place at a little after seven in the evening, and found the magnificent colonnaded hall filled to overflowing. I managed to squeeze a pathway, however, through the dense crowd to a range of front seats secured for the diplomatic corps. The young ladies, all uniformly clothed in plain white with broad crimson sashes and bows, were in number about one hundred and fifty, went through their exercises of public examination very well, and then sang and danced with much harmony and effect, but no beauty or grace.

1838. *March 12.*—The weather for a week past has been steadily moderating, and is now beautifully fine. The thermometer scarcely indicates at any hour during the day a degree of cold equal to five of Réaumur, and for a fact, it is doubtful whether a general thaw is not proceeding even in the shade. In places exposed to the heat the snow and ice are dissolving.

We went, at seven o'clock, in grand costume, to be

received by their serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, who reside in a delightful palace adjoining the Austrian Ambassador's on the Great Quay. There was not the customary stiff state. They are a young couple, married in June last, and apparently happy in each other. His manners are engaging and plain, and hers polished and cordial. His figure is devoid of attraction,—short, and but poorly adjusted,—his hair is light, his eyes round and blue, and his nose aquiline. Her face has much beauty in it,—remarkably fine teeth, good nose, rich flaxen hair, and clear, large blue eyes. When she speaks her countenance is lighted up with smiles and intelligence. We sat down, an unusual circumstance, and conversed for about half an hour.

1838. *March 14.*—Weather still improving.

Much faith prevails here in animal magnetism. Having no belief myself, I was much surprised to hear, this evening, from Mr. Corr ea, on whose intelligence and veracity every reliance must be placed, the incident of actual personal observation and experience which has compelled him to credit what he had before totally repudiated. He was in Germany, and in the neighbourhood of one of the towns witnessed an accident to a lady with whom he was well acquainted: she was thrown from her horse, her head severely cut, and she remained insensible. A physician was sent for, who, after anxiously examining, was unable to ascertain the cause of her prolonged insensibility. He proceeded to magnetize her. Corr ea, ridiculing, remarked that nothing could be done that way. "Yes," said the physician; "wait a moment, and I will hear what's the matter with her and how best to treat her." In a short time, though still apparently lifeless, the lady spoke, directed attention

to particular wounds, and prescribed in Latin (a language unknown to her out of the influence of magnetism) the medicines and applications most suitable for her relief. "I do not," said Mr. Corréa, "ask your belief in this statement. I never could have believed it had I merely heard it from another, but I actually witnessed what I have stated, though I am utterly unable to comprehend it."

1838. *March 17.*—Being specially invited, I dined today with "The English Club," an association formed in 1770, which consists now of more than eight-tenths who are not English, though it embraces all the respectable merchants and traders of that country residing here. They are a wealthy society, and seem bent upon enjoyment. About three hundred persons were at table. It is the anniversary of their foundation. I had hoped to have met Marshal Paskevietch, the Prince of Warsaw, one of the present race of great men of Russia; he had arrived here the day before yesterday, but was not able to attend. I met Sir James Wylie, who has been eminent as a physician, and still continues at the head of medical science in this country. He was chief physician during Paul's and Alexander's reign to the Court and Army. He is a hearty, broad-looking Scotchman of more than sixty-five. The toasts were five: 1. Our Master, the Emperor; 2. The Heir to the Crown, Empress, and all the Imperial Family; 3. The Prosperity of Russia; 4. The English Club; 5. The Queen of England.

1838. *March 19.*—Mrs. Dallas and I at half-past four repaired to Prince Youssoupoff's to dinner. The establishment is on the grandest and costliest scale. The endless range of lofty saloons, the countless paintings upon the walls, the masterly and exquisite statuary, and

the numberless servants gorgeously dressed out in green and silver, with pages having caps and flowing feathers, altogether overwhelmed one's faculties of admiration. It redeemed its reputation of being the largest private residence in St. Petersburg, and far surpassed in splendour anything I have yet seen. I should suppose there could not have been less than a thousand paintings of the various masters, and some of them of immense size. For two alone, the present Emperor offered two hundred and fifty thousand roubles, but the sale was declined. That, however, which riveted my gaze was the noble piece of sculpture of Canova, Cupid embracing Psyche; it was placed in the centre of a circular apartment whose roof was a dome, and whose walls were tapestried in glowing scarlet; the effect upon the white marble was beautiful. Our dinner was all that boundless wealth could make it. The guests were fifty in number: Counts Orloff and Woronzow, Prince Mensikoff, Princess Beloselsky, Countess Laval, Sherbatoff, Bloudoff, Ministers of Prussia and Sweden, etc. The dining-hall, of spacious dimensions, was on one side decorated with family pictures, and on the other with the family plate tastily arranged in two glass-covered cases, which filled the whole space, and which, being divided into shelves, enabled one to see every curiously worked piece distinctly, and to take the whole magnificent service in at one *coup d'œil*. The fashion of collecting family plate and of thus displaying it has recently been borrowed from England. In a glass mahogany case immediately behind the seat of our host was preserved the autograph correspondence of Peter the Great. Among other varieties of the table was a fish which had been brought from a distance of more than two thousand versts. I observed

two waiters carrying a porcelain dish about nine feet long and two wide, and being seated next to my hostess, I inquired what the monster could be; it was more than two yards in length, was of delicate flavour, and tasted to me like salmon; its name I forget. When we left the dining-room, cards were resorted to by some; but Mrs. Dallas and I, after a fresh survey of the paintings and statuary, and having taken coffee and liqueur, came home to prepare to accompany our two girls to the *soirée* of Countess Laval.

At Countess Laval's, I saw for the first time General Paskévietch, Prince of Warsaw, the hero of two wars, Persian and Polish. He was playing whist, and I, therefore, declined interrupting him in order to be introduced. His display of orders and ornaments was brilliant and unusual.

1838. *March 22.*—Having determined on purchasing a carriage and pair of horses, I yesterday traversed various streets, and found my way at last to the common horse-market which is about three miles off. It was crowded with animals of all descriptions and pretensions. I selected a promising pair of bays, and directed them to be brought to my house this morning at ten o'clock. The price asked was a thousand roubles, and I might probably have got them for seven hundred and fifty. As a matter of additional precaution, however, after I had satisfied myself by the opinions of competent judges as to their age, strength, and soundness, I directed them to be harnessed to a carriage for trial. They were put to, but would not budge; they were unbroken and wholly unfit for use! I left the jockey in disgust.

1838. *March 23.*—A fine pair of grays were brought for my inspection this morning, from an extensive stable

which I visited yesterday. The young man who had the management of the concern accompanied them. I had them carefully examined, tried first separately in a sledge, and then together in a carriage; we were all much pleased with them, and I bargained for a purchase. I was asked two thousand three hundred and fifty roubles. I offered eighteen hundred, and finally it was agreed that I should have them for nineteen hundred, and that they should be left with me for three days for further trial. They were to be warranted sound. I paid the usual earnest called here hand-money, and ordered my coachman to put the horses up. The whole matter being concluded, I prepared to issue forth for the carriage and other essential adjuncts. When I had reached the street with my *maitre d'hôtel*, an old man suddenly stopped us, and as owner, disclaimed the contract made by his agent, professing himself unwilling to sell at the price agreed upon. I walked quietly back into my chancery, while the dispute proceeded in a language I could not understand. In a short time my servant brought me the hand-money, saying that the owner was dissatisfied. I directed him to tell the owner plainly—for I perceived at once the arrangement between the principal and the agent to get more money—that he might take his horses and go the devil! I again heard some loud talk in the hall, and opening the door, ordered my servant to turn the owner, to whom I pointed, instantly out of the house. He immediately perceived that he was understood and foiled, and begged to receive back the hand-money and to execute the bargain. My cholera, however, was up, and I felt it to be my turn now to improve the purchase; so I peremptorily refused unless he accepted my original offer of eighteen hundred

roubles. He remained in the court-yard some time hesitating, but finally went away slowly with his horses. This morning he returned with them, but I did not see him.

1838. *March 25.*—Mahlon Dickinson retires from the Navy Department in June next, owing to the increasing infirmities of age, and I am wished at home in order to take his place. Shall I suggest my readiness to obey any summons to that effect? There are many reasons pro and con; but on the whole I am inclined to believe that, being now across the Atlantic, I had better remain tranquil some time longer. If I could persuade myself to believe that my being in the Cabinet could be useful to the country or to my political friends, I would not hesitate upon the sacrifice; but the appointment may perhaps be more advantageously given to an Eastern or a Western man. A Virginian might well be selected. Woodberry is from the East, Butler from New York, Forsyth and Poinsett are both Southerners, and Kendale is Western.

1838. *March 31.*—We visited the Imperial Manufactory of Mirrors and other Glass, starting at half-past eleven, and not reaching there, unfortunately, till after the workmen had broken off and probably gone to their dinner. The distance is not more than three miles. It will be necessary to repeat our visit, as we were conducted through the extensive range of buildings, and were satisfied that in all respects it merits full examination. We witnessed single processes of making decanters and tumblers, of gilding and painting ornamental pieces, of cooling and grinding smooth, immense plates of looking-glass, and pressing the quicksilver on the back, of cutting bottles, etc. The collection of articles

for sale is neatly and attractively arranged, some of them very beautiful. We made a small purchase of two table ornaments of little value, but pretty. I had no servant with me capable of speaking any language but Russian, and was therefore wholly at a loss.

Attended the *soirée* of General D'Opotschinine, and I was beaten at chess by Count Litta.

1838. *April 2.*—Two hours of the morning (a remarkably bright one) were given to a stroll with Philip through the gallery of the Hermitage. I remarked more carefully than heretofore the paintings. The collections of Wouvermans, of Teniers, of Rembrandt, of Rubens, of Vandyke, and of Snyders, are each numerous and very fine, that of the last unrivalled. Several of Salvator Rosa, of Guido, and of Murillo are exquisite. The Raphaels are neither remarkable nor many. The Claude Lorrains and Carle Vernets are admirable. Some of Gerard Dow attracted a long gaze. Two mosaics, landscapes, more than a foot square, have all the richness, softness, and delicacy of the most finished paintings, and are the best things of the kind I ever saw. Some of Nicholas Poussin are of his highest excellence.

I noticed an immense painting, not hung but arranged on scaffolding, which was obviously the representation of a Review by the present Emperor at the head of a regiment of cuirassiers, either in Vienna or Berlin,—my ignorance of these two cities will not permit me to describe which, but I incline to the latter. The figures were all executed with the precision of miniatures, and were in number not less than two thousand. They are probably chiefly likenesses, that of the Emperor a striking one. The horses are done with inconceivable spirit. The group of fashionable spectators in the right corner

of the picture is in itself a delightful study. I must ascertain the artist by inquiring this evening at Countess Laval's.

1838. *April 7.*—The day is kept by the Russians in a peculiar manner, and apparently for the especial benefit of children. The Gostenadvor has been surrounded by booths for vending toys and nicknackeries during the last three days, and the throng there to-day was great. Among other things bought and sold are switches of a shrub I could not recognize, seemingly just vegetating, and which are said to be accompanied in their use by good luck to the person flagellated.

1838. *April 16.*—Agreeably to the notice from the Grand Master of Ceremonies, I attended the Imperial Court at the palace of the Hermitage this morning at noon. The assembly was by no means as brilliant as the one at the beginning of the new year. The Diplomatic Corps were all present, except Count Schimmelpenninck, who absented himself in consequence of the scarlet-fever having raged in his family. The Empress was peculiarly splendid, having on a blue velvet tiara glistening with immense diamonds in the shape of ears of wheat, and a train of cloth of gold, deeply bordered with ermine. She wore also a broad, blue ribbon, emblematic of some order. Among the maids of honour I particularly noticed Marie de Benkendorff and Miss Lanskoj. The three Grand Duchesses, Marie, Olga, and Alexandrina, looked exceedingly pale, owing probably to their protracted fast. So did the Heir Apparent. A company of soldiers were ranged in one entry, all of whom were at least seven feet high. The Emperor informed me that he would travel into the central part of Europe in the course of a month or six weeks, "to take

the waters for the benefit of his old years and of his old woman."

1838. *April 20.*—A stranger who has not witnessed can scarcely imagine the ardour with which the lower classes of this city give themselves during the present week, immediately following the long Carême, to the most childish sports. They are encouraged, too, by all sorts of military and police arrangements. During the last three days of the week, and particularly in the afternoon, immense crowds collect at the common rendezvous in the square fronting the Admiralty, where have been erected temporary playhouses, circus, jugglers' booths, menageries, whirligigs of all kinds, flying-horses, swings, etc. During this afternoon, I should suppose there assembled no fewer than fifty or sixty thousand people, and the whole machinery of amusement was in full exercise. The throng of carriages, whose circuits are carefully directed and supervised by mounted dragoons, and whose multitudes and equipments are equally countless and showy, all in regular and unceasing motion, give to the *coup d'œil* the effect of a most magnificent panorama. The pervading silence forms, however, a forcible and eloquent contrast to the noise and bustle which would accompany such a scene in the United States. Scarcely anything is heard but the sound of the driving carriages, the bands of music within the theatres, or an occasional wild and monotonous song from the women who are swinging with great velocity. Real and loud hilarity is not discernible; nor, indeed, is it possible to find in any part of this dense mass the slightest disposition to quarrel or controversy; the great occupation of those who meet seeming to be, notwithstanding beards, moustaches, whiskers, and dirt, to exchange kisses on each side of the mouth.

1838. *April 22.*—The exhibition before the Admiralty has been eminently showy and amusing to-day, the last of the Carnival. I went with Philip on foot, while the ladies crowded the carriage. The multitude exceeded any assemblage I ever before saw; men, women, and children, all dressed with cleanliness and finery, and carriages without numbers, most of which were splendid equipages with four horses and gaudy liveries. Without the slightest tincture of exaggeration, I should say that there were collected not less than two hundred thousand human beings. The usual perfect order prevailed. The carriages, which moved in several regular lines in front of the space appropriated to diversions, were divided into as many concentric circles, and proceeded in a walk; had they formed in one straight line they must have extended seven or eight miles. At about half-past five, when I stood on the terrace of the Admiralty admiring the spectacle, I noticed the composed and slow progress of a high military officer on horseback, in what might be termed the centre aisle between the rows of carriages; he was distinguished by a broad blue ribbon, and was soon joined by another, whom I recognized as the Prince of Oldenburg. There was obviously now some ceremony preparing, and I waited for it. In a short time the Emperor, in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and white, mounted on a fine bay charger, appeared at one extremity of the aisle, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michel in a hussar uniform, and the Czarovitz in scarlet and white, with a throng of about a hundred aides-de-camp in the same glowing dress; the cavalcade passed up to the right extremity at which the Emperor formed it in a line. The Empress then, with her daughters, in an open barouche drawn by six grays, with three

postilions clothed like jockeys in white satin jackets with light-blue satin sleeves and white breeches, and with silk cap and tassel, drove into the aisle and passed in front of his Majesty, by whom she was formally saluted; several carriages followed her with her maids of honour, and a crowd of officers attended. The glittering of the uniforms, the nodding of plumes, the richness of the equipages, the caracoling of the beautiful horses, and all combined with the immensity of the crowd, and its universal devotion to amusement and hilarity, produced an effect altogether beyond description. The Imperial Cortège rode up and down in the manner I have described several times.

I met the Emperor this morning on the English Quay. He was alone, stopped, shook me cordially by the hand, and after a little chat, informed me that he had received news from Lake Ladoga which rendered it probable that the ice in the Neva would break away in the course of two or three days. The weather indeed has been quite warm, and the wind southerly.

1838. *April 25.*—I visited Mr. Leiberman, the Prussian Minister, who entertained me with an active and ardent conversation on the expensiveness of living in St. Petersburg, and its real cause,—a system of monopoly and commercial restriction to which the Government so inflexibly adheres. He described the system of smuggling carried on upon the Prussian frontier here as constant and organized, and as continually leading to the most bloody conflicts between the borderers of the nations.

1838. *April 26.*—Bets on the departure of the ice in the Neva are numerous and heavy. The Emperor himself gambles on this event. It has been expected to move for several days, but remains firm; and one unacquainted,

as I am, with the effects and operation by which it is secretly governed, would deem it stationary for ten days or two weeks more under almost any condition of atmosphere.

1838. *April 27.*—The ball at Count Braniska's was very brilliant, and attended by all the Imperial family. We went at eight and got home again at half-past one. Some of the apartments are beautiful; those appropriated to dancing and supping could not be surpassed. The service of gold on the table at which the Empress sat—a table that accommodated about twenty persons—was exquisite in its splendour and workmanship.

1838. *April 28.*—The ice in the Neva gave way and started on its downward course at about ten o'clock to-day. At about five in the afternoon, the usual ceremony was performed by the Emperor drinking a tumbler of the water, filling the tumbler with pieces of gold for the benefit of the officer who handed it, and ordering him to cross the river in his barge; the barge proceeds, cannon are fired when it is half-way, and again when over, and thenceforward the people are at liberty to use their wherries. The intercourse to-day between the city and the islands was suspended for about eight hours; between six and seven P.M. but few cakes of ice were perceptible. The bridge of boats was swung on one side at about noon, and will probably not be restored before to-morrow morning. I yesterday received a notice from the Grand Master of Ceremonies of an intention on the part of the Imperial Court to meet at the Hermitage on Sunday (to-morrow) at twelve, in celebration of the birthday of the Czarovitz, who is just twenty; but the notice has been to-day countermanded by a note from the same source, without assigning any reason.

1838. *April 29.*—The weather was delightfully mild. The river, entirely free from ice, was again thronged with the fanciful summer boats. We walked for an hour in the summer gardens, which were crowded with fashionable visitors.

1838. *May 2.*—Phil and I strolled towards the Champ-de-Mars, and had the good luck to meet there, in grand review and exercise, a body of about fifteen or twenty thousand cavalry. The Grand Duke Michel was present in command. Large squadrons went through the operation of charging at full gallop. The flying artillery was particularly interesting and exceedingly neat. This splendid exhibition was unaccompanied by the slightest noise or curiosity on the part of the population of the city. Perhaps it is too common to attract them; but matters of the sort are all arranged in secret; no newspapers advertise them; and after many inquiries, I have found it impossible to get to know when they take place.

1838. *May 3.*—This being a Court fête in honour of the births of the Empress and the Grand Duchess Alexandra, I attended at the palace of the Hermitage agreeably to notice at twelve o'clock. The presentation was in all respects very brilliant. In the evening at eight o'clock we repaired to a Court ball at the same palace.

1838. *May 5.*—The Emperor reviewed sixty thousand of his troops in the Champ-de-Mars at twelve o'clock to-day. We had obtained, through the kindness of General Ovander, accommodations in the military barracks fronting the scene, and commanded a complete view of the whole spectacle. Nothing could be finer; we went there at about half-past nine o'clock, and were early enough to witness the earliest preparations and every successive arrival of force. The parade-ground is a

square in a level field of about fifty acres, whose surface is made earth, and which they were engaged with hoses and engines in watering so as effectually to lay the dust. By half-past eleven o'clock all the troops occupied their stations, and a large body could not be arranged on the field, but remained between it and the Great Quay. The proportions I should estimate thus, say forty-five thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry and light artillery. Their equipments were all in the finest possible order: the brass cannon, the cuirasses, the muskets, and the front ornaments of the caps glittered dazingly in the sun. The horses, which in every regiment were of uniform colour, all of jet black or gray or sorrel or chocolate or bay, were beautiful without exception, and constituted perhaps the most striking feature of the exhibition; every officer was mounted on a charger equally spirited, graceful, and docile; the dresses of the various corps and squadrons were showy and effective. The Emperor came on the ground accompanied by a numerous staff, among whom were several military members of the diplomatic corps—Count Ficquelmont, Baron Palmstjerna, and Baron Seebach—a little after twelve o'clock, and cantered along the several fronts, saluted by a hurrah from every successive regiment, which he reciprocated by touching his hat. His progress awoke some fine music from the different bands. When he had finished, the Empress in an open landau with her three daughters, drawn by four bays with two postilions, reviewed the army in the same way. The two sovereigns then stationed themselves with their suite at the centre of one side of the square and the troops marched by before them. His Majesty was so much gratified by the manner with which the soldiers performed their duty

that he ordered two roubles to be paid to each man. The precision and neatness of their movements well deserved this mark of approbation.

1838. *May 7.*—We started at half-past eight this morning, accompanied by the Marquis De Carréga and the Chevalier De Cossati, to visit the manufactories of glass and of porcelain, and the great cotton, hemp, and card factories at Alexandrofsky. The first we had visited on the 31st of March last, and were only additionally pleased by finding the workmen all at duty. Their number is four hundred. We failed to see a large mirror cast, but were gratified by seeing the simple process of putting the quicksilver upon the glass, and the still simpler one of making tubes for thermometers. The porcelain factory was at rest, all hands at dinner, and we only witnessed the machinery, the models, and some splendid specimens of the art in the "magazin;" a small dessert set of plates with admirable likenesses of eminent Russian officers were for sale at the price of one hundred and fifty roubles per plate. The chief exploit of the jaunt, however, was the exploring of the extensive Alexandrofsky factories, which enjoy great repute. They are ten versts or seven miles from the city, and constitute a most imposing collection of lofty buildings. They employ about three thousand hands, male and female, young and old. A large proportion of these are free artisans; the rest are called "children of the crown," and have been drawn from the foundling hospitals. The entire establishment has for many years been under the control of an Englishman, General Wilson, whose second in command is his brother; both were attentive to us. Several pieces of machinery were strikingly good; two steam-engines, one of one hundred

and ten horse-power, and another of seventy; a novel process of carding wool, being two large wheels armed with several rows of long steel teeth bending somewhat from the circumference inwards and meeting in their revolutions so as to feed each other. This apparatus was introduced from England about eight years ago, and performs the task which would otherwise occupy thirty-one persons; the machinery for making playing-cards, printing, colouring, polishing, and cutting them, was exceedingly neat; as was also that for making sail-cloth and sheeting. We attended while six hundred of the operators took their dinner in a single wide and commodious apartment. Of these two hundred and seventeen were females, all clothed with great tidiness and seated all at one long table;—not a redeeming ray of beauty in the whole assemblage. The fare was good: corn-beef, soup, millet, and black bread; no vegetables. The dinner was preceded and closed with a short hymn decently sung; and every movement of entrance or departure was characterized by the formality, precision, and silence of military discipline. Not a word was uttered during the repast. The Chapel is handsome,—its walls and ceiling washed with light blue and studded with golden stars, and it is capable of containing all the tenants of the factory. Roomy accommodations are devoted to recreation and to schooling. The bedrooms are remarkably airy and cleanly. One noble hall is reserved for occasions of exhibition before the Imperial patrons. All the range of structure is fire-proof; the ceilings are arched with cast-iron, the staircases are of stone or iron, and the roofs are either tile or iron. We were detained so long in making the above visits that we did not get home until half-past two, and I lost

the opportunity of attending, according to engagement, at the new Church of St. Isaac, in order to witness the raising of one of the immense pillars of granite which are to sustain the great dome.

1838. *May 8.*—A strong northwesterly wind has brought down the ice from Lake Ladoga. The river is crowded with it. The cold has become unpleasant in consequence, and snow has fallen. As this is the largest lake in Europe, having a superficies of more than six thousand square miles, and no outlet for its ice but the Neva, we must expect the chilling current to continue for some days. The southwestern extremity of Ladoga is about thirty miles east of St. Petersburg.

Notwithstanding the obvious danger of crossing the river while this vast field of ice is driving, the wherries are plying with great activity and much crowded. The bridge is necessarily swung on one side, and all communication cut off except by the boats. Many are taken by surprise, and compelled by the urgency of business to incur the risk. This afternoon a flat-bottomed wherry, loaded with seven persons, upset amid the ice, and all hands perished.

1838. *May 10.*—Yesterday the river was sufficiently clear of ice to permit the reinstatement of the bridge; to-day, however, a new arrival has cut off the communication. No passage open yet for navigation between this and Cronstadt. Our days are becoming long. It was a clear and rich twilight when we returned from Mrs. Gillebrand's.

1838. *May 13.*—This being first of May, Old Style, is usually signalized by a sort of gay fête at Katarinoff, about three miles out of town, when a procession of equipages, headed by some members of the Imperial

family, go thither, "to meet the Spring," and to parade in lines around a sort of garden or open park in which the multitude are amusing themselves in their own way. We drove out, found it dull and the weather bad, and were wholly disappointed.

The Emperor and Czarovitz quit for Berlin this morning.

1838. *May 17.*—The ice, in considerable quantities, is again drifting down the river, but the weather is exceedingly pleasant. The Gulf of Finland, below Cronstadt, for seventy or eighty versts, is yet an unbroken sheet of ice. Vessels are said to be in sight waiting for an opening.

Mrs. Cramer's last dance for the season was attended by all of us. We went at 9.30 in daylight, and returned at 2.30 in the morning and broad day.

The last of the twenty-four granite pillars on the top and exterior of the dome of St. Isaac's Church was placed on Monday last. This completes an undertaking of considerable skill and hazard. Each of these columns is forty-two feet in length, four feet nine inches in breadth at the base, and weighs one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. The arch on which they rest is one hundred and sixty feet above the floor of the church. This church will be adorned in its various parts with not less than one hundred and four of these granite columns, whose combined weight is estimated at eleven million one hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds. The highest point of the edifice, when finished, will be at an elevation of three hundred and twenty-nine feet. I have marked, almost daily, the operation of raising these columns. Not the slightest noise, accident, or confusion occurred at any time, although the work was sometimes going on when Réaumur stood at 10°.

1838. *May 18.*—The ice, early this morning, came down the river in large quantities. It interrupts the intercourse with Vassili-Ostroff seriously. Rumor states that two Baltic steamers are in the Gulf of Finland, prevented by the ice from reaching Cronstadt.

The Austrian Ambassador, Count Ficquelmont, called to take leave, intending to quit here with his wife tomorrow morning. He returns, he says, in November: the Countess will remain in a milder climate for eighteen months.

The Emperor did not leave Sarsko-Selo until it turned Tuesday morning last: this owing to the universal Russian superstition against commencing a journey on Monday. He delayed his departure till a half-hour after midnight, and then started full gallop.

1838. *May 19.*—Agreeably to arrangement we proceeded, at eleven o'clock, to visit the Corps of Marine Cadets, situated on the quay on Vassili-Ostroff, and superintended by the celebrated navigator, Admiral Adam John de Krusenstern, who performed the voyage around the globe in 1803–1806. His invitation had been exceedingly kind, and we resolved to be punctual. As the bridge was not yet replaced, owing to the floating ice, we occupied two wherries, being accompanied by Mr. Cossato and Mr. Chew, and by three servants, and were rowed over rapidly. The Admiral and his two daughters received us, and we were regaled immediately with hot chocolate. He would seem to be about seventy-three or -five years of age, resembles in countenance and figure, very strongly, our former President Monroe, and is remarkably unaffected and benevolent in his manner. While we were sipping chocolate, he drew my attention to two Chinese paintings which had been sent to him,

representing the Emperor of China seated in state, with his great officers about him and ready to give audience. He had received them *via* New York, and believed them the only specimens of Chinese art of that description which had reached Europe. I could only think them curious. The next two hours were wholly occupied in examining the noble institution, of which, after having been the second Governor during a short period of eight months, he has now been the chief for more than twelve years. He led us into all the interesting departments excepting the Observatory, which he said was too lofty to be reached by the ladies without great fatigue; and he explained everything as he went along with a simplicity and interest which heightened our gratification. The building is an immense quadrangle, whose front on the river may be about eight hundred feet. It accommodates six hundred pupils, with all the necessary teachers, the retinue of servants, the Admiral's family, countless apartments appropriated to museums, libraries, reception-rooms, models, moulding, etc., and four large open lots for recreation and sport. None are admitted into this Imperial institution except the sons of noblemen; one hundred of them pay for their own tuition, at the rate of one hundred and fifty roubles, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, and for that sum, in addition to instruction, are found in everything,—boarding, lodging, clothing, books, and a suit of uniform when they quit; the other five hundred of them are paid for by the Emperor. The regular course lasts six years, and at the close the pupil is an officer in the navy, and enters active service. About eighty are thus ushered into the world every year. Nothing would seem to be spared in labour and expense in order to make their train-

ing perfect. The Emperor has devoted three beautiful small frigates exclusively to their use, in which they are constantly practising, during the summer season, in the bay between this and Cronstadt. Every class has, in its turn, ample opportunity for this practical experience. But in the building itself, for the special initiation of the younger classes, there has been constructed a small man-of-war brig, furnished with all the spars and ropes, and strong enough as well as roomy enough to permit a crew of twenty to go through all the exercises of making sail, tacking, taking in, etc. We were delighted at witnessing this at full play under the orders of a lad of great promise, about fifteen years of age, the son of an acquaintance, Princess Gallitzin. In the same vast apartment, at one end of it, has been stationed what is denominated the dock-yard, in which there is building a seventy-four, every timber and plank of which is fitted with screws, so as to be capable of being taken to pieces and of being rebuilt by each successive class. The keel is fifty-seven feet in length, and the beam is fourteen. This admirable structure originated with Krusenstern, and he proposes by it to give to every one of his students an ample knowledge of every part of a vessel of war, of the relation of all the parts, and of ship-building generally. Near this, also, were erected two sections of a man-of-war's bulwarks, each with a port-hole, one with a long gun, the other with a carronade, both of brass, fitted to practise the levelling, taking sight, loading, and firing. The same apartment, of whose vast dimensions I forget the particulars, is used as a refectory; and we were highly gratified by seeing the entire corps of six hundred drummed to their dinner in exact order. The astronomical apparatus, the models of a number of cele-

brated ships, and the engraving of a remarkable sea-fight, were all interesting. The capital library, too, stored with volumes in various languages, was superintended by an officer decorated with an order of merit. The dormitories were airy and extensive; the apartments for the sick were unexceptionable, and here we saw a recent English invention of a bed made of water,—in other words, a mattress of gum-elastic filled with that fluid,—which the Admiral assured us had been found, on trial, the easiest bed for the invalid. The kitchen appeared commodious and ample. One pervading quality struck us all in relation to the whole institution,—its extreme neatness and cleanliness, the total absence, even in the hospital and kitchen, of the slightest offensive appearance or odour. While walking through the museum, I remarked two pieces of fanciful carving in black wax,—one a troika, of small size,—and was told by the Admiral that they were the untaught and unaided productions of one of his pupils; that the boy had manifested no particular capacity for the naval service, but had suddenly exhibited this sort of talent and taste, and that about five days ago the Emperor, who is very fond of the establishment, paid it a visit before going to Berlin, and, noticing the two specimens on the table, inquired about their author, and immediately directed that he should be sent, under his particular auspices, to be instructed in the Academy of Arts. The Admiral and his two daughters politely escorted us to the wharf at a little after one o'clock, and we agreed in the opinion that our morning had been most agreeably and advantageously spent.

At two o'clock we drove to the Hermitage, expecting to treat ourselves and the young ones with hearing the far-famed golden peacock, golden cock, and golden owl,

under a golden tree, on a golden grass-plot, surrounded by enormous precious stones, make their respective peculiar noises of screaming, crowing, and hooting. The machinery, however, was out of repair, and we had to content ourselves with astonishing the eyes without the ears. Finding Mr. Labensky present, I ascertained from him that the painter of the magnificent and interesting picture I had noticed on a former visit—the Review in Berlin—is named Cruger, and is a native of that city. All its remarkable personages are miniature likenesses; and he pointed out to me in the right corner of the picture two figures of no little celebrity in a sort of dearborn or open carriage,—Paganini seated, and Sontag (now Countess Rossi) standing alongside of him. He showed me also Baron Humboldt in the crowd.

1838. *May 20.*—Being the anniversary of our sailing out of the harbour of Boston on board the Independence, we were visited by a young gentleman of that city, Mr. Sumner, just arrived, and the first who reached Cronstadt through the ice this season in a Charleston brig, The Hardy, who was present and saw us take our departure in our noble frigate.

1838. *June 3.*—We spent the evening at Countess Nesselrode's, not returning home until half-past twelve, at which hour the twilight was so beautiful and clear that I was able to read distinctly in crossing St. Isaac's Square. I met at Nesselrode's for the first time the celebrated Speranski, who, under Alexander, systemized the laws, gave offence to the boyars, fell into disgrace, and was some time in Siberia. His head and entire figure—a tall, slim, bald-headed man in black—reminded me strongly of Mr. Robert M. Taylor, of Philadelphia. Count Nesselrode leaves here for Berlin on Tuesday next.

1838. *June 7.*—The son of Baron Steiglitz called while I was yet at breakfast to inform me of what had just occurred at Mrs. Wilson's boarding-house. A young Bostonian, recently arrived, by the name of Hall had attempted to destroy himself by cutting his throat with a razor; he inflicted some deep gashes, but failed to effect his purpose. Information of the fact having been sent to the police, its agents were in attendance, and were about removing him to an Imperial hospital. I immediately went over and visited the unfortunate man. He was lying in bed on his back; the wounds had been sewed up and bandaged; he had bled profusely, but the redness of his face indicated considerable fever; the officers of police were engaged in drafting a *procès-verbal*, and had their surgeon with them. Several American captains were present,—Captain Dwyer, Captain Trask. I immediately inquired into the nature of the wounds, the ability of the man to bear removal, the character of the hospital, and the manner in which he would probably be treated, etc. He was himself anxious to be sent, and the physicians and all his companions thought he would be far better off if he went to the hospital. Mrs. Wilson, too, said it was impossible for her to have him properly nursed at her house. On the whole, I thought the removal the only step that could be taken to secure his life, especially as the police-officer assured me that he should be vigilantly guarded against the paroxysm of fever and be most carefully attended. He was taken to the hospital about two o'clock. Mr. Chew went there at four in order to see that all was right.

1838. *June 8.*—Mr. Chew reports that poor Hall is quite contented with his accommodations and is promising very well.

1838. *June 15.*—Attended the funeral service of Rodofnikine at the Monastery of St. Alexander Nefsky. It lasted for nearly three hours. The number of officiating priests was about twelve, of whom two appeared of high rank by the richness of their tiaras and vestments, and by the deference with which they were treated. The ceremonies were excessively monotonous and tiresome, seeming to involve much of superstition and much of image reverence. The kissing the hands, the garments, and the feet of certain of the priests was incessant; and the pictures of saints, the book of prayer, and even the tables and their carpeting underwent the same frequent endearment. A dirge was admirably sung by a numerous choir without any instrumental music. One voice, that of an active officiating priest, indicated prodigious power, and transcended even that of Angrisani. The body lay in state under a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet and gold surmounted with crimson and white plumes. The coffin, which rested on a platform raised four or five feet by steps from the floor, was of rich scarlet cloth worked with gold and edged with gold lace; its seam was marked by double rows of white lace two or three inches deep. During the ceremonies a heavy drapery of cloth of gold covered the lower part of the coffin, which was removed, when the coffin was taken to a side door, opened, and earth thrown upon the body. During a portion of the time every person present held a wax taper, and before the coffin was moved the kindred and servants of the deceased went up the steps and kissed it. It is unfair to form or express an opinion as to ceremonies of this sort, without understanding the meaning of their various parts; it certainly did not appear to produce the slightest appropriate im-

pression upon any who witnessed it. The deceased was furnished with a *passport* and a *dish of rice pudding!*

1838. *June 16.*—The Imperial standard unexpectedly waves over the palace of Anischoff. His Majesty has taken his good city by surprise; it is said also that he returns from an abrupt incog. visit to Stockholm, where he remained but a few hours.

1838. *June 19.*—Having procured from Count Cancrin an introductory note, we all went at one o'clock to visit the Mint and Church within the Fortress opposite the Marble Palace.

The church is exceedingly rich in its interior decorations; the altar-piece and ornaments being either of gold or splendidly worked and gilded. Its walls are almost lined with standards taken during the wars of Alexander. The tombs of the Emperors and Empresses, in number eight or ten, are stationed on the floor in different parts of the church; that of Alexander looks almost as ancient as that of Peter; they are of uniform size and height, oblong squares of granite or marble slabs about three feet high and six feet long; they are first covered with cloth of gold bordered with ermine, and then again with a woollen covering on which the initials of the deceased are worked; medals were fastened on the top; and two keys, one immense, probably of surrendered fortresses, lay on the tomb of Alexander. The steeple of this is celebrated for its golden covering, which to-day, as the sun was clear, shone too dazzlingly to be looked at.

The Mint was interesting in all its details. The quantities of Siberian gold and silver collected in immense bars and huge square cakes exceeded expectation. We were furnished an English guide, who accompanied us throughout the establishment and explained the various

processes that were in operation, by which the two metals were purified of each other, and, finally, stamped into coin. The machinery appeared to be extensive and admirable. In the department appropriated to medals we were gratified by being shown a series commemorative of the incidents of Alexander's reign, designed and executed by Count Tolstoi, himself the best die-sinker in the country. The reverse of every medal was the bust of the Emperor as Achilles.

In a separate building we found, carefully preserved, the large boat alleged to have been constructed by Peter the Great himself.

1838. *June 29.*—Went to the Alexandrofsky Theatre, in the Nefsky, fronting on the square between the Imperial Library and the palace of Anischoff. This and the Great Theatre are two of the finest probably in the world. There are six tiers of boxes. The decorations and police are imperial throughout. The performances of this evening were in Russian, and, of course, unintelligible to us; but we could perceive that one of them was a lively and ludicrous farce, descriptive of the sensation produced here by the appearance of Taglioni and of the press for admission to her representations.

1838. *July 3.*—The revolt of Stockholm, consequent upon the punishment of a newspaper editor for some remark as to the manner in which the Emperor was treated on his last visit, appears to have been a serious affair; to have continued with various excesses for some days, and to have been accompanied with the loss of many lives. The last accounts leave the affair unfinished, and the artillery arrayed against the people.

1838. *July 6.*—Mr. Daschkoff accompanied us this afternoon on a ride in search of a country-seat. We

went across the islands to the mainland and visited a church recently built, which owed its structure to circumstances of considerable interest. It is exceedingly pretty, and has just been erected by a rich noble lady of the name of Vassiltevich, the altar being placed on the very spot where her only son breathed his last. This young man, it appears, became enamoured of a female somewhat inferior to him in social position, and his mother inflexibly opposed the union. They were kept apart for some years, until, owing to one cause or another, he declined further intercourse with her; her brother challenged him; they met two or three hundred yards from the spot on which the church stands, fired at about fifteen paces' distance, and both shots were fatal. Vassiltevich was carried to an inn which stood on the present site of the church, and shortly afterwards expired. His antagonist died on the field. The place of the duel is in a garden with trees and shrubbery around, and the precise spot of each combatant is marked by a flat, round block of granite about three feet in diameter and one foot high. The mother, whose wealth is boundless, actuated for some time by extreme hatred of the family of her son's destroyer, resolved to purchase the whole scene of action, to convert the battle-ground into promenade gardens, with the granite mementos mentioned, and to construct a church at which every prayer that was uttered should be accompanied by a curse upon the soul and family of her son's enemy. The priests interfered, and, after several years of persuasion, induced her to abandon the last part of her design, and, as both the young men had died without absolutions, to dedicate the edifice to both as a proof of her Christian forgiveness. The columns, altar-pieces, and windows of stained

glass, now in all their freshness, are very beautiful. It is called the Church of St. Vladimar.

1838. *July 13.*—We visited to-day the encampment near the village of Krasno-Celo. The distance is exactly twenty-four versts, or, say, sixteen miles. We started with two carriages and four at half-past nine, and reached the village at eleven o'clock, and returned to a late dinner at six. The camp, which is regularly opened as soon as the summer begins, and is said to contain a force of about forty thousand, spreads itself on the heights to the east of the town, and in the form of a horseshoe extends about two miles. It is beautifully laid out. We drove through some of its principal sections. As it is the birthday of the Empress, the soldiers were engaged in saying mass around the chapel of their respective quarters, and the solemn silence which prevailed while the thousands stood uncovered was exceedingly exemplary and impressive. The tents were all in the finest order of arrangement and cleanliness. The *coup d'œil* from the village was peculiarly fine.

At ten o'clock to-night we ordered the carriage and drove to Kamenoi-Ostroff to witness a succession of fireworks prepared by the Princess Beloselsky in honor of the day. The crowd exceeded anything I ever beheld, covering the land and water as far as the eye could pierce, and forming, from the boats to the highest points of Hilagon near the Imperial château, a vast and dense amphitheatre of human beings. There must have been more than two hundred thousand present. The fireworks were arranged on the Christofsky beach, in front of the Beloselsky palace, and on the broad and smooth arm of the Neva, which divided Christofsky and Hilagon. The position was admirably chosen, and permitted every

one of the countless crowd to enjoy the entire exhibition. The brilliancy of the rockets, of the various *feux de joie*, of the revolving lights, and of the illuminated temples and pavilions, on the principal of which the name of Alexandra in capitals of fire was vividly conspicuous, exceeded expectations.

1838. *July 19.*—Visited the Academy of Fine Arts, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas and my daughters. The collection of casts is remarkably fine, some of them of modern subjects. Devoted exclusively to the cultivation and encouragement of native talent, the number of copies of celebrated paintings is large. An original one of great size has been placed in the Academy since my last visit, and purports to represent the arrival of the Grand Duchess Helen, after her marriage, at the Champ-de-Mars. Her likeness, in a coach drawn by eight horses, is strikingly good; the front of the canvas is crowded with admirable miniatures of the distinguished persons, military and civil, who participated in the ceremony of the reception. The Emperor, on horseback, attended by a group, at the head of which appears the young Czarovitz, and the Ambassador of Austria, Count Ficquelmont, are faithfully delineated. The immense picture representing the Emperor mounted on his bay charger, and in full military costume, whence the best engraved likenesses are taken, improved upon further inspection; the other figures are: nearest the Emperor on his left, the Czarovitz; behind the Czarovitz, Count Cernicheff, the Minister of War; nearest the Emperor on his right, though a little in the rear, is Volkonsky; next and prominent is the Grand Duke Michel; next retreating is Count Benkendorff; and farthest, but forward, is Paskevitch, Prince of Warsaw. The vast painting delineating

the destruction of Pompeii attracted Mrs. Dallas's admiration; its colours, however, are too glowing for my taste.

1838. *July 26.*—Spent the day at Pavlovsky, agreeably to the invitation of Countess Schimmelpenninck. Our time was made very pleasant by rides through the Imperial Park, and by visits to the monuments erected by the late Empress's mother, Marie,—one to her own parents, the King and Queen of Würtemberg, and the other to her husband Paul. The latter monument is remarkably beautiful and in fine taste; it is contained in a small Doric temple with colonnade of red granite columns in front, covering a large door of ornamented iron railing, directly opposite to which is the tomb. The tomb is composed of immense slabs of red porphyry, shaped pyramidally; near the apex is a fine medallion of white marble, being an admirable head of the deceased Emperor; and below it on a platform of porphyry, weeping at an urn, is an exquisitely chiselled female figure, on her knees and bending forward, representing the widowed Empress; in front and below the platform is a large bass-relief of white marble representing all the children,—Alexander seated on the right, clothed in armor, with casque off, in an ecstasy of grief, covering his face with his hands, while Constantine, Nicholas, and Michel approach to console him; the young sisters are also drawing near; two of the elder ones, married, are mournfully retiring; an infant in a cloud, early deceased, beckons the figure of another sister who also died. The whole work is exceedingly neat and in capital preservation. It is placed in a very retired and silent part of the Park. We visited also the palace of the Pavilion of Roses. The palace was built by the

Empress Marie, and became her permanent residence after Paul's death. It has been religiously kept in the precise condition in which she left it, by the present Grand Duke Michel, who alleges that he cannot bear to live in a house which reminds him at every corner of his early happiness and of a parent whom he adored, and who resides in a comparatively wretched building at some distance from the palace. His true reason is the known lack of funds to renovate and modernize. The furniture is costly and beautiful, but not in the reigning fashion. Its tapestry is beautiful. Some of the paintings are very fine. The library is the precious apartment, and is much resorted to. The hall of reception is a vast square. Several of the cabinets were hung with the drawings, paintings, and plaster modellings of the Empress, whose sentiment was strongly displayed in the groupings of her children. As soon as I entered one of the rooms, I remembered instantly to have been in it before, though until that moment it had escaped my recollection; it was the apartment in which twenty-five years ago I had been presented to the Empress mother. We returned home by the railroad at half-past eleven o'clock, having exceedingly enjoyed our excursion.

1838. *July 28.*—On the invitation of the Marquis Carrega, I visited the Winter Palace, in order to see the progress of the building. We were accompanied by one of the superintendents. There is a wilderness of scaffolding and a world of rubbish. Nothing intimates that the work can be thoroughly accomplished short of five or six years. The southern section may possibly be fitted up by next April, so as to admit the Imperial family. There are three thousand men employed on the building.

1838. *July 29.*—Started at four P.M., and reached the country-seat of Mr. S. Cramer near the village and on the river Ohta at five, where we dined and remained until half-past nine. We were saluted by the American flag, which floated during our stay. The place is esteemed the handsomest of which the environs can boast, and is said to have been built by the celebrated Potemkin. It is exceedingly showy in the style and structure of its apartments, and, though built of brick, seems fitted for fine and warm weather only. Mrs. Cramer has recently sold it to General Zerkazanet for two hundred and fifty thousand roubles, a price which must appear very low when it is remembered that it is but about seven miles from the city, easily accessible, and embraces about three thousand acres of land, two splendid dwelling-houses, and eighty male serfs with their families and villages. We here met the brother of Mr. Bodisco who is Russian Minister at Washington and a colonel in the Russian army.

1838. *August 1.*—At nine this morning we went to Cronstadt on board the steamboat, performing the passage in about two hours. Our Consul, Mr. Lenartzen, apprised of our intention to come, had informed the Government, and everything that could contribute to our comfort and amusement was prepared. The Governor's aid, Colonel Romanoff, with the Consul and his eldest daughter, met us at the wharf, and after the other passengers had landed, the steamboat was directed to take us on board the Admiral's frigate, the *Aurora*, lying at a distance. A barge of fourteen oars was also ready and taken in tow. The *Aurora* is a showy ship of in fact sixty guns, the upper-deck carronades, with a crew of four hundred men, four lieutenants and six midshipmen.

Great neatness and cleanliness were conspicuous; but the seamen were kept out of sight. An apparatus was shown me by the captain, which he said had been in use for five years back,—an immense air-pump which changed the atmosphere of every part of the ship below with great rapidity; the draught in its funnels, while the machine was in operation, was so great as to blow out one's handkerchief when put in. On leaving the *Aurora* to return to the steamboat, a salute was fired of thirteen guns. Having landed, we took to our barge and proceeded to visit the immense new dry-dock, now rapidly completing. The work is truly an imperial one,—executed of fine granite and adapted to accommodate a ship of one hundred and twenty guns. The masonry is beautiful. The builder, General Foulon, was present, and his assistant, of the name of Wilson, exhibited and explained the drafts of the work. With the aid of an immense reservoir or well and steam enginery attached, it is computed that the dock may be emptied, after the ship is once floated in and fixed, in the course of thirty-six hours. There are a long range of other dry-docks, and these we saw to great advantage, crowded with a number of ships of the line undergoing all sorts of repairs. At the head of one of the docks, in a small building exclusively appropriated to it, we were shown a model of the entire island of Cronstadt and its harbour and adjacent castles and forts. This model consists of a sort of immense table of great solidity, on the smooth surface of which have been placed small wooden houses and other buildings indicating with the minutest accuracy every improvement. It presented to the eye exactly such a view as one might have of the island from a balloon two or three miles above it. We now quit our barge and

proceeded in carriages to visit the arsenal and to ride around the walls. The veteran general in command at the arsenal, who received us in much state, accompanied by five or six of his aids, could not, unfortunately for us, speak any language but Russ, and our inquiries, passing necessarily through Colonel Romanoff or the Consul, were on that account limited. The collection of military material here was very great. On the first floor were arranged the carriages of a thousand cannon with all their adjuncts and equipments; on the upper floor, muskets, swords, pistols, swivels, pikes, and small-arms of every possible description, were arranged in countless quantities, and in a most tasteful manner, reminding us of the display we had witnessed at the Tower in London, and surpassing that in everything, except perhaps in the number of muskets. On the adjoining field was a splendid exhibition of five thousand pieces of ordnance, many of them of dazzling brass, of all calibres and sizes and shapes; and these were flanked by mounds of cannon-shot and shells, which exceeded in number sixteen thousand. This show of iron force transcended anything I have seen.

The singular and solid masonry of the walls, as we rode between them and the outer fosse, was well worth seeing; and it was impossible not to notice everywhere that the Government was expending immense sums of money in ornamenting the island. Numerous ranges of superb barracks are finishing; and brick parapets of great solidity are constructing. On one of the buildings a colonel of engineers seemed to take great pride in pointing out some inscriptions which indicated that three or four of the foundation-stones had been laid by the Emperor, Count Woronzow, Prince Volkonsky, etc. It

is said that his Majesty annually appropriates four million roubles to the works of Cronstadt, for which he has long exhibited an unabated partiality, and which he says he will make a little St. Petersburg. It contains a permanent population exceeding ten thousand. The military force on the island equals twenty thousand. A fleet could not approach with hostile intentions without having a thousand cannon pointed at it from the numerous fortifications. Being cordially entertained at dinner by Mr. Leonartzen and his two daughters, we returned to the steamboat at six o'clock and reached home at nine.

1838. *August 17.*—We started at half-past twelve and reached Pergola, the country residence of Prince Butera, at about half-past two. The distance is about eighteen versts, or twelve miles, in a northwestern direction. The situation is the finest we have yet seen, as there is something like hill and dale. The estate, principally owned by the son of the Princess by her first husband, Count Shuvaloff, is extensive and highly improved. The display of dahlias and other rich flowers is very great. The conservatories are large and supply tropical and other fruits at all seasons; there are quantities of pineapples, peaches, nectarines, and grapes, ripening and ripe. The Princess, who has had the luck to have three husbands, erected to her second a handsome monument, which is surrounded by a small iron railing, preserved in undisturbed tranquillity, and decorated with flowers. The monument is enclosed in a tomb, sodded and planted, and the marble is only perceptible through the grating of the door. It is said that she placed alongside of her husband's an open tomb for herself, and that some malicious personage, since her present marriage, visiting it, wrote within "*for my next husband,*" since which access

has been denied, and the spot preserved from intrusion. Her second husband had been the tutor of the children by her first, and is spoken of in terms of great praise by those who knew him. He purchased his title of Count, and when dying expressed a wish to be interred among the noblesse at the Church of St. Alexander Nefsky; but the Emperor Nicholas forbade it. Her eldest son, Count Shuvaloff, about nineteen or twenty, has recently returned from the wars in Circassia, where he received a wound in the breast. He is prepossessing, intelligent, and a very modest gentleman. The Princess has been building for some years back, and will now soon finish, a neat Gothic church on a hill within sight of the mansion. It is built of the soft stone found on her estate, which is yellowish with veins of blue, and has much the appearance of half-baked brick. We rambled in every direction through the park and other grounds enjoying the scenery and shrubbery and fresh air; we were regaled with a *déjeuner à la fourchette* immediately after arriving, with a dinner at half-past four, and with tea and fruits at half-past eight, while in the intervals we frolicked with the mimic ice-hills, the swings, seesaws, bagatelles, etc.; we reached home about half-past ten, delighted with our excursion.

1838. August 20.—I accompanied my daughters to Pavlovsky. We spent the day at Count Schimmelpenninck's, and did not reach home again until half-past eleven at night. In the course of conversation I learned that the Count had studied the law, intending to practise it; that the death of his father diverted him to commerce; that he became President of the Dutch East India Company; was Secretary of State by appointment of the present King, and is a member of the first or upper house of the States-General. He is of opinion that there exist

several incurable defects in the existing constitution of Holland, which soon must produce its destruction; of these he referred particularly to the complicated process by which the members of the second or lower house of Legislature are chosen from the provinces, and the inability of the King, who alone originates and is responsible for laws, without the intervention of ministers to enforce his methods or to avoid unpopularity when resisted and assailed. The upper house, created by the King alone, is merely for life, and having no hold upon popular sentiment, and no support, as in England, from a permanent and organized order, is esteemed a mere useless agent of the monarch, and cannot, with any success, at any time or on any subject resist the popular branch. The Count's grandfather was Ambassador from Holland at Paris. His father was the last pensioner and became stone blind, and the family indulge a notion that Napoleon, in order to get rid of him and to prepare the way for his brother, Louis, had a poisonous powder enclosed in a complimentary letter to him, by which he was instantly deprived of sight. The Count says that the Princess of Orange has been travelling in Germany this summer incog. under the title of Countess *Van Buren*.

1838. *October 8.*—During the last two days the arrival of the Emperor with his whole family has been hourly expected on board his steamer, the *Hercules*, from Stettin. Preparations were made for their landing on the English Quay, and we have been kept on the *qui vive*. It is now ascertained that, having encountered a rough sea and the ladies suffering greatly, the whole party has landed on the coast and will travel hither by land.

I returned the visit of Admiral Krusenstern and left with him a newspaper from the United States, contain-

ing some paragraphs about our exploring expedition, in which he professes to take much interest. In the course of our conversation the Admiral likened the Circassians to our Cherokee and Creek Indians, and said that the frequency and cruelty of their incursions into Russia caused the present war, a war which Russia really felt no inclination to pursue, but was forced by a principle of self-preservation to aid.

I visited Barante, the French Ambassador, who arrived with his family on Saturday evening last. He was very cordial, spoke eloquently about his journey up the Mediterranean, to Greece, to Constantinople, to Odessa, to the Crimea, and through Russia to Moscow. He has been treated throughout in a manner extremely flattering and agreeable. He asked me what was thought in the United States of the French blockade of the Mexican coast. I told him that we entertained very little doubt about its justice, as we ourselves were sufferers from Mexican misconduct; but that we began to think that they were rather unnecessarily interfering with our commerce, and we did not think it quite compatible with the honour and glory of so powerful a nation to be attacking, for an amount of damages less than a million of dollars, so young, so weak, so poor, and so distracted a republic as Mexico. "Well, but," said he, "what can be done with a country which has scarcely anything that can be called a government? We have no other resource." I said we had referred our controversy with Mexico to umpirage when we were on the eve of war; he turned the conversation instantly, and told me he had just received the intelligence that the difficulty with Switzerland was at an end, that Louis Napoleon had quit that country. He intended that I should under-

stand that the French cabinet had attained its object. I merely remarked that I had known some time ago that Louis Napoleon had obtained a passport for England, "but," said I, "was there not much false importance given to this business? Why exaggerate the consequence and fame and dangerous character of a man who is without abilities, and whose affair at Strasburg only made him ridiculous? In the United States such a person no one would ever dream of persecuting into importance; he would be allowed to sink by his own weight." "That is true," he remarked, "of the United States, where order is so well and has been so long established that no one entertains the slightest apprehension of disturbances arising from political ambition; but we in France have been kept in such a perpetual turmoil and suffering that we deem it the part of wisdom and prudence to take measures to crush or thwart everything of the sort as early as possible."

Horace Vernet's picture, finished this year for the Emperor, is now in the Hermitage. Philip and I visited it to-day. It represents Napoleon reviewing his Imperial guard in the Thuilleries, behind the palace, between it and the celebrated triumphal arch on which were placed the four bronzed Venetian horses. The hero is followed by an immense throng of marshals, aids, etc., splendidly mounted and equipped, while he himself, on a superb white charger, is characterized by great simplicity of dress, a plain cocked hat without feather or cockade, white smallclothes, and with a face and figure which do his character and achievements entire justice. It is the finest portraiture of the wonderful man I have yet seen. He is in the act of slightly checking his horse at an extremity of one of the lines, as he beholds an old

wooden-legged soldier, whose wounds in the head are yet bandaged, and who stands between two of his boys, stretching towards him a written petition. Murat's steed is as noble an Arabian as the imagination can possibly shadow forth. He was the only one of the train of whose identity I could entertain no doubt. The perspective of the ranks of soldiers is admirably executed. As a painting, there is a boldness, spirit, correctness of colouring, and unity of design which cannot be surpassed.

1838. *October 9.*—The Imperial standard is hoisted on the Anischoff palace, his Majesty and all his family having reached Sarsko-Selo yesterday afternoon.

1838. *October 19.*—Escorted Mrs. Dallas to the Hermitage in order to show her Vernet's review. It grows finer and finer the more it is examined. Eugene Beauharnais is the splendid figure in green. In the same room, since my last visit, several delightful objects have been collected, no doubt lately purchased by the Emperor. The two pieces of sculpture, *The Bacchante*, by Bienaimé, and *The Dying Psyche*, by Tenerani, are exquisite: the former is inimitable. An Imperial review on the *Champ-de-Mars*, by a Russian artist, seems to be put there as a set-off to Cruger and Vernet. It is an equally large canvas, crowded with figures, among which the Emperor, Empress, Grand Duchess Marie, Grand Duke Michel, Czarovitz, Counts Orloff, Benkendorf, etc., are easily recognized, but the painting is comparatively wretched. Bienaimé's *Bacchante* is dated at Rome, 1838.

1838. *October 22.*—Went, accompanied by Madame Daschkoff, to the Russian theatre, and witnessed one act of the *Gazza Ladra*, and Taglioni again in the *Maid of the Danube*. The Emperor and Empress were present.

So were the Marquis and Marchioness Clanricarde, Baron and Baroness Barante, Count and Countess Rossi, etc. The Clanricardes promise very little. The Marquis is a tall, pale, and long-faced, bald and awkward-looking man with a repulsive physiognomy; and his wife, with marked features and fashionable air, would seem very much like a spoiled and dashing beauty whose colour had faded under the effect of a family of nine children.

1838. *November 1.*—I visited old Mr. Poletica this morning, and found him unwell from a severe cold which suddenly attacked him yesterday. He has spent, during the last summer, three weeks at Constantinople, probably to unite his efforts with those of other Russian diplomats in order to prevent, if possible, the recently announced treaty between Turkey and England, which would seem to remove the Sultan from under the control of the Czar, and to subject him to French and British influence, the latter guaranteeing to him the dependence of Mehemet Ali. Mr. Poletica remembers but little of our country; has, perhaps, never been its friend, and is wholly ignorant of the real character of its recent history. He meddled with more art and success than candour in formation of the treaty of 1824, by which Mr. Middleton has entailed upon the relations of Russia and America an embarrassing, if not incurable, source of strife. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, information, and experience. He enjoys considerable repute as a member of the Senate of the Empire, and as a business drudge, but his temper is apt to be violent and overbearing, and his prejudices are wholly insurmountable. He told me that he had long ceased to have any correspondence with the United States: but he showed me, hanging up in his

apartment, a striking miniature likeness of Mr. Gallatin, which had been executed for him by a lady of Geneva, and a bad oil painting of President Washington, which he had brought with him from America. Washington and Gallatin made to unite in the taste of a Russian "Littérateur et homme d'affaires" as symbols of our republic!

At Count Nesselrode's, last evening, I had a long and somewhat interesting conversation with Baron Brunoff, who holds an important post in the Department of Foreign Affairs. He accompanied the Vice-Chancellor to the coronation of the Austrian Emperor, this summer, at Milan. He invited me to explain the cause of President Jackson's hostility to the Bank, and listened attentively to the detail, expressing a lively astonishment, at its close, that the subject had never before been so clearly and satisfactorily stated. He said that he had heretofore ascribed the controversy to some personal motive of Jackson's; but that he now perceived distinctly that it had its foundation in the settled principles of our Democratic party. Mr. Schwastoff, he said, had informed him that in the United States any corporation or individual might issue paper currency or notes, and that people were *bound by law to accept these in payment of debts!* I explained the temporary effect of a suspension of specie payments, and of the consequent panic, but removed the absurdity of Mr. Schwastoff. He then complained that it proved very difficult to get correct ideas of the state of things in America; that Baron Krudener had certainly formed many false notions from habits of reserve in personal intercourse, and perhaps from his defect in hearing. I pointed out, as the great source of delusion on this side of the Atlantic as to matters in America,

the habit of relying upon extracts made by English editors from our commercial newspapers ; these newspapers being in trading towns along the sea-coast, dependent upon the patronage and uttering the language of bankers and traders only, while the great voice of the interior and governing people never reached Europe, except in its effects,—that is, in their constant political triumphs. After a very long talk he expressed himself extremely obliged to me for the views I had given. His wife is a lady of Stockholm, of great early beauty. He is himself devoted to business, and has the air, when met in society, of a man perfectly exhausted by his day's drudgery.

1838. *November 2.*—We went late this evening to visit the family of Mr. Bludoff, Minister of the Interior. This gentleman, who I should take to be about sixty, is much esteemed for ability and great devotion to his official duties. He resembles in figure, without being quite as stout or ungraceful, Mr. Woodbury. He has a wife, a son, and a daughter. He has neither nobility nor wealth to recommend him, though probably highly connected. His present residence is a splendid palace in the rear of the Alexandrina Theatre, recently fitted up as the official residence of whoever may fill his post. It is built and furnished in a style suited only to an occupant of an immense fortune, capable and willing to entertain sumptuously. What an inconvenient position to place a man in ! He lives and has his chancery on the first floor, his wife on the second floor, and his daughter on the third floor,—each floor being an endless suite of vast and gorgeous apartments, adapted to receive the Imperial court. The mother and daughter are quite attractive persons ; neither of them having any personal

beauty, but both, the latter particularly, having much intelligence and great amiability.

1838. *November 4.*—Dr. Lefevre being on a visit to us this morning, I took occasion to inquire as to the received opinions here on the subject of the Homœopathic system of medicine. He spoke of it with great candour, and with obvious knowledge on the subject. He said that some time ago the hope of saving about three millions of roubles per annum in drugs, etc., induced the government to try the system in some of the military hospitals; if there failed entirely, the patients died in countless numbers. The small doses are totally inefficacious where the disorder is fixed and serious. In ordinary practice complaints are light, nervous, and transient, and the homœopath may therefore often seem to produce effects which time and a little care would accomplish. He is inflexible in exacting, as a part of his prescription, scrupulous attention to diet, exercise, clothing, early sleep, etc., and these achieve infinitely more than his medicines. To a certain extent, therefore, the system is useful. But Lefevre suggests that the homœopath does what the regular physician never does, and what therefore leaves the practice open to suspicion and doubt,—he is his own apothecary or compounder, and takes from his pocket what he directs to be swallowed. No one, therefore, knows exactly what or how much he administers. He writes out no prescription and is unchecked by a scientific druggist; nevertheless the doctor thinks that the system enjoys favour here, and is probably advancing in estimation.

Count Rossi, who arrived here about two weeks since as Minister from the King of Sardinia, and who visited us this evening, is a remarkably handsome man,

apparently nearly forty years of age. Six feet high, with a figure like that of Christopher Hughes, though more erect and compact, and with blue eyes, light hair, and soft, florid complexion; his manners are well formed and polished, and he produces an agreeable impression; he speaks English, though indifferently. He spoke of knowing Mr. Davezac, our Minister formerly at the Hague (at present, I believe, also), and has certainly a just conception of his character. He had also well known Mr. and Mrs. Browne while they were in Paris, and upon being told their unhappy fate, manifested feeling and respect.

1838. *November 5.*—The *presentation* at the British Ambassador's was attended this evening. We went at half-past eight o'clock *en grande tenue*, as the etiquette of the occasion demanded. I am told that this ceremonial, as a means of introducing the highest grade of diplomatic functionaries to their colleagues and to the fashionable world, is peculiar to this Court. Marquis of Clanricarde is a tall, thin man, somewhat bald, with a fine eye and prepossessing manner; his features are awkwardly set together, and produce an unfavourable impression at first. Lady Clanricarde, the daughter of Canning, and the mother of seven children, is thoroughly English in figure, style, expression, and speech; her features are prominent, and indicate intelligence as well as past beauty. He is about thirty-nine and she about thirty-five years of age. He looks perhaps younger than he is; she, on the contrary, seems older than she is. Their reception of our party was certainly kind. The whole of Butera's second floor was thrown open, and the stairway thronged with Russians dressed in splendid English liveries. The visitors were not as numerous as I expected to find them;

but probably a number have reserved themselves for to-morrow night, which is embraced by the invitation. I recognized Mr. Buchanan, who is secretary or attaché to the Embassy, as having been in America with Sir Charles Vaughan. He told me that Sir Charles had been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, but owing to some sudden cause had never gone there; that he had, however, obtained the rank, and was now content to retire upon the pension incident to it.

1838. *November 7.*—The career of entertainments began to-day by a dinner of the French Ambassador; Mrs. Dallas and myself present. There were forty-eight at table, among whom were Count and Countess Nesselrode, Count and Countess Woronzow, Count Charnicheff, Prince Volkonsky, the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde, with all the rest of the diplomatic leading missions, Princess Beloselsky, Princess Soltikoff, etc. Prince Kosloffsky, who came in after dinner, informed Mrs. Dallas that the Empress had appeared at the great theatre last night, and had introduced her daughter the Grand Duchess Marie (I presume by the peculiar style of her dress) to the public as about becoming a bride.

1838. *November 9.*—Mrs. Daschkoff visited Mrs. Dallas to-day, full of the gossip of the town. The Russians dislike the British Ambassador and Ambassadress. Their presentation of Tuesday evening last was attended by very few, and her Ladyship has been exceedingly indignant. Her manner is represented as excessively haughty and cold, as indicating an extravagant self-esteem. She dressed, too, in full black, which Russians construe as opposite to the joy and pride with which she ought in her appearance to welcome her visitors.

Her husband, too, has shocked the nerves of the moral fashionables of this Court by the arrival of his mistress on the last steamer; he thinks, too, of nothing but hunts and races, and wants the dignity of an Ambassador.

1838. *November 13.*—The water of the Neva rose during the night under the influence of a strong south-westerly wind, and at ten o'clock this morning was swollen five feet above its customary level. It appeared in the streets, through the gratings of the common sewers. Having advanced just far enough to awaken anxiety, it suddenly receded and fell.

A combination of incidents and reflections strongly impels me to the belief that a war between England and Russia is on the eve of explosion. The movements in India indicate an apprehension that the Russian forces are uniting with those at Persia to assist the native princes to change their masters. Russia is perceptibly mortified, if not angered, by the ascendancy which England has recently exercised over the counsels of the Turkish Sultan and of the Austrian Emperor. England is exasperated by the results of the blockade of the coast of Circassia; by the progress of Don Carlos in Spain, traceable almost exclusively to the aid, moral and material, of Russia; and by the gradual but certain development of Russian manufactures. The Ministry, too, must make some appeal to the loyalty and prejudices of the country, or they are gone. In the late *Globe*, the Emperor has been personally and most violently assailed, and this is the special paper of Lord Palmerston; and I cannot avoid observing that the new British Ambassador, Marquis Clanricarde, has been received with coldness, if not neglect. There is also existing among the lower classes, the merchants, officers of the army, etc.,

a feverish sense of impending conflict. Suppose this war to come, what may be its effects upon the United States? Its effects upon our commerce with this empire would seem to be obvious and immediate. It must wholly cease. There are few Russian ports, and their natural difficulty of access would be made insurmountable by the vexations of British blockades. The trade, too, which cannot be carried on here will probably be drawn by England towards herself; we shall sell her the cotton, tobacco, and sugar which would otherwise be brought here to be exchanged for Russian products. Politically we might soon be drawn into the conflict; Russia would re-excite the Canadians; impressment would come again into practice; it would be seen that we could avail ourselves of the opportunity to dispose of the northeast boundary question, the northwest boundary, etc.

1838. *November 15.*—The first *soirée* of the season at Count Woronzow's was numerous and brilliantly attended; Mrs. Dallas accompanied me. The British Ambassadors and Ambassadors with their respective suites, the rest of the diplomatic corps, Monseigneur the Grand Duke Michel, Count and Countess Stroganoff, recently Ambassadorial representatives from this Court at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, etc., were present. General Tschitchérine intimated that the Marquis of Clanricarde was not held in high estimation here, that his private character was believed to be bad, and it was said that he had been separated from his wife for some time. I was congratulated on the news from the United States by Mr. Buchanan. The messenger of Galignani and a letter received from Mr. Benjamin Rush contain intelligence of the successful result in the

elections of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and probably Georgia. These States, added to those already certain—Maine, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, and Arkansas—constitute a squadron which leaves no room for future apprehension as to the national administration. I trust David R. Porter's majority is sufficiently decisive. My prediction has always been that it would exceed twenty thousand. I took care by a conversation with Count Brunoff that Count Nesselrode should hear my views of the conclusive character of these elections, as I have sometimes thought that an impression prevailed here that our Democratic ascendancy was on the eve of extinction. I beat Count Litta a capital game of chess.

1838. *November* 16.—It snowed considerably this evening and the frost seems steadily advancing. We went to the *soirée* of Princess Razoumoffsky. It was but partially attended. She is a lady of about sixty, of unincumbered personal position, of apparently great stability of health, and of about five hundred thousand roubles "de rentes." Her parties are regularly given every Friday throughout the year, in town or in the country. Her rooms, about ten in succession, are not large; but they are ornamented with a luxury and profuse expenditure not to be surpassed. The folding-doors opening into her "cabinet," *chambre à coucher*, "à bain," are rich beyond conception, and attracted universal attention; their substance seemed to be a sort of rose amber, richly inlaid. I beat Mr. Tschitchérine at chess.

No book could have given me more amusement than I have derived during the last week from Chateaubriand's "Congress of Verona." It is in two good-sized

octavos. The objects of the author would seem to be a vindication of his statesmanship while Minister in the department of Foreign Affairs in 1822-'23-'24, a period of about sixteen months, under Louis the XVIII.; a claim to the exclusive merit of the war waged successfully by France against Spain for the deliverance of King Ferdinand from the power of the Cortes; and a development of the views and operations of the author in reference to the question of the independence of the American Spanish colonies; an exhibition of the manner in which he was dismissed and a denial of his having intrigued for the place of Count Villèle, then at the head of the Ministry. The manner in which this most eloquent writer pursues these purposes is extremely attractive. To be sure, he manifests all the conceited egotism and much of the deceitfulness of the French politician; but his fancy is so rich, his political imagery and diction are so glowing and soft, his recurrence to classical reminiscences are so frequent and agreeable, the original letters and documents which he publishes, interspersed in his narrative, are so interesting, and his delineations of the most remarkable personages of his official time are so vivid and true, that I think he has produced two volumes which surpass Wraxall or Cumberland. The Congress of Verona was one of those regular royal conspiracies against constitutional forms of government and popular rights of which we have seen many, and are destined to see more before the struggles of the two principles can possibly cease. At it were convened not merely great sovereigns, one of whom, Alexander of Russia, was really great, but there were also Wellington, Metternich, Nesselrode, and Chateaubriand,—names destined to long fame. It is striking, if not alarming, to

find this Congress entertained, even for a moment, the idea of planting in Mexico and Colombia a race of Bourbon monarchs. We had a more direct interest in these princely combinations than we imagined. The rapid sketch of the life and character of the autocrat is very fine; the pervading hostility towards the Austrian statesman is a redeeming feature; and the letters of Cobbett and Canning are as characteristic and admirable as possible. There is, on the whole, to be sure, a most appalling picture of heartless political cunning and duplicity, but ill assorted with the conscious immortality and daring independence of the author of "La Génie du Christianisme."

1838. *November 18.*—Baron Manderstrom, Baron Schleinitz, Marquis Carréga, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Chew dined with me to-day, and remained unusually long. It would seem to be understood that the Emperor of Russia will quit this for Moscow on Wednesday next with the Duke de Leuchtenberg; that the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie will not take place before the first week in July next, and that the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia will attend it. Mr. Buchanan condemned the resignation of Lord Durham with great warmth, and was convinced that on his arrival in England he would be denounced by all parties.

1838. *November 22.*—Mr. S. Cramer, whom I visited this evening, informed me that a most remarkable incident in the trade from St. Petersburg had occurred this fall, of which he knew no example during his forty years' activity as a merchant. All the hemp brought for export had been purchased and shipped to England at nearly twice the ordinary price; and all the tallow. The orders had been thus numerous and extravagant owing to the

prevailing opinion in England that a war would break out with this country. There is in mercantile sagacity, the keenness of self-interest, something that foretells the future as surely as anything else.

An event of a singular character has set us all speculating. The Emperor in a single-horse sledge, without any attendant, was seen to stop at the British Embassy and to go in. He stayed for half an hour. Was this a visit to the Ambassador or to his lady? What does it mean? Is it in order to crush at once the rumour of an impending war? or is it the last civility preparatory to hostilities? One is apt to scan closely the most trifling actions of so eminent a personage, especially in connection with public characters. And yet his Majesty is really so fond of personal eccentricity of movement, liking to surprise and to go where least expected, that nothing can be safely deduced from his individual acts. He has started this evening, though it snows rapidly, for Moscow, accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, planning to be two days in going, four days in remaining, and two days in returning.

1838. *November 26.*—The ball of Madame Boutourlin. We went at near eleven o'clock and returned at half-past three. The Grand Duke Michel was there, and all the diplomatic corps. Boutourlin, who prides himself upon his collection, and who, by the by, is the author of the "Russian Campaign to Paris," has got, within the last few months, from Rome a beautiful piece of sculpture by Bartolini; it is a female slave seated upon her lower legs, in a position scarcely practicable by even Taglioni, with her hands joined near her knees, and her head thrown a little upwards and backwards. The figure is perfectly naked, perhaps rather too thin, but on the

whole graceful, soft, and effective. The richness of choice Parian marble, when fresh, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen it.

1838. *December 1.*—Dined at five P.M. with the Minister from Denmark, Baron Blome. He is an old bachelor seventy years of age; Danish in every part of his appearance; prominent features, large mouth, florid complexion, weak eyes, red and powdered hair; mild and agreeable in his manners and conversation; very rich and hospitable. His eyes are so bad he cannot go out at night, and in his own house every light is carefully shaded. He has resided at this port for forty years. Is the indefatigable attendant at all military reviews, wearing scarlet and white with countless crosses and stars, and is almost a universal favourite. The French and British Ambassadors were the chief guests, Count Nesselrode being unwell and absent. A number of Russians were at table, among them Count Litta, Count Borsh, Zavadowsky, Obriscoff, Prince Kosloffsky.

1838. *December 4.*—Mr. Soltikoff, while spending this evening with us, narrated several anecdotes with great spirit, which it may be worth while to preserve. He is a man about sixty-five years of age, of immense wealth, and of great talent, it is said. He was formerly high in Imperial favour, but, owing to some personal indiscretion in his manners at court, he was obliged to retire, at least from intimacy. It is a fact remarkably illustrative of the little attention which the United States receive from European savans, that Mr. Soltikoff, although unquestionably eminent for ability and erudition, and though he has a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with autograph signatures, hanging up in his library, did not know that General Washington had ever been President, but

thought that he had retired wholly from public affairs, from the peace of 1783 to the period of his death! He would hardly believe me when I assured him that he had been our chief magistrate for eight years under the existing Constitution. Mr. Soltikoff says that the inundation of the Neva in 1824 was very sudden and inconceivably disastrous in its effects. He occupied the house in which he now lives in the Small Moscoy, and was sitting at his office-table sealing some letters and packages. He had felt an unusual coldness in his feet; he rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to take some letters to the post-office, and to his utter amazement he received for answer that it was impossible, as the waters were six feet high in the streets and still rushing upwards. He had scarcely been told this before the floor on which he stood burst and opened and the waters rose in his apartment up to his own middle; he scrambled up-stairs, directing that nothing should be removed; this swell lasted for about six hours. The Emperor Alexander was born in 1777, a year memorable by a similar inundation, and when that of 1824 occurred, he said it announced his approaching end, and became an altered man. Soltikoff describes the change as striking and distressing; the calamity seemed to be forever present in all its horror to his mind, and to weigh him down. One melancholy incident he particularly dwelt upon, that of an old woman whom he saw while he was wandering about to relieve the sufferers, and who was eagerly searching for the corpse of a young and only grandson. The Emperor offered her ten thousand roubles, which she declined receiving, saying she wanted nothing but the body, and continued to weep and search, when suddenly she espied the object of her

pursuit covered with dirt and rubbish, and rushed to it frantic with delight, and embraced and clung to it in prolonged delirium.

When, in the campaign of 1814, the allies entered Paris, the Emperor Alexander separated himself from his staff, and, in the confidence of good intentions towards the French people, confidently rode alone and in advance. He was stopped by a knot of *poissardes*, one of whom advanced and presented him a handsome bouquet of flowers, saying that he was the only one of the monarchs whom they loved.

During his stay at Paris, Alexander was in the habit of almost daily visiting the Empress Josephine at Malmaison; and, indeed, it was owing to his energetic friendship at the Congress of Vienna that Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, was allowed to retain Bavaria. On one occasion, driving out to see the ex-Empress in his carriage, with four horses abreast, and galloping, as usual, he met a French officer in a rich curricule and pair. The Frenchman would not yield the road, but cried out, "Give way! give way!" and the consequence was that when the two equipages encountered the curricule was overturned and broken to pieces, its horses knocked down and much wounded, and their owner thrown out, rendered perfectly furious with rage. The Emperor alighted immediately, begged the officer's pardon, hoped he was not hurt, and ascribed the disaster to the carelessness of his coachman. "No!" was the reply. "You are doubtless one of those who have conquered our capital, and you think to ride rough-shod over us; but I will not submit to such indignities and wrongs. I demand the satisfaction due to an insulted man. There is my address, and I expect to see you by eleven o'clock

to-morrow morning." "Agreed," said his Majesty; "you shall be satisfied." Early the next day the Emperor sent General Kissilieff to the Frenchman with a splendid curricule and two of his finest horses, requesting him to accept them in lieu of the injured ones. At first the Frenchman haughtily declined, saying that he waited the personal presence of General Kissilieff's friend and associate, and would receive nothing but the satisfaction of an apology or a duel. He was thunderstruck, says Mr. Soltikoff, and overwhelmed, when Kissilieff replied, "That is impossible. My friend is his Majesty the Emperor of Russia."

1838. *December 6.*—This, according to the Greek calendar, is St. Catherine's Day, and therefore the "Name's Day" of all ladies Catherine. Much is made of the Name's Day, and complimentary visits of felicitation are all the go. The name of Catherine is a favourite one in the fashionable circle. We manifested our attention to the custom by going at nine in the evening to Princess Hohenlohe's. We met there Madame Youskoff, the mother of the Princess, Princess Sophia Modene, her sister, Madame Paschkoff, Marquis De Villafranca, Marquis De Carréga, and a few others. Hohenlohe showed me his whole house, into which he has just removed; it is the property of his wife.

I do not recollect to have seen the following anecdote, which is given me as illustrative of the political finesse of the Empress, Catherine II., but which is probably an invention. Charles J. Fox had for some time been very hostile to Russia and its sovereign in the House of Commons. The Empress gave a large entertainment at the Hermitage, to which she invited several distinguished Englishmen who happened to be here at the time. In

one of the rooms there was a plaster cast of Fox, which was surrounded by busts of Cicero, Demosthenes, etc., and in this apartment, and near the busts, the Empress had engaged herself at whist. In the course of the evening her English guests sauntered into her neighbourhood, and, seeing the cast, expressed aloud to each other their surprise. The Empress frowned, listened for a moment, and then said to them, "What! gentlemen, are you surprised to see that bust in the midst of the greatest orators? Do you think me incapable of doing justice to an enemy? I can give Mr. Fox the rank to which his wonderful ability entitles him, even while I suffer under its exertions." These words were carefully reported to Fox, who soon afterwards became the Parliamentary friend and eulogist of Catherine. The plaster cast soon gave way to one of marble and another of bronze.

1838. *December 8.*—The celebrated Court choir was visited to-day during one of its public rehearsals. This musical band—altogether vocal—is especially assigned to the Imperial chapel. It is said to consist of about one hundred and fifty voices, though we certainly had not more than sixty this morning, of whom twenty were boys between the ages of ten and thirteen. These choristers are selected with great care in every part of the empire, by virtue of a standing order which directs that the discovery of a remarkably fine voice in child or adult shall be immediately followed by his being forwarded to St. Petersburg. They are taught and exercised with great care; they are said to make the finest sacred harmony witnessed in Europe. It is so perfect as to resemble a rich and magnificent organ. I could scarcely, at first, believe that what I heard was the human

voice alone. The effect produced upon those who are peculiarly sensitive to music is overpowering; some have wept, others fainted. The two Embassies and Countess Strogonoff were there, but the audience was mixed and did not exceed four hundred.

1838. *December 13.*—At half-past ten went to a ball at Count Levaschoff's. It was exceedingly brilliant. Prince Hohenlohe apprised me that the diplomatic body would be invited to attend the ceremony of affiancing the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke De Leuchtenberg on Sunday next, with their respective ladies. This necessarily involves a special and unexpected expenditure of at least two hundred and fifty dollars, which I can no more avoid than I could avoid returning the Emperor's salute as I pass him in the street, and yet I am expected to meet all such charges out of my salary!

I met at Count Levaschoff's Count Frederick Pahlen, formerly Minister in the United States. He has been here for two weeks only, usually residing in the country, and I heard by mere accident of his being in the room. He saluted me with great cordiality, remembered the hospitality of my father, and inquired about many whom he knew in the United States. I cannot say that I should have ever recognized him. His manner is ardent, his hair light, his eyes blue, his complexion florid, his figure an easy and gentlemanly one, indicating a man turned of fifty, and he spoke English fluently. He has two brothers in Paris, one of whom had been with him in America.

1838. *December 14.*—A printed programme of the ceremonies to be observed on the betrothment of the Grand Duchess Marie was sent to me by the Grand Master of Ceremonies early this morning. This subject

is now the absorbing one. The programme as a means of precise and practical information is defective in several particulars; it does not expressly mention the Ambassadors; it does not specially provide for the disposition of the wives of the Foreign Ministers; and it leaves an impression that the secretaries and attachés are to be excluded in the parade. In the course of the day we have also received two invitations, one addressed to myself, in language that would seem to embrace the secretary of legation, and the other addressed to Mrs. Dallas.

During the long and interesting *tête-à-tête* with General Tschitchérine, several characteristic anecdotes of Lord Durham were told. Tschitchérine was his personal friend, and on all occasions of excitement his confidential adviser. Durham he describes as a man of fine abilities and *au fond* of excellent intentions, but subject to violent excesses of passion and of inordinate vanity. He set out with the determination to make himself individually acceptable to the Emperor, who had delighted him by his manners on visiting the frigate on which he arrived in Cronstadt. When the recovery of the Emperor from the accident of overturning his carriage, by which his arm was broken, was announced, Durham resolved, if possible, to make his personal congratulations. He called on Tschitchérine, and, disclaiming all diplomatic motive or purpose, asked how he could accomplish his desire. The General proposed his going with him at once to Peterhoff, and there ascertaining what could be done. They started immediately, and on their arrival waited upon Prince Volkonsky, who was at first entirely at a loss how to act. Durham suggested the expedience of his passing off as a sort of messenger sent for inquiry by

the Chasseur of the British Ambassador, as a mode which would get rid of forms. The plan was frankly stated to the Emperor, who laughed at its ingenuity, and kept him for several days at the palace.

Lady Mary Lambson, the daughter of Durham, rode out on horseback accompanied only by her brother-in-law. On passing through one of the gates of the city, the sentinel, as usual, and as ordered, not knowing them, offered to stop them merely to ascertain their object. This is always done as a mere matter of course. Lady Mary, however, probably unable to understand or be understood, rode on without satisfying the soldier, who immediately dropped the huge bar to arrest her progress; the bar fell on the rear of the horse, fortunately missing herself, but frightening and startling the animal. When this was reported to Durham, he became furious, flew to Tschitchérine, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, gave vent to an ungovernable fit of passion, beginning with the exclamation, "What do you think? One of your vagabond soldiery has been on the eve of killing my daughter!" Much time and persuasion were necessary before he could be calmed, and he dwelt with prolonged exasperation upon the fact that the sentinel had smiled or grinned when he saw the horse of Lady Mary Lambson start. Finally, it was agreed that he should make no mention of the subject at all, except to the Emperor in person, and then very briefly, and only in the manner of narrative without complaint. Durham, however, forgot himself the very next day, and, being at a large dinner alongside of Count Nesselrode, turned round, and with a loud, excited voice repeated all the circumstances of the affair. The Vice-Chancellor strove to stop his vehemence by calmly remarking that the topic was not one for a large

and mixed company, at least to be addressed to him. This only poured oil upon the fire of the enraged father, and he poured forth a torrent of invective, dropping in his heat the term "barbarian." The attention of the whole table had been drawn; the Russians were extremely offended with the manner and epithets of the Ambassador; his words were exaggerated and circulated everywhere; the whole society of St. Petersburg were on the point of apprising his Lordship that he had gone too far, when General Tschitchérine stepped in, visited in every direction with explanatory and soothing remarks, and finally prevailed in tranquillizing the storm.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Kaiserveldt made himself very entertaining by a number of anecdotes of his own personal experience. His description of the scene which took place at the Imperial chapel when the young Grand Duke became of age, and took the oath of allegiance, gave a delightful impression of the domestic feelings of the autocrat and his family. He says that the church was thronged with the high prelates of the church and dignitaries of state; a small table was placed in the centre, on which were placed the Bible, some religious emblems, and the written draft of the oath to be taken; after some prefatory ceremonies the Emperor led his son to the desk, pointed to the scroll, and bade him read attentively and aloud the oath before he signed it. The young man began audibly and distinctly; but when he came to that part which imported that he vowed obedience and love to the Emperor his father, his voice faltered, choked, and finally ceased; he seemed to be overpowered by his feelings, and wept profusely. The Emperor, who stood close by, remained motionless and gave no symptom of agitation except two heavy tears

that rolled down his cheeks; a second time did the son endeavour to proceed, but again failed under the tenderest emotions about his father. The Czar allowed some minutes to elapse that he might master himself, and then with all the apparent unmoved dignity of the monarch pointed again to the scroll. As soon as he had completed the oath, the Grand Duke threw himself into his father's arms, where he sobbed aloud for an instant, when, recollecting his mother to be at the side of the church, he rushed towards her and was received with an affecting and prolonged embrace. The Emperor, unable farther to control himself, went to them while thus clinging to each other, and encircling them both with his arms gave way to a paroxysm of emotion. In this scene, says Mr. Kaiserveldt, there was no acting; it was a sudden and obviously wholly unexpected overflow of parental and filial love; it drew tears from all who beheld it.

A little of the personal history of Count Levaschoff justifies the highest opinion I had contracted of him from his manners and conversation and appearance. He is not what is termed wealthy here; having an income of three hundred thousand roubles, or sixty thousand dollars, only; but he manages what he has with an economy and care which enable him to live in the utmost splendour and with unbounded hospitality. His establishment is one of the most attractive in St. Petersburg, and anywhere else would be considered princely in its extent; his drawing-rooms are flanked by beautiful gardens and by an immense green-house crowded even at this season with luxuriant flowers and tropical fruits, hung with birds, and lighted up for promenades, etc., accessible to his guests by wide stone stairways, and at the ex-

tremity of this range is a *ménage* where he keeps enough to accommodate a regiment. He is now, and has long been, a great favourite among the highest nobility, and proved his title to their esteem not long ago by the manner in which he conducted a quarrel with his sovereign himself. At that time he had been governor of a province for some years, and unfortunately had a dispute with the celebrated Marshal Sacken, using language on one occasion of considerable severity, but just. Sacken addressed the Emperor, saying that he was now too old to publish insults offered to him, but that he devolved his honour to the care and vindication of his master. Levaschoff was called to the capital; he adhered to the propriety of his course, and was dismissed from his office. He retired to the rendezvous of all discontented nobles, Moscow, and seemed resolved not to return to St. Petersburg. The Emperor perceived public sentiment to be entirely with the Count, and frankly and more fully reconsidered the whole subject. In a short time a post of greater dignity and importance than the one he had occupied was assigned to him. His friends wished him to decline it. "No," said Levaschoff; "I will act as the Emperor has a right to expect, as one sensible of the extent of the *amende honorable* thus offered, and I will finally do what is due to my own honour." He went to the department allotted to him, then in great disorder; he put its affairs in admirable condition, reported in full upon every branch of its business and interest, and when the Emperor expressed his gratification he immediately resigned. Since then he has lived wholly in this city, has by slow degrees become perfectly reconciled, and enjoys at present the favour of his sovereign and the respect of all who know him.

1838. *December 15.*—It is now ascertained that the diplomatic corps, including the secretaries, are all invited to the ceremony of to-morrow, although the heads of the missions only will find places in the chapel.

1838. *December 16.*—At eleven o'clock this morning I went, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas and Mr. Chew, all *en grande tenue*, to the Imperial palace of the Hermitage. The accumulation of equipages on the river front probably induced our being invited to alight and enter at the door in the Milione, as we were driving on. The British Ambassador and Ambassadors had just preceded us. We passed through several rooms until we came to the one temporarily converted into a chapel, and crossing that we were ushered through two serried lines of brilliantly-equipped officers along the Vatican gallery or corridor, and into the apartment appropriated to the reception of the diplomatic corps. We were early, none of our colleagues but Clanricarde and his suite being there, and the customary guard of grenadiers not stationed until ten or fifteen minutes afterwards. Lady Clanricarde was handsomely and tastefully dressed in a silk of deep blue, fronted with a costly show of point lace, and having an extensive train bordered with the same and richly worked with Roman pearls; her head glittered with a coronet of diamonds, whose lustre, however, seemed to fade when contrasted with those of the Russian Court. Our associates soon arrived. The Ambassadors of France wore a gorgeous but obviously old dress, white with a profusion of gold tinsel, and a train of crimson velvet embroidered in gold. Countess Schimmelpenninck was overwhelmed with finery of all sorts and of all colours; silver and gold tinsel, jewels of every description, a train fringed with silver, an upper gown of gauze fretted

with silver stars, and a half turban. Contrasted with these, the white satin gown, with light-pink satin train flounced with tulle, and a head-dress of a few flowers (the costume of Mrs. Dallas) unadorned by a single jewel of any sort, struck me as exceedingly modest, peculiarly suited to an American lady, and, withal, really much the prettiest. The English and Austrian Ambassadors wore their military uniforms of scarlet and white, only differing in the collocation of the colours,—the first having scarlet coat and white pantaloons, the latter having white coat and scarlet pantaloons. Baron Barante was in civil dress, richly covered with embroidery. Baron Blome, the Dane, resembled the Englishman, except that he glittered with more crosses and ribbons. Count Rossi, the Sardinian (whose wife is not yet out of her room), wore a remarkably becoming military dress of green and gold, turned up with white. Count d'Appony, the Austrian attaché, exhibited his fanciful and favourite costume of the Hungarian nobleman and ranger. The ceremonies began by the Ambassadors and Ministers (without their ladies or secretaries) being conducted, in due order of rank, to the large and lofty square apartment arranged into a chapel, and stationed along one side of it, with their chief, Count Ficquelmont, nearest the door at which it was known the Imperial family would enter. A screen of the necessary size, with its external panels beautifully painted with saints and Scriptural subjects, its parts movable on hinges, and having two doors in front, was fixed on the eastern side of the room, and formed the retiring and preparing recess of the priests. Between its two doors was the altar, and on both sides of this screen, within a small low railing, were the Court choir. Directly in the centre, and at a short distance from the

•

screen, was a platform about ten feet square, raised, say a foot or more, from the floor, and covered with crimson velvet bordered with gold lace. A small table was on this platform, and the rest of the apartment was divested of furniture in order to make room. The large glass chandelier in the middle was illuminated, and when we entered there were assembled only a few of the highest civil and military officers. About thirty of the clergy officiated, three of whom were of the highest rank, and one of these the very old, gray-haired, and enfeebled Metropolitan; three others were of a secondary rank; the bonnets or mitres of these six were worn during most of the ceremony, and were ornamented with miniatures, pearls, and other jewels in great abundance. The robes of all who officiated were of a material which resembled rich, thick, cut velvet of a glowing crimson colour, with golden crosses worked in it in every direction, and with broad stripes of gold embroidery sunk, as it were, in the velvet. The manner in which these robes are adjusted is rather clumsy; they seem to be thrown over the shoulders, as one would throw a sheet or table-cloth, when intending that it should conceal the whole figure, without regard to grace or fitness. We had not been long in this apartment when we heard the customary suppressed "*hush*" which, on such occasions, precedes the Imperial family, and we, of course, fell into our line. The "*Fourriers* Chambellans," etc., in double-file and in their richest liveries, passed in at the northern door and went out at the southern one. The Grand Master of Ceremonies and the Grand Marshal of the Court, with two or three other high dignities, bearing large golden square staves surmounted with crowns of brilliants or gold work, quitted the lengthened proces-

sion, and stationed themselves at the extremity of the diplomatic line and in front of the velveted platform. Then entered the Emperor, Empress, their second son, Constatine, their two other sons, the Grand Duke Michel, and his Grand Duchess Helen, the Grand Duchesses Marie, Olga, and Alexandra, and the betrothed (or "promis"), the Duke of Leuchtenberg. At the threshold the Imperial party were met by the whole of the clergy, the Metropolitan at their head, bearing a sumptuous silver cross, with a golden full-length image of the crucified Saviour upon it, and another carrying the chalice of holy water, drops of which were scattered by a sort of short bouquet of green leaves. Each of the Imperial family kissed the cross, held up for that purpose by the Metropolitan, and his hand also; and each, bowing forward as if to approach the chalice of holy water, received a few drops, from the bouquet, on the palm of the hand, which they carried to their lips. They then crossed the room and ranged themselves immediately opposite to us, the Emperor leaning his back against the edge of the open door, through which could be seen an endless vista of magnificently-dressed ladies, unable to get accommodations in the chapel. Directly behind the Imperial family, I was unexpectedly pleased to find that the ladies of the foreign Ministers followed. My friend Count Schimmelpenninck had not noticed this; and when the throng of maids of honour had passed by, and had (as many as could) arranged themselves throughout the room, he abruptly turned to me and said, "I believe I will go home." "What for, Count?" "This neglect of our ladies is not to be borne; you perceive they have been left with the secretaries and attachés in that remote antechamber." Had such been the fact, and

had I, as probably I should have, encouraged the Count by the slightest assenting movement, we must have had an agreeable little flare-up. As it was, I relieved my colleague by pointing out to him his own wife, safely ensconced by my own, close to the Imperial family. The betrothment began by his Majesty's conducting his daughter Marie and the Duke to the platform, the latter being placed on the right of the former, and the Emperor returning to his former position. A lighted wax taper was then placed by two of the priests in the hands of each of the affianced. Religious exercises followed in the Greek form, of which I could understand nothing. Two priests brought on large golden plates the wedding-rings, and deposited them on the small tables, that of the Grand Duchess, which I could distinctly scan, was a very large diamond of extreme brilliancy. The Metropolitan, with some ceremony, placed each ring on the finger of its owner; and after other recitations the Empress went forward, took the ring off the hand of Marie and placed it on that of the Duke, and the ring off the hand of the Duke and placed it on that of Marie. At this instant, as if the artillery had actually witnessed the movement, a roar of guns issued from the fortress on the opposite side of the Neva, exceeding in number one hundred. The venerable Metropolitan administered to each of the parties the promise or engagement, reading it from one of their sacred volumes, and they, in turn, manifested their assent by kissing the golden cross he held up. They then descended from the platform. The Grand Duchess threw herself into her father's arms, and remained some seconds, clinging to him under the influence of strong emotions; they were embraced by all the Imperial circle in succession, and here seemed to termi-

nate the special act of affiancing. The priests, however, proceeded with their performances, during a short part of which it was very inconveniently necessary for all who were present to kneel. The hymn for the safety of the Emperor, in which the choir joined with great effect, was delightfully executed. When the whole closed, the Imperial family passed out at the door through which they entered, bowing to us as they passed, and were followed by the almost endless train of maids of honour, chamberlains, etc. The ladies of the foreign Ministers went in the current and in the order they came, while the Ministers themselves were detained in the chapel for some time, preparatory to their being led, in the direction opposite to that taken by the Court, the whole way round through the interminable saloons of the palace, until they came to a large and richly-ornamented one overlooking the river, where they again marshalled themselves in line awaiting the coming of the affianced couple, to whom they in due solemnity tendered their felicitations. Here we had been joined by the secretaries and attachés; our ladies being left in the apartment in which they were originally placed, to receive, first, the visit of the Duke and his future Duchess. This ceremony gave me the first opportunity I have had to form any sort of opinion of the young man so suddenly exalted by the Emperor by incorporation into his domestic circle, and into the highest grades of his honours and service. His appearance is prepossessing, though certainly not handsome or striking; his manner is polished and unaffected; he looks about twenty-one years of age, and is about five feet eight inches high, with black hair closely cut, arched black eyebrows, small black moustache, and a lively and expressive black eye. His complexion is rather fair. His

nose is like my own—a mean feature—and he has, when smiling, a habit of drawing up his upper lip too far, so that his teeth (not regular nor perfectly white) and his gums are unpleasantly developed. He left us with exceeding grace and self-possession. We now retraced our steps back to our wives, and hurried to our respective homes.

We were urged to attend the Great Theatre to-night, as the Court would be there in gala dress, in honour of the day, and to witness the new ballet by Taglioni, but declined on the single ground of its being our Sabbath. Some of the illuminations of the city, which my children and Mrs. Dallas rode out to see, were uncommonly splendid.

1838. *December 17.*—Mrs. Dallas went with me, at half-past ten, to the French Ambassador's. There were few there. We met Clanricarde coming away as we went in, Count Ficquelmont, Prince Hohenlohe, Baron Seebach, Countess Kreptovitch, Princess Gallitzin, Countess Strogonoff, etc. I got into a long conversation with Barante, parts of which I desire to remember. I began by asking whether there were any modern authors in France, whom he could recommend to me, on the elementary principles of their law, like Blackstone in England, or Kent in the United States? He said there was none: none but those who wrote merely on practice; that their code had, as yet, no enlarged commentators. I told him I had the code, accompanied by the discourses of those who prepared its various branches, and which I esteemed invaluable: but that I had presumed France had given birth to writers on jurisprudence in general, during the last thirty-five years. He advised me to add to my copy of the code a copy of the discussions before the Council

of State, on its provisions, which were conducted in the presence of Napoleon, and which he says were published by Ducros. This work he spoke of as of the highest authenticity and interest. As to the personal agency of Bonaparte, he remembered a striking anecdote which recorded one of his best "*mots*," and which he thinks may be found in the discussions referred to. The question before the Council was as to the adoption of the jury. Napoleon was known to be against it; hence, when the topic came up, most of those present opposed the institution with great ability and address. After a protracted session, Bonaparte suddenly turned to the last speaker with the following question: "Can France dispense with publicity in legislation?" "Certainly not," was unanimously answered. "Then she cannot dispense with her jury, and must have it."

Barante conceives that as yet the trial by jury has rather failed than otherwise in France. He complains that juries are perpetually yielding to feelings of compassion, and do not execute the criminal laws to which their agency is confined. They either acquit, even in cases of obvious and acknowledged guilt, or they resort to the expedient allowed by the code, and declare the crime to have been committed under extenuating circumstances, where, in fact, none existed. The selection of the juries is confined to the electoral class, and they do not exceed two hundred thousand. Notwithstanding this, he did not believe that the French juries were as intelligent as the American. I said, Certainly neither as intelligent nor as honest, if the character he gave of their verdicts were correct; nor would they have ever become so as long as their functions were restricted to penal proceedings. I regarded the institution, especially in connection

with civil and municipal justice, as the best practical mode of educating citizens in the knowledge of what was right and proper, both as to themselves and others. "This," he said, "might be, but the process of instruction would be slow in France." "Particularly," I replied, "if you keep your right of suffrage so limited. But might not the evil you complain of arise from the character of your laws? My experience satisfies me that there are two things which practically affect the verdict of juries on criminal trial: if your punishments are too severe, they shock natural feelings, and will be defeated; or, if they be ever so mild, if their infliction be reckless and demoralizing, the same consequence will ensue, for juries are averse to subjecting perhaps a first offender, or a criminal not hardened, to a process of imprisonment and shame by which his vices must be confirmed rather than eradicated." He said their penal code was not sanguinary; and as to penitentiary discipline, the reports of those who had visited the United States for the purpose of examining our system and its operation had not been satisfactory.

Was there any probability that the right of suffrage would be extended in France? Barante hoped not; he thought it already too extensive. A poor man, in France, would not be actually bribed by money, but he would always be in favour of the person who would defray the expense of going to the election and would entertain him while there. Such a voter was not an honest one; and yet his observation led him to be convinced that such would be the result wherever the franchise was extended to the poor. I asked him if the voter, in order to vote, had to leave his family and business, and for how long a time. "Generally," he replied, "he must

give himself up to that duty exclusively, and mostly at a considerable distance from his home, for three days." "No wonder, then, that a poor man requires to be compensated or indemnified; you ask him to exercise his right by taking the bread out of his children's mouths, and paying extravagantly for three days of idleness; the defect is not in his inability to withstand the law of necessity, but in your electoral arrangements; give him the opportunity to vote near to his home, and without the loss of more than an hour or two, and he will feel no inducement to sell his independence."

Countess Kreptovitch (the elder), remarking that she remembered the time when, thirty or thirty-five years ago, there were but two "*modistes*" in all St. Petersburg; Barante said that on board of a single steamer from Havre during the last summer there had returned from their annual visit to Paris no less than thirty of these fashionable milliners. Count Ficquelmont observed that thirty years ago there was but one apothecary's shop in the city; and Barante added, but one public library or book-store.

1838. *December* 18.—St. Nicholas's Day, and of course the Emperor's "Name's Day." Agreeably to the invitation of the Grand Master of Ceremonies, I went, accompanied by the Secretary of Legation, to the presentation or reception at the palace of the Hermitage at twelve o'clock. It was in all essential respects like that which I have described under date of the 13th of January, 1838. The throng of maids of honour and of military and civil officers was uncommonly numerous and brilliant.

In the evening, at half-past seven, Mrs. Dallas and my daughters accompanied me to the ball at the same palace. Admiral Heyden, the Russian representative at the battle

of Navarino, was there: a plain, stolid-looking Dutchman, now far advanced in years and stationed in a sort of retreat at Reval. The Imperial family were all present and remarkably animated. I overwhelmed Count Litta in a rapid game of chess, and was challenged for a future opportunity by Countess Modené and the French Ambassador. At eleven o'clock we supped in the theatre, arranged to form the finest spectacle of the sort I ever beheld; the whole semi-circle in the rear, at the bottom of the stage, being coloured glass from ceiling to floor, and brilliantly lighted from behind. Exquisite music came from behind the variously-stained glass partitions. The table of the Empress stood in the centre of the parterre, glittering with ornaments of gold; that of the Foreign Ministers stood just beyond, groaning under the weight of the most enormous, massive, and beautiful silver imaginable, the centre-piece being a vase of vast capacity, in which I could easily have deposited two of my children, reposing on the backs of four dogs as large as life, and supported by two human figures at the ends, all of it richly and delicately worked. This load of silver would have found its way to the floor through any ordinary dining-table, and I observed that props had been placed underneath. In harmony and proportion with this were dozens of other decorations. Tables were everywhere spread to accommodate fifty, twenty, or a dozen; and the Emperor stationed himself tranquilly at one of the smallest and most retired, between Madame Paschkoff and Madame Krudener, and with Count Orloff, the Grand Duke Michel, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, General Kissilief, etc. The Ambassadors and Ambassadors sat at the table of the Empress. Our entertainment of viands and wines was excellent. Dancing was resumed for a

short time after supper, and we got home by half-past one o'clock, the company breaking up as soon as their Majesties left.

1838. *December 19.*—Went in the evening to witness the representation of the new grand ballet "Hitana," prepared expressly for Taglioni. The piece is splendidly got up, and consists of a succession of magnificent tableaux, without much interest of plot. "Hitana" in the first scene is a child of seven or eight years of age, who dances exquisitely, and is stolen away by the leader of a band of Bohemian or gypsy strollers. Eight or ten years are supposed to elapse between that and the second act, in which Taglioni appears as Hitana and as the favourite danseuse at a great *fête* or *fair*. She is found in the third at the gypsy encampment close to a water-fall and amid the most picturesque scenery; here her lover joins the band, and the process of his initiation gives occasion for a number of striking tableaux. In the fourth act, she has fled for refuge to her original but unknown home, and she gradually recollects the place and the persons about her. In the fifth act, there is exhibited a rich, bustling, and fantastic masquerade, with every variety of graceful and burlesque dancing. The whole affair is ill suited to the peculiar charm of Taglioni, and seems to lessen her dignity and delicacy. In the scene of the fair she introduced the Cachoucha, and executed it with great effect.

1838. *December 25.*—A *soirée* at home for the special benefit of the children on Christmas night. There were besides a number of ladies and gentlemen, among them the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Bloudoff, who in the course of conversation mentioned that he had to-day heard described to the Emperor by Professor Yacobi, of

the University of Delft, a most extraordinary experiment. In the progress of his trials with electro-galvanism the Professor procured two plates of brass, linked them somewhat apart, by a conducting wire. One of the plates was deeply engraved, and had in the centre a human figure cut. Having applied the electro-galvanism for some time, it was discovered, to the amazement of the Professor himself, that the plate which had been left plain had received upon its surface the precise figure and words of the engraved one, except that they were now in bass-relief instead of excavated. The result was incomprehensible and inexplicable, but has since been repeatedly attained by the same Professor. The Emperor, utterly unable to conceive the process, resorted to pleasantry to express his surprise, and exclaimed, "Why, at this rate, Mr. Professor, we shall make children by electro-galvanism."

1838. *December 27.*—A diplomatic *soirée* at Princess Hohenlohe's. The British and French Ambassadors, Lieberman, Schimmelpenninck, Villafranca, etc. A lesson given to the Marchioness Clanricarde in the measure and mazes of the mazourka, for which movement and figure she is wholly unfit.

1838. *December 28.*—Prince Hohenlohe, who says that he was in several of the hardest fights of 1812, and was repeatedly wounded, told me that his age was fifty-one. I had thought him younger than myself. In referring to the cold and impracticable forms of social intercourse, he assured me that such a state of things as existed in this capital was to be found nowhere else in Europe. "I have been at this Court," said he, "for thirteen years; I have married a Russian lady; I have been constantly in society, and I have probably become acquainted with five

hundred or six hundred persons ; but I do not know one Russian intimately, one whom I can rely upon as a friend." I told him I thought such a condition of things was peculiarly the fate of Americans, as they had no titles, nobility, or European distinction or wealth. He said, "Not so, not so ; it is the case with every stranger who enters Russia, let his titles, rank, and riches be what they may. Come to Würtemberg, come into any part of Central Europe, and I will engage that you make intimate friendships by scores."

1838. *December 30.*—Went at half-past ten to Countess Nesselrode's ; an unusually large and brilliant company assembled, probably under the expectation of hearing the newly-arrived and celebrated pianist, Madame Pleyel. She executed with great power two long and fine pieces on an admirable instrument of Erard's. The Vice-Chancellor, always somewhat fussy at home, wriggled and bravoed in ecstasies. Prince Volkonsky, a young man, sang two French songs with a rich, round, and cultivated voice, and Mademoiselle Bartinieff indulged us with a performance which very few professed operatic musicians could surpass. Madame Pleyel touched the accompaniment. She is about twenty-nine, somewhat tall, with dark eyes and eyebrows, an intellectual expression, and a good figure. The evening furnished the best music I have heard since I crossed the Atlantic.

1839. *January 3.*—Started at ten A.M. to attend the funeral obsequies of General Narischkin, the father of Countess Woronzow, who died at his government in the interior, of a complaint of the liver, in his fiftieth year, late in October last. Mr. Chew accompanied me, both in full uniform, as etiquette exacts. The ceremony took place at the Church of St. Alexander Nefsky, in the presence

of a large concourse of distinguished public officers, military and civil. The routine resembled in most respects the burial of Rodofnikine. The coffin was immensely large, containing the embalmed body and probably one or two more enclosures. It was not opened, and was lowered into a vault opened in the floor of the church. Several distinguished ladies were recognized in the rear of the crowd,—Countess Kreptovitch, Princess Razoumoffsky, Madame Scheveits, Madame Seniavin, etc. They were all in deep black. It is unusual for ladies to be present. Although to me the ceremony appeared a tedious mummery, I cannot help suspecting that it is in many of its parts solemn and touching to those who perfectly understand it. The son of the deceased, Dmitri-Narischkin, and Count Woronzow appeared powerfully impressed, and others were affected. I cannot, however, get over the ludicrous form of furnishing the deceased with a passport and a large basin of rice-pudding; these are really too absurd for any age, let alone the nineteenth century. We were detained here until one o'clock.

1839. *January 10.*—Agreeably to former invitation, I went at twelve, accompanied by Mr. Chew, both *en grande tenue*, to the Imperial Academy of Science, whose session was held to-day, the anniversary of its foundation. Ouvaroff, Minister of Public Construction, is President, and Prince Dondonkoff Korsakoff is Vice-President. I failed to catch precisely the name of the Secretary. The Metropolitan of Moscow, in full and very becoming pontifical robes, was present, and I had myself presented to him, being really unable to resist the benignity of his countenance and manner. We mutually regretted, through the medium of Korsakoff, our inability to speak

any language understood by both. His mantle was of fine green cloth, and his mitre of white cassimere, with drapery falling behind and over his shoulders. In the centre of the front of his mitre was a brilliant diamond cross, and suspended from broad ribbons around his neck hung several rich crosses of great beauty. His beard was touched with gray and his moustache was long. I conjectured him to be about fifty, but was told he was more than seventy. The French Ambassador, the only *Chef* of the corps besides myself there, wore the uniform of the French National Institute,—a dark-green coat, embroidered with a lighter shade of green worsted in wreaths of laurel; it was otherwise strikingly plain, for I presume the cross on the left breast not to be part of the uniform. We were treated with two discourses. The first, by the Secretary, of great length, consuming no less than two hours in the reading, was an exposition of the doings of the institution during the last year, of the lives and characters of certain recently deceased members, and some interesting late discoveries and writings of the fraternity. Among others, the Secretary adverted to the singular result of an experiment with the galvanic battery by Yacobi, which I have heretofore noted; and he mentioned that the Academy had established with Dr. Herring, of New York, the means of exchanging the objects of natural science between the two countries. The second discourse was, unfortunately for me, in German; it was read by Mr. Behr, who enjoys a high reputation as a savant, and its subject was the classification of animals, showing the adaptation of their physical structure to the latitudes allotted for their residence. The Hall of the Academy was a very fine room, with lofty and painted ceilings, walls adorned with full-

length portraits of the Emperor Paul, his Empress Marie, the Empress Catherine II., the Empress Elizabeth, and the Emperor Alexander, and the present Emperor, and the entablature, composed of a series of remarkably well-executed bass-reliefs, representing the employments of laborious industry. The upper end of the hall formed a large recess, supported by columns of beautiful marble, in the centre and front of which stood, on a dark greenish marble pedestal, a colossal bust of Peter the Great. The President, Vice-President, Secretary, and members, all in full dress of blue embroidered in gold, arranged themselves at a table which extended nearly the width of the room, covered with fine green cloth fringed with gold lace; the side of the table towards the audience was unoccupied. The meeting was thinly attended: hardly two hundred persons were present. Sir James Wylie, Admiral Krusenstern, and Admiral Rickards were there. I reached home a little before four P.M.

1839. *January 13.*—At half-past twelve (Sunday fairly over) went to the masquerade at the Great Theatre. All the Imperial family were present; the Empress and her daughter remaining as spectators seated in their box, while the Czar, the Grand Duke Michel, and Count Orloff seemed actively engaged among the crowd in the idle enjoyment of the scene. No hats are doffed on such occasions; nor does it seem expected that any more deference should be shown to the Sovereign than merely not to obstruct his path. He frequently had ladies, completely masked and disguised, on his arm, whom he obviously did not know, but with whom he was gayly jesting. Several times a lady would excite his curiosity to know who she was; and he summoned

the Grand Duke Michel and Count Orloff to assist him in detecting her; but as the laws of the mask are never infringed, the trio, though uniting in comment and scrutiny and effort, did not appear to succeed. The costumes were not handsome or novel, and the masks were comparatively few. The amusement is a dull one, except to those who connect with it the irregularity and piquancy of intrigue; and they are probably very few.

1839. *January 15.*—We went at a quarter after nine in the evening to the British Embassy, at which the Corps Diplomatique generally assemble, and remained until two in the morning. There was dancing, at which I was favored with the hand of the French Ambassadors. The Marquis Clanricarde made himself unusually agreeable. He described Queen Victoria to me. She was a little lady, with large gray eyes that turned up impressively, and a peculiarity of bearing and manner which would make her remarked in any company. When she is gay, her joyousness is that of an open-faced girl, but the instant she is serious, she draws down the corners of her mouth, drops her eyes, and looks intent. She sings well and reads admirably, filling the largest hall with a voice and enunciation as distinct as a bell, without the least exertion.

1839. *January 20.*—Interesting public events are happening on several great theatres. In France, the ministry of Count Molé is being driven out by a coalition between the respective parties of Guizot, Thiers, and Odillon Barrot, aided by the ultra-Legitimists, and this at a moment when the country is wonderfully prosperous and the successful bombardment of the castle of San Juan de Ulua is being proclaimed. It is obvious that matters cannot stand still in France; and the Hollando-Belgic

question may be, after all, the safest vent for an explosion which may otherwise overwhelm the dynasty of Louis Philippe and create a general war of the two principles. France is actually a mercurial democracy, whose start may be hourly expected. In England, the working classes are suffering from want of food, and are assuming the calm attitude of an inflexible purpose. The arrest of Stephens on a charge of sedition is calculated to concentrate and harmonize their efforts. The corn-laws cannot be yielded to the popular clamour without a resort to other than land taxes for the payment of the interest on the public debt. The recent Poor Law appears excessively odious. In the midst of the excitements flowing from these causes, it is apparent that a vigorous republican spirit is rising, that the monarchy, with its girl as chief, is falling into contempt, and that a change of ministry is at hand. The example of the French opposition will probably be followed by the Whigs and Tories, of whom a coalition will be patched up to resist both the precursorship of O'Connell and the radical Chartists. Such a coalition, however, will be deemed so unprincipled and detestable that it must occasion scenes of violence everywhere. We must have the Manchester murders repeated before long. The cry of "No popery!" too, is getting up, and with really more reason than existed in Lord George Gordon's time. The civil war in Spain is becoming too barbarous to be interesting, nor does there seem on either side the capacity to bring it to an end: endless and useless butcheries of defenceless prisoners; unceasing changes of the ministry; a wretched lack of money; a total destitution of talent, political or military.

1839. *January 23.*—Visited and made the personal acquaintance of the once-celebrated songstress, Made-

moiselle Sontag, now Countess Rossi. She is pretty,— a round face, fine large white teeth, clear and delicate complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair.

A ball at the British clergyman's, Mr. Law's, with card-playing and supper, immediately under the church! Did not get through it all until three in the morning. Dreadful in every aspect!

1839. *January 26.*—I dined to-day with Sir James Wiley, and was agreeably surprised by meeting the following mixed company: Count Nesselrode, Marquis Clanricarde, Prince Mensikoff, Count Volkonsky, Count Kreptovitch, Count Matuzevitch, Mr. Poletica, Prince —, Mr. —, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Law, Mr. Plinkey, Mr. Cayley, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Gray, Mr. Maberly, etc. I had not before seen, except once at the *public* table of the English Club, this union of high nobility with high merchants and shopkeepers. Sir James told me that the Emperor Alexander had delineated with his own hands the coat-of-arms he assigned for him at the time he made him a knight. His knighthood was authorized and confirmed by his English sovereign.

1839. *January 28.*—Dined with Mr. Hodgson at half-past five. Sir James Wylie, Sir Edward Baynes, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Krehmer, Mr. Grant, etc. Sir James Wylie was at a loss to know why, as he had been very intimate with John D. Lewis at that time, he had not formed my acquaintance when I was here many years ago. I suggested that he was then probably with the Russian armies in Germany, and asked him where he was when Moreau was killed at Dresden. "Close by him," was the reply, "and I amputated both his legs at the thighs." He then gave me, with his usual garrulity, a long and not uninteresting account of the particulars

of that well-known event. Moreau's first exclamation to him was, "Qu'il est facheux, mon cher Docteur, que ce misérable (Napoleon) m'a attrapé ici." They were obliged to move him about a good deal in order to get him into a place of safety, but Sir James thinks that the operation had been so fortunate that he would have survived had not Metternich and the Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover) thrown him into a fever by prolonged political conversations. He died on the thirteenth day after being wounded, at a village called, I think, Druх. His body was embalmed and sent to this city.

1839. *February 1.*—Lord Clanricarde has experienced latterly a series of little *contretemps* which are the subjects of conversation, and are calculated to worry him. Several gentlemen invited him to join them on a hunt. They went to Oranienbaum; an estate of the Grand Duke Michel. While sporting, the party were met by the keeper, who required them to produce their authorizations. The only ticket in the possession of one of them was insufficient, and they were ordered off and their game taken from them. His lordship returned to St. Petersburg indignant and mortified. When the matter was communicated to the Grand Duchess Helen, she immediately directed a party to be got up for the special amusement of the Ambassador, and the whole estate to be at his disposal for the occasion. Having had his sport, he applied by note to the Grand Master of Ceremonies to be permitted to thank her Imperial Highness in person. This note remained unanswered for four days. He was again indignant and mortified, and went to his friend General Tschitcherine. The General spoke to the Grand Duchess, who exclaimed at her own forgetfulness, but said, "Never mind; we will put the thing

right by giving the Embassy a special *soirée* to-morrow night." This was done. Then the Marquis invited the Grand Duke to come to his house this evening, and, in further reconciliation, the Grand Duke did so. But, unfortunately, the Marquis does not know the established rule of etiquette here, that he who invites an Imperial personage to his house must devote himself exclusively to that personage; and it happened, still more unfortunately, that on the arrival of the Grand Duke, the Ambassador was dancing, so that his Imperial Highness did not receive the customary attention, and went away again in less than half an hour. The string of mischances did not end here. There was a large supper, at which all the guests were seated. Of course, the signal for rising could be given only by the Ambassador and Ambassadress; yet, after a while, as if by a preconcerted plan, nearly all the company rose, and hurried away, leaving the Marquis and his lady, with about ten others, still eating. He is again mortified and indignant.

1839. *February 4*.—Went to a *soirée dansante et musicale* at Princess Hohenlohe's. It was principally composed of members of the Diplomatic Corps. We remained till two in the morning. The French Ambassador answered my inquiries about Berryer, whose "paroles foudroyantes" in the Chamber of Deputies produced so much effect in the recent discussion, by saying that he was as a mere orator unrivalled,—he is a lawyer, fine figure, fine action, powerful voice,—but that as a statesman his opinions or speeches went very little way. Miss Youchkoff's execution on the piano was good. We had several admirable songs, particularly a duet. Countess Rossi scrupulously avoided coming until all the music was over, as it is understood she will not sing

publicly. The mazourka degenerated into a romp under the auspices of Lord Clanricarde, who was quite overcome with laughter at the accidents encountered by his attaché, young Wombwell.

1839. *February 13.*—This being Carnival, and the common sports in full blast on the square fronting the Admiralty, Philip and I started at noon on an exploration expedition. We were detained, however, nearly two hours in the large theatre erected, witnessing ropedancing and harlequin transformations. Things were rather too coarse for our taste, and we pursued the hunt no farther.

1839. *February 15.*—The Carnival sports on the Admiralty Square are becoming crowded and lively. The ice hills appear the principal objects of attraction, and are in constant activity. The procession of equipages, to-day, was more than usually long and brilliant. I counted twenty handsome carriages in succession, drawn by six horses, with coachman, postilion, and servant in cocked hat and rich scarlet liveries. These are the pupils of the Imperial institution devoted to the education of the daughters of the nobility. The number of drunken men in the streets hourly increases.

Louis Philippe is unwilling to part with Count Molé. Marshal Soult is too ill or too much puzzled to form a fresh ministry, and the French Chambers are first prorogued and then dissolved! Spirits appear to me so much excited in Paris, and the general tendency of things so strong for change, that one may anticipate serious events. The King must *govern* now decidedly, or will soon cease to *reign*.

1839. *February 23.*—The Emperor is reported unwell. On Monday last he reviewed some troops at Peterhoff,

and, while riding over a plain, his horse sunk so deeply in the snow that he was obliged to dismount and walk. The snow got into his boots and wet his feet thoroughly. He neglected the circumstance. On Tuesday he complained, and on Wednesday, a fever coming on, he sent for his physician. He came to St. Petersburg yesterday, and is said to be better. Among the court flies one can perceive great solicitude, accompanied by an effort to make light of the attack. It is impossible not to speculate upon the vast consequences which would immediately result to Russia and to Europe by the sudden death of this sovereign. His heir is at Naples. The Empress has no political talent or taste. The Grand Duke Michel is beloved by the army. The Duke of Leuchtenberg is not yet married.

1839. *February 27.*—At half-past ten A.M. I drove to the Church of St. Alexander Neffsky, to attend, agreeably to invitation, the funeral of Count Speransky, President of the Legislative Department of the Imperial Council, who died on Saturday last. The Ambassadors of Austria and France were the only other members of the diplomatic body present. The Emperor and Grand Duke Michel were there, the former seeming in some degree to divide the attention of the officiating priests. The loss of Speransky is represented as a severe one to the country. He was remarkable for ability. He had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune; was at one time banished to Siberia, upon the false charge of having secretly furnished Napoleon with the drafts of certain Russian fortifications. He had many inveterate enemies among the nobles, in consequence of his plans for ameliorating the condition of the boors. He subsequently became Governor-General of Siberia. He died after a short illness.

His death produces a succession of official changes. Daschkoff, the Minister of Justice, takes his place in the Imperial Council; my friend Bloudoff replaces Daschkoff, and Gournieff, Bloudoff. This is rotation without promotion.

Prince Hohenlohe, who, with the Princess, her sister, Madame Youchkoff, and Miss Youchkoff, spent the *avant-soirée* with us, says that there is great activity just now in the department of Foreign Affairs here, and that couriers are despatching in all directions. As the Belgian question would seem quietly inurned, this bustle cannot well be explained, except by referring it to an alleged communication of Lord Clanricarde to Count Nesselrode, to the effect that England would no longer put up with the interference of Russia in her relations with Persia, and that if they were continued war would be the consequence.

Prince Hohenlohe told me the following anecdote: Some ten or twelve years ago, Jerome Bonaparte, now called Count de Montfort, at a *soirée* of his own, played cards with great vehemence. He lost all the money he had about him, then pledged his rings, and finally laid his watch upon the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened by a spring. A lady, overlooking the game, admired the watch, and took it up to examine. On her attempting to open the back, Jerome immediately clasped it, and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it; grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there, and finally, bursting into tears, quit the room. Jerome then opened the watch, showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife (Betsey Paterson), with the remark, "You see, I



hope, that I could not with propriety let her look at it." The Prince says that it was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

1839. *March 6.*—Sigismund Thalberg gave his first concert in St. Petersburg this evening at the "Assemblée de la Noblesse." I had obtained four tickets out of the nine hundred sold, which were at fifteen roubles, or three dollars per ticket. We went half an hour earlier than the appointed time, in order to get convenient seats, but we found the saloon already crowded. Many had gone as early as five in the afternoon, to wait patiently till eight. Everybody of ton and distinction was there, and the Imperial box was graced by the three Grand Duchesses, Helen, Marie, and Olga, attended by Baroness Fredericks and Kitty Tschitcherine.

A great poet, a great orator, a great painter, and a great musician (composer as well as performer) are scarcely to be separated on the scale of intellectual power and interest. Thalberg is the first musical genius I have ever seen. I had anticipated much, but he more than satisfied me. He executed on the piano three of his own pieces, and made the instrument speak in tones I never imagined it capable of. The vast and discerning audience testified in tumults of applause to his triumph. He seems a young man of twenty-five, of rather slender figure, florid complexion, light-chestnut hair, and a distinct Grecian profile. His personal deportment was modest, deferential, but perfectly self-composed and calm. Dressed in full black, with white cravat, and maintaining a mild but imperturbable serenity, he took his seat at the piano with the preoccupied air of a young clergyman full of his first interesting sermon. His first touch carried

conviction of his excellence. It involved a delicacy, a certainty, an entirety, which made the note fall in its utmost perfection upon the ear. As he proceeded, this exquisite distinctness accompanied him through all the mazes of his elaborated composition. The instrument seemed like a wonderful combination of the richest, clearest, and sweetest human voices.

In coming away, the sudden rush through the ante-chambers was rather alarming. We got, however, in the advance group with Count Nesselrode (whose little rake-hat made him look as if he had already been squeezed to death, and who kept screaming for his weeping and terrified daughter Marie), Princess Soltikoff, Countess Kreptovitch, etc., and were able to reach our carriage with no mishap, except the loss of a breastpin.

1839. *March 12.*—At half-past ten we went to Princess Hohenlohe's, and remained till half-past two. I played chess with the representative of Don Carlos, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and Marquis of Villafrañca; giving him a castle and a knight, and then beating him. The company was numerous and gay. Thalberg made his appearance as a guest, and seemed very much courted by some of the younger married ladies. He declines playing at such parties, unless engaged for the purpose, and then his fixed price is one thousand roubles, or two hundred dollars, for the evening, during which he executes two or three pieces. Hohenlohe is not up to such extravagance; but the pianist finds himself in pretty constant demand. What orator, statesman, lawyer, poet, or even novelist has ever been paid at this rate?

Galvani mentions a musician, now in London, whose

name I forget, who demands for private concerts a compensation of two hundred and fifty pounds, or one thousand one hundred and eleven dollars a night, and, what's more, he gets it!

1839. *March 14.*—At half-past four went with Mrs. Dallas to the splendid dinner of Prince Youssoupoff. There were about fifty guests. The extent of this palace and the magnificence of its furniture and arrangements struck us as forcibly as ever. The Prince has his band of music (the only private one of which I am aware), and it played at a short distance from the company, changing its position when the dinner was announced, during the whole of the entertainment. He has also a theatre attached to the establishment; and his household servants number five hundred. There were present the French Ambassador and Madame, Count and Countess Benkendorf, Prince Mentchikoff, Baron and Baroness Fredericks, Prince and Princess Hohenlohe, Count and Countess Rossi, Countess Modené, Prince and Princess Sherbatoff, Madame Palian-sky, Baron Seebach, Mr. Soltikoff, Mr. Bloudoff, Mr. Polycarpoff, several ladies whose names I did not know, and a number of military officers. Count Bobrinsky, my landlord, was there; and having ascertained, by an experience of eighteen months, that I was not disposed to make the slightest advance towards his acquaintance, he sought a personal introduction. On the score of character and intelligence, he stands very high. I sat at table between Prince Mentchikoff and Madame Palian-sky, both of whom were agreeable; the Minister of the Marine very shy about the actual condition and number of the Russian navy, and the lady amazed to hear of a country in which husbands were faithful to

their wives. She thought she would send her daughters to marry in America. Mrs. Dallas, placed between Baron Fredericks and Mr. Bloudoff, was as fortunate as myself in having conversable neighbours. The dinner was excellent, especially in the last glass of wine circulated, which was "Cape" or Constantia, of a hundred years of age.

1839. *March 15.*—At eight P.M. we repaired to the Theatre Michel to witness "Un grand concert, vocal et instrumental, avec des Tableaux-Vivans." The music was not much. The tableaux were the finest we had seen on a large scale, and, being managed very effectively, pleased us exceedingly. They were sixteen in number: 1. Lady Percy; 2. Constance and Prince Arthur; 3. Don Juan and Haidee; 4. Aboul Cassem and Dardone; 5. Que voulez-vous? 6. Passez votre chemin; 7. Le repos du soldat; 8. La danse de la Gitana; 9. Le bon vin de Gordon; 10. Le brigand de nuit; 11. Le désastre de famille; 12. Les maux des dents; 13. Le coup de vent; 14. L'homme qui se nage; 15. The Devil; 16. Une fille mal gardée. Of these the 8th and the 16th were the largest and most striking. It was said that these tableaux are sometimes indelicate. On the present occasion, nothing could be more correct.

Adjourning from the Theatre at eleven o'clock we went to Countess Modené's, and remained for nearly two hours. Nothing could be kinder or more after our own taste than the domestic reception given to us. The old lady took to her game of whist with Baron Schleinitz, while her three daughters, Madame Paschkoff, Princess Shakoffsky, and an unmarried one called Marie, conversed and entertained. The green arbours and rich flowers arranged about the rooms were beautiful. I

sat in one of the arbours illuminated by a Chinese lamp and beat Princess Shakoffsky two rapid games of chess. Our only refreshment was an excellent cup of tea.

1839. *March 16.*—I went, agreeably to special invitation, to join the dinner-celebration of the anniversary of the English Club. Count Cancrin was chairman or presiding officer, and, being stationed at his side, I inquired as to the new process which I understood had been discovered for separating gold from silver in the ore. He told me that it was the discovery of a Frenchman at Paris, to whom they had been obliged to pay one hundred and twenty thousand francs for communicating it; and that its principal merit consists in the improvement of the machinery used. It had, however, not yet been definitely tested here. He told me that the mines in Siberia might be considered as yielding five hundred pounds of gold per annum, or eighteen thousand English pounds, and that they were enlarging and improving. They employed thirty thousand persons, who received a monthly compensation, varying from, the lowest, fifteen roubles to forty or fifty.

At nine in the evening we went to a musical and *soirée* at Madame Polycarpoff's. The great object of attraction and source of infinite gratification was the celebrated composer and pianist, Henselt, who played on the instrument for nearly two hours, in a style that quite equalled, if it did not surpass, Thalberg. He is said to be the natural son of the present King of Bavaria, and is about twenty-five years of age. He is an enthusiast in his art, and while performing seems to become perfectly intoxicated with the sounds he produces. His fingering was peculiar and rather disagreeable to the eye,—his hand, a dead white, seeming to lie flat on the

keys, and the fingers to roll over each other like worms or leeches. Occasionally he struck with a force which the instrument could scarcely resist long. He gives nine lessons a day, at twenty roubles the lesson, and his public concerts are always overflowing. It is now something more than a year since his arrival in St. Petersburg.

1839. *March 17.*—In the evening, at half-past ten, Mrs. Dallas accompanied me to Count Nesselrode's. The Countess has been absent for three or four weeks, and we were in duty bound to welcome her return. The Ambassadors (except the British, who is still confined to a dark room with a gouty affection of the eye) and the Diplomatic Corps generally were there. I had an interesting conversation with General Kissilieff, who is highly esteemed for his administrative ability, and Barante. The former alleged that there were not more than two or three Russian merchants in St. Petersburg, that foreign commerce was wholly in the hands of resident strangers, and he described the course of it as what we would consider a mere commission business. Hence he concluded that, though now and then failures might occur to some extent, there could be no general bankruptcy, no pervading crisis, such as seems to happen almost periodically in the United States, Great Britain, and France. Barante thought otherwise, and, without explaining the grounds of his opinion, predicted an early and violent derangement of trade here. Both these gentlemen seemed to ascribe the recent calamity of the United States to the inconceivable number and gambling tendency of our banks. Neither of them could understand why the American people were so averse to a national bank, which, as they said, centralized the financial power; and it was vain for me

to tell them that, however important and attractive this very centralization might be in France or Russia, in America it was inconsistent with some fundamental principles, dangerous as a lever, and repugnant to sentiments which were general when the government was created, and which have since been confirmed by experience. Having got the fixed European idea that we are wholly a commercial people, they argue that whatever spurs and facilitates commerce must be a primary object with us.

1839. *March 19.*—At half-past ten I went alone to Princess Hohenlohe's rout. The company was unusually crowded and brilliant. The Grand Duke Michel took the extraordinary trouble to come up and converse with me. As I have never shown the slightest disposition to court his Imperial Highness, in the manner so customary among the best here, and as that sort of courtship is deemed necessary to the slightest favour or notice, I was as much surprised at his volunteer as he professed to be at my capital French. He was tired of his effort before I well got over my astonishment. I am no admirer of the Grand Duke. Played chess with the French Ambassador; beat the first and lost the second game.

1839. *March 23.*—I have repeatedly met the Emperor walking alone on the English Quay lately. He looks thinner, and has less colour than usual. He invariably stops to shake hands and to make some commonplace remark. To-day he made me walk a little with him, and spoke feelingly of the recent illness of the Empress, whom he called, in imitation of plain republican language, "*my wife.*" He spoke English. His manner of walking is ungraceful, bending at his knees too much, and swinging his arms from the elbows too actively.

The Princess Shakoffsky, who spent the *avant-soirée* with us, gave an animated account of the recent Persian Ambassador at this court. He was a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty. He dressed in the rich and multifarious costume of his own country, with a number of what we would call "morning gowns," which he would often remove, one by one, as he felt himself, while visiting, getting too warm. He could not bear to see ladies and gentlemen dancing together, considering it offensive to modesty, and at balls kept his eyes studiously upon the floor; and yet he esteemed all women as mere objects of sale; and on one occasion, at the theatre, struck by the extraordinary beauty of the Countess Zavadowski, he sent round to inquire at what price she could be purchased. He was passionately devoted to chess, and obliged the young men of his suite to play with him, and always to be beaten, morning, noon, and night. Once, at a large party, Princess Shakoffsky challenged him to a game. He seemed to think it impossible for a lady to have any skill. She asked him whether she was bound not to win finally. He replied that he would not play unless she promised to exert herself to conquer; and they began. In a short time she checked his king and queen, and took the latter. He became excessively agitated, and summoned to his assistance his four secretaries, who became themselves apparently much disquieted. The company clustered round the board, and took sides, and the Princess received so much and such various advice as to each move, that she ceased to think for herself, and lost the game. Early next morning she was waited upon by the four secretaries, who believed she had purposely lost the game, and who came to thank her, as, had she won it, they would probably have undergone impris-

onment for a month! He was in the practice of walking about with his eyes shut or bandaged, saying that he wanted to accustom himself to live and move without seeing, as he presumed he should one day be deprived of his vision. Since his return to Persia, for some real or supposed offence, he has had his eyes torn out.

1839. *March 23.*—We spent the evening at Madame Paschkoff's, meeting her mother, La Marquise, and another old and chatty personage. These ladies complain of the practice recently adopted by governments of frequently changing their diplomatic representatives at their Court. In former times, they say, Ministers remained twenty, thirty, and even forty years, and they formed firm friendships. Now one is shy in making diplomatic acquaintances, fearing an early and abrupt close to them. Certainly ever since my coming the changes have been numerous. There were several other ladies, Madame Lanskoj, her daughter, and some young gentlemen. The little *maigre* supper, introduced at half-past eleven, was extremely nice, consisting of fish dressed in five or six different ways,—one slightly soused, another *en papillotte*, with minced mushrooms, a third "*à la befstik*," a fourth fried with smelts, etc. During the last week of the *carème* they are not allowed even fish, and live upon mushrooms, potatoes, and leavened bread. The room in which we sat was adorned with fine and blooming flowers, among which I noticed a rich white lilac, and the voice of a nightingale seemed to fill up all conversational pauses.

1839. *March 24.*—The average annual quantity of the famous Russian leather, called *youfta*, exported during the years from 1834 to 1837 was 66,637 ponds, or 2,398,932 pounds, in 159,591 pieces. The exportation

annually diminishes as the manufacture of leather improves in other countries. More than half the amount exported goes into the different states of Europe.

1839. *March 25.*—The “Incidents of Travel in Russia,” by I. L. Stevens, of New York, has amused me greatly. It is light and superficial, but gay and natural. In general his descriptions of St. Petersburg are faithful. He exaggerates a little for effect. Thus, he represents the *Admiralty* as having “a façade of marble, with ranges of columns a quarter of a mile in length.” Now, there is *no* marble; about four dozen brick-red plaster columns, and the length is about one-half the supposed extent. “The Winter Palace is a gigantic and princely structure, built of marble.” Certainly gigantic and princely, but *not* built of marble. “The marble palace built by Catherine II. for her favourite, Prince Orloff, with a basement of granite and superstructure of bluish marble, ornamented with marble columns and pillars,” has no marble about it, but reddish pilasters of rather a mean appearance, and the blue is scant and mean. The “great Church of St. Isaac, of marble, jasper, and porphyry, upon a *foundation of granite*,” will certainly be one of the wonders of art when finished; and, though its basement be granite, its foundation is unfortunately of piles, and serious fears are entertained that it will sink, as its predecessor did, owing to the enormous weight placed upon the unsteady earth.

1839. *March 26.*—At seven, Mrs. Dallas, Julia, Elizabeth, and I repaired to the grand concert given by the Society of Patriotic Ladies for the benefit of their schools. These ladies had sent me two tickets, and I procured two others through the politeness of Count Wielnorski. For the four I paid one hundred roubles. On reaching the

magnificent hall, the Salle de la Noblesse, we found it crammed with about fifteen hundred visitors; but seats had been set apart for the Diplomatic Corps, which we managed to attain by passing across the elevated platform appropriated to the music, to the opposite side of the room, very nearly *en face* of the Imperial box. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene. All that is noble and fashionable and elegant and tasty were assembled, the military and ladies richly dressed. The whole of the Imperial family (except the Grand Duchess Helen, who is unwell) were present. The Empress, Marie, and Olga, clothed in white, their foreheads glittering with diamonds, with the two boy Grand Dukes, Baroness Fredericks, and Prince Volkonsky, were stationed, like the gorgeous figures of a superb tableau, in the crimson-velvet lined and curtained recess, or rather small room, just in front of us, while the Emperor and Grand Duke Michel found their way at an open door close by, and stood tranquilly in the crowd. Here were certainly at a *coup d'œil* to be seen the *élite* of St. Petersburg, if not of all Russia. All the dames and demoiselles d'honneur, and ladies of distinction, occupied the first ten or twelve benches nearest the music. All the general officers, with their dazzling epaulettes and swords, were clustered about, standing. All the Imperial Council, and the Senate, and the *État Major* were collected. Nobody seemed to be absent whose presence could add to the brilliant *tout ensemble*. The Ambassadors of Austria, France, and England, the British Ambassadress, the Prussian, Dutch, and Sardinian Ministers, the Saxon, Swedish, and Bavarian *chargés*, Mademoiselle Barante and her brother, the secretaries d'Andre, Edwardes, Kaizenfelds, and attachés d'Appony,

Vrints, Wombwell, young Roger Schimmelpenninck, Count Nesselrode, Count Woronzow, Count Levarchaff, Count Wassiltchickoff, General Kissilief, Count Montcillo, Mrs. Dallas, Julia, Elizabeth, and myself constituted what might be esteemed the group of the diplomatic section. The concert, which takes place annually, is one of the contributions of the nobility to charitable purposes. Its performances are executed by the most distinguished ladies, and the instruments are managed chiefly by amateur gentlemen. Countess Annette Benkendorff, the daughter of the present Governor of the city, and a young lady whose loveliness would be irresistible but for a most atrocious squint; Madame Krudener, decidedly the recognized beauty and a great favourite; and Madame Bartinieff, a dame d'honneur in high favour, were the three most conspicuous of the Russian ladies, aided by thirty or forty others who formed a line with them on the platform and joined in the singing. At the head, however, of the songstresses was the magnet of the evening, the celebrated and incomparable Sontag, now Countess Rossi. She had been persuaded to run the risk of reviving past recollections, to forget that she had stepped from the boards of the opera into the rank of a minister and the arms of a Count, and to lead the flower of Russian noblesse and fashion on this benevolent occasion. What a splendid triumph did a single gift of nature seem to obtain! Her voice overwhelmed competition, and by its wonderful volume and sweetness produced a sort of enchantment which made you for a while insensible to anything else. The Czar, his Court and his Army, all seemed to lose their *prestige* and their power while that magical voice dominated the ear. She sang twice, first the finale of Donizetti's opera, "Anna Bolena," and

was in this accompanied by Madame Bartinieff and Madame Krudener and three gentlemen; second, Bellini's "Norma." The effect of the last song was beyond description, and the applause was vehement and protracted. It recalled Malibran to my mind, and yet seemed superior by the addition to her voice of that of her father, Garcia. Nothing could be richer, nothing could be clearer, nothing could be vaster, nothing could be softer, nothing could be deeper, nothing could be more delicate, and nothing could be more decided. I might go on multiplying epithets without describing a bit more distinctly. On the whole, I think it was the best singing I ever heard, and as good as can be. The manner of the Countess was perhaps a little constrained in the effort to avoid relapsing into the cantatrice, and on two occasions, instead of confining her courtesy to the Empress, she for an instant bent to the applauding audience. I doubt much whether this taste of the glory of past times was not more really delightful to her than any of the rank or other results of her marriage. She was sent for by the Empress at the close of her song, an act which is the common courtesy shown to professional songsters, and which has been constantly shown to Taglioni,—I thought the discriminating delicacy of her Majesty might have avoided on this occasion.

1839. *April 4.*—Received a notification from the Master of Ceremonies of a Court Circle to be held in the *Winter Palace* on Tuesday next.

The discreditable practice of opening letters as they pass through the Post-Office—a practice said to be universal, and of which I have had convincing proofs—is attested by several anecdotes current here, of which I note the two following. Not long ago one of the For-

eign Ministers complained in person to Count Nesselrode that he had received a bundle of despatches through the Post-Office, rumpled, torn, and obviously having been opened. The Count coolly observed, "It must have been done very carelessly: I will give instructions against such negligence in future." On another occasion, the Swedish Minister, meeting the Director-General of the Post-Office, casually said to him that his subordinates ought to be more careful in their process of examining his letters; the Director gravely protested that nothing of the sort was done. "Oh, I don't mind it," said the Baron; "but as in their hurry they sent me my despatches from Stockholm with the seal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Holland, I think they want lecturing." The Director only replied with the exclamation, "Is it possible?"

1839. *April 7.*—This being the Russian Easter, all the churches were crowded at midnight to perform the ceremony of welcoming it. The Imperial Court and high priesthood assembled in the Winter Palace, Mass is said; the clergy circulate in their numerous chapels as if to search for the buried Christ; they retire behind the doors, and at a particular moment the holy doors fly open, when the priests in their fullest costume proclaim to the people, with exultation, "Christ is risen!" All the church-bells are immediately in full chorus, salutes of artillery are fired, and everybody embraces his neighbour with the enthusiastic outcry, "Christ is risen!" The uproar seemed to be prolonged until three o'clock this morning. The ensuing week is the liveliest carnival.

1839. *April 10.*—The reoccupation of the *Winter Palace* has been signalized by splendid "*gratifications*" from the Emperor to those who have contributed to its reconstruc-

tion. General Klein-Mehel has received a *loan* of one million of roubles with which to purchase an estate, and the Order of St. Andrew, with a gold medal surrounded by brilliants. Count Cernicheff received as a gift three hundred thousands roubles, and it is supposed will be sent Ambassador to Vienna, a post for which Benken-dorff and Clie-Mehel are his competitors. All the subordinate labourers on the Palace have received silver medals, and now parade them on their breasts at the Cachelles. At this season of every year it is customary to distribute more or less of these Imperial favours.

The mortality among the workmen engaged in re-building the Winter Palace is represented to have been frightful. As the Emperor had undertaken to re-enter during the feasts of Easter, immense heat was kept up in the interior to dry the walls, etc., and this produced all sorts of fatal disorders. Of course, this effect of his will was not communicated to his Majesty.

1839. *April* 14.—The Court Circle, intended to have been held at the Winter Palace on Tuesday last, was deferred, owing to the fatigue and indisposition of the Empress, to this day, at noon. I reached the Diplomatic reception-room without traversing much of the residue of this magnificent, newly-finished structure. The basement affords accommodations for any crowds of servants; and the white marble stairway leading to the upper story, with its lofty, painted, and gilded ceiling, and its ornamental statuary, is vast, striking, and beautiful. The apartment assigned to the Foreign Ministers was one in which a small and handsome throne occupied the centre of a large recess, immediately in front of a painting of Peter the Great guided by Wisdom; its walls were of crimson velvet studded with gold double-headed

eagles somewhat larger than a man's hand; from the vaulted ceiling hung the richest and tastiest chandelier of solid silver, chased and worked into oak-wreaths encircling Russian eagles, the immense size of which surprised me; against the walls a number of lustres of the same rich and solid material, each six or eight feet high, exquisitely elaborated, were attached, and in two piers stood wide tables of pure silver. The mixture of gold and silver, though it seemed to increase the gorgeous display, detracted from the taste of the ensemble. The steps and floor of the platform on which the throne stood were carpeted with rich crimson velvet; the rest of the floor was figured and waxed wood.

1839. *April 15.*—I procured tickets for the admission of my family to explore the Winter Palace, and we repaired thither at one o'clock. We entered by the great central door on the river-side and mounted the noble marble staircase, whose solid, carved, and polished banisters of the same material particularly struck us. We travelled rather too rapidly through this vast building; except the quarters designed for the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, and some of the largest halls or saloons, especially that of St. George, not yet quite finished, we visited in succession the great saloons of State, and of banquet, and of dance, the Imperial Chapel and the private Chapel of the Emperor, the "*Salle des Marechaux*," the suite of private apartments appropriated to the Empress, another suite appropriated to the Czar, another suite to the Grand Duchesses Marie and Olga, another suite to the Grand Duke Héritier, another suite to the younger sons, and an infinite variety of halls, antechambers, corridors, and galleries, which cannot be particularly designated. In surveying the endless elab-

oration of work of all kinds bestowed upon this building, one is utterly at a loss to comprehend how it could be executed by human means in the course of the brief interval between the conflagration and the present moment. An exclamation to this effect involuntarily escapes the lips as you enter each one of the more important chambers. The Imperial Chapel alone, with its minute and various carving and gilding, would seem to have necessarily exacted more time. Every department of art, from its humblest to its highest region,—architecture, painting, sculpture; all the mechanic arts; the working in gold, in silver, in brass, in iron, in glass, in all sorts of woods and stones and cloths,—with the heads to arrange and direct, and the arms to procure and fashion and fasten material, must have been put under high steam pressure without abatement or cessation. Nothing more exquisitely luxurious, costly, and refined can be imagined than the private apartments of the Empress. They remind one of the descriptions in *Lalla Rookh*, of the Moorish Alhambra, of *Sardana-palus*, and of the *Arabian Nights*. Her parlour, with its ponderous golden doors, pilasters of malachite, screens of cut glass variously coloured, arched ceiling beautifully painted, and corresponding furniture and ornaments; her bedroom, with its coverlid, an entire piece of point lace about ten feet square, reposing on a sky-blue satin bed, and its toilet-table with more than a hundred elegantly shaped and worked vessels and mirror frames, all of massive gold; her Turkish bath-room, with its soft, deep, impalpable carpet, its fantastic walls, its fount, its shell-reservoir, its white marble basin, and its adjoining mirrors; her elysian bower, with the vast sunken bath, and its white marble walls and stairway, and its

jet d'eau in the centre, with flowers and shrubbery ever blooming and fragrant around; her rose-coloured tea-room, which seems to the eye like a bouquet of delicate roses; her family sitting-room, with the miniatures of her husband and children fastened to screens that encircle lounges, and the thousand knickknackeries of precious stones, and the delicious paintings of Raphael, and the carved ivory boxes, and the beautiful full-length statue of herself in one corner: all these and many additional may be noted, but cannot be described except in the poetical language of Tom Moore, Washington Irving, or Lord Byron. There was a striking and agreeable difference between these apartments and those of the Autocrat. In the latter, nothing was feminine, everything elegant, commodious, nothing useless or trifling. He has no bed, he has no carpets, he has no toilet-table, he has no knickknackery. Such also were the rooms of the Grand Duke. The Grand Duchess's, on the contrary, partook of the delicacy and luxury of the Empress's. I noticed that his Majesty has transferred Horace Vernet's Review by Napoleon from the Hermitage to a corner of one of his private apartments. The two paintings by Vanloo, in the principal parlour of the Duchess Marie, are exceedingly well selected and beautiful. We penetrated into the room assigned as the sanctuary of the Imperial crown jewels through immense folding-doors of iron; but the glass cases in their golden frames were patiently and in emptiness waiting for their destined contents. In the chambers of the younger children was a room provided with a small sentry-box, two small muskets, and the posts used in front of guard-houses as props for arms: this is the military closet of the two Grand Dukes. In one of the rooms of the

Empress I was pleased with the apparent lightness and finish of the sofas, chairs, and tables; they were of iron, highly polished, and looking like the most fragile ebony.

1839. *April 17.*—No stranger can pretend to ascertain with any certainty the military forces of this Empire. Official records (the only sure proof) are, of course, locked in impenetrable mystery. Conversation with the highest functionaries on the subject is never otherwise than vague and speculative. Most of them are intentionally kept ignorant, and the very few who really do know something about the matter with precision, deem the details of a nature to justify their being wary and evasive. Generally, there is an obvious tendency to exaggerate the number of the army and navy; but, at the largest estimate I have heard or seen, the Russian army is not such as to warrant the impression that prevails through Europe and elsewhere of the colossal power of the nation. Let us see.

The most overrated accounts represent the Russian military—that is, the organized regular army—as exceeding a million. I do not doubt its being at least eight hundred thousand. Is this enough to make Russia a permanently formidable and dangerous power? It should be recollected that an army is only formidable to other countries as it may be moved and directed abroad. If it cannot quit home, however strong for protection it may be, it is nothing that need be feared. Now, the government of this vast Empire, in all its ramifications, is conducted by and through its army; the whole machine is an encampment. The police is military; the collection of the revenue is military; the public institutions of all kinds, which are very numerous, are

under the care of the military; the mint, the banks, the great schools, the palaces, and Imperial estates are in the management and custody of the military. So much of the army as is thus engaged is without the power of locomotion; there is nothing to take its place and perform its duties as a substitute, even for the shortest time; there is not and *cannot be anything like a militia*. To maintain civil government, then, at home must exact the constant presence of a large proportion of the million. Then, again, there are certain duties universally regarded as of a strictly military character which, nevertheless, divide, weaken, and keep stationary another large proportion. The frontiers are extensive, and must be guarded; the colonies require fixed protection; the garrisons, forts, arsenals, war academies, foundries, etc., must be kept going. If to these considerations you add the broad and practical necessity of securing a despotism against popular conspiracies and frenzies, by an unceasing display of bayonets and troops, what becomes of the lofty-sounding and dread-inspiring million of soldiers? I should say that three-fourths of them, however effective for domestic purposes, are nothing, perhaps worse than nothing, in relation to their capacity to do mischief abroad. Even for defence, they are not comparable to our million and a half of militia, simply because, according to the existing system, they must everywhere discharge essential municipal duties, and are thus incompetent to movability or concentration.

Taking the million, therefore, as a correct cipher of the Russian army, its real warlike, disposable force cannot exceed 200,000 or 250,000 men. I mean to say they cannot cross their frontiers with a larger number to assail others. And if so, Austria has her 750,000 men, Prussia

her 450,000, Bavaria her 70,000, and the rest of the German Confederacy its 400,000!

1839. *April 19.*—Tchiacheff, who was strongly recommended to me by the Emperor for his intelligence, told me in confidence yesterday that his Majesty's energy of character had been signally tested during the last winter,—he had repressed no less than *four* formidable conspiracies. This is the first Russian whom I have met with that will venture to talk on such a subject. He has travelled a year or two in the United States.

At eight o'clock, expecting to meet all the Imperial family, we went to the ball at Prince Youssouppoff's. The Emperor and Grand Duke Michel attended, but the Empress excused herself by sending word that her physician advised her staying at home, and all the Grand Duchesses remained with her. The interest of the evening to me arose from the presence of Marshal Paskevitch, with whom I had several agreeable chats. He is a younger man than I had supposed, has a lively air, and is frank and agreeable in conversation. He told me he was fifty-five. His decorations, crosses, and orders were extremely brilliant, glittering on his left breast and from around his neck like a huge mass of diamonds. The Czar, after his usual kind shake of the hand, said he had not been to a party for nine weeks; that he wanted to induce his wife, whose health was bad, to stay at home by setting the example. Everybody agreed in considering the entertainment the most splendid which could be given in Europe by any person below royalty. The whole of the magnificent house was thrown open, and I have seen nothing here to surpass the elegance of the ballroom and the great supper-hall, which communicated by a columned passage, at first crowded with flowers and

curtained. As two harmonious and united apartments, they are not surpassed by anything at the Winter Palace or Hermitage. They are of white mock marble; the ballroom, an immense square, with splendid pilasters, its ceiling arched and richly painted; the banqueting-room, a vast oblong, with vaulted ceiling carved in relief, and supported by twenty immense Corinthian columns of the purest and most polished white, with two galleries, one at each extremity, for music. Nothing could transcend the magic of the supper: its groves of orange-trees, towering eight or ten feet above the heads of the guests, and laden with fruit and flowers; its gorgeous arbours, prepared for the Empress, over which hung in clusters ripe, red, white, and purple, intermingled with leaves, grapes of the largest and most luscious appearance; its gorgeous and glittering table ornaments; its golden chandeliers; its dazzling company, and still more dazzling liveried servants. When from these two rooms the eye passed to the adjoining ones, to the ante-chambers, the refreshment saloon, the endless suite of halls and galleries devoted to paintings and sculpture, the card-rooms, and the expansive branching stone staircase, flanked with marble statues and fragrant with exotics, it was difficult to suppose the whole the creation and property of a private subject. He is said, however, to enjoy an incalculable revenue. He is, however, sufficiently noted already in the Diary. I could not help thinking that the Empress stayed away, not because of any real malady, for she walked on the English Quay this morning, but in order to avoid witnessing or countenancing a fête that approached too near the Imperial style to be agreeable in a subject. The poor Princess, who had hoped to make it worthy of her mistress and

her guest, looked the picture of despair when told that she could not come.

1839. *April 20.*—The evening spent at the *soirée dansante* of Countess Schimmelpenninck. I met here most of the diplomatic chargés and secretaries, the ladies Shakoffsky, Serriavène, Paschkoff, Soltikoff, Brunoff, Pleicheyeff, Chevietz, Cavacoff, etc. Among the gentlemen were Villafranca and General Danieleffsky. I had with the last a long and interesting conversation on the condition and history of Russia, and the characters of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas. His mind is turned closely to these subjects, and he is now actually preparing for the press a work on the campaigns and policy of the late autocrat. He accompanied Alexander as confidential secretary throughout all his great movements from the year 1804. He recently finished a portion of his history, and sent it to the Emperor for perusal. Shortly afterwards, while riding on the English Quay, he saw his Majesty walking, who made him descend from his calèche. "Savez-vous, mon cher," said he, "que votre ouvrage m'a coûté bien de larmes!" He then spoke of the excellent heart and forbearing temper of his deceased brother in the tenderest manner, and declared that he had described the gentleness and wisdom of Alexander amid crosses and obstacles which would have made *him* "crever de colère." Danieleffsky looks upon Nicholas as a man of extraordinary energy and most determined purpose. "And think of such a person," exclaimed he, "avowing that he had wept over a narrative of his brother's virtues and trials! Such a monarch to talk of shedding tears!"

Among other matters, I remarked to Danieleffsky that I felt surprised at their retaining, in a country like

this, the law for the equal distribution of intestate estates, abolishing primogeniture; that their aristocracy must inevitably become poor and lose their consequence; and that we regarded such a law as the very corner-stone of our republicanism. He replied simply, this is a despotism. Our Senate now merely records after attesting the Imperial ukases. Peter the Great once made an ukase establishing "les majorats," or the right of primogeniture. The nobles soon felt their independence, and in less than twelve years the Senate, while recognizing Peter's title to the throne, had advanced so far in their pretensions that they presented for his signature a written constitution of government! The law was certainly not the exclusive cause of this,—great political results require a combination of causes,—but it was the leading cause, and Peter abolished it without delay. Thus, when the object is the same, the abasement or destruction of aristocracy, a republic and a despot must pursue the same course.

1839. *May 2.*—The ice began to move downward just below the bridge this morning. It remained stationary, however, opposite the English Quay, until half-past nine in the evening, when it moved slowly, and the bridge was swung to the inland shore.

The Emperor met young Meyendorff with a companion near the Boulevards the other day. He was on horseback, they walking on foot. Having been long absent from Russia, the young men did not know the person of the sovereign, and of course omitted the customary bow. His Majesty immediately dismounted, went up to them, and reprimanded them sternly. They in vain pleaded their ignorance of his figure. He ordered them to proceed forthwith to the guard-house,

and, upon their remaining stationary, not knowing where the guard-house was, he called up a sentinel, and directed him to accompany them to the prison. They were extremely alarmed, wept bitterly, and were immured for some hours in a wretched cell. At the expiration of that time, a guard announced to them that the Emperor had ordered them to be escorted to the Anischkoff Palace. They went, expecting little short of Siberia or decapitation. When at the palace, they were stationed near a corner of one of the apartments, and then left to themselves. They were surprised to notice that several young ladies now and then popped their heads in at the door, and, looking at them for an instant, retreated laughing. At last the Emperor came in, and, walking towards them, said, "Young gentlemen, you have had lesson enough for the present. I am sure that you will know me hereafter, wherever you may see me. And now, to remove the impressions of the day, come and dine with my family and myself."

As an illustration of the extent to which the most important matters are subject here to Imperial whims, I got the following from young Count Nesselrode: The Empress, having written a letter to her father, gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier, then waiting to start. The servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the post-office, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed. In the meanwhile, the regular mail for Prussia, and, indeed, all Western Europe, was made up and despatched. As soon as she was told what had been done, the Empress sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg. About fifteen hours were lost. Everything was reopened, the Imperial mis-

sive recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, but not till then, the mail allowed to resume its journey.

1839. *May 3.*—An Imperial "*Cercle*" at noon in the Winter Palace. It was more than usually brilliant, especially in the attendance of a throng of Senators in their full dress costume of scarlet, embroidered with gold, and white underclothes. The Emperor asked me which one of the American Legation had recently gone to the United States. I told him no person; that a merchant, some four or five weeks ago, had been given a courier's pass, but no individual attached to the Legation had left it. He said somebody had told him otherwise, and he could not conceive who it was that had gone. The Empress asked particularly about Philip, whom she said she saw often on the quay. One of the family of the Austrian Esterhazys was presented. His dress was Hungarian, exceeding rich and becoming, but very fanciful.

1839. *May 5.*—A great ball and supper given by their Imperial Majesties at the Winter Palace. Mrs. Dallas and I repaired to it at half-past eight. There were said to be a thousand persons present; among others, two tinselled and ugly Queens of Georgia. With all its magnificence, it was dreadfully tedious and fatiguing.

1839. *May 10.*—For the first time this spring, we walked in the summer gardens between two and four o'clock. The alleys were crowded with fashion and rank, and among them all the ladies of the Imperial family. There is, however, not a symptom of verdure or vegetation, and the air, notwithstanding the brightness of the sun, is rather chilly. The river is free from ice at present. The Emperor has been feverish, and again leached.

Dissatisfaction prevails in Ethonia and Livonia with some recent attempts to control and abolish certain of their ancient usages and rights. It is said to be a plan of Bloudoff, Ouvaroff, and Daschkoff, to which they gradually persuaded the Emperor to assent. A deputation from the provinces has recently been here, and was favourably received by his Majesty.

The Emperor, it is said, entertains the design of obliging all the public officers, civil as well as military, to be always dressed in their official costume. He has meditated it for some time.

1839. *May 12.*—The antic flourishes of Imperial parade made by her Majesty and her eldest daughter at the summer gardens to-day, with changes of dress and equipage, transcended the idle and ludicrous! The Emperor was ill, or I do not think he would have permitted them.

1839. *May 27.*—This being the day following Pentecost in the Russian calendar is a high holiday, and in the afternoon and evening is celebrated by immense crowds promenading to bands of music in the summer gardens. In the olden time it is said to have been customary to parade the marriageable girls of the mechanical peasants that they might be seen and be offered for as wives. There is nothing now amusing or attractive in the proceedings; the throng is mostly composed of lounging men; the peculiarities of national costume are disappearing; and as to female beauty, it would seem to be rigidly proscribed.

1839. *June 7.*—Rose this morning, after long and serious reflection, under the solemn conviction that it was my duty, at all hazards, to take my family home this summer, and, if my recall were not sent before I

reached there, to abide the decision of the President whether I should return here myself or not. I accordingly inquired into the best modes of quitting, and find that my most convenient and economical course will be to proceed hence to Havre on board the steamer *The Paris*, on the 24th of July next. I must set about preparing for this.

1839. *June 25*.—Strange and interesting rumours are afloat. It is said that the intended wedding in the Imperial family, which was appointed for the 2d of July, will be postponed till September. Some ascribe this to the interference of the mother of Prince Leuchtenberg, who cannot consent that her grandchildren shall be all brought up to the Greek Church, as the Emperor has insisted; others ascribe it to the necessity of waiting till the great review at Borodino shall be terminated; others to the continued illness of the Empress; others to the universal repugnance manifested by the Russian nobility to the match. Most persons agree that, if once postponed for any cause, there is danger it will not take place at all. Another rumour is of political moment,—that Ibrahim Pacha is about to lead his army, in alliance with Persia, against the British Indies.

1839. *June 27*.—Agreeably to arrangement, went at half-past nine in the morning, by the railroad, to Sarsko-Selo. We had with us Madame Daschkoff and Mr. Chew. On arriving at the car-office at Sarsko, we hired five double-seated droschkies, and drove *en cavalcade* to see the gardens and their wonders. We first entered the great and older Palace. In the chapel, which was of Chinese order, rich black and gold, a mass was quietly performing by two priests for the repose of the soul of the late Grand Duke or Emperor Constantine.

The quantity of carved gilding was beyond description in all directions. I stepped off one dining- and dancing-room, ornamented at each end with shelves on shelves of ancient China vases, and found it to be one hundred and fifty feet in length. The apartment, completely covered with amber, some of it most exquisitely cut, is more curious than handsome. It was a present from Frederick of Prussia to Catherine II. The room, whose floor is worked with mother of pearl, rather disappointed expectation; but the agate room, though small, is exceedingly beautiful. The *cabinets* are all in great luxury and taste. But the most delightful portion of this vast pile is certainly the lofty colonnade erected by Catherine II., which commands the most beautiful prospects, is reached from the gardens by a gigantic stairway adorned by two huge bronze statues of Heventer and Peace, and is enriched by a succession of fine bronze busts of ancient worthies. Among the latter I detected, at a distance, the head of Fox, by Nollekens, executed in 1791, and stationed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero. At a distance was seen a pavilion on the grassy margin of a large lake, which on examination I found to contain some beautiful marbles, especially two Turkish busts, a male and female; and in another direction rose an obelisk dedicated to Sumaroff. Some fine swans are reposing near the water. On quitting this Palace, we took again to our droschkies and proceeded to what is called the large garden, into which we drove in search of various objects of notoriety and taste. The mock ruin of a château first attracted us; and we here saw the statue of Christ, of pure white Italian marble, executed by Dannecker in 1824. It was standing alone in a gloomy and desolate apartment, and seemed almost to furnish the

only light we had. The drapery is a long delicate shirt, and suggests the idea that the artist intended to represent our Saviour as he rose from the sepulchre. There was something fine in the clear brightness of this tall, pure figure contrasted with the sombre-seeming desolation around it. Our next visit was to a collection of llamas, whose necks and heads struck us as remarkably graceful and spirited, the round black eye especially,—although they in general bear so near a resemblance to young camels. We thence went through numerous and beautiful windings to the antique armoury; and here we were treated with a sight of uncommon interest and splendour. The Emperor has collected a vast number of almost every description of ancient armours, particularly those of the early Sclavonians and those of the middle ages connected with chivalry, and has adapted them to figures, both on foot and on horseback, so admirably, as to represent to the eye the use and character of each perfectly. One hall has the Round Table in it, with mounted knights encircling it, in the full equipment of steel, some in the act of making battle, and others receiving the reward of valour. The immense swords, double-handed and rapiers, the richly-cut and emblazoned shields, the casque of every shape and contrivance, the enormous stirrups and rowels, the battle-axes and lances, the chain hangings, and the various trappings to protect and adorn the horses, all were in reality before us and in exquisite distinctness and truth. Several smaller halls were similarly filled with full-sized images and innumerable weapons. Here was the veritable sword of Tamerlane, one of Dmitri Ivan, one of Peter the Great, many that had been successfully employed by great Russian generals, and Turkish sabres

of distinction and inconceivable richness. Hanging on the walls were instruments of chase and sport as well as of battle; and the splendidly-carved horns of many a noble huntsman are identified by their labels. We were particularly shown the spy-glass and portfolio of Napoleon taken at Moscow, the latter divided into compartments for notes or memoranda, with gilt labels of "*Légion d'Honneur*," "*Ministre de l'Intérieur*," "*Marine*," etc. In one room, carefully locked and *sealed* in glass cases, which stood upright and open to the *sight* on all sides, were the gorgeous and invaluable horse-trappings presented to the Emperor by the Sultan Mahmoud at the Treaty of Adrianople. The saddles, housings, holsters, and bridles are covered with diamonds, some of which are as large as a good-sized chestnut, and most elegantly worked in wreaths of flowers. The knobs of the pistols are huge diamonds, the handles of the swords and their scabbards are strewn with the same dazzling profusion, and the vast stirrups are of solid gold. Nothing can surpass the magnificence and beauty of these articles, truly worthy to come to such a sovereign as Nicholas from the successor of Mahomet and Saladin. We were shown a boot that had been nearly worn out by Charles XII., of Sweden, and our ears were stunned, though pleased, by a Chinese gong which was struck by our attendant. We all regretted the necessity of leaving this interesting museum, whose arrangement was so perfect and whose contents were so inestimable, without being able to give more time for a thorough examination. Our course was then directed to what is called "*The Farm*," that is the Dairy, and the residence of the cattle. The cows and bulls were superb animals,—English, Dutch, Tyrolese, and Bohemian; nothing could be

fatter, fuller, more contented and more clean. They were literally living in clover, which, fresh cut, was collected in heaps, ready for their mouths. Their palaces were commodious and as fragrant as a pail of new milk; defended on one side from the sun by white curtains, and painted and kept perfectly white. One of the palaces is for their winter accommodation, closer and warmer than the other, which is open and cool. The creatures seemed to revel in sober delight with their Imperial fare, lodging, and condition, and gazed on us in all the good-humour of conscious luxury. The region of milk, cream, butter, and cheese, with its sweet atmosphere, its ice-house, its spring-house, its storehouse of various crockery, and, finally, its snug parlours prepared for the accommodation of the Imperial family whenever they thought proper to drink the beverage peculiar to the place, or to eat the sour cream much in vogue, were all inspected and admired, while we were guided by a young German woman both neat and pretty. The sheep were not at home. I inquired the way to the horses, expecting to have a view of the present stables and their glorious inhabitants, but was directed to a building of less interest; it was the stable of the "Pensioned Steeds." These were the aged and worn-out favourites of the late and present monarch: one had borne Alexander when he entered Paris, and another had carried Nicholas against the Turks; one was called Fritz, another Matilda, etc., and none were less than twenty-seven years of age. Several seemed scarcely able to stand. Great attention is paid to their food and comfort; they are walked out a certain distance every day for exercise on the green sward, but no bridle, saddle, or anything of the sort is allowed to remind

them of their past vassalage. Among them was a favourite riding-horse of the Empress and a pony used by the present Grand Duke Alexander when a boy. On one side of this building, and under the shade of aloes and beeches, are erected some five or six granite tombs, each covering the remains of a dead horse, whose length and peculiarity of service, name, age, etc., are set forth as in ordinary monumental inscriptions. The man who ciceroned us among these graves spoke of their contents with a most pathetic manner and tone.

We were obliged, for want of time, and feeling the fatigue of more than six hours of exertion, to forego visiting the many other objects of curiosity with which these celebrated gardens abound. Driving off, therefore, on our return to the village we only stopped at the noble Palace in which the Imperial family usually live when at Sarsko. Although hurried and exhausted, it was impossible to restrain our exclamations of delight as we passed through this vast suite of splendid apartments. What paintings! A pyramid of flowers by Voelchens! Delicious studies by Horace Vernet! Italian pieces of the finest style! Then the furniture and its accessories! The cabinets of the Emperor, which he has crowded with delineations of the different uniforms of his soldiery in all parts of this great camp, or has ranged on shelves and in glass cases exact models, about two feet high, of every company of his glittering cavalry, and on long tables diminutive copies of his brazen artillery and mortars, deserved a day to themselves, but we could not give them five minutes. Madame Daschkoff, who seized a chair for repose whenever our attention got irresistibly fixed, pointed out the wooden hill or smooth, inclined plane at which a maid of honour, in the act of sportively

descending, had the misfortune or carelessness to strike against and completely knock over no less a personage than the autocrat himself! The columns in front of this Palace, and which form a lofty colonnade from two of its sides, struck me as uncommonly graceful and effective. We proceeded to the hotel of the railway, ordered and ate a beefsteak, which was really very good, or which our appetites made us think so, and getting into the cars at four o'clock reached home pretty considerably tired out, but indescribably gratified by our excursion.

1839. *July 8.*—Received this evening from the Master of Ceremonies three copies of the printed programme of the ceremonial of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke de Leuchtenberg, and of the Court fêtes which are to follow.

We went this evening to visit Countess Laval at her country residence. While there, our coachman, in a fit of rage, beat the postilion so cruelly that his life is despaired of. I was obliged to send Mrs. Dallas and my daughters home in the carriage of Mr. Harris; and, having given the police-officer, called to the scene, permission to take the coachman into custody, I finally persuaded two of Count Borke's servants to drive me into the city, leaving directions that a physician should be procured and every attention paid to the injured postilion, who was removed to a hospital.

1839. *July 9.*—Having received our "billets d'entrée," we went this afternoon to see the "trousseau" of the Grand Duchess Marie. It is displayed in the "Salle Blanche" of the Winter Palace. The throng of visitors was immense, producing a heat and a pressure nearly insupportable. Our party got broken into detachments, and we were obliged to move along with the dense tide,

without being able to see all that was exhibited, or to examine anything closely. The Court dresses, with their rich embroidered trains, were the most conspicuous objects, and were certainly very splendid. I counted in all one hundred and forty dresses, most of them exceedingly elegant, and some of them morning wrappers trimmed with lace. The four sets of jewelry were in two large glass desks. The toilet-tables and their ornaments, one of chased silver and the other highly-worked silver-gilt, were strikingly beautiful,—the former purchased as a present for his sister by the Grand Duke Alexander on his recent visit in England. Nothing could surpass the collection of furs, the Cashmere shawls, the countless bonnets, the laced and worked pocket-handkerchiefs, and all the *et ceteras* of a fashionable toilet. The services of porcelain and of silver and of silver gilt, each of great taste and execution, and apparently calculated for the largest scale of entertainment, formed, to my eye, the richest part of the display. Glass, in its most attractive shapes and in vast quantities, loaded several tables. The table-cloths, napkins, etc., were endless. Even the culinary apparatus was admirable. Indeed, it was impossible to imagine an article of use or ornament with which a bride should be provided that was not here in utmost perfection and in exhaustless quantity. The whole was truly imperial, and must have cost very little, if at all, short of a million of dollars.

On returning from the trousseau, we visited the immense ship of 120 guns in the new Admiralty which is about being launched. She is completely ready to glide into the water, and only waits a nod from the Emperor, who will probably add that spectacle to the others with which he proposes to signalize his daughter's marriage.

She is called *The Russia*, is 206 feet long, and the largest in the Russian navy, except one in the Black Sea, called *The Three Saints*. The iron-roofed shed under which she has been built is one of the lightest, neatest, most beautiful structures I ever beheld.

1839. *July 10.*—Count Nesselrode apprised me by note yesterday that he would receive me at his office to-day at two o'clock, and I went accordingly. I explained to him that I had my letter of recall; that I proposed going by the *Tage* on the 24th instant, and I wished him to have my passport prepared, for which I left him a written list of my family, and that I hoped to have my audience-of-leave as soon as the fêtes of the wedding were over. He politely assented to all this, and hoped that on my return to the United States I would be an advocate for continued friendship between the two countries. I had enumerated, among my family, Alexander, my Russian servant, who intends to accompany me; and the Count requested me to send to him the passport Alexander had obtained from the Governor of the city, that he might see that it was all right.

Count Bobrinsky called on me, and sat, inquiring about America, for a full hour. He promises to visit the United States as soon as the Grand Duchess Olga, to whom he is attached as chief Chamberlain, is married.

Received the regular diplomatic invitation to the approaching wedding and its fêtes.

1839. *July 12.*—The news from the Sublime Porte continues to agitate, as the Sultan is said to be much worse, and the conflict between the Turks and Egyptians is going on. The Russian Czar is understood to be expressly bound by treaty to aid the Turks. Count Michel Woronzow, the Governor of Odessa, and one of the

most distinguished nobleman of the Empire in wealth, character, and influence, came to see me this morning, and remained, in various and interesting conversation, for more than an hour. He is remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his manners and his intelligence on all topics. His left breast and neck were literally covered with orders, among which was conspicuous the Cross of St. George. He told me that all the great powers of Europe were in accord in the opinion that peace ought to be maintained, if possible, between Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali, but that appearances were just now very unpromising. In speaking upon the progress of human discovery and science, he remarked that the application of steam to propelling vessels through the water was, in fact, very far from being a modern idea; that he had himself read a passage in an old Spanish author, named Vilarete, in which it was as clear as language could make it, that an ingenious mechanic had undertaken the experiment before Charles V., and that, though he failed, its practicability was asserted by the historian, though he alleged that the machinery would be always liable to burst. So, also, he said, that during the reign of Louis XIV. a Frenchman was visited at an insane hospital by a celebrated English nobleman, who afterwards claimed the merit of discovering the steam-engine; that the alleged madman was so called and treated simply because he had over and over again pestered the chief of the Department of the Marine with earnest entreaties for pecuniary assistance to enable him to show how vessels could be navigated by steam; and the Count mentioned an authoress in whose works the whole of this last statement was made. The great merits, however, of Fulton were admitted as unquestionable.

1839. *July 14.*—At twelve o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas, I went to the Winter Palace, agreeably to invitations, to witness the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Prince Maximilian of Leuchtenberg. The foreign Ministers and ladies, after waiting with the general company for some time, were escorted by Count Woronzow to the chapel, and arranged on the two sides nearest the chancel, forming an alley for the Imperial cortège. We noticed that two pairs of pigeons entered at the open windows, and alighted, after flying around the dome, over the altar,—an incident that may have been accidental, but which many conceived to be the result of design. The Metropolitan and a concourse of twenty or thirty priests, robed in rich vestments of crimson thickly crossed with gold embroidery, and with mitres glittering with jewels and enamelled pictures, some bearing the sacred image, and others carrying wax lights, stationed themselves at the grand entrance to receive the Imperial party. Everybody wore their richest clothing; all the ladies having long trains, all except the diplomatic ones having the kakoshnick brilliantly studded with diamonds or otherwise ornamented. The bride wore a superb diadem of diamonds, and on the very top of her head a crown of the same description. Her train was an immense one of crimson velvet, deeply bordered with ermine. Of the religious ceremonies I could understand nothing; they were exceedingly tedious. There was an interchange of rings between the bride and groom, effected through the agency of the Metropolitan. They sipped the consecrated wine from the same golden goblet, and during a part of the proceeding—for about twenty minutes, while the Metropolitan was reading to them—golden crowns were held above the heads of

the couple,—over that of the Grand Duchess by her brother the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, and over that of the Prince by Count Pahlen. At one time the couple were led, with their hands united, by the Metropolitan, three times round the altar. At the close of the ceremony, the groom led his bride to the Emperor, by whom he was directed to embrace her, and then followed the family felicitations and kissing. The Court choir performed the great *Te Deum* most effectively, and the cannon of the Fortress, aided by peals from all the huge bells of the innumerable churches, sent forth a deafening and yet exhilarating uproar. After kissing a number of the priests in succession, the Imperial circle left the Greek Chapel and went to where a temporary Roman Catholic Chapel had been constructed in some interior apartment, and the marriage ceremony was here performed again. We got home as expeditiously as we could at about four o'clock.

At eight o'clock we repaired to the "*Bal Paré*" at the Palace, *La Salle Blanche*, an apartment of extraordinary magnificence, its one hundred and twelve Corinthian columns, and the balustrade above them, with its immense chandeliers, having, since we were last in it, been most richly gilt. Here, also, all the ladies wore trains. No dancing was executed but the polonaise; there were no refreshments; and the ceremony lasted only for about two hours, the fatigues of the day being too much for the strength of the Empress. Among the remarkable costumes seen on this occasion were those of the Sultan of Kirghis, with his retinue, come to make presents to the Emperor on the marriage of his daughter, and of a Queen of Georgia. The Marquis of Anglesea, too, and his son were interesting objects.

1839. *July 15.*—We were bound to be at the Great Theatre “en gala” at eight o’clock. I was assigned by the Director a box in association with Count Rossi. The performance was a dull ballet, only relieved by one capital scene, representing a theatre crowded with spectators, before whom a danseuse was making her *début*, while we were supposed to be behind the scenes. Nothing, however, could equal the brilliancy of the *coup d’œil* presented when the whole audience rose to greet the entrance of the Imperial family into their box. The Grand Duchess Marie, as the bride, came in first, and was saluted with vociferous acclamations, then her husband, then the Empress, and, lastly, the Emperor.

I noticed yesterday during the wedding ceremonial an air of abstraction or preoccupation in his Majesty, and I find it to have been caused by the arrival of news of the death of the Sultan Mahmoud, who has by will directed his son, only eighteen years of age, to be under the guardianship of one of his sons-in-law until he attains twenty-five, and who directed the other son-in-law to be forthwith strangled. Nicholas seemed to-night to have in a measure recovered his spirits.

1839. *July 16.*—Escorted Mrs. Dallas, at two o’clock, to the Palace, where the Grand Duchess Marie received the congratulations of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, and subsequently those of the gentlemen. The Duke of Leuchtenberg accompanied her. We were also received by the Hereditary Grand Duke, whose travels during the last fifteen months have greatly improved his appearance and manners. He is stouter, readier, and more manly. He expressed great regret at our intended departure. At this presentation, the Marquis of Anglesea walked up to me, and said that he could no longer wait for

an introduction, that he must introduce himself; and he went on to express his warm gratitude for the kind attentions which his son, a naval officer, whom he called up, had experienced on his late visit to the United States, hoping that I would be particular in mentioning to the President, whom he had personally known in England, his sense of his civilities. His son united in these sentiments, adding that the two months he had spent in America had been the happiest of his life. The Marquis is a striking figure, with white and sparse hair, erect in carriage, always in hussar uniform, and having a false leg so well made and fitted that, while he is stationary, the defect is imperceptible. He told me he was seventy-one, after I had guessed sixty-two.

At eight o'clock in the evening, we again returned to the Palace to a ball. It was crowded. The Empress and Grand Duchess Helen strongly expressed their regret at our departure, the latter with apparent and most attractive sincerity. During the evening I beat an Admiral four successive games of chess.

1839. *July 17.*—Went, *en grande tenue*, at eleven o'clock, to the new Admiralty, and witnessed the launch of the 120-gun ship, the *Russia*. The spectacle was very imposing,—the Empress on the water in her brilliant steamer, the Emperor and Grand Dukes in barges of twelve oars with flags flying, and a number of gig-brigs saluting. Count Woronzow, of Odessa, told me that the *Warsaw* was the largest vessel in the Russian navy.

1839. *July 18.*—Fête at the Palace of the Grand Duke Michel; though not so vast, more finished, elegant, and tasty than those heretofore witnessed,—a fountain in the ballroom, playing about twelve feet high, and falling into a basin crowded with flowers and golden

fish; a balcony of great extent, hung with varied-coloured lamps, carpeted with crimson cloth, commanding a most beautiful lawn and distant prospect, and regaled by a noble band of music stationed under the trees. The supper was admirable, and the Grand Duchess Helen went round to her guests with unusual spirit and grace. The Empress broke away suddenly from the head of the table, and left the room; the Emperor scampered after her. The heat was intense.

1839. *July 21.*—Count Nesselrode, at the Prince of Oldenburg's last night, informed me that the Emperor would give me an audience-of-leave on Tuesday next at Peterhoff. Mrs. Dallas and her daughters and myself would take leave of the Empress at the same hour.

1839. *July 23.*—Started for Peterhoff at about six A.M. Soon after arriving, a written notification was circulated from Count Ficquelmont, purporting that the Austrian Archduke Albert would receive the Diplomatic Corps, at apartments assigned for him about five versts off, at one o'clock. I went with Mr. Chew. The ugly Prince improved in my estimation by the ease and intelligence of his manners. A handsome lunch was prepared for us, and we dined *en grande tenue* at about four o'clock. During our dinner, a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, and lightning arose, the effects of which were dreadful upon the bay, crowded as it was with all sorts of vessels in anticipation of the fêtes of the evening. Several vessels sunk, and many sail-boats were upset; some hundreds of lives were lost. We concluded that the great illuminations were marred. They were at first counter-ordered or postponed by the Emperor; but, upon the gust clearing off, fresh notice was given. I had driven with Julia, in a court droschky, round the grounds, and

witnessed the immense preparations made. As soon as our dinner was over, we began our arrangements for the "bal masqué," appointed for seven o'clock; and, the court equipage drawing up at the hour, the company, having first refreshed themselves with an excellent cup of tea, proceeded to the Great Palace, headed by the Master of Ceremonies. Immediately upon my getting through the vast throng which impeded all the avenues, Count Woronzow apprised me that the Emperor was in his Cabinet to grant me an audience-of-leave. I shall ever remember this conference with pride and delight. It convinced me I had not lived in Russia without doing public service and achieving the reputation I desire.

The Emperor was cordial, kind, and full of feeling. He first addressed me, after we had shaken hands, upon my personal motives for returning to the United States. "At the moment," he said, "when we all have learned to appreciate you and your family, and when my whole court, without exception, are cherishing the best dispositions for you." I answered with the undisguised frankness due to such an inquiry from such a man; told him that my private affairs, the education of my children, and my limited resources compelled me to quit him, and that I felt deep regret at a necessity which I could not control. He again seized me by the hand, and assured me that he heard it with sincere pain and sorrow, and hoped that, if ever fortune should improve my ability, I might again visit Russia, and desired me to be sure of a hearty welcome. I told him that I derived some consolation in the reflection that I left him "au comble du bonheur;" that I could distinctly perceive in the happy marriage of his daughter a source to him of unbounded and unalloyed gratification, and that

all I had had the happiness to see and hear of the Prince of Leuchtenberg satisfied me that his confidence was well founded. He received this remark with apparent delight, and grasped my hand anew and said, "I believe him to be an admirable young man, worthy of everything I am doing for him, and that he will make my child perfectly happy. You are right in thinking me at this moment as happy as a father can be." I then indulged in the trite reflection that the period of attaining such contentment was the one at which philosophy told us we should, in this unstable world, be most prepared against change and adversity. This thought seemed congenial to his mind: his countenance varied its expression from joy to melancholy, and he replied, giving it at once a special direction, "Yes, the ill health of my wife gives me much anxiety. I cannot persuade her to omit anything she deems a duty, and to refrain from exposure or fatigue. She becomes daily more feeble; and now, she insists upon going through the distractions of this fête, its intense and crowded heats and all its labours, as if her health were perfect." He then recurred to our political relations; was happy to know that between him and the United States there could exist no sentiments but those of the most friendly character, and hoped that I went away under the same impression. I told him that my attention to the subject had produced a conviction that our highest interests as a nation were identified with those of Russia. "Not only are our interests alike," said he, "but (with emphasis in his tone) our enemies are the same." We recurred freely to the fact that the political institutions of the two countries were radically and essentially different; "but," he remarked, "they tend in each to the happiness and pros-

perity of their respective inhabitants ; and I am engaged in introducing some liberal ameliorations, particularly in the department for the administration of justice, which I hope will be attended by most salutary effects." I commented upon the necessity, however, of his having an eye to everything, and he said, *that*, under the circumstances of Russia, was a vital duty.

I handed him my letter of recall, which, he observed, he very reluctantly received, and he laid it on his desk without breaking the seal. We again shook hands, and I left him. Count Woronzow met me, in great haste, saying that the Empress was waiting to receive me. Mrs. Dallas and my two daughters had just taken leave of her. There was obvious impatience all round to commence the ceremonies or gayeties peculiar to the evening, and I went through as rapidly as was consistent with respect.

I then put off my sword, and put on my Venetian or domino, and entered the bal masqué. A more absolute jam of human beings, of all sorts, conditions, grades, forms, physiognomies, gaits, costumes, and tongues, cannot be conceived. The heat in the halls was intense. The polonaise immediately began, led off by the Sovereigns, before whom, as they advanced, turning in every zigzag direction, the compact mass gave way and opened an avenue for the brilliant train of courtiers, officers, and fashionables, almost as if by magic. On one occasion, as the glorious file came forward, I found myself screwed tight and motionless between two Kirghese Khans, some Chinese, and one or more Russian serfs, but, falling back resolutely, I caught the eye of the Emperor, who saw my predicament and effort, and exclaimed aloud in clear English, "I beg your pardon, sir!" to which I had no

time for replying except by a bow of the head and a smile. Shortly afterwards, I perceived him approach Mrs. Dallas, and, with the polite inquiry, "Oserais-je vous demander pour une polonaise?" lead her, repeatedly, by the hand through the apartments. He congratulated her upon her intended visit to Paris; said it was a magnificent capital, and that many years ago he had attended one of the most beautiful balls given there: and he repeated to her the regret he felt to part with us.

A splendid supper was served apart from the crowd at about nine o'clock, and the chamberlains having arranged the parties which were to occupy the several *lignes* classified numerically, each carrying eight persons, and the number being about thirty, destined for the principal persons of the Court, we left the table, and hurried, amid some confusion and mud and wet, to the equipages. Ours was No. 3, superintended by Count and Countess Borke. All being comfortably seated, the Czar and Czarina, in the van, gave the order to proceed, and off we went for a drive of an hour through all the labyrinths of illumination and amid the finest displays of water-works I ever beheld. The scene was as wonderful as any of the creations of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. There could not have been less than five hundred thousand lights, arranged in every possible form, creating a bright day, shining in reflection from the beautiful lakes, and glistening behind cascades, extending into dazzling alleys of a quarter of a mile in length, forming obelisks of vast heights, or spanning in arches the rivulets which intersected the walks. The great "Jet d'Eau," the Samson or Hercules, with countless others in all directions, sparkled and rumbled most musically, while a host of festive frolickers, estimated by Count Borke at two

hundred thousand, opened into avenues, as the cavalcade advanced, in front of the tents which were pitched for their enjoyment and accommodation within the open spaces of the gardens. Fine bands struck up at certain distances from each other; and in one of the widest and longest alleys of glowing fire, the court cortège, in order, as it were, to heighten their pleasure by seeing and saluting each other, turned round and passed repeatedly. It is, however, impossible adequately to describe the details or wonders of this extraordinary spectacle. To me and mine it was perfect enchantment, realizing and surpassing all we had read or anticipated.

We drove to our quarters about one in the morning, and, bent upon achieving our regulated plan, we hastily changed to our travelling dresses, packed up our finery, bade adieu to our friends, among whom we must ever affectionately remember the Barantes, the Hohenlohes, the Buteras, the Rossis, etc., and pushed forward for St. Petersburg. Here, however, began a fresh and exhaustless source of surprise and amusement. The entire road from Peterhoff to the capital was crowded with vehicles of every possible kind, forming three, and sometimes four, lines, and occasionally coming to a dead standstill. The droschky, the kibitka, the telega, the omnibus, the calèche, the carriage, the huge diligence were all in succession before us, and apparently without end, crowded by men, women, and children, in all sorts of motley wear, and with all the ludicrous appearances which follow fatigue after frolic. We laughed especially and heartily at the infinite variety of dozing, nodding, and drunken drivers. As our chasseur was on the box, our coachman found his way with ease and safety. We got home at four o'clock, pretty considerably exhausted, but

unwilling to retire or lie down until a finishing hand was put to packing trunks and boxes for the departure at noon. The astonishing, brilliant, and interesting scene of the last twenty-four hours constitute a subject for much reflection and permanent delight.

1839. *July 24.*—We embarked in the steamer for Cronstadt, from the English Quay, at two o'clock.

HOME'S BEFORE US.

Away! away! from swelling hearts
 Our thoughts flit o'er the main;
 Away! away! love fleetly darts
 Back to its nest again:
 Exulting voices hymn in chorus,
 We're free to fly, and home's before us!

Unmoor the bark, expand the sail,
 Catch ere it droop the fav'ring gale.
 The sun, himself in search of rest,
 Now lights our pathway to the west.
 Shake off the dust of foreign strand,
 And bound we to our native land.
 In vain to stay new friends implore us:
 We're free to fly, and home's before us!

We've voyag'd through
 The ocean blue;
 Our steps have trod
 On varied sod,
 And novel skies have glitter'd o'er us.
 Tho' shone the sea
 Sublime and free,
 Tho' Briton's Isle
 Could charm awhile,
 And Russ and Dane
 Wove friendship's chain,—
 Away! away!
 Love rules the day;
 We're free to fly, and home's before us!

But see! within our track advance
 The sparkling lures of lovely France.
 'Mid Europe's beauties, shall we fail to call
 On her confess'd the siren of them all?
 A wreath of glory girds her hair;
 Her eagle glance high lore discloses;
 With melody she fills the air,
 And floats a grace o'er clouds of roses.
 Sure we may pause, ere yet we speed along,
 To taste her wisdom, fancy, fame, and song.
 Think of her *Opera* and *Institute*,
 Her "*Château*" and "*Palais*,"
 Her *Fanny Elstler* and her *Marshal Soult*,
 Her *Guisot* and *Moll*;
 Think of her *Grand Hôtel des Invalides*,
 Her "*Boulogne*" and "*Boulevards*,"
 Of dead *Napoleon* and his living deeds,
 Of "*Champs*" and "*Ma'm'selle Mars*;"
 Think of her "*Père-la-Chaise*" and "*Chambre des Pairs*,"
 Her "*Grisi*" and "*Cuisine*,"
 Her "*Trois Glorieux*" and glorious *Thiers*,
 "*La Morgue*" and *Lamartine*;
 Think of her deep *Catacombs*, so solemn!
 Her "*Mardi Gras*" and "*Bœuf*,"
 "*Immortelles*" fading on the column,
 "*Old Henri*" on "*Pont-neuf*!"
 Think of "*les Jardins*" (though their flowers be few)
 Crammed with savage creatures,
 "*Les Barricades*" and *Louis Philippe*, who
 Courtied *Abby Peters*.
 Think on this galaxy! then think again,
 Last, though not least, on *truffles* and *champagne*!

Away! away! Affection fond
 These bright attractions looks beyond,
 And sees beneath our parent skies
 Love's outstretched arms and wooing eyes,
 And hears soft accents in the air
 Bidding us haste for rapture there.
 To them! to them, may Heaven restore us!
 We're free to fly, and home's before us!

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

1857—1861.



AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

1857. *December 3.*—The opening of Parliament by the Queen in person was altogether a handsome and suggestive ceremony. Here in a vast and rich hall was in fact concentrated the great British empire,—royalty, princes, peers, nobles, bishops, law-judges, and commons. Her Majesty wore a crown of brilliants, and jewels sparkled over her person. Her principal garment was a dazzling skirt of striped golden stuff, and she removed from her shoulders a heavy cloak of crimson velvet bordered with ermine. She was preceded into the House of Lords by a number of high officers, who bowed to the yet vacant throne as they passed it. She was handed up to the throne by the Prince Consort. On her immediate right stood Lord Winchester, bearing at the end of a gold stick a large red velvet cap, termed the cap of maintenance; on her immediate left was Earl Granville, holding with fixed solemnity of manner the huge and decorated sword of state. The Lord High Chancellor, Cranworth, was next to Lord Winchester, and held in his hand the address, which he subsequently handed to the Queen to read. Lord Lansdowne carried a crown upon a cushion. The Princess Royal and the Princess Mary, of Cambridge, seated themselves in front on the wool-sack with their faces to the Queen. The chamber was full of elegantly dressed ladies, but there was not a crowd of peers. The address was read as soon as the

Commons with their Speaker appeared at the bar, and silence had succeeded their obstreperous entry. It was well read, though certainly the Queen manifested a slight and attractive agitation. There was much to gratify in the whole performance; but it seemed to me that its chief charm arose from its being headed by an exemplary lady not yet old enough to have lost grace and beauty. Her husband occupied what might be regarded as a secondary throne on her left beyond Earl Granville. She read the address sitting. Almost immediately on closing, she rose, and the Prince Consort led her out, both bowing to the audience. Prince of Wales not present, Prince William of Prussia was.

I went to the House of Commons at four. Various notices of motions. Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis, one of a bill to indemnify the Bank. Lord John Russell, one to abolish Jewish disabilities. The Queen's address read by the Speaker. Disraeli spoke against the Ministers with ardour, force, and length, on the three topics of Bank, India, and Reform. He was briefly and good-humouredly answered by Lord Palmerston.

1857. *December 4.*—The launch of the Leviathan is still slowly but safely progressing. She has yet to move down two hundred and fifty feet, and must do so without farther material interruption, or the high tides may fail her. Sent a crowded bag for the Canada tomorrow.

1857. *December 5.*—Weather unusually bright and balmy.

The American papers mention the death of General Hamilton, of South Carolina, by drowning, in consequence of a collision of steamboats on the Mississippi.

I knew him well; a brave and honourable as well as courteous gentleman. 3

Mr. Bright, by a printed letter, postpones his appearance in the House of Commons until after the holidays. He is timid on the score of his recovery, and hesitates lest his mind may not be as strong as the business of the session may require. His words to me on the subject, some weeks ago, were quite sad.

We had a domestic alarm during last night; several men, between one and two, were heard walking and speaking upon the roof of the house. On inquiring this morning, we find it was a party of police in chase of two burglars, whom they had followed over the tops of a long range of houses. The rascals unaccountably escaped. Lord Macaulay took the oath as a Peer in the House of Lords on the evening of Thursday last, the 3d instant.

1857. *December 6.*—The Court has gone to Osborne for a fortnight. The strength of the Ministry is obviously irresistible. Everything shows the utter weakness of the opposition. The two leaders—Lord Derby, in the upper, and Mr. Disraeli, in the lower, house—abstained from their usual Parliamentary dinners on the opening of the session. No real resistance to the address. The relaxation allowed to the Bank and the bill to indemnify scarcely controverted. There may, however, spring up a breeze on Lord Palmerston's bill of Reform. On this point the newspapers are loud and firm.

On being presented to the Queen, seated on her throne and wearing her crown, the Siamese Ambassadors and their suite crawled from the door to Her Majesty's feet upon their hands and knees! Among their royal presents was a spittoon!

1857. *December 7.*—The Great Eastern, or Leviathan, moves slowly, and has two-thirds of her way to make yet before she can float.

The Emperor of Russia is stated to have reduced his army by three thousand officers and two hundred thousand men.

1857. *December 8.*—An impenetrable fog all day, through which the curbstone was invisible.

The papers announce a short telegram from India indicating serious danger at Lucknow, and reporting General Outram as wounded. My friend, Sir Colin Campbell, has started for Cawnpore to supervise the operations for the relief of Lucknow. Last evening, Lord Palmerston, amid great cheering, presented a message from the Queen, proposing a grant of one thousand pounds per annum for General Havelock for life.

Have read nearly through Raikes's "Journal" of four volumes. Many bon-mots are preserved, very strange anecdotes, and incidents recorded; but on the whole it is a dull book, written by a thorough-starved Tory.

Mr. Henry Middleton and his nephew sat an hour with us, the latter on his way to the United States. The former broke out furiously against Louis Napoleon as a murderer, fool, and madman.

1857. *December 11.*—Parliament has discussed and matured in both houses a bill granting one thousand pounds for life to General Havelock. The grant was, however, assailed by numerous speakers as inadequate, and several wanted it extended to the life of his son. Some of the newspapers think he should be created a Peer, and be given a handsome fortune to keep up its dignity. Sir Charles Napier stated that he was poor and living upon his pay. All the recent news depicts his

situation at Lucknow as extremely critical,—surrounded by a hostile army of seventy thousand men with three hundred guns, and short of food.

The last effort on the Leviathan moved her forward but thirteen inches. The great difficulty is in getting a sufficiently firm hold in the river; heavy anchors have proved ineffective, and piles are now driving. A General Van Omphal has been sent here from Holland to ask the hand of Princess Alice for the Prince of Orange. She is about fifteen years of age.

1857. *December 12.*—An interesting statement of all the railroads in operation on the 1st of January, 1856, appears in the "Journal des Chemins de Fer." *America* has nearly *one-half* of the whole, at less than one-fourth the cost!

1857. *December 17.*—I expected to meet a large party at Count Bernstorff's last night. There were not twenty persons present. The Countess had prepared for a numerous reception, and was somewhat put out.

Poor Brunel! his labours to launch the Leviathan are being terribly criticised. The *Times* deprecates and despairs of the whole thing. Professor Alexander says that the miscalculations as to the force necessary have been gross and unpardonable. The huge mass seems now beyond the mechanical powers which can be applied. There was this morning a succession of chain snapping and ram breaking without the least effect upon the ponderous ship. The expense of these efforts is estimated to exceed five hundred thousand dollars!

We were told last evening that the approaching royal wedding would take place in St. James's Palace, and that the foreign Ministers would probably *not* be invited, except the Ambassadors. Hope this may be true. The

Prussian Minister said that the marriage contract was completed and signed only yesterday; and he congratulated himself at having closed the elaborate job.

The trial of Countess Jeufosse and her two sons for the murder of one Guillot, who was endeavouring to seduce first her *gouvernante* and then her daughter, is proceeding at Evreux, in France, and exciting much interest. The proceedings are daily translated and forwarded to the London newspapers. It is clear, however, that a "peppering," and not killing, was intended by the shooting.

1857. *December 18.*—Went to Viscountess Palmerston's first reception this winter. Most of the Diplomatic Corps attended. Had a long and lively talk with Lord Palmerston, whose first question was, "When may the President's message be expected?" Lady William Russell and her son, the new member of Parliament, recently returned from the United States, were present. Conversated for some time with Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador, who said that he had urged his brother, formerly representative of the Sultan at Turin, to go as Minister to Washington. The Principalities were discussed; and he was bitter against the policy of Russia to effect a union with a new sovereign. He represented the population of both Moldavia and Wallachia combined to be about four millions and a half. He descanted largely upon the uniform kindness and toleration of the Porte in the government of these provinces.

Mrs. Norton was present, and fast showing the ravages of time, though still a fine-looking woman. She joined me in praises of the Isle of Wight as a summer retreat.

1857. *December 19.*—Dined with Lord Justice and Lady Turner,—a company of twenty. He amused me with an

endless repetition of anecdotes about the Duke of Wellington. Discussing reform, after dinner, I was appealed to for my opinion, and produced a little horror by saying that the distinctions of ten and twenty pound household suffrage were only calculated to produce jealousies, feuds, and disturbance; and that practically nothing was more conservative than universal suffrage! It was said between two members of Parliament—Roundell Palmer, one of them—that Lord Palmerston's bill would go as far as twenty pounds, but not farther. The educational constituency proposed in a letter signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Fortescue, Lord Eversly, and many others, was pronounced an impracticable fancy. As a proposal to create a new class and have it represented in the Commons, it is analogous to other features of the vaunted British Constitution.

The sketch of Berryer's speech on behalf of Countess Jeufosse, given in the newspaper of this afternoon, strikes me as exceedingly bold, fine, and effective. It was followed by exclamations, long protracted, of bravo! bravo! bravo! from the crowd in the court-room. The trial has ended in a verdict of "not guilty."

1857. *December 26.*—Went to S—— to spend Christmas. This among the scandals detailed there. When Count de M—— announced his intention to marry in St. Petersburg, the Countess, with whom he had lived for a number of years, sent for her son, about nineteen, and said to him, "You must revenge my wrongs. De M—— is not, as has been supposed, your father, and you must fight him. Your father was Baron ——." "Ah!" exclaimed the youngster, "you destroy all my happiness. I fondly believed myself the son of the Duke de ——!"

Sir Colin Campbell, after several severe battles, has

finally relieved the garrison at Lucknow, and sent the women and wounded to Cawnpore. He has been slightly wounded.

The royal wedding is assigned for the 25th of January.

1858. *January 7.*—News from India to-day states that General Havelock died of dysentery on the 25th of November last. He was born in 1795, and first went to India in 1823. General Wyndham had been defeated by the Gwalior contingent, who, in turn, were completely routed by Sir Colin Campbell.

The celebrated Rachel died very recently at Cannes, in France, a confirmed Jewess. She has left her son two millions of francs. She is to be buried in the Hebrew cemetery in Paris. As conclusive proof of her wonderful popularity, it is stated that, during the seventeen years which elapsed between 1838 and 1855, the Théâtre Français reaped from the nights of her performance the sum of four million three hundred and ninety-four thousand two hundred and thirty-one francs, which is at an average rate of two hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and two francs per annum.

Alexander, the present Emperor, is taking measures to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the Russian serfs. This was attempted by his father while I was Minister at his court. Let the son take heed that his nobles do not compel him, as they did Nicholas, to recant.

There is a difference in stating the age at which Marshal Radetzky died in Milan on the 5th inst. Some say ninety-two, and this is the general representation; others say eighty-nine. If ninety-two, he was born ten years before the Declaration of Independence. He is said to have commenced his career as a soldier in

1781. What a life, and what a period of the world to have witnessed! Seventy-seven years of continuous and wonderful progress and revolution in almost every European nation!

The Leviathan "festinat lentissime!" the ground beneath shows symptoms of being less solid.

A curious question arises as to the Baronetcy recently conferred upon Sir Henry Havelock. Its patent bears date the 26th November, 1857; he died on the 25th, the day before. One would say that it lapsed, and was abortive; and yet the universal desire that his son should inherit the title may be made to prevail. The loss of Havelock is compared to that of Nelson or Wellington.

Vernon Smith, President of Board of Control, while hunting the other day, was thrown from his horse, and broke his collar-bone. So the Duke of Newcastle dislocated his shoulder. About twenty such accidents to equestrians have occurred during the short time I have been here. They seem to me owing to the awkward and unsafe seats English riders take,—short stirrups, knees bent, head leaning forward, and arms akimbo. A sudden shy, halt, or start, and away they go over the horse's head. They have no hold on the animal by compression of the knees.

1858. *January* 13.—Julia and I walked to the National Gallery that we might take a long look at the great picture of Paul Veronese, "The Family of Darius in Supplication before Alexander," and at the Turner, placed with an audacious design to compare, between two Claudes. This collection is injured by a crowd of paintings on Scriptural subjects alike indecent and shocking. The history and curiosity of the art may

excuse the accumulation, but their public exhibition is without apology.

1858. *January 14.*—An effort to assassinate Louis Napoleon has again failed. On arriving, at about eight o'clock this evening, at the door of the Opera House, with the Empress, and as they were entering, several shells exploded, killing three or more persons, wounding many, and crushing the Emperor's hat without injuring him. He was vehemently cheered by the audience, remained to the close of the performance, received the plaudits of the people on the street, and hurried to receive the congratulations on his safety by the public functionaries and diplomatic body collected at the Tuileries. No man understands better how to turn to account the follies and failures of his enemies. Every abortive attempt at assassination strengthens the position of the man against whom it is directed. Yet this apparently vigorous and well-planned act attests the existence of inflexible hostility to his usurpation among conspirators capable of great art in eluding the police and great daring in exploit. He would seem, like Macbeth, to "bear a charmed life," for it is wonderful that neither he nor his Empress was wounded. Energetic efforts at detecting the criminals were immediately set on foot. Many arrests were made out of the crowd, but as yet no one seized on whom guilt could be fastened. Is an Imperial crown, even that of France, compensation for the protracted and augmenting torture of a life exposed to such assaults?

1858. *January 17.*—The circumstances of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor indicate great daring, reckless cruelty, and a supreme indifference about taking *French* lives, whether of men or women. It is essen-

tially Italian. Colonels Pierri and Orsini (the names may be assumed ones) appear the principals. The shells or grenades were thrown from the upper windows of a public house opposite the Opera door, were encased in glass and exploded in striking, one falling on the top of the carriage and another on the pavé. Particles of the glass have left slight cuts on the noses of Emperor and Empress. Many bystanders and guards and opera employés were wounded, and some few persons have died of their injuries. The Empress is reported to have exclaimed, in firm tones, "Let us show these scoundrels how much braver we are than they!" Did she read disquietude in Napoleon's colour? N'importe! Both behaved admirably, and have seized the occasion to increase their popularity.

It is generally given out and expected that we are to have an Ode or Epithalamium from Tennyson on the marriage of the Princess Royal. He is the only living English poet worth reading; and even he is very unequal in his flights. It is impossible not to look forward with hope of a high enjoyment when the pen of Locksley Hall, Morte d'Arthur, and Cardigan's Six Hundred is at work.

A regular money-making, huckstering job is being made, in the Queen's name, a part of the coming festivities. Her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened to enable her guests to witness some fine performances, selected by herself; but then the tickets of admission are only to be had by those who give the highest bid for them!

1858. *January 19.*—The first of the festivities incident to the approaching wedding took place last night. It was a sort of private dancing-party, given by the Queen for the enjoyment of her numerous guests. We were

bidden, and went. There was an especial throng of German Princes and Princesses, whose look and deportment are singularly different from anything English. Their long necks, small heads, and grave faces with light complexions, are peculiar and unattractive. The ladies among them had an air of great refinement and delicacy. All the Ministry, except, I think, Granville and Argyll, were present; and I had long talks with Palmerston, Clanricarde, and Talbot Baines. Count Kreptovitch told me he would remain but two weeks, and had resolved to quit the career of diplomacy; he is obviously enraged and disgusted at some treatment he has been subjected to by the Russian Department of Foreign Affairs. Talbot Baines, a well-informed lawyer, informed me that they had a professorship of law at Cambridge, and had just adopted, upon the recommendation of a committee, as the manual for reading and instruction by the students, Wheaton's "International Law." This is a striking fact for the scientific and literary honour of America.

The Prince Consort received, just as I approached him, by the hands of a messenger, a long telegram, which, after exchanging a few words with me, he retired into the yet unopened supper-room to read. I was afterwards told that it was the address delivered by Louis Napoleon to the Council in the course of the day.

The Duke of Devonshire, William Spencer Cavendish, who with such lavish expenditure of wealth represented this country as Ambassador at the coronation of the Czar Nicholas in 1826, died suddenly yesterday at Chatsworth. This will throw an immense family connection into mourning,—the Sutherlands, Portlands, Cliffords, Cavendishes, Granvilles, Argylls, Laboucheres, Carlises, Bagots, etc.

Louis Napoleon's speech to the Senate and Legislative body at the opening of the session yesterday, opens, in my opinion, a new epoch of French Imperial politics. It savours a good deal of a distilled or compressed Presidential message. It is bold, explanatory, and philosophical. His attitude and purposes are unequivocally stated. Clearly he intimates himself to be the French Augustus Cæsar. Let me preserve here a few of his sentences that I think will tell effectively :

“ On a souvent prétendu que pour gouverner la France, il fallait sans cesse donner comme aliment à l'esprit public quelque grand incident théâtral. Je crois, au contraire, qu'il suffit de chercher *exclusivement à faire le bien* pour mériter la confiance du pays.”

“ Il n'y a que les causes *bien définies, nettement formulées*, qui créent des convictions profondes ; il n'y a que les drapeaux *hautement déployés* qui inspirent des dévouemens sincères.”

“ Ne l'oublions pas, la marche de tout *pouvoir nouveau* est longtemps *une lutte*. D'ailleurs il est une vérité écrite à chaque page de l'histoire de la France et de l'Angleterre, c'est qu'une *liberté sans entrave est impossible* tant qu'il existe dans un pays *une fraction obstinée à méconnaître les bases fondamentales du gouvernement*.”

“ Le danger, quoi qu'on dise, n'est pas dans les *prérogatives excessives du pouvoir*, mais plutôt dans *l'absence de lois répressives*.”

“ La *pacification des esprits* devant être le but constant de nos efforts, vous *m'aidez* à rechercher les moyens de *réduire au silence les oppositions* extrêmes et factieuses.”

“ Jamais un assassinat, vînt-il à réussir, n'a servi la cause de ceux qui avaient armé le bras des assassins ; ni le parti qui frappa César, ni celui qui frappa Henri IV.,

ne profitèrent de leur meurtre. *Dieu permet quelquefois la mort du juste, mais il ne permet jamais le triomphe de la cause du crime!*" (this from the perjured author of the coup d'état of 1852).

What a criminal code, and what a system of espionage does this address foreshadow! All efforts are now to be bent to prevent opposition, to silence attack, and to consolidate the tyranny of the Empire. If France submit, she will deserve her fate.

The papers of to-day contain the congratulatory addresses of the legislative bodies to the Emperor on his escape. They all chime in an effort to create feeling against this country as the resort and sanctuary of refugee conspirators and plotting assassins. De Morny uses fierce language, importing that the Emperor should compel England, and indeed every other European country, to banish the miscreants whose only aim is against the very symbol of universal order,—Louis Napoleon.

Sir Edward Cust told me last night that he is finishing a work which he calls "Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century;" that it will, of course, embrace our Revolutionary War, and that, as soon as he has finished that portion of it, he will send me a copy, with a view, if I do not disapprove it, to have it noticed by our Government. He says he can find nothing which entitles Lafayette to military fame, but that Washington was unquestionably a great general.

1858. *January 21.*—The Queen's ball last night was not so inconveniently crowded as usual. The King of the Belgians and the Prince of Prussia were present, and the odor of Germany was paramount. The celebrity most interesting to me was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,

and I had myself introduced. His countenance is stern and impressive, so strongly indeed as to be very attractive.

1858. *January 24.*—The reception of the German royalties at the Prussian legation last night was crowded and brilliant. The impending bridegroom arrived from Berlin in the morning, and, with his father and mother, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and some half-dozen others of the House of Brandenburg, with ladies *sans nombre*, graced the rooms. The chief members of the Ministry, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Oxford, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir William Williams, of Kars, and a reasonable seasoning of diplomats, were present. Conversated with the Archbishop, the twitchings of whose face are adverse to the impression which his high and venerable character would otherwise make. Talked, too, with Earl Stanhope, Sir W. Williams, and Lord Dufferin. This last said he was maturing a project for a trip in his yacht, to which he proposed applying steam, to the West Indies, and thence up the St. Lawrence to our Great Lakes, and through them as far as he can penetrate. His voyage to Iceland, very well narrated, has given him a taste for literary fame. He asserts himself to be a connection of mine, probably through Sir Robert Dallas, the eminent Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

At the fullest swell of the tide, to-day, the bow of the Leviathan gave signs of yielding to its power. She will float from her cradle in a few days.

1858. *January 26.*—Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, Victoria Adelaide, was yesterday married to Frederick William, Prince Royal of Prussia. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, and in

the presence of a comparatively small number of persons. The Diplomatic Corps were provided with places as advantageous and comfortable as the building afforded, in the gallery facing the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London performed the service, the Bishop of Oxford and another being in the background, on the "haut pas." About three hundred people, all told, witnessed the proceeding, which was as brilliant and effective as such a spectacle could possibly be. All the appropriate royalties, appropriately disposed, and making appropriate movements at appropriate moments, executed their respective parts in the interesting show, to the general satisfaction. The entrance of the Queen surrounded by her brood of children, and apparently flurried with natural excitement, inspired the kindest sympathy; the bridegroom's gallant and graceful kissing of the ring as he put it in the hands of the archbishop; the bride's beautiful group of eight attendants uniformly dressed in white, with their hair encircled by wreaths of pink roses; the "abandon" of the embraces and felicitations among the newly-created kindred after the marriage was finished; the joyous aspect of the couple as they left the chapel "man and wife;" the rich and regulated music; the excessive gorgeousness of the "toilettes" and uniforms,—all these striking features combined to give the entire proceeding a beauty and interest which I had not expected.

A State concert at the great ballroom of Buckingham Palace took place in the evening. All the royalties again, and in the centre of the room, on chairs. Eight hundred persons in full costume. The diplomats on rising benches on the right of the royalties. An admirable orchestra of about two hundred Clara Novello,

Julia Pyne, Mrs. Anderson, Giulini, and Weiss, Jr., were the vocalists. Supper at one and bed at three A.M.

The spontaneous illuminations in honor of the wedding were many and brilliant. I contented myself with a "Lone Star."

A more utterly exhausting day rarely happens in the discharge of one's representative duty than was yesterday.

During these festive performances the crowds collected in the streets were immense. The whole population of London seemed to have turned out. In going to Buckingham Palace at night, we were unable, after repeated trials down different streets, to penetrate the masses in Oxford Street until we had driven far west. Many dreadful casualties occurred from the pressure.

The Belgian King, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and their respective suites have taken leave to-day. The grand finale of this great uproar will be at the drawing-room on Saturday next, announced as an occasion for congratulating the married couple.

1858. *January 30.*—Orsini's attempt at the life of Louis Napoleon has, among its consequences, awakened the jealousy of the two nations into crimination and recrimination. The French, in their official harangues and journals, fiercely assail England as the sanctuary and den of assassins. The *Morning Post* pleads guilty, and urges legislative measures to authorize the expulsion of refugees. Count Persigny has ventured to attack the want of law in this country, whereupon the *Times* charges him with neglect of his duty in not having warned the Emperor of the conspiracy, exposes his ignorance and misrepresentations, and firmly says he must explain or retract. In the meanwhile the *Moniteur* is publishing a

series of addresses from the regiments of the army in which vindictive and opprobrious allusions are made to England, and the Emperor is asked to send *them* to clear out this den of miscreants! The question obviously is, to what amount of propitiatory enactment must John Bull crouch before the uplifted Imperial truncheon?

1858. *January 31.*—The Leviathan took to the stream safely to-day at half-past two o'clock.

1858. *February 2.*—The newly-married royal couple, the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, left England to-day. They proceeded on quitting Buckingham Palace to Gravesend, and there embarked for Antwerp on board a yacht.

It is announced that Louis Napoleon, not content with unusually repressive measures, has had presented to the French legislature to-day a law providing a regency should the Prince Imperial be called to the throne while yet a minor. This measure appears to me to have two aspects,—one of dynastic precaution, the other of personal fear. In the latter the father holds up his child as a shield against the conspirators who aim at his life only. Its consequence cannot fail to be, to involve in any plot to rid France of her usurper, the necessity of destroying the son simultaneously with the father. Had the arrangement been secretly made, patriotic revolutionists would not have been warned of this necessity, and the infant might have been contemptuously spared.

1858. *February 5.*—Parliament reassembled yesterday. The subject of amending the law in order to facilitate action against criminal refugees occupied for a time both Houses. Lord Palmerston, in the Commons, said he would offer a bill on Monday next. In the Lords, Lord Derby spoke at length; so did Lord Granville. They

agreed in their general views, insisting upon maintaining the great principle of punishing only those who were proved guilty, but admitting that if the law were defective it should be amended. Lord Campbell vigorously asserted the adequacy of the law, and maintained the hospitality of England to the refugee. Lord Brougham was evidently for propitiating the French Emperor and people.

I went to the Commons to-day. The Prime Minister moved that the whole House carry an address to the Queen congratulatory on the happy marriage of her daughter. Disraeli seconded; unanimity.

Mr. Roebuck spoke fiercely against Persigny, the addresses of the French officers, and the adoption of their sentiments by the Emperor by permitting their publication in the *Moniteur*. Louis Napoleon had thus insulted England. Lord Palmerston replied coarsely.

Mr. ——— dined with us. He had recently been at Paris, and amused us by a lively narrative of his getting to the door of the Opera House just after the attempt at assassination had been made. He might have been dreadfully involved, for his carriage was stopped by a military officer, to whom, as ignorant of the French language, he could make no explanation, and he had in his pocket at the time letters of introduction to Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and others!

1858. *February 6.*—We visited two exhibitions of art to-day; that of paintings at the British Institution was exceedingly pleasing. A picture of the interesting incident at Lucknow, of a Scotch girl suddenly becoming wild with delight as her acute hearing detected the notes of the bagpipe and the tune of "The Campbells are Coming!" had a singular charm. The sculpture of

Petrich was not so attractive. His Tecumseh, and other Indian chiefs, in marble, are exaggerations. His reliefs, in a sort of terra-cotta, representing Indian waldances, are good.

Went to Lord Palmerston's in the evening. Was much gratified by several conversations,—with Count Kreptovitch, who has ceased to be of the corps; Admiral von Dorkum; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who compared the absence of all monumental relics in India with the recent archæological discoveries in the United States, and who thought that the great chance of retaining their Indian empire was founded upon the resistless superiority of civilized intellect over an almost incurable barbarism; and with Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, who was particularly inquisitive as to whether, in the administration of the criminal law in America, we made any distinction between the citizen and the foreigner.

1858. *February 9.*—Went to the House of Commons to hear the debate on the bill introduced by Lord Palmerston, which may hereafter be known as the Refugee Bill, changing the criminal law by making the *misde-meanor* of conspiring to kill, in or out of England, punishable by fine and imprisonment, a *felony* punishable with confinement at hard labour, and in some cases by transportation. The question was on the mere first reading. It was ably and eloquently opposed by Warren ("Ten Thousand a Year"), by Lord John Russell, and by several others. Disraeli was flat and undetermined. It was carried by a majority exceeding two hundred.

1858. *February 10.*—Went in the evening to two parties,—a crowded one of Milner Gibson's, and a dance of Sir Frederick Thesiger's. Talked to Lady Derby, with whom was her daughter, Lady Emma Stanley. Sir

Francis Airey introduced himself to me. He has been presenting an American horse-tamer to the Queen, and knows the secret, but cannot account for the effect produced upon the animal.

1858. *February 11.*—Dined with Lord Overstone; about fifteen at table,—among them the political economist McCulloch, Sir Henry Holland, and Captain Frazier, of the Guards. After dinner, competitive examinations were discussed, and generally ridiculed. McCulloch said that at the Commissariat examinations, a standing question put to a candidate was, Where was Calvin born? This led to an enumeration of curious questions. Lord Overstone: What's the use of mountains? Captain Frazier: How many fish were taken in the miraculous draught? McCulloch: What country was Christ from? Sir H. Holland remarked that the senior wranglers were given up at Oxford, because modern science overstrained and baffled the strongest faculties.

On Lady Overstone's drawing-room centre-table was a perfect bijou under glass, cut in pure white marble,—an infant's plump, spread hand emerging as it were from a ruffle of pointed leaves,—by our Power.

1858. *February 12.*—The House of Commons, when I reached there, were listening to Lord Palmerston's speech on his motion for leave to introduce a bill reorganizing the government of India. Its principle is simply the transfer of the Government from the Directors, Proprietors, and Board of Control to a Council appointed by the Crown, consisting of eight members and a President, who will be a member of the Cabinet, the name of the Queen to be hereafter employed instead of the Company's. I thought Lord Palmerston fell far short of the real mag-

nitude of the occasion. He seemed little impressed with the idea that the extraordinary corporation he was about abolishing had begun as a few enterprising merchants, had gradually and peaceably acquired immense territorial possessions and power, and had annexed to the Crown of England a magnificent empire teeming with wealth of every description, and with a population six times as large as that of Great Britain. Mr. Thomas Baring followed against the bill in an admirable address, specially enforcing the unsuitableness of a period of protracted rebellion for any change like the one proposed. The debate was adjourned, at the suggestion of Mr. Roebuck, to be resumed, I presume, on Monday next. The diplomatic box was crowded by Lords Monteaule, Derby, Grey, Ellenborough, etc., whose conversation across and with me indicated fixed opposition to the measure.

I am reading Lord Normanby's "Year of Revolution in Paris." As far as I have yet gone in it, it is superficial, badly constructed, and vapid. During the revolutionary days, after Louis Philippe had abdicated, and while the Provisional Government, headed in part by Lamartine, were labouring to avert anarchy, his Lordship, personally much alarmed, very wisely trusted for safety to the Laws of Nations, and declined to be protected by a corps of National Guards or an embodied company of two hundred Englishmen. This, if strictly true, does him great honour.

I am making arrangements to-day for *nabbing*, as soon as they arrive in the United States, some three hundred or four hundred Mormons on their way, with arms and ammunition, to join Brigham Young.

1858. *February 14.*—The crowd at Lord Palmerston's

last night was great and dull. There had been a state dinner at the Speaker's, and all the members of Government came to the Premier's in full ornamental dress. The Chancellor of the Exchequer asked me how he could obtain information as to our recent panic in the United States; its cause, whether excess of credit generally or excess of bank issues, and its effect upon the price of gold and silver. I told him how to go about it. He said he would authorize Lord Napier to expend two hundred to three hundred pounds in procuring for him a full and accurate view of the subject. Countess Persigny was there without her husband, the Ambassador. He is said to be in Paris, either because he expected to be made Minister of the Interior, in Billault's place, or because he is preparing to give way to Count Walewski, who has made the Court of St. James rather unpleasant to him, or, finally, because he wishes to go through the preliminary steps of being in form made a member of the Council of State newly created.

A criminal trial for libel is about to come off in Brabant. It springs out of a rather fierce notice taken in a paper, called the *Drapeau*, of the attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon on the 14th inst. The libellous article alleged: "For our part, we know of no attempt more terrible, more execrable, than the one which was committed successfully on the night of the 2d of December, 1851, against the liberty and life of the French people. Yes, it is a frightful thing to think that at the present day a people, in order to get back its liberty, stolen from it by highway robbery, should be reduced to the last mode,—that of assassinating a man. But what is more frightful than to have seen a people morally and materially assassinated for the advantage of this same

man? Before making ourselves the cursers of the murderers, let us be informed who is the greatest murderer, and who is the most worthy of our curses. Until then, we can only see in attempts similar to that of Thursday evening that which is called the return of things here below, with a warning to the elect of Providence to have always present to his mind this expression of Scripture, 'He who makes use of the sword shall perish by the sword.'" The defendant is Mr. Louis Labarre. The prosecution is a propitiation to Louis Napoleon, who will hardly find it difficult to dragoon Belgium.

1858. *February 15.*—In the Commons, on the India bill, heard Mr. Roebuck, who was rather general and feeble, and the Irish orator, Mr. Whitesides, whose animation and vigour, in proving the inconsistency of the chief members of the Cabinet in proposing this form of measure, were irresistible. The quotations he made from the speeches of Sir Charles Wood, in 1853, were pointed and striking, as if directly condemnatory of the leading features of the bill.

1858. *February 16.*—Met at the Duchess Dowager of Somerset's, Lord Panmure, Mr. Villiers, Sir Benjamin Hall, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief-Justice of Common Pleas, and some members of Parliament. The Duchess is unbounded in her admiration of everything American. Her dishes were "à la Washington," "à la Niagara," "à la République Américaine," and the chief ornaments of her table were small flags of white satin, on which were handsomely painted the arms of the United States.

1858. *February 18.*—Considerable popular excitement is brewing against the new Conspiracy or Alien Bill, and a meeting in Hyde Park is contemplated on Sunday next.

At the first levee of the season to-day I conversed with a number of eminent gentlemen,—the Irish Solicitor-General, Sir John Harding, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, etc. The two former, as law officers, to my surprise, introduced the tenth article of the treaty of 1842, on the extradition of criminals, and expressed their entire approval of my construction. How they knew it, I forbore to inquire. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Labouchere, entered upon the topic of the intention of the Mormons to migrate into the territory held by license by the Hudson Bay Company. He said if they once get there it would be difficult to get rid of them, notwithstanding the expressed repugnance of the Queen to have such "horrid creatures" among her subjects. Her Majesty was beset by deputations presenting addresses of congratulation on the late marriage. She knighted two gentlemen, and many, on bended knee, kissed her hand.

The *Moniteur* disputes the accuracy of Lord Palmerston's statement as to the legacy to Cantillon, and proposes by an official statement to disprove the allegation that Louis Napoleon has acted upon the idea that his uncle was deranged. The Premier would seem to have rather carelessly trodden upon the toes of his Imperial favourite.

A strong gathering took place yesterday in Lambeth hostile to the Conspiracy Bill; another is preparing at Liverpool; another at Sheffield. The pertinacious interference of French police agents here, in dogging the movements of every refugee, is attracting notice, and will rouse a dangerous feeling.

1858. *February* 20.—Last night, or rather this morning about one, the House of Commons divided on an amendment to Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, offered

by Milner Gibson, recently elected for Ashton-on-Lyne. In effect the amendment struck out the whole bill, and substituted a censure upon the Government for not having replied to the despatch of Walewski of the 20th of January, 1858. Mr. Gibson maintained his amendment by a speech admirable in reasoning and tone, and was ably supported by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Walpole. The Conservatives and true Liberals united, and beat the Ministry by a majority of nineteen. The mode of putting the question was thus: The Speaker stated that the motion was to read the bill a second time; that to that motion an amendment was offered, and he read it; then, Shall the words proposed to be struck out, stand part of the question? The reply of the House was two hundred and fifteen ayes, two hundred and thirty-four noes! A result so unexpected and striking produced among the victors vociferous cheering, and the opposition papers are to-day full of exultation. In the city it is thought the Ministry will not resign. They are silly politicians if they delay a moment. Declaring their defeat as a proof of hostility to the French alliance, and their determination not to administer the Government except by strengthening that alliance in every constitutional way, their retirement from office could not but be of very short duration. The great gathering to-morrow in Hyde Park will have a merry time, now that they are backed by a majority in the House of Commons.

Dined with the Queen to-day at eight. I walked the beautiful Duchess of Manchester to her seat at the table, her Majesty in the centre, with the Prince Consort on her right. This is a novel arrangement, and may be owing to the new title, which the German Masters of Ceremo-

nies refuse to accept. Between me and the Prince Consort was the Duchess of Cambridge, and to my right, beyond the Duchess of Manchester, was Lord Clarendon. To the Queen's left was, first, the Prince of Wales, then the Duchess of Wellington, then the Duke of Manchester, then Mrs. Dallas. The Princess Mary of Cambridge sat opposite the Queen, having on her right the Duke of Wellington, and on her left the Turkish Ambassador, Musurus. The rest of the company—Madame Musurus, Lady Clarendon, Lady Mary Wood, Lord Byron, two other Lords, and two other ladies in waiting—came in proper succession. I found my neighbour chatty and agreeable. The dinner, of course, admirable, was improved by delightful music from an unseen band. It was half-past eight before we were at table, and not more than half-past ten when we rose and went into the Picture Gallery, to coffee or tea. And here it was that the ministerial defeat in the House of Commons, at one in the morning, began to tell by little noticeable incidents. The Duke of Wellington first whispered to me that he knew that the Cabinet had resigned; then there were protracted conversations between the Queen and, first, Lord Clarendon, and, second, Sir Charles Wood; then the young heir apparent, carelessly addressing Lady Wood, remarked, "Well, the Ministers are all out;" and then Lord Clarendon, who affected great loudness of spirits, said to the beautiful Duchess, of her husband, "He may be First Lord of the Admiralty." So, then, here was the Court of Victoria Regina first conscious of a great change in the administration of the Empire! How gently it works! While it may convulse the nation, and lead to a general European war, in the Palace it but "points a moral or adorns a tale," and is acknowledged only by a few smiles

and jests. Lord Palmerston held a council in Downing Street at three o'clock, and at four he was seen, riding gayly on his high charger, on his way to Buckingham Palace to divest himself and associates of office and power! I ask myself, reflectively, whether this calm acquiescence in the ascendancy of the popular will, as announced by a sudden majority in a single House of Parliament, does not resemble and almost equal the general submission we accord to the result of an election.

In the short conversation I had in my turn with the Queen, I hoped that Her Majesty had been informed that the spirit of festivity had on the 25th of January been wafted from London, across the Atlantic, to Washington? She was apparently much gratified, and said she intended sending to the President a medal which she had had struck in commemoration of the occasion. She is obviously proud of the match her daughter has made. "There is," as she says, "but one small bitter drop in the bowl. My daughter necessarily is separated from me; but, you know, it is impossible to have *everything* exactly as we like."

We took our customary seats round the Queen's tea-table, and I engaged Lady Clarendon in conversation. Both she and Lady Wood had rather a look of dejection. At one moment, noticing Lady Clarendon's eyes to redden a little, and thinking that I perceived a tendency to more water in them than might be comfortable, I hurried to describe my delight at witnessing the scene of the eight bridesmaids, in which her daughter, Lady Constance Villiers, had performed a part in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The mother got the better of the politician; and I avoided the rock.

Lord Byron, in the course of the evening, very hand-

somely apologized for having seen us so little. His railway accident, a year ago, has left a permanent pain in his head, and has so injured Lady Byron's health that she can rarely leave her house. There is in his face a very singular resemblance to my father.

1858. *February 22.*—When Lord Palmerston on Saturday resigned, the Queen sent for Lord Derby, who obtained an audience that very evening, before the dinner I have described. Since then he has had a consultation with Gladstone, who agreed to join him, upon condition that his associates—the Duke of Newcastle, Sir James Graham, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—would agree; but these gentlemen declined being members of a Tory cabinet, and, of course, Mr. Gladstone declines also. Lord Derby is, therefore, embarrassed at the threshold, and may find it impossible to compose a ministry.

The irritation in Paris is said to be extreme. The correspondent of *The Post* intimates even the possibility of war. I have been told that while the Conspiracy Bill was still discussing, Count Persigny called upon the Earl of Derby, and spoke earnestly as to its passing. "But it may not," said the Earl; "what then?" "La guerre," was the reply. "That," coolly returned Lord Derby, "you had better tell Lord Claren Jon." The next day the Ambassador went to Paris, whence he has not returned.

1858. *February 24.*—I met last night, at Sir John Shaw Lefevre's, Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, Lord Overstone, Sir George Grey, and Sir Frederick Thesiger. They informed me that Lord Derby had completed his Cabinet and submitted it to the Queen. Thesiger is the new Lord Chancellor, and said that he had on that account withdrawn from the trial against the Royal British

Bank directors which he had been prosecuting until that morning.

The *Times* of to-day contains the following as the Ministry:

Prime or Treasury	Derby.	Palmerston.
Exchequer	Disraeli.	Lewis.
Lord Chancellor	Thesiger.	Cranworth.
President of Council	Salisbury.	Granville.
Privy Seal	Hardwicke.	Clanricarde.
Home Secretary	Mr. Walpole.	Sir G. Grey.
Foreign Secretary	Malmesbury.	Clarendon.
Colonial Secretary	E. B. Lytton.	Labouchere.
War Secretary	General Peel.	Panmure.
First Lord of Admiralty	Sir J. Pakington.	Sir C. Wood.
Postmaster-General	Colchester.	Argyll.
President of Board of Trade . .	Henley.	Stanley of Alderney.
President of Board of Control .	Ellenborough.	Vernon Smith.
First Commissioner of Works .	Lord J. Manners.	Sir B. Hall.
Attorney-General	Sir F. Kelly.	Sir R. Bethell.
Lord Lieutenant (Ireland) . .	Eglinton.	Carlisle.

1858. *February* 26.—Dined with Mr. Hankey. In the evening went to Lady Colchester's; the rooms crowded with triumphant conservatives. The new Lord Chancellor, the new Attorney-General, the new Colonial Secretary, the new Postmaster-General, and various others, all beaming with exulting smiles. I am told that the rival reception at Lady Stanley of Alderney's was sombre,—almost lachrymose. Sir F. Thesiger says that the first use he makes of the great seal, after receiving it, is to affix it, that casualties may be avoided, to the instrument which secures his own retiring pension of five thousand pounds per annum! To be sure, this is a small matter to a leading lawyer in full practice like Sir Frederick, whose honoraria amount sometimes to thirty thousand. The pension is, however, for life; his Lord

Chancellorship may last six months or a year, and it equals the salary of our President!

Persigny is reported to have returned from France, with instructions to persevere in requiring the fulfilment of Walewski's despatch of January 20th. If this be true, the Derby administration will find it hard to avoid an early fall, for hostility to the "Conspiracy-to-Murder Bill" is declaring itself violently all over the country, and yet the state necessity of propitiating the Emperor is felt to be imminent.

1858. *February 27.*—Lord Derby was expected to announce the circumstances of his accession to office, and a general programme of policy, yesterday afternoon in the House of Lords. I went to hear, but, meeting in the antechamber the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Chancellor Cranworth, was informed by them that the matter would be postponed till Monday. Is there a hitch?

All the old Ministers surrendered to the Queen yesterday, and the new ones accepted from her, the seals of their respective offices.

Mr. Lindsay, M.P., called upon me to-day. He is having a consultation with a knot of members of the House upon the course to be pursued to effect an abolition of Light Dues as far at least as they affect the shipping of the United States trading with this country. As we tax no one, he naturally thinks we ought not to be taxed. I gave him ideas and memoranda on which he intends acting. He read me a capital and characteristic letter he had just got from Mr. Cobden, on the retributive justice exemplified in Milner Gibson and John Bright being the Tellers to announce to the House of Commons the majority of nineteen on the vote of censure which has driven Palmerston from office!

I received to-day the customary official note from Lord Clarendon informing me of his resignation of the office of Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of the Queen having confided the seals of that Department to Lord Malmesbury. I immediately acknowledged the receipt of this letter, and concluded by expressing a high and lasting appreciation of the urbanity, candour, and friendliness by which our intercourse had been uniformly characterized. This closes my representative connection with the Palmerston Ministry. Will it be renewed? Lord Clarendon is now fifty-seven years of age. He has had much experience in public life, having begun as secretary or attaché to the British legation at St. Petersburg, when Mr. Bagot, who was formerly in the United States, was Minister at that Court. He filled various missions abroad, particularly that at Madrid. He was in early life a sort of Commissioner of Customs, attached to the revenue department in Dublin, and ended his career in Ireland when he ceased to be its Lord Lieutenant. As a man of business he is quick in perception, exceedingly plausible in manner, laborious, and talented, and sufficiently punctual, though sometimes dilatory. He has the appearance more than the sentiment of frankness, and will occasionally inspire distrust by physiognomical, never verbal, expressions of cunning. These looks are transient, and do not indicate his conduct. I have not known him guilty of actual deception in a single instance, for, although I think he should have apprised me of his having introduced into the Treaty with Honduras the clause repudiating slavery in the Bay Islands, which, subsequently detected by the Senate, produced the rejection of my independent instrument, yet, from the

course which the negotiation took, he was not bound to do so, and, in a British point of view, might well consider the details of the arrangement with Mr. Herran as matters with which I had really nothing to do. I have always thought that the Honduras Minister overreached himself by introducing that provision at a moment of anxious suspense, just before the convention was finally drafted, in order to propitiate capitalists in reference to the railway across the Isthmus. Some miner in the quarries of historical archives may hereafter detect the precise moment when, and the precise inducement to, that suicidal disregard of the feeling known to exist in America. My judgment is that Lord Clarendon, who was perfectly aware of our sensitiveness on the point, would never have originated the clause, though, when offered it by Herran and backed by those whose wealth was about to be invested in the transit, he might feel, as an English abolitionist acting for a nation of abolitionists, bound to accept it.

Lord Clarendon is no orator. I think, indeed, that it is always painful to listen to his speeches, for, though his matter is full and exact, his hesitating and drawling are oppressive beyond measure. He never would do on the Treasury Bench in the Commons. He is safer in the dull drawing-room of legislation among oligarchs, always polite to each other, and seldom zealous enough in debate to quit the tame colloquial path. Nor is he an effective writer. He is considered generally as the real author of Palmerston's overthrow by having shrunk from answering in a firm manner the insolent despatch of Walewski. Notwithstanding all this, his abilities are so established, his personal deportment so unexception-

able and conciliatory, that I venture to predict his being Prime Minister when Derby is voted down.

1858. *March* 1.—Went to the House of Lords. Crowded in every part to hear the new premier's programme. The opposition, the late Ministers, Granville, Clarendon, Argyll, Lansdowne, Clanricarde, Panmure, etc., all on the left of the Lord Chancellor, with full benches. Lord Palmerston stood in the midst of a throng, in front of the throne, and, of course, outside the bar. Many ladies in the gallery. The Commons in large numbers. Four bishops and the archbishop in their robes. On the Treasury Bench were Lords Derby, Malmesbury, Montrose, Hardwicke, Ellenborough, Colchester, etc.

Lord Derby spoke for nearly two hours. He professed incompetency for the great task he had undertaken. Recapitulated the incidents which led the Queen to summon him. Read the motion of Milner Gibson, and adopted it as the sense of Parliament. Laboured through a narrative of the attempt on Louis Napoleon's life, which he strongly depicted as wanting in no feature of aggravation. Argued that the law of England punished the conspiracy to kill anybody anywhere, but would not say that the punishment was adequate. His course on this topic would be to do what his predecessors had omitted, that is, he would reply to the despatch of Count Walewski, and he expected satisfactory explanations to follow. Anticipated an easy arrangement on the India bill. Vaguely promised, as to Reform, a measure next session.

A criminal proceeding against a bookseller here for libel is going on. The man's name is Edward Truelove. The alleged libel is the circulation of a pamphlet printed in Lon-

don on the 24th of February, 1858, signed by three persons, who describe themselves as "the Committee of the Revolutionary Commune." It vindicates with extraordinary force and fearlessness of eloquence the "attentat" of Orsini, and gives assurance that Italian patriotism will yet strike down their tyrant. Strange that, even for the ostensible purpose of condemning it, so powerful a paper should be allowed to appear in the *Morning Post*, as it does to-day! *Quem Deus vult perdere*, etc.

1858. *March 3.*—I had to-day a long visit from the Marquess of Lansdowne. He is now seventy-seven years of age, and is a sample of the "fine old English gentleman." He is a permanent member of the Privy Council, and will not, therefore, I presume, be personally affected by the overthrow of the Whig Ministry. His conversation was highly agreeable. We talked upon all the topics of the day freely. We considered the state of historical literature in our two countries; and while I spoke of Alison, Macaulay, Grote, and Hallam, he was warmly eulogistic of Bancroft and Prescott, to the former of whom he had lent the correspondence of his father, who was in the Ministry when our Treaty of 1783 was made. He took occasion to ask my opinion on the law of conspiracy in reference to foreigners, and where the overt acts were to be committed in another country. I expressed my judgment, as I had expressed to Lord Campbell, that it was impossible for me to entertain a doubt that, wherever the doctrine of the common law prevailed, an alien was as much amenable to the criminal code as a conspirator as a citizen, and that there could be no immunity, except in the known cases of foreign Ministers, and that even they might by circumstances of an extreme character render themselves liable to the

penal law. I thought he indicated as a party man a slight disappointment at the strength of my conviction of what the law is.

1858. *March 6.*—Went at night to Lord Palmerston's. I think every one of the retired Ministry was there; the rooms, however, not crowded. Lady Holland and I disputed the age of Lord Derby. I thought him sixty-seven, she fifty-seven. I find, on examining, that he is fifty-eight. Lord Stanley, of whose speech on being re-elected every one is speaking in more or less eulogy, is thirty-two. Here is something analogous to Chatham and Pitt. Stanley was an under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office during his father's short ministry in 1852. I think him a sound Radical; he is usually termed a Conservative Liberal; he frankly avows that he entered the present Cabinet only because it is his *father's*.

Young Viscount Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, introduced his wife to me, and she subsequently presented her father, Sir Allan McNab! I remember that, when at St. Petersburg, in 1838, I wrote home to Forsyth, our Secretary of State, a violent condemnation of the *then Colonel* McNab for his capture and destruction of the steamer *Caroline*.

In the course of the day called on my neighbour, W. S. Lindsay, M.P. He, Bright, Roebuck, and Milner Gibson are pushing the point of abolishing the Light Dues. They have agreed upon the fundamental principle that every civilized nation is bound to pay the expense of lighting its own coasts and waters; and now they are collecting materials for a strong and well-digested movement. They have all kinds of difficulties to encounter,—traditionary, corporate, and financial.

Went to see Sir Henry Holland. He read me a part of a letter he had just received from Paris, which represented France as *honeycombed* with secret societies, and illustrated the strict system of espionage by the case of a British nobleman, who, accustomed to regale himself at a particular café with the *Indépendance Belge* and his coffee, on one occasion, having called for his newspaper, was handed one which had obviously been cut down and pruned throughout by censorship. "Pshaw!" said he, "give me the genuine article." The waiter busied himself as if anxious to find it, when a third personage stepped up, and requested his Lordship to accompany him into an adjoining room. He demurred. The police-card was shown him, and he was conducted to prison! Sir Henry seemed to think the Emperor misled by his "entourage."

An admirable leader in the *Times* against the insolent pretension and effort of Louis Napoleon to enlist the penal codes of all Europe for his personal purposes. Belgium, Switzerland, and Sardinia yield, but Austria indignantly takes fire.

1858. *March 11.*—Went to-night to Lord Salisbury's. He is the new President of the Privy Council. I have known him for some time,—a plain, unaffected gentleman, more of the rural character than political. His house in London is large and handsome; nothing equal, however, to Hatfield, which I drove to while staying with Bulwer Lytton at Knebworth. The grand staircase here is uncommonly fine and effective. The saloons were crowded; the principal one is very large, with arched ceiling, and lighted by an immense hoop of wax candles and a gas skylight. The furniture is unequal to the mansion. Met Bulwer Lytton, whom I have not encountered

for months, and expressed regret that he adhered to the *Nolo episcopari*. He thought the Derby Cabinet would be short-lived.

1858. *March 12.*—In the evening at Dr. Barlow's, one of the secretaries to the British Institution, and thence to Lord Overstone's, where there were professional musicians who played and sang finely. I had gone in the afternoon to the House of Commons, where Mr. Disraeli announced, as his first ministerial communication, that the "painful misconceptions" between the English and French Governments were satisfactorily settled. The case of the two British engineers criminally prosecuted at Naples, after being arrested on board the *Cagliari*, was introduced, and an interesting debate sprung up, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the leader for the Cabinet, and his colleague, Mr. Fitzgerald, under-Secretary of State, expressed the view of Government to adhere to the course of their predecessors; while Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Roebuck, and Lord John Russell urged that a recently-ascertained fact, acknowledged by the Neapolitan functionaries in their correspondence with Count Cavour,—to wit, that the *Cagliari* was illegally captured on the high seas,—changed the aspect of the case, and warranted a demand for their suffering countrymen.

Shoals of welcome letters from the United States.

1858. *March 15.*—Went to the Lords, expecting an explanation or exculpation from the Marquess of Clanricarde on the subject of his conduct in the celebrated Hancock scandal. Odd enough, many ladies attended, as he had given public notice of his intention. He abstained; perhaps on account of the audience. Lord Brougham and Lord Chancellor Chelmsford (Thesiger) had a short

debate on a bill, and I was exceedingly gratified at witnessing the dignity and talent with which the latter triumphed over his great antagonist.

1858. *March 16.*—An evening paper states that one of the French Colonels, devoted to the Emperor, has sent a challenge to Mr. Roebuck, for what he said in one of the recent discussions on the Conspiracy-to-Murder Bill. So the desire to kill a political adversary is not confined to the refugees in London!

By the by, Lord Malmesbury laid upon the table last evening the correspondence with Walewski, which would seem for the present to close the controversy on the refugee matter. Orsini and Pierri were guillotined on the morning of Saturday last. They both behaved admirably, the former especially so. In a little while their names will be enrolled on the list of martyred patriots.

1858. *March 17.*—Queen's levée at half-past one; considerably thronged. Dined with Mr. Lindsay, Milner Gibson, Roebuck, Cairns, Lord Clarence Paget, Lord Goderich, Lord Bury, Bramley Moore, and many more, about twenty in all. After the dessert, discussed the *national duty* of lighting the coasts free to foreign commerce. The motion to be introduced in the House of Commons by Lord Paget was carefully considered; three or four written forms for it submitted by Roebuck and Gibson. I explained, at request, the constitutional and legal condition of the Light-House Board in the United States. They will probably shape their course to obtain a similar executive department.

Heard in the course of the day many expressions of sentiment which indicate that the correspondence between Malmesbury and Walewski is very far from extracting the poison from the wound inflicted on the alliance.

Went to Lord Derby's reception.

1858. *March 18.*—Took the ladies to see some pictures at present attracting notice. The principal one was a very large painting, by Winterhalter, of the Empress Eugénie, in the centre of a group of seven ladies of her Court. They are all exceedingly beautiful, but too much alike for distinctive portraits. One of the loveliest, perhaps the very loveliest, is a daughter of Colonel Thorne, of New York. They are represented in woodland scenery, seated or kneeling, and one or two standing. The Empress is on a sort of raised bank of green turf. Rich flowers, in one large cluster, on the foreground. The artist is of the French school of extreme finish.

There was also a fine large painting of Sir William Williams and Staff quitting Kars; also a capital portrait of the Princess Royal, marked as the property of the Queen; engravings of great excellence of this last were much admired. A number of fine and agreeable sketches of the eight bridesmaids at the recent royal wedding.

Went to the House of Commons. Mr. Cairns came to me in the gallery, and kindly offered to furnish the information I am seeking for Senator Pearce respecting the agricultural colleges and schools of England.

1858. *March 24.*—Barney Williams gave me the first hearty laugh I have had since my mission began. His wife exhibited great powers of transition in various personations. She represented an American lady, whose English lover had suddenly withdrawn his attention and gone travelling to Seville. She determined to pursue and regain him; and with some concert with others, and by the assumption, at the hotel where all are collected, of different striking characters, remaining herself, *in propria persona*, invisible and incog., she finally effects her object.

The farce is something of "She Stoops to Conquer." She is a prima donna, a ballet-dancer, a capital London exquisite, a Spanish bull-fighter, an Italian jealous husband, and an American lady's maid. Mr. Williams had been exceedingly attentive in his preparations to receive us. A manager was at the door of the theatre to receive our carriage and escort the ladies to their assigned box, which was enlarged by the removal of a partition. Handsome bouquets of flowers lay on the broad front ledge; and at the close of "Rory O'More," the orchestra, after playing other tunes, fell, as if casually, into "Hail, Columbia!"

Went to Mr. Percival's, whose daughter married Walpole, of the present Ministry. Queen's levée at two. Dined with Mr. Darby Griffith, M.P. for Devizes. Went at ten to meet the Duchess of Cambridge at Mrs. Bates', certainly one of the most finished and elegant receptions we have seen in London. Had a long and lively chat with Earl Grey. The beauty of the youthful Duchess of Manchester quite *éblouissante*. Proceeded finally to Northumberland House, where the crowd was actually crushing. Met Bulwer Lytton, and Judge Haliburton was introduced to me.

1858. *March 25.*—Lord Salisbury's reception. Met there Sir Charles Lyell, and made the acquaintance of the celebrated Wheatstone, with whom I conversed for some time. He is a friend of Dallas Bache and a correspondent of Professor Henry.

1858. *March 26.*—Dined with Thomas Baring, meeting Lord and Lady Monteagle, Count Straleski, who has been in all parts of the world and knows everything, Mr. and Mrs. Raikes Currie, Mr. McCulloch, Mr. Panizzi, and Mrs. Henry Baring. The Count knew Yeh of Canton,

and said he was grossly travestied by the press and in engravings. The Duke of Malakoff he represented as even more corpulent than Panizzi. The gallery—and, indeed, all the rooms constitute a crowded gallery—was brilliantly lighted up, and afforded, after dinner, a delightful lounge. Paintings and objects of vertu are multitudinous and exquisite.

1858. *March 27.*—Mr. Disraeli introduced the new India bill of the new Cabinet in the House of Commons last night. His speech, explanatory of its provisions, was uncommonly clear and good. The project of the Government is exceedingly bold and complicated. A Minister of the Crown, with a seat in Parliament, and a Council of eighteen,—nine Councillors nominated by the Crown, nine elective; of the elective, five chosen by the present constituencies of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast, one by each, and four by Indian constituencies,—that is, constituencies who have served in India prescribed periods, hold public stock of East India Company, or are registered proprietors of India railway stock to the amount of two thousand pounds; these constituencies are estimated at five thousand. Novel as the plan is, it improves upon Lord Palmerston's, by avoiding patronage. In some of its features it is essentially clap-trap. It was denounced by Roebuck and Bright, and will have a hard road to travel.

The Ministry are beginning to tell by their measures. They have got the two engineers out of the cells of Naples; they have stunned the world with their India Bill; they have seemingly quieted France; and now their changes in the Diplomatic Corps are revealed. They send to Vienna, in place of Sir Hamilton Seymour, Lord A. Loftus, now Secretary at Berlin; to Madrid, vice

Howden, Mr. Buchanan, now Minister at Copenhagen; to St. Petersburg, instead of Lord Wodehouse, my quondam friend Crampton; to Copenhagen, Mr. Elliot, now Secretary at Vienna; to Florence, Mr. Howard, now Secretary at Paris; and to Paris, as Secretary, Lord Chelsea.

In the evening, at Lady Palmerston's, Lord Palmerston pounced upon me the question, what I thought of the new India bill? and I plumply answered that it struck me as a brilliant specimen of imaginative statesmanship, a perfect labyrinth of intricate and incongruous details. He said it was an odd mess and wholly impracticable.

We dined at Lord Malmesbury's, whose house is in Whitehall Gardens. There were at table my colleague Lavradio, of Portugal, and his wife, Lord and Lady Ingestrie, Bulwer Lytton, Colonel Lennox, Lady Manners, Mr. Bidwell, etc. Everything exceedingly plain. Lady Malmesbury, a most intelligent and agreeable woman, complained of the prevailing violence of party-spirit, and the discomforts ungenerously produced by the opposition. His Lordship's family name is Harris; he is fifty-one years of age; he held the Foreign Office under Lord Derby as Prime Minister, 1852; his wife is Emma Clorisande, daughter of the Earl of Tankerville. I cannot yet pretend to have formed an opinion of the new Secretary. He is of a meditative aspect, slow in address, a countenance that lights up agreeably, and rather chary of speech.

1858. *March* 30.—Dined with Mr. Moffat, M.P., Eaton Square; Mr. Villiers, Mr. Delane, Mr. Morrison, Colonel Scarlett, Phil, and another M.P. Colonel Scarlett has just returned from a seven months' range in the United States, and is enthusiastic in expressing his delight. He

was in the Crimea, and as an observing soldier was struck with the American Kit, in every respect four to one better than the English.

1858. *April 6.*—Yesterday, Mr. Latrobe, of Baltimore, Sir Henry Holland, young Tricoupi and his sister, and Dr. Gullen, of the navy, dined with us. We had a capital dinner, and were gay until near twelve at night. Latrobe spent several months in St. Petersburg, whence he has just returned, as counsel for the railway contractors, Winans & Co., who paid him a fee of sixty thousand dollars, paid his expenses, and treated him *en prince*. He agreeably revived our recollections of persons and places in the Russian capital.

Easter has thinned London, and few incidents worth noting come to my attention.

Went to-day to the studio of Cropsey. His landscapes are admirable. They are nearly all of American scenery. His largest and best are a view of the Green Mountains in Vermont and one of the fall scenery on the Susquehanna. Others are beautiful sketches on the Hudson. The richness of colouring which marks the foliage of our autumn is scarcely understood here, and rather depreciated as extravagant and untrue to nature.

1858. *April 8.*—The capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell is officially announced.

1858. *April 9.*—Invited to the Foreign Office by Lord Malmesbury. His conversation is a decided earnest of conciliatory dispositions on the part of the new Ministry. His lordship avowed that he thought the American Continent was destined to be absorbed by the United States, and why be perpetually resisting what cannot be prevented? for his part he had no objection. He wished to put an end to every difference between England and

America. The proposal to arbitrate the subjects of disagreement as to the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty was still open for acceptance; but, if declined, the abrogation of that Convention, as intimated in the President's message, would not be objected to by this government.

1858. *April 11.*—A strong article in the *Spectator* of yesterday deplores the total unfitness of the English existing statesmen to govern the country. Every one has in succession failed, whether Whig or Tory. This would, in a liberal quarter, seem to be specially aimed against Lord Palmerston.

Commodore Armstrong represents public affairs in China to be upside down. A joint remonstrance with the English, French, and Russian Ministers to the Emperor may possibly have been signed; but they do not act together in measures of hostility. He tells me a curious fact: that all the originals of the Treaties heretofore made with the Chinese by the western powers, including ourselves, were found at Canton, showing beyond a doubt that they had never been transmitted to Peking, and were wholly unknown to the Imperial government! It is a singular feature of the Chinese social and political polity that no common bond or sympathy exists between adjoining districts: each has to settle its own quarrels; that one should be attacked and detached violently from the others, is regarded with unconcern, or at most as a matter for the local mandarins to rectify.

Our chargé d'affaires at Brussels called. Changarnier, residing in Belgium, expressed to him utter amazement at the appointment of Malakoff to London, and could only understand it as the entering wedge to a breach. He was of opinion that though it might be almost impossible to effect the landing of a French army in Eng-

land, yet if that were accomplished with twenty thousand men, the island would be conquered. Mr. Clark ridiculed the idea. I did not; on the contrary, my impression was that a promise not to interfere with the personal and property rights of the great body of the people would keep them quiet; that the oligarchy had succeeded in finally extinguishing patriotism. To be sure, if they had a large or adequate standing army stationed at home, it would fight bravely, for it would be paid for fighting; but, *en masse*, the people would not stir an inch as volunteers to save a system which has driven the cold iron of contempt into their very souls, and grinds them to dust with taxes.

Bonaparte is overshooting himself by excessive mystery. He is at something, but no one can imagine what. England watches, Austria fears, Italy hopes, Belgium cowers, Germany dreams.

1858. *April 13.*—Went to the Commons. Lord John Russell on his feet, proposing that the principles and details of the India Government be settled by a series of resolutions in committee. Obviously, he wants to help the administration over the stile, and to plant himself in the attitude of great mediator. Horsman and Margles approve. Sir C. Wood, Lord Palmerston, and Bouverie oppose. Disraeli, like a drowning man, catches at the straw, says he will prepare the resolutions, and eulogizes Lord John.

1858. *April 15.*—Drove to the House of Lords at five. Malmesbury explained in detail the position of the passport system as recently agreed upon between England and France. Another well-conducted achievement of the present Ministry. Lord Clarendon spoke upon the subject, as did Earl Grey. All hands joined in con-

demning as useless and even injurious the whole policy of passports. But it was said "a passport interest" had grown up on the Continent which would not give up its fees, and was too strong to be put down by the Emperor, whose aversion to the system as ineffective and illusory had been declared to Lord Clarendon himself.

Pélissier reached London to-day, accompanied by two military aids.

1858. *April 16.*—The prosecution closed its case against Bernard last night, and his counsel, James, addressed the jury this morning. He was loudly applauded by the bystanders and from the gallery when he defied the French Emperor, and called on the jury to resist the encroachments of a foreign dictation against the British principle of protecting political refugees. His argument was specious, admitting his client to have furnished weapons to Orsini, but not for the purpose of assassinating Louis Napoleon: only with a view to a general rising in Italy. He so often quit the evidence to draw upon unproved facts that he betrayed the consciousness of a bad case. The jury cannot avoid convicting, unless they listen more to their feelings than to the testimony.

1858. *April 17.*—A significant and pregnant event has surprised the upper circles of London. Bernard is acquitted! The verdict was received by the crowd in Court with prolonged and irrepressible cheers. At Lord Palmerston's, to-night, nothing else was talked of. Lord St. Leonards said it indicated the rising tide of republicanism. The incident, in my opinion, is a striking manifestation of the popular aversion to Louis Napoleon and his despotic measures. All the law, all the witnesses, all the judges in the kingdom, could not have induced

the jury to find a verdict flattering to the wishes and policy of the Emperor. Lord Campbell, in his charge, left one loop-hole for their consciences, and they bounded through it. He told them that it was possible they might construe a particular part of the evidence, which he considered of great importance, as tending to show that, though engaged in a conspiracy for a general rising in Italy, Bernard never contemplated an attack on Louis Napoleon; if they conscientiously believed that to be the case, he could not be convicted on the indictment before them. The accused, at the close of the judge's charge, took this ground in a short exclamation, accompanied by violent gesticulation and great loudness of voice, producing a powerful impression. "Not a drop of the blood shed on the 14th of January is on my soul. But, conspire! Yes, I did conspire, as every man should, against those who were destroying liberty."

1858. *April 19.*—At Lord Malmesbury's in the evening. The Duke of Malakoff was there, a stout, not fat, short, not little, sturdy, and compact man, with closely-cut white hair, black eyebrows, and black moustache. Something of the brute about him, but unaffected.

1858. *April 21.*—First at the Botanic Garden, second at Northumberland House, and third at the Prime Minister's. Got myself presented to Pélissier, who immediately asked how the Kansas question stood? With all their affected indifference, these European politicians have a keen eye for American differences! Conversed long with Lord Derby about the leading forms of legislation in the two countries; here, every important measure is matured by and introduced from the government; no standing committees, as we have.

1858. *April 22.*—Queen's drawing-room at St. James's.

In the evening at Lord Chelmsford's (Thesiger), a very crowded party, being his first since promotion. His daughter, Mrs. Major Inglis, recently from the siege of Lucknow, was introduced to me by her father. A robust, but interesting Englishwoman. Lord Campbell appeared rather pleased than otherwise at the verdict of the jury in Bernard's case. He said the case had been ably and elaborately submitted. It was ascertained that Bernard was not to be tried again, although the remaining bill was merely a conspiracy, on the ground that "*nemo debet bis vexari pro eadem causa.*" So, the refugee conspirator is safe.

1858. April 24.—At Lord Palmerston's by eleven at night. Uncomfortably crowded and hot. Malakoff the lion. Talked a good deal to Cardwell, member from Oxford. He said that if the French attacked, he presumed the United States would come to their *protection*. I said they needed no protection, but that America would certainly never passively witness a confederacy of Continental despots against British liberty and independence.

In the House of Commons, last night, Mr. Disraeli, being threatened by Lord John Russell with opposition to his resolutions if he did not do so, finally withdrew or abandoned the government's India bill! This is, indeed, a most rapid surrender of a measure which thundered in the index! Strong proof, too, of the powerful position of Lord John.

Being asked my opinion, by Sir Edward Cust, on the question of international law involved in the seizure and condemnation of the Cagliari, now threatening to bring Piedmont and Naples by the ears, I said that my leaning was all with the constitutional government of Sar-

dinia ; but that, as the vessel had confessedly been employed as a means of piratical violence upon the coast of Sicily, she was liable to the hot pursuit of the aggrieved sovereignty, and might justly be captured, thus pursued, anywhere.

1858. *April 30.*—The Queen's levée on Wednesday was well attended, as the militia were disbanded, and the officers crowded to take official leave. One painful incident occurred. Something, indeed, always happens at these royal receptions, trifling in themselves, but made serious by the "*entourage.*" A veteran of the army, hardly short of eighty, on reaching her Majesty, was directed by the Lord Chamberlain to kneel and kiss her hand. The old gentleman had one leg infirm, and, what with embarrassment and lameness and general debility, as he attempted to conform he fell prostrate backwards. The interest and kindness manifested by the Queen were exceedingly graceful, and seemed to more than compensate the old soldier for the untoward accident, for he looked round, on rising, with an expression of countenance which said, "Who would not fall thus to be so lifted?"

On the same Wednesday dined with Mr. Vernon Smith. Was highly entertained by my left neighbour at the table, a Mr. Hubbard, whose family was originally from Jamaica, and whose hereditary estates there have been entirely ruined by the Emancipation Act. He, and Mr. Raikes Currie beyond him, talked much to me about the present state of politics: finding fault, as did also Mr. Grote, with the submissive deportment of the opposition, and characterizing Lord John Russell as the very incarnation of political mischief. The historian was there, also Mr. Villiers, also a Mr. Reese just returned

from Lucknow (of the siege he has written a narrative), and some six or eight others. At about eleven o'clock went to Northumberland House, squeezing through a frightful jam!

1858. *May 1.*—Went last night to the Commons, expecting, from Lord Harry Vane's motion against India legislation during the present session, a grand blow-out. It proved a fizzle. Milner Gibson, Palmerston, and Stanley spoke against it, and the division was four hundred and forty-seven to fifty-seven!

1858. *May 3.*—The Queen's concert to-night at Buckingham Palace was somewhat tedious. Lord Donoughmore, Vice-President of Board of Trade, and Sir Hamilton Seymour, just from Vienna, had themselves introduced to me: both gentlemen of high intelligence and mark. Sir Hamilton spoke much about Lord Napier, who had been his secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. Lord Donoughmore discussed partially the legal question connected with the prosecution of Bernard,—that is, whether, under the statutory phrase of the Queen's "*subjects*," it was possible to embrace an alien. He thought not; and he understood that Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, originally of a different opinion, had, upon greater reflection, changed his mind. I did not pretend to say what might be the interpretation put upon an act of Parliament so recent as George IV.; but I insisted that, at common law, a conspiracy, matured here, to commit murder abroad was indictable, whether the accused were subjects or aliens, or both.

1858. *May 6.*—The drawing-room yesterday was crowded and brilliant. At night, a ball at Lord Derby's, given in the apartments in Downing Street appropriated

to the first Lord of the Treasury, anything but suitable to the wealth, pride, and pretension of his lordship.

The question as to the union of the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia was up in the Commons last night on the motion of Gladstone for an address to the Queen in favor of the expressed popular sense of those countries. Lord John Russell, with his extreme Liberals, took part with the Peelites; but Palmerston sided with Disraeli, and so gave the government a large majority. The decision amounts to an expression of opinion hostile to the proposed union, as injurious to Turkey, subjecting the provinces to Russia, dangerous to Austria, and of no real good to the Moldo-Wallachians themselves. The joint strength of the Peelites and Russellites was one hundred and fourteen.

Dined to-day with Mr. Peabody at the Star and Garter, Richmond; it was to entertain Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Astor, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, etc.

1858. *May 7.*—Lord Canning's proclamation confiscating all the territory of Oude, with specified exceptions, excites marked comment, as a measure alike cruel and impolitic.

Dined at Sir Thomas Cochrane's. Met the Duke of Rutland, Earl of Combermere, Lord Braynham, etc.,—twenty in all. Had on my left the sister of the Duke of Norfolk,—on my *left*, for that marks a point of etiquette! We went to Sir Henry Holland's at eleven. Lord Wensleydale and Mr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, were there.

1858. *May 8.*—Invited by Count Lavradio, went to Buckingham Palace for presentation to the new Queen of Portugal, who, having been married by proxy, is on her way to her consort. This lady is Stéphanie Frede-

rique, Princess of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. She was born in 1837, and, therefore, though represented to be, as she really looks, about eighteen, she is full twenty-one. Her figure is good, her face healthy and handsome, and her manner exceedingly unaffected and prepossessing. The ceremony took place in the large dining- and cloak-room, on the first floor, looking out southward upon the gardens. She exchanged, in a very low voice, a few words with each member of the corps as he advanced. Her father abdicated in 1849 in favour of the King of Prussia, who gave him the title of Highness and made him Primé Prince of the Royal family. The paper of this morning has a paragraph stating that her husband, whom she has not seen, has just narrowly escaped being poisoned by one of his religious attendants!

At Lord Palmerston's in the evening. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Edwards, formerly of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Mr. Dundas, and heaps of Liberal commoners.

1858. *May 10.*—A resolution offered by Mr. Cardwell, this evening, in the House, condemning the disapprobation expressed in a despatch to India of Lord Canning's proclamation in Oude, opens another ministerial crisis. The resolution is imputed as a result of the meeting held yesterday at Cambridge House, Lord Palmerston's, and is equivalent to a want of confidence in her Majesty's present advisers. It is assigned for discussion on Thursday next. It is difficult to foresee the result, as the Radicals, led by Bright, will probably oppose its adoption. If, however, the Peelites, among whom Cardwell is generally ranked, vote in a body for it, its success is most probable. What course then will the Prime Minister take? Resignation? that is hardly consonant with the resolute

character of Derby. A dissolution? that may not receive the Queen's assent. Much must depend upon the attitude finally taken by Lord John Russell, who seems to waver.

The Queen's ball to-night was more than usually brilliant, owing, no doubt, to the presence of the Queen of Portugal.

1858. *May 11.*—In the election at Paris, Picard, the opposition candidate, has prevailed over Eck, the government candidate; the former having ten thousand three hundred and twenty-five votes, the latter eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-six,—majority against Louis Napoleon thirteen hundred and forty-nine! Thus, of the three representatives of Paris, two are anti-Emperor. Will not this further provoke his Majesty to fresh violence?

A catastrophe for Lord Derby is obviously impending. The *Times*, the *Post*, and the *Globe* chime the advent of a crisis. A motion in the Lords seconds the movement of Cardwell in the House.

Odd enough, Baron Rothschild, though excluded from Parliament, has, in conformity with a precedent raked up from the records of 1715, been placed by the Commons upon their committee to "reason" with the Lords on the Jew bill!

Lord Ellenborough, to save the Cabinet, has resigned his office. This was announced in the Lords, with much eulogy upon its chivalric disinterestedness, by Lord Derby. The administration does not, however, give up the obnoxious despatch addressed to the Governor-General, disapproving the proclamation; so that this retirement is merely personal, and can have no just influence to prevent the prosecution of Mr. Cardwell's motion.

Every development, arising out of careful scrutiny and reflection, seems to justify Canning, and to prove that, as to India, the Cabinet cannot safely be trusted.

1858. *May 12.*—Dined with Mrs. Dickson, who traces a family connection with me. Her daughter married a son of Lord De la Warr; and we met at table his Lordship and Lady De la Warr, also the Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford. Lord De la Warr recurred to the historical fact that one of his ancestors was the first to enter our river Delaware and plant a colony on its banks, whence its name; and he added that the tribe of Indians then known as the Leni-Lenape adopted the name of Delawares.

Went in the evening to a concert at the sumptuous house of Mr. Ewing Curwen.

1858. *May 13.*—The ministerial crisis is fast and sternly maturing. Mr. Cardwell persists with his motion of censure, and has strengthened it to-day by amending the phraseology, and adjourned it till to-morrow. A change of government seemed very generally expected; whether by resignation or dissolution of Parliament is doubtful, though the partisans of the administration loudly threaten the latter.

1858. *May 14.*—Went to the Commons. Cardwell opened his resolution of censure with a well-poised and well-delivered speech. The defence of the government was spirited and able. The Solicitor-General, Cairns, spoke better than any man I have yet heard in England. His address seemed to produce an immense impression. Came away at eleven, perceiving that the debate could not possibly close to-night. It was adjourned over to Monday. Lord John Russell took firm, if not fierce, ground against the Ministry.

In the Lords, Shaftesbury, Argyll, Somerset, Grey, Newcastle, and Granville sustained the censure; Carnarvon, Ellenborough, and Derby resisted. The division was taken on the motion for the *previous question* made by the Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. Contents, one hundred and fifty-eight, of which number sixty-five were proxies; non-contents, one hundred and sixty-seven; proxies, forty-nine; majority for the Cabinet, nine! This is ominously small for the house of Peers.

1858. *May 15.*—A day of hard labour. A drawing-room at St. James's Palace. The Queen's birthday, and, therefore, everything exceedingly brilliant. Dined with Lord Malmesbury at the Foreign Office. The grand annual birthday dinner of the diplomats. All present. After the Turk had toasted the Queen, Malmesbury got up to give the comprehensive toast embracing the governments of all the corps, and his sudden pause, as his eye became fixed on me, was comical enough, and elicited a laugh from my right-hand neighbour, Moreira, the Brazilian. "Messieurs, buvons aux *Souverains* [pause] et aux *états* dont les honorables représentants sont présents!"

Went to Lord Derby's at eleven. A perfect and most ridiculous jam.

No one speaks confidently of the result of the ministerial crisis, except the opposition. They claim a majority of eighty or one hundred. If the Peelites are an adhesive section, the higher figure may be reached; and, indeed, it may be attained by fragmentary tangents from the extreme Liberals. But let us hear Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, and then we shall know how the main bodies will move. The Radicals, by their intrigues with the present Cabinet, as developed by Bright's conduct,

springing out of their morbid antipathy to Lord Palmerston, are in danger of losing their identity and of merging into the Tory party. The great obstacle to producing a harmonious organization of the Whigs arose, as Sir John Harding assured me, from the direful rivalry between the ladies of the two noblemen aspiring to the Premiership. It is now understood that the gentlemen have agreed to occupy whatever offices their friends may assign them to after the Derby Ministry shall be expelled. The prevailing impression is that, if defeated, Lord Derby will appeal to the people by a dissolution of Parliament. I think this doubtful; because if such an appeal, under existing circumstances, proved unsuccessful, his party could never again rally. But if he withdraw with dignified acquiescence from the Treasury bench, quietly cultivate the Radicals and the discontented Liberals, and "bide his time," it is impossible but that he should have an early opportunity to overthrow the Liberals, whose leaders are secretly at bitter enmity, and who are weary as to reform of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. As a national representative, I have reason to prefer Derby to either Palmerston or Russell.

1858. *May 17.*—Dined with Mr. Edward Ellice, meeting Lord Ashburton, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Delane, etc.

1858. *May 18.*—Dined with Sir Alexander Spearman; a company of eighteen.

1858. *May 20.*—First visit ever paid to the Rothschilds. Went in the evening to the reception of the Fine Arts Club. Large and long table covered with antique and curious specimens of porcelain or china-ware.

1858. *May 21.*—Went to the House of Commons, and

witnessed the close of the ministerial crisis, by Mr. Cardwell's withdrawing the motion for a vote of censure. New and explanatory letters were received from Lord Canning this morning, and gave quite a different aspect to the question. It became obvious that the policy of the confiscating proclamation had been earnestly disputed by Sir Colin Campbell and Sir James Outram; that, at their instance, a modifying clause had been introduced; and that, however roughly Lord Ellenborough had addressed the Governor-General in the obnoxious despatch (a roughness atoned for by his resignation as President of the Board of Control), there was at the bottom a principle of justice and clemency which should protect the Government from blame. As soon as the matter came before the House, Liberal after Liberal, in various quarters, and especially among the Radicals, rose to request Mr. Cardwell to withdraw his motion. He at first declined doing so. The requisitions became general. Lord Palmerston soon rose, and expressed a hope that the member from Oxford would conform to the wishes of the House; and thereupon, without comment, Mr. Cardwell withdrew his motion. The effect of this break-down, or fizzle, of a grand demonstration by the opposition must be to strengthen the Government. The menace of a dissolution had its natural effect upon a body only recently elected, a large number of whose members could not relish the idea of incurring the hazards and expenses of a new election. Besides, it proves the firmness and ability of the Ministry, and inspires the country with more confidence. I look upon the Government of Lord Derby as really beginning to poise itself in conscious strength.

1858. *May 22.*—Dined with Mr. Young; thence went to Lord Palmerston's.

1858. *May 23.*—Dined with Lord Broughton; met Professor Felton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Panizzi, Lord Glenelg, etc. Discussed Guizot's first volume of "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire," etc. Mr. Ellice talked a great deal of politics, and seemed discontented with the state of things.

1858. *May 25.*—Went in the evening to Lord Chief-Justice Campbell's. Impossible to convey to his learned Lordship's head an exact idea of the limited and federate character of the Government of the United States. He insists that Congress should suppress polygamy among the Mormons. I in vain tell him that, whatever may be the power of the local Legislature, Congress has nothing to do with religious belief, domestic relations, morals, or manners. Yet I hope the President will seize the opportunity given by their rebellion to disperse a vile superstitious sect which may, if allowed to take root, poison the whole frame of our social structure.

1858. *May 29.*—Two despatches from the State Department reached me on the subject of interference by British cruisers with our commerce in the West Indies and on the African coast, which may lead to important results. Have requested an interview with Lord Malmesbury.

1858. *June 6.*—Constant employment on the questions pending with the Foreign Office has prevented me from making memoranda. The conduct of the British naval cruisers is intolerable, and creates great anxiety as to the relations of the two countries. The cases of the Cortes, the A. A. Chapman, the Mobile, the

Tropic Bird, and the comprehensive visitation of all our merchantmen in Sagua la Grande, connected with an arrogant general surveillance, make out a story of national outrage worse than anything heretofore experienced. I regard the emergency as justifying, nay, requiring, instructions to the United States Minister at this Court to demand peremptory orders to British naval officers on every station to cease visiting American vessels, and if not given in a fortnight, to ask his passports and quit the kingdom. My conviction is that such a course would be successful, and that our relations of amity would at once be restored and strengthened. I am afraid we are not prepared for so resolute a proceeding, and that we might suffer much at first; but we should soon rise to the proper national elevation and strength, and be advanced a century in dignity and character. The people at large never have faltered, and never will falter, in sustaining those who assert the independence and rights of their country.

A few days ago Sir E. B. Lytton accepted the Colonial Office, and Lord Stanley is transferred to the Presidency of the India Board of Control. The Ministry is becoming firmer and abler. It has a trump card in the American embroglio, which, if promptly and frankly played, will bind the Radicals permanently to them.

1858. *June 8.*—I ought to mark this day with a white stone, for, after great anxiety and labour, with varying hopes and fears for more than a week, I have succeeded in effecting an arrangement with Lord Malmesbury,—1, that our construction of the law of nations, denying the right of visit and search in time of peace, is adopted; 2, that the aggressive acts complained of are, if true, wholly disavowed; 3, that a mode of verifying a flag

hoisted by a merchantman shall be ascertained by negotiation alone; and, 4, that the practice of search be at once discontinued under peremptory orders. The concessions are complete; so much so that I should be unable to realize their having been obtained, but for the "Minute" made in writing at my request by the Earl himself.

1858. *June 9.*—The Queen's state ball to-night. I was felicitated by the whole of the Diplomatic Corps present upon the success of my efforts on the Right of Search question. Most of them profit by it. They knew the general results from a speech made by Lord Malmesbury in the House of Lords. One of the Cabinet, Earl of Hardwicke, Privy Seal, engaged me for some time in conversation on the subject. He thought too much had been conceded, but said he was content, as no concession was bad which was necessary to prevent a war.

1858. *June 10.*—Reception and dance at Lady Palmerston's. Had conversation with Stanley of Alderney, who seemed astonished when I gave an unqualified contradiction to the statement he borrowed from the *Times*, that slaves were sent into the United States from Cuba. I told him that was the way in which a bad cause was perpetually striving to bolster itself by inventions.

1858. *June 11.*—Queen's levée. The Duke of Malakoff presumed that I was now softened by disavowal and concession. "Oui," I replied, "beaucoup!" At night Lord Combermere's, to meet the Duchess of Cambridge, etc., and Mrs. Mansfield's at twelve. Told at Mrs. Mansfield's that Lord Malmesbury in the upper, and Mr. Disraeli in the lower, House, had announced another and signal diplomatic success, the Court of Naples having paid the demanded compensation of three thousand

pounds to the two English engineers, and placed the Cagliari at the disposition of the Queen of England!

1858. *June 15.*—The heat has been excessive for several days, and to-night it is so great that, at the Marquess of Camden's, it looked like insanity to be crushing and sweltering in crowds and dances; yet all London seemed to be there.

Made an engagement to receive the recently-arrived Venezuelan Minister, who has brought me a letter from our chargé at Caraccas. The design of the interview I understand to be to enlist my good offices here against the extraordinary intervention made by the joint French and British naval commanders in favor of Monagas.

1858. *June 16.*—Lansdowne House and the Lord Chancellor's. Lord Clarendon and Delane asked me simultaneously the question, "Are you going to make war upon us?" I thought war seemed more imminent from the French armaments.

1858. *June 17.*—Rumor of an attack by a British cruiser upon one of our vessels in the Gulf of Pensacola, and a seaman killed. If this prove true, we shall be at loggerheads soon; and God speed the right.

In the afternoon went to the House of Lords. The Bishop of Oxford presented a petition from Jamaica against the conduct of Spain as to the slave-trade. He introduced it with an able speech. He was followed by Brougham, Malmesbury, Aberdeen, Grey, etc. Lord Malmesbury distinct in stating that his arrangement with me, giving up visit and search, was after consultation with the law officers of the Crown.

1858. *June 18.*—The New York *Herald* disproves the reported aggression off Pensacola, and represents the idea of war as blown over. There would appear to have

been great exaggeration in the accounts of outrage. It is, perhaps, owing to this discovery that I have had no new cases sent me from the State Department. The four or five received are far from being strong ones in incident or evidence.

At the Queen's concert. An unusually numerous company. More than common display of plate in the supper-room, in consequence, I suppose, of the presence of the Belgian King, his daughter, the Duchess of Brabant, and his two sons. Quite unexpectedly to me, his Majesty singled me out of a group in which I was standing, conversing with Lord Palmerston. He said, "You are doing a great deal of good at this Court. Two such great nations as the United States and England should not quarrel, but remove all causes of difference." He is certainly politically interested in preserving the general peace.

1858. *June 19.*—Mr. Peabody gave us a dinner of sixty at the "Star and Garter" on Richmond Hill. An Englishman insisted upon toasting the President, and I was requested to respond, which I did in a short speech, concluding, "The Queen, and our own countrywomen."

1858. *June 21.*—Princess's Theatre to see Charles Kean in "Shylock." The scenic contrivances to portray the peculiar structure and festivities of Venice were very effective and beautiful. The acting wanted power.

1858. *June 23.*—Lord Mayor's dinner to her Majesty's Ministers. A company of about three hundred and fifty. All the Diplomatic Corps present except Bernstorff and Van de Weyer, who were commanded to the palace, and Tricoupi, who is in Paris. The pick of the Ministry were absent,—Derby, Disraeli, and Bulwer Lytton. The burthen of replying to the toast in honor of them fell

upon the Lord Chancellor. He was dreadfully tedious. The two Ambassadors made speeches; that of Malakoff had French neatness and grace in it. Sir John Pakington, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Earl of Hardwicke, Mr. Walpole, and the Solicitor-General, Mr. Cairns, all spoke, and, with the exception of Pakington, made poor displays. I was prepared, if called up, with a decided expression of my confidence in the "friendly disposition, uniform courtesy, and *frank international justice*" of the existing Government. This would probably have done them more good than the vapid addresses delivered among themselves. One feature in their public oratory they ought to drop,—their servile flattery of their faithful ally.

The pestiferous condition of the Thames much talked of. The smells thrown from the mud flats when the tide is out threaten to break up the sessions of Parliament.

1858. *July 5.*—Yesterday, the Fourth of July, was commemorated for the first time, at a public dinner, by an association of Americans at London Tavern, in the city. The company was large, and remained together, speaking most tediously to toasts, until twelve at night. I thought the occasion a good one for announcing definitely the cessation of visiting or searching our merchant vessels.

Dined with the Duke of Newcastle; a brilliant and delightful company,—Lord Brougham, Earl Stanhope, Earl Grey, Lord Broughton, Bishop of Oxford, Sir Charles Wood, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Gladstone, etc.

1858. *July 7.*—Dined with Lord Clancarty, William T. Le Poer Trench, an Irish peer of large landed estates, a Conservative; met there the Lord Chancellor. Two

more suddenly spoiled persons by their elevation than Lord and Lady Chelmsford, it is difficult to find anywhere. We can scarcely recognize, in their manner and conversation, those whom we liked. *Honores mutant mores.*

1858. *July 8.*—For a day or two past the newspapers have been quite agreeable, as well as lively, about my remarks at the dinner on Monday, the 5th. There, of course, must be some to find fault, but I have not seen or heard of them. "Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all."

1858. *July 11.*—Dined yesterday with Mr. William R. Seymour Fitzgerald, under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This gentleman, whose parentage is unnoticed, is, as he told me, in his forty-first year, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and is a Liberal Conservative. At table we had Lord Malmesbury, Sir John Pakington, Admiral Von Dorkum, Mr. Bidwell, etc. His collection of old English portraits—several large Vandykes—is attractive. He had a gold snuff-box with the initials of C. J. on the lid, and some splendid porphyry vases, whose bases were similarly marked, which he said were presents from Bernadotte.

1858. *July 12.*—The House of Commons discussed the slave-trade to-night *usque ad nauseam*. In the course of the debate, Mr. Fitzgerald read an extract from a recent letter of Lord Napier, depicting the entire satisfaction of the Secretary of State with the "Minute."

1858. *July 14.*—At the Russian Legation, the first entertainment, a ball, since Brunow's return to his former position. A most brilliant and crowded and hot assemblage. I noticed an indication of changed politics somewhat striking. In one of the rooms were recently hung

new and handsome full-length portraits in oil of Louis Napoleon and Eugénie. These little symptoms mark the progress of a disease quite as distinctly as avowals.

Before going to Brunow's, went for an hour to the Duchess of Somerset's. Music—especially the delightful violin of the Swedish girl, Miss Humber.

1858. *July 17.*—At Lord Palmerston's to dinner. Musurus, Cetto, Azeglio, Lords Shaftesbury, Wodehouse, Ashley, were there; Mr. J. P. Kennedy also. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury express themselves very strongly about the kind and hospitable manner in which their son, Mr. Ashley, has been received in America. I talked a good deal to Lord Wodehouse about St. Petersburg, where he has been Minister for two years. A monument to the Emperor Nicholas is in progress,—a colossal central figure, and at each corner of the base one of the females of his family,—the Empress, Marie, Olga, and Alexandra.

At eleven o'clock went to General Peel's, principal Secretary of State for War. He is the brother of the celebrated Sir Robert, who died by a fall from his horse in 1850, is a member from Huntingdon, and was born in 1799. Has made very little figure in Parliament, but is highly respected for strong sense and strict integrity. A Tory, or rather a Conservative, of course. I here met for the first time M. Guizot. A small figure, white hair, and small crowning scratch, dressed in black, with a large star on his left breast, and much activity of manner. His eye remarkably fine and expressive. He boarded me at once with a compliment for my having so admirably removed the last source of quarrel between this country and the United States. He said he had tried the same thing while here as Envoy, but could accomplish nothing.

I shall probably permanently consider this accidental meeting with Guizot as among the most agreeable casual incidents of my mission to London. However debatable he may be, he has, as a statesman and author, made a strong mark on his times.

In the refreshment-room at General Peel's I noticed several large pieces of gold and silver plate. One was a silver shield, as large as that of Achilles, representing Wellington on the field of Waterloo ordering up the Guards for the final charge; a rich specimen of art.

1858. *July 18.*—The squadron which returned from the unsuccessful efforts to lay the Atlantic electric cable, has refitted with coal, etc., and quit again to-day for another attempt.

1858. *July 20.*—Great preparations making for the Imperial fêtes at Cherbourg. These are to commemorate the inauguration of a monument to Napoleon I. and the completion of an important part of the naval fortification. Queen Victoria will "assist," accompanied by an imposing fleet, and followed by her Ministers, many of her Lords, and a large body of her Commons. The French keep in the background the fact that on the same occasion they will open a railway from Paris to Cherbourg, which will enable them to disgorge in twelve hours on board of their immense steam squadron, for immediate transfer to the white cliffs of England, eighty or a hundred thousand soldiers. Is the Norman conquest destined to be re-enacted? Strange that this frowning battlement, overlooking the channel as a permanent menace, should be flatteringly hailed by the courtesies of a British sovereign! Is she struck with judicial blindness?

1858. *July 21.*—Dined with the Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly. Met the Earl of Hardwicke, Mr. Walpole,

Mr. Corry, Baron Bentinck, Sir H. Rawlinson, etc. ; in all about twenty-five. Sir Charles M. Burrell, the father of the House, fifty-two years a member.

1858. *July 26.*—Mr. Mason, Mr. J. Van Buren, and others dined with us. I took the first to see the House of Lords, which he had never had an opportunity to visit. While engaged in pointing out to him the distinguished characters on the floor, Lord Lyndhurst rose, and, to my amazement more than my amusement, began a speech by quoting an extract from my remarks made at the London Tavern on the 5th of July. He proceeded to establish the American case on the right of visit and search in a manner at once lucid, logical, and conclusive; and he closed by some very kind and eulogistic reference to the "high character" I bore at home and had maintained here. I certainly am grateful for the good opinion of a man so crowned with years, wisdom, and universal reverence, but I felt awkwardly at being accidentally present. Mason was enchanted, and pronounced his argument as triumphant as it was simple, and commented especially upon his wonderful felicity in the selection and location of the very fittest words. Lyndhurst is in his eighty-seventh year, rises from his seat with difficulty, sees with uncertainty, shakes with every attempt to gesticulate, and yet is Nestor in the distinctness of his enunciation,—the calm, clear flow of his eloquence! Both "*Burke's Peerage*" and the "*Parliamentary Companion*" assign his birth to 1772, but ignore his place of nativity,—America. He has passed through the professional offices of Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, Lord Chancellor thrice, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His weight as a lawyer is preponderate.

1858. July 28.—The *Times* of to-day contains an admirable editorial on the topic of Lord Lyndhurst's speech of Monday last.

Dined with the Dowager Duchess of Somerset. Met Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Attorney-General, General Sir William Williams, of Kars, etc. Much conversation about competitive examination preliminary to civil and military appointments,—General Williams for, Sir Fitzroy Kelly against. I asked if there was not the danger of preparatory cramming leading to advance memory alone, to the neglect of the other intellectual faculties. After dinner we had excellent and interesting music. The young Swedish girl played charmingly on the violin, *à ravir*. This, I am in hopes, will prove the last dining out of the present season.

1858. August 1.—Received an interesting letter from our Minister to China. It shows him a thorough and firm pacificator: somewhat as such opposed in views and measures to Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, but closely in junction with Pontiatine. I am afraid, however, that the English and French Ministers understand the Chinese character better than he does, and that, by taking the forts at the mouth of the river and advancing nearer towards Peking, they will have intimidated the Emperor to any treaty they dictate. He thinks that if the Chinese forbear to fight, and only "retire," Elgin and Gros will be nonplussed. He accompanies them up the river, notwithstanding.

1858. August 2.—Parliament was prorogued to-day at twelve M. by commission.

1858. August 4.—A sort of maelstrom current has set from all quarters towards Cherbourg. The Emperor and Empress left Paris yesterday *en route*. The Pera,

a steamer engaged for the purpose, goes freighted with a hundred members of the House of Commons. The Royal flotilla, headed by the *Albert*, goes at three to-day. The weather looks unpromising and rain threatens.

1858. *August 5.*—The news of the day is unexpected and inspiring. The Atlantic telegraph is announced as a success! The *Agamemnon* is at Valentia, and the *Niagara* in Trinity Bay, both engaged in fastening their shore ends of the cable. Yesterday the stock of the company was at two hundred or three hundred pounds, to-day it has risen to eight hundred or one thousand pounds!

We paid to-day our second visit to Hampton Court, and spent three hours in re-examining the paintings. The gallery has many points of great interest. The cartoons of Raphael, the Holbeins, the Lelys, the Vanduykes, the Titians, the Wests are exceedingly attractive. We lunched at the King's Arms. Went to the grape-vine, a wonder of ninety years of age, spreading from a single trunk, and covering the ceiling of a large glass house with clusters of fruit; and we closed by a walk in Bushy Park, amid hundreds of sporting children and several crowded picnic-parties under the famous horse-chestnuts.

1858. *August 7.*—The success of the Atlantic cable is beyond a doubt. Communications will be delayed by the necessity of putting up the speaking machinery sent out from this country. The delay may extend to three weeks. Should there be a snap in the meanwhile, the operators will be charged with a system of fraudulent misrepresentation to raise their stock. It would have been discreet to withhold their announcement until an actual public or private message had come from America.

1858. *August 10.*—All the English visitors to Cherbourg have returned. Some rather discontented. This exhibition of Imperial success and power will not rivet the alliance any closer. The speech of Louis Napoleon, wherein he said that the question of the freedom of the seas had just received a pacific solution, imports to my mind a purpose of persevering in his plan of getting labor for his colonies by shipping African negroes as hired freemen, and of his adhesion to the American determination of allowing no interference with the flag. Unless he meant this, he vented a commonplace, which he is not apt to do. Mr. Ralston, Consul-General of Liberia, who, with a Mr. Pugh, visited me to-day, told me that the Emperor had manifested great indignation at the manner in which the Liberians had meddled with the *Regina Cœli*, and had retracted the promise of a man-of-war as a present. In endeavouring to explain to me the imputation upon the functionaries of the black republic, of having received fees for permitting the alleged labourers to go on board the *Regina Cœli*, Mr. Ralston was rather hesitating and obscure, making it out, as well as I could seize his idea, to be in conformity with pre-existing regulations, which, in order to protect the negroes from fraudulent deportation, required each of them to be supplied with a passport from Monrovia. So that, in fact, under the appearance of guarding the negroes, the Government exacted a fee of fifty cents on each passport, and then the deportation was legalized! It might be that the intention was good, and that an opportunity of overlooking any shipment was thus reserved to the public authorities; but, in practice, it could not fail to become a facility to slave-trading, as the case of the *Regina Cœli* showed.

The Queen left in her yacht, Gravesend, to-day, on her way to Berlin to see her daughter, the Princess Frederick William.

1858. *August 15.*—The fête-day of Louis Napoleon was celebrated to-day by a dinner at the embassy. We were twenty-eight at table. The English guests were Lord Derby, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Wellington, Lord De la Warr, and Mr. Fitzgerald. The Diplomatic Corps was thin: the Turk, the Belgian, the Dutchman, the Bavarian, the Swede, and temporary chargés from Greece, Spain, Portugal. The host played the rough soldier pretty broadly. We had all assembled and waited for fifteen minutes before he made his appearance, bringing with him a piece of paper which he held out, exclaiming, "Pardon, pardon, j'écrivais mon toast!" At the close of the dinner he stood up, nodded to Lord Derby, his vis-à-vis, and began an address introductory of his toast to the Queen, but suddenly stopped, exclaiming, "Bah! je lis mieux que je ne parle!" and, seizing his manuscript, read it through. The reply of the Premier in honour of the Emperor was in French, and exceedingly neat; professing, however, rather too much unction of devotion to the alliance. The Marshal called across the table to tell me an anecdote as to one of our Ministers in Paris during the Directory. He was desired to give a toast, and did so by proposing "à la santé du Beau Sexe des deux hémisphères!" whereupon a French general proposed a transposition, thus, "à la santé des deux hémisphères du beau sexe!" This is the Marshal's monomania. Lord Wellington told me that recently, at an evening party, while standing behind a lady whose shoulders were unusually disclosed and beautiful, Pélissier put his hand on one of them; the lady turned in ex-

treme indignation: whereupon he cried, " Pardon, pardon, je croyais que vous étiez la comtesse de W——!" There was after dinner company, and I had a long conversation with Major Fitzmaurice about his newly-invented light.

1858. *August 17.*—I received this morning from Valentia the telegraphic message that her Majesty's letter to the President had been transmitted to Newfoundland and repeated back correctly. It consisted of ninety-nine words, and was repeated back in sixty-seven minutes! Wonderful and sublime! A word launched in America shoots through the depths of the Atlantic, and meets the eye, more than two thousand miles off, in a minute and a half! Went at the invitation of Major Fitzmaurice to witness the trial of his newly-invented life-light. We assembled at the Barracks in Hyde Park, and were most courteously welcomed and entertained by Colonel Parker in his handsome quarters. The power of the light is in comparison with the Drummond light as ten to seven. When in its full glare, it emits an effulgence equal to fourteen hundred gaslights. The machine is portable readily, and the stem whence the light comes is hardly the size of one's little finger. Yet, without the aid of reflectors, carried as one would carry a wax-candle, it affords an intensity of light too much for the eye. Major Fitzmaurice says that one of its chief recommendations is its cheapness, another its fixedness, another its long continuance, and another its indestructibility by water. It was magnificently tested at Cherbourg, throwing its brilliancy from a mile off upon the Emperor and Empress on board the Bretagne, and illuminating their track as they went ashore. Nothing would seem so admirable for lighting up from the shore a wreck, for

penetrating the fogs on our Newfoundland banks, for beacons, and for police purposes.

1858. *August 18.*—Visited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall the two celebrated paintings of Millais and Hunt, "The Royal Fugitive concealed in the hollow oak" and "The Light of the World." They are very striking; and the latter is, no doubt, what Mr. Ruskin's criticism terms it, the finest specimen of Pre-Raphaelite ever executed. Yet, I don't take to so much elaboration of design, detail, and colour. Christ is represented as carrying a lantern by the left hand, and knocking with his right at a hard and tightly-closed door. The lamp sheds a brilliant and peculiar light, the light of conscience, with which the Saviour wishes to illuminate the inaccessible man within. He is clothed in white, with a coronet sharply angular, and a cloak, both the coronet and cloak profusely and most minutely jewelled and ornamented. His countenance is at once penetrating, placid, and attractive.

1858. *August 19.*—Received from Mr. Lampson and Mr. Saward what they represented to be the President's telegraphic reply to the Queen's message. It was sealed, and externally addressed to her Majesty. Fortunately, I made some inquiries as to the exact contents; and discovered that, in translating the electric expressions, they had made the reply assume the character of a message from "the city of Washington to Queen Victoria," although it was signed "James Buchanan." I insisted upon the seal being broken and the necessary correction made; Mr. Saward confessing that the blunder had struck him as singular, but that he had concluded that it was a peculiarity of Presidential inter-communication. Could anything be more ridiculous

and absurd than this? I delivered the reply to Lord Derby, and he is to transmit it by courier to Potsdam, and in the mean time by telegraph to obtain the Queen's consent to the publication of the correspondence.

1858. *August 20.*—Mr. Fitzgerald, by a *private* note, informs me that the Queen wishes her message to the President published; by this I suppose it is meant that the Foreign Office will make the publication. Be it so, *quacumque via data.*

1858. *August 21.*—The steamship *Europa* has had a collision with the *Arabia*, which left here on the 7th inst., off Cape Race; and the morning papers all contain the announcement of the facts, together with the assurance of "no loss of life or limb." These are beautiful first fruits of the Atlantic telegraphic cable, forestalling all anxieties and fears!

1858. *August 23.*—The following telegraphic messages appear in the papers of this morning. They were interchanged on the 18th and 19th instants.

"From Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to His Excellency the President of the United States.

"The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the greatest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now already connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the two nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus directly communicating with the President, and in renewing to him her best wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

The following is the President's reply to the foregoing :

"The President of the United States to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.

WASHINGTON CITY.

"The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty the Queen on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the skill, science, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by a conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all the nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the place of their destination, even in the midst of hostilities?"

1858. *August 24.*—Had a long and interesting visit from Lord Brougham. He was born in 1778, and is, therefore, eighty years of age; and yet he conversed with the ardour and energy of a man of forty. He was made a peer in 1830. I told him that I had met him at the table of Alexander Baring (since Lord Ashburton) forty-four years ago. He remembered the dinner and Mr. Gallatin. He said I reminded him of what occurred between Metternich and himself two or three years since; they were introduced, and he (B.) expressed his delight at meeting one whom he long desired the honour of

knowing. "Why," said M., "I have known you these forty years." "How's that? how's that?" asked B. "Why, you came to see the Congress of Vienna, and do you remember a young man, with slim legs and light-blue stockings, who was amazingly busy?" "Perfectly," said B. "Well," replied M., "that was me!" Much conversation about the slave-trade. He pronounced the claim to visit or search utterly inconsistent with fundamental and universal principles of international law. But he hoped some mode of verifying the flag would be found out and agreed to. "Why not put an end to the trade by passing Cuba over to the United States?" "Well," he said, "it might come to that." "As to domestic servitude, your Lordship is aware that its cessation in the United States must be the slow effect of time." "Certainly, certainly; your wisest men of 1787 put it under the safeguard of your Constitution; and you can't get rid of it without consequences more dreadful than the thing itself." Lord Brougham expressed serious apprehensions as to the state of things in France; and regarded this continued sending of squadrons of suspects to Cayenne as fatal to the Imperial dynasty. He said he had asked Malakoff and Fould about it, but they could only say that it was not the act of Napoleon himself, but of those who conceived that to be a way of ingratiating themselves.

1858. *September* 20.—These memoranda have been interrupted for nearly a month. During the summer and the recess of Parliament, public affairs seem to become flat, and a desire to escape the city disperses one's associates to watering-places and travel.

We went to Tunbridge Wells on the 31st of August, and returned on the 10th of September. Our stay was

at the Mount Ephraim Hotel, on an elevated plane which overlooked the entire town and all the public promenades. The weather was unfavourable for a week, constant rains and much unseasonable cold. We visited the beautiful residence of Alderman Solomons, called Broom Hill, and drove out daily in search of the lovely and picturesque in scenery, finding no end to it.

From the day of my return to Tuesday the 14th inst., I was exercised in preparing a reply to a most intemperate note from Lord — respecting the case of the Caroline captured by the *Alecto*. I have quietly shown up his Lordship's folly, without for an instant jeopardizing the interests in my hands.

1858. *September 30.*—Went to Mr. T. Baring's country residence in Hants, Norman Court, on the 21st inst., and stayed till Saturday the 25th. When the train stopped at Bishopstoke, I met Lord Palmerston on the platform; and, after inquiring where I was going, he insisted upon our visiting him at Broadlands. Lady Palmerston followed this up by writing an exceedingly kind invitation to us at Norman Court. The result is that, though we had to return to London first, we go to Broadlands this afternoon.

1858. *October 4.*—Returned from Broadlands. Lord Shaftesbury, the Dean of Winchester, Mr. Campion, the Rev. Mr. Harris (Lord Malmesbury's brother), Mr. Panizzi, etc. I beat Lord Palmerston at billiards and at partridge-shooting. The comet, brilliant beyond measure, in front of the main colonnade every evening at about eight o'clock.

1858. *October 16.*—Mr. Robert Dale Owen, our late Minister at Naples, called on me two days ago. He is extravagantly pleased with the life he led and the influ-

ence he exercised at Court. He has become a confirmed and methodical spiritualist, having prepared a volume for publication on the subject, and having carefully noted in folio blank-books his "Personal Observations" and experiences. He is a man of some talent, but wants ballast. I told him of the result of my conversation with Bulwer Lytton that morning. Sir Edward thought that, being now in the Ministry, it would be indiscreet in him to carry out the project, settled a year ago, of having an interview with Mr. Owen at Knebworth, on spiritualism. He said, "Suppose he waits till we are *out*? Speculation must now give way to practical matters." I agreed in the judiciousness of the decision; and so did Mr. Owen, though perhaps a little personally mortified.

Sir Edward and I had a plate of politics. He is rather desponding at the Ministerial prospect; thinks the prejudices against the ballot are too strong to be overcome; that the agricultural voters cannot consent to be swamped by the towns, and that, on the whole, their reform bill must lead to dangers. He asked me if I had ever seen anything so remarkable "as the melting away of Palmerston?" "Not so," said I; "he was suddenly prostrated by a bolt which was unexpected; to be sure, his great popularity had waned from a variety of causes; but he was still strong, and, if the Cabinet did not take care to attack the party below the gangway, he would one of these days upset them just as they had upset him. Yield the ballot and enlarge the constituency; if you don't, your power must cease."

I spoke to Sir Edward, as Colonial Minister, about the wish of our Consul at Malta, William Winthrop, that the etiquette of that island, founded upon the Court rule here, which excludes from invitations to the Gov-

ernor's those ladies who have been divorced, should, if possible, be surmounted in favour of Mrs. Winthrop, whose first husband was long deceased, who had married the Consul ten years ago, and had so become almost thoroughly American. It was, of course, not a public matter; but he, Sir Edward, might effect Mr. Winthrop's natural wish by expressing a casual sentiment on the subject. He promised to think of it, but observed "Our relations with our Colonies are improving, and we are cautious not to interfere with their local arrangements and feelings."

I see it announced in a morning paper of to-day that "The Minister of the United States had an interview at the Colonial office yesterday with Sir E. B. Lytton,"—an announcement which misleads the imagination.

Mr. Owen, since leaving Naples, has been travelling on the Continent, and was kind enough to say that my residence in England had been marked by two incidents which produced a powerful impression in favour of America,—to wit, my remaining here when Crampton was dismissed from Washington, and the suddenly obtained renunciation of the right of visit and search.

The Atlantic cable has been incapable ever since the 2d of September, and I see no hope for it. The dismissal of Whiteside by the company, and the controversies among the electricians (still fiercely raging), are mistakes hardly surmountable.

The Duke of Malakoff reached his Embassy at Albert Gate House last evening, bringing with him the Countess Paniéga, whom he married in the presence of the Imperial Court on Tuesday, the 21st instant.

1858. *October* 18.—Received very cheering letters from home. I had sent a copy of my reply to Lord Malmesbury's

impudent note about "Her Majesty's captains who visit suspected vessels." I have felt anxious lest it should be thought, first, too bitter; second, too tame. It appears to have given satisfaction. Markoe tells me that General Cass was "delighted with its tone of rebuke; thinks it admirable and American, and exclaimed, 'I am the last man on earth that would fail to sustain him.'" Markoe adds, "Your weapon is as polished as it is sharp." I hate and condemn these diplomatic embroglios which endanger public relations and business; but not to answer would have been offensively contemptuous, and no answer compatible with dignity and truth, however courteously worded, could avoid an appearance of severity. Malmesbury has had it for more than a month, and I suppose means to let the matter rest where it is. Possibly he is chewing the cud and intends another fling. Well, now that I have heard from home, I am indifferent what he does.

At the Zoological Gardens yesterday we met Pélissier and his bride. She is very handsome, and he seems overwhelmed with his good luck.

The difficulty between France and Portugal about the "Charles et Georges," it is thought, will be adjusted. Napoleon will carry out his Free-Black Emigration scheme, leaving England to bully as loudly as she likes. It is rather sad to see her, in defiance of obvious right and justice, cower at the firmness of Walewski, and surrender to his tender mercies her oldest but feeblest ally. Walewski peremptorily, it is said, refused to have England as a mediator!

1858. *October 21.*—Parliament went through the form of prorogation yesterday to the 19th of November, when a second prorogation will take place, because, in

this one, the words "for the despatch of business" were omitted. The Queen and her cavalcade reached Windsor Castle last night from Balmoral.

The Prussian Chambers were opened by the newly constituted Regent yesterday. Spiteful criticisms upon Mr. Reed's Chinese diplomacy in the *Times*. He is treated with Bennett's favourite epithet towards President Pierce, and contemptuously termed "poor Reed." To me it is quite obvious that this, though certainly not direct from Lord Elgin, is the echo of his angry sentiments. Reed seems to me to have adroitly accomplished all that his instructions authorized or permitted. He was, perhaps, not sufficiently careful to avoid provoking jealousy and ill will.

1858. *October 24.*—A note from Lord Malmesbury, saying that he would "be glad to have the pleasure" of seeing me at four to-morrow. This denotes a wish to bury the hatchet, and it is neither my policy nor my principle to repel an advance.

A Jewish child, eight years of age, has been secretly baptized by his Christian nurse, and is now claimed and kidnapped from his parents by the Roman Catholic priests at Bologna. The Pope refuses to order his restoration. The incident is producing immense excitement in France and elsewhere. The boy's name is Mortara.

1858. *October 31.*—Mr. Bright has been making two remarkable speeches to his constituents at Birmingham. They are such as a Gracchus might have made at Rome. Mr. Bright loves his country warmly, but he hates with equal warmth her institutions and policy. He lets the Crown alone, but openly denounces the House of Lords, the "adulterous" Bench of Bishops, (that is, as I under-

stand it, a clergy professing to be wedded to the church, and yet revelling in political prostitution,) and the unrepresenting and misrepresenting Commons. He is particularly bitter upon the established spirit of aggression in other countries,—a spirit fostered by the nobles and unworking classes, in order to secure places, and leading to a frightful and pauperizing waste of treasure and life. I do not remember in English history such outspoken democracy as this. The great intellect, recognized integrity, sincere earnestness, and powerful oratory of John Bright cannot fail to produce a deep impression even on the present corrupt and lethargic generation of Englishmen. He makes hosts of enemies, of course; but on these he must have calculated. No great principles of national reform (take that of Free Trade) can be made to triumph, unless some one of its advocates is self-sacrificing enough to break a phalanx of its foes by concentrating upon himself their sharpest spears.

In the settlement of the affair of the "Charles et Georges" between France and Portugal, there is no loss of character except by England. Superior force compelled Portugal to yield; and that force was exerted to sustain and vindicate the avowed Free-Black Emigration policy of the Emperor; but England, without a murmur, sees a national ally and *protégée* beaten to the earth for standing by a course and doctrine she inculcated and still professes to maintain against the world! "Call ye this backing your friends!" The *Spectator* of yesterday is so mortified by the effect of the alliance with France, that it boldly announces that alliance at an end!

1858. *November* 9.—Went last night to Lady Malmesbury's reception. La Maréchale, Duchess of Malakoff,

bride of Pélissier, and Ambassadress of France, was the star of the evening. A handsome, luxuriant Spanish figure, with quiet, attractive manners.

Mr. Bright spent an hour with me. He had two things upon his mind: 1, to ascertain what I thought was the disposition of the Ministry upon Reform, and, 2, to broach a proposal of enlisting the pen of Mr. Henry D. Gilpin on certain points of fact as to the cause of our progress and contentment. I gather from what he said that there is not much hope of a satisfactory reform bill being offered by the present government.

1858. *November 14.*—The general political calm has been disturbed by the supposed indiscretion of the French Emperor in causing a prosecution to be instituted against Count Montalembert for his essay in the *Correspondant*. It is an eloquent, learned, and here and there pungent paper; but it is an elaborate eulogy of everything English as compared with everything French. It will gall the self-esteem of Frenchmen beyond bearing, and probably make popular, not merely the criminal pursuit of the Count, but Napoleon's merciless smothering of the press. Sir Henry Holland says that Lord Aberdeen condemns the prosecution as extremely wrong, and don't know what may not be the consequence. The *Examiner* of yesterday terms it the "madness of despotism." In Charles the Tenth's time it might have brought up the barricades. But at this day the Gamins de Paris won't fight to vindicate a nobleman who praises England. The *Times* makes the matter worse for the Count by exultingly devoting four or five columns daily to its publication.

So Louis Napoleon, after trampling upon Portugal, suddenly shifts his position and truckles to England by

surrendering his plan of Free Emigrants from Africa to his West Indies islands! His letter to Prince Jerome of the 30th of October, just published, is an incident, *primæ impressionis*, on the great international chess-board, and merits special preservation as a feat of audacious vacillation.

ST. CLOUD, October 30.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the difference with Portugal relative to the Charles et Georges has terminated, the question of the engagement of free labourers on the African coast should be definitively examined and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice.

I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the Charles et Georges, because I always maintain intact the independence of the national flag; and, in this case, it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I risked, with the King of Portugal, a rupture of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him.

But as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes, my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, labourers recruited on the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free will, and if this enrolment is only the slave-trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms; for it is not I who will anywhere protect enterprises contrary to progress, to humanity, and to civilization.

I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you bring to bear on all affairs which you take in hand: and, as the best method of putting an end to what is a continual cause of dispute would be to substitute the free labour of Indian Coolies for that of negroes, I beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered upon a few months ago.

Whereon, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

1858. *November 25*.—Count Montalembert was tried yesterday before a tribunal of the Correctional Police and, of course, convicted. He was accused of libelling France, the Emperor, Universal Suffrage, etc. The “*paroles foudroyantes*” of Berryer defended him. He

seems to have borne himself calmly and firmly. He is sentenced to an imprisonment of six months and a fine of three thousand francs. The tone of the judges shows a consciousness that the prosecution is rather popular than otherwise, as its victim is "un ami enragé des Anglais." The *Times* articles are admirable, but Englishmen are incapable of realizing how much they are hated beyond the channel.

Had a long and interesting interview with Lord Malmesbury at the Foreign Office.

1858. *December 6.*—Nothing worth noting for some days back, unless it be the penal game of chess playing by the Emperor and Montalembert. His Majesty issued a pardon; making it, however, bear the sting of an epigram by dating it on the 2d of December, the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, when he seized the government with the approval and aid of Montalembert. The Count, however, replies by saying that there was nothing to pardon, as he had filed his appeal within the time limited, rejects the grace, and insists upon his right to prove that no criminal offence was set forth in the written accusation, or indictment, against him. The Court of Appeal would, I think, be bound to dismiss the matter, as leaving nothing for correction; but to that end the motion of the *procureur impérial*, or Attorney-General, exhibiting the record or decree of pardon, might be necessary to inform the Court; and it is said that, in order to make the Count's course ridiculous, the Procureur will abstain from doing anything, leaving him to combat with a shadow. If the Count pleads the case himself with the boldness and ability he has already manifested, he may yet turn the laugh upon Napoleon, or he may force them to make him the martyr he evidently desires to be.

1858. *December 17.*—The *Times* of this morning contains a letter written by the President to the Committee managing the celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the occupancy of Forts Duquesne and Pitt. To Americans in Europe, official or otherwise, this is a very painful letter, coming from the chief magistrate of their country. The spirit is one of despondency as to the permanency of the Union and the destiny of the Republic. As there are secrets between man and wife which cannot be conversed about without stimulating the gossip and slander of their neighbors, so there are defective points in the manners and practices of a portion of every people which, however anxious to correct them, should never undergo exposition in the face of nations eager to condemn all indiscriminately. It may be true that our noisy politicians have a vicious habit of threatening disunion, and that in the populous cities money is partially used to corrupt voters, but it certainly is not true that the affection of the great body of citizens to the Union is impaired; on the contrary, it is warmer and firmer now than it ever was, and it certainly is not true that the alleged employment of money has extended beyond a very contracted and really insignificant range. The President has been wounded by the recent victories of his adversaries, and has volunteered a sharp arrow to the quiver of the enemies of popular institutions in Europe. See what the first man of the nation tells and foresees of the model Republic! It would be nothing as the gloomy speculation of a private croaker, but from the President it is dreadful. Already our constant calumniators exclaim, "There! there is the proof of all we have said!"

It is averred with positiveness that the commission to

whom the letter of the French Emperor was referred, with a view to determine the justice or wrong of the Free-Black Emigration system, have reported emphatically in its favour.

1858. *December 19.*—The message arrived this evening. It is very long, but remarkably lucid, and can be read at full gallop. Its characteristics as to policy are firmness as to foreign nations and enterprise in domestic movement. How useless, impolitic, and out of taste are the opening remarks concerning Kansas! The rest of the paper, except, perhaps, the recommendation of specific instead of ad valorem duties, of which his local interests should have made him jealous, is in the highest degree creditable and satisfactory. His mention of the fact that this country, after insisting upon it for more than fifty years, has now renounced the right of search and visit, connected with the necessary publication of my correspondence showing that this renunciation was achieved by me alone, without instructions to that purpose, is abundantly sufficient for any personal love of reputation I can have. Diplomatic service can give me no additional feather.

1858. *December 22.*—The argument on Count Montalembert's appeal was heard and decided yesterday. It was opened by Dufaure, who was followed for the prosecution by the Procureur-Général; then came Berryer; and the Procureur closed the case. This does not give the affirmative to the appellant, and is not the logical order of discussion. The judgment of the Police Correctional Court was affirmed; but the Count was pronounced not guilty of attacking the principle of universal suffrage or the constitutional rights of the Emperor, and his sentence as to imprisonment was

mitigated from six to three months, the fine of three thousand francs remaining undisturbed. It would seem that the game of chess has gone against him.

1858. *December 30.*—Louis Napoleon has resolved on checkmating the Count. The *Moniteur* contains a full pardon both of him and the publisher Duriol.

Accounts are received of a peaceful but effectual revolution in Servia on the 22d inst. The Schupkina has deposed Prince Alexander Kara George, and reinstated the banished Milosch Obrenowitch. This is a local sovereignty proceeding with which Turkey, Austria, and France will hardly be satisfied. It is thought to be the product of Russian intrigue and gold.

1859. *January 3.*—The first flash of lightning precursive of the storm has startled everybody. The French Emperor, at his levée held on the 1st inst, addressed the following to Hubner, the Austrian Minister, with marked excitement and emphasis: "Je regrette que nos relations avec votre gouvernement ne soient aussi bonnes que par le passé; mais je vous prie de dire à l'Empereur que mes sentiments pour lui ne sont pas changés." Marshal Vaillant, who was by, followed it up by adding to the Minister, "After that, I suppose I am not at liberty to shake hands with you." This sudden revelation of the purpose as to Italy is justly likened to the conduct of Napoleon I. towards the British Minister just before the breach of the treaty of Amiens."

1859. *January 28.*—A telegram received at Windsor Castle six minutes after the event announced yesterday that the Princess Frederick William was safely delivered of a son at three that day. We attended the wedding a year and two days ago.

1859. *January 31.*—The war slowly, but, I think,

steadily, approaches. Yesterday Prince Napoleon married Clothilde, Victor Emanuel's daughter, and thus the alliance of France and Sardinia becomes riveted. The Prince brings his bride to Paris at once. They left Turin for Genoa in the afternoon of the wedding-day.

Lord Lyons called and promised to dine with me this day week.

1859. *February 3.*—The Queen opened Parliament at two P.M. to-day. The ceremony was, of course, in all its features a repetition of what I have described under date of 3d of December, 1857. Her Majesty was graver, though dressed perhaps more brilliantly. I think the immense Koh-i-noor was on her bosom, her crown was a mass of huge diamonds, and her crimson velvet pelisse, trimmed with ermine, had no end to its train; she required for easy movement the aid of the Duchess of Manchester and Beaufort and of two pages. Lord Derby appeared considerably exercised in holding perpendicularly the Great Sword of State. The speech was somewhat beyond the customary length. It insists upon maintaining inviolate the faith of treaties; among which, of course, are those of the Holy Alliance of 1815, which parcelled to Austria her possessions in Italy; it avows orders for hostilities against Mexico; and it inculcates Parliamentary reform, and a reconstruction of the navy. Not a word about diminutive America!

My colleagues of the diplomatic body welcomed me when I went among them with more than their usual manifestation of warmth. They kept shaking hands for a minute or two. I had myself introduced to Isturitz, and to José Santiago Rodrigues, the Venezuelan. Bishop McIlvaine and daughter were my special guests, comfortably seated in the north gallery.

In the evening escorted Miss Burgwin and Julia to the House of Lords. Address to the Queen discussing. Lord Granville applauded the policy of the speech, though he taunted Lord Malmesbury with not venturing to touch upon the United States. Lord Derby made a clear, bold, and forcible statement of Ministerial system, especially anti-Napoleonic and pro-Austrian in connection with a possible war. Parliamentary unanimity against him may possibly arrest the enterprise of the French Emperor.

1859. *February 4.*—The day devoted to home despatches. The *Times* makes this morning an annoying blunder about my cordially shaking hands at the opening of Parliament with the Minister of Hayti, although a man of colour. The poor fellow was not present at all, and I have never interchanged a recognition or word with him. He is, as I have often noticed, a very well-behaved mulatto, about whom I would never dream of doing or saying an unkind thing.

1859. *February 5.*—A tremendous pamphlet just out in Paris! It is obviously the offspring of Imperial inspiration. Nothing could be more like the “*Idées Napoléoniennes.*” Its title is “*Napoléon III et l’Italie.*” It inculcates with remarkable power and distinctness the necessity of preserving the peace of Europe by insisting diplomatically, and, if need be militarily, upon the withdrawal of Austria from Lombardy, and the construction of an Italian Confederation of Nationalities. It opens by a distinct declaration of aversion to the treaties of 1815; no wonder, for they are the monuments of the degradation of France and of the Bonaparte dynasty by the Holy Alliance. This splendid manifesto is obviously meant as a semi-official prelude to a great drama.

Dined with Captain Schenley, who married the rich heiress, granddaughter of old "O'Hara," of Pittsburg. The Prestons, father, mother, and daughter, and attaché Haviland, were at table. So was Admiral Courtenay.

At eleven o'clock went to the Marquis of Salisbury's, the first Ministerial reception of the season. Lord John Russell quite marked in his graciousness; long talk with mine host, who seemed terrified at my conviction that war was inevitable. "But how then are the disasters of a new despotism and usurpation from France to be avoided?" "By England," said I; "let her connive at the constitutional regeneration of Italy, saying to Louis Napoleon, 'thus far, and no farther,' and if he attempt an inch beyond the mark, let her pounce upon his back."

1859. *February 6.*—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Preston, Captain Schenley, Mr. Ralston, and the Spanish Minister dined with us. Mr. Preston insisted upon my sending him a memorandum as to my thoughts of what is best to be done by him in reference to Cuba.

Isturitz is a singularly unaffected and attractive Spaniard. He can scarcely be less than seventy, is short, gray-haired, and round-shouldered. He understands English, but declines speaking it. He spoke Spanish to Preston. Told him he would be received cordially at Madrid, and that there was but one topic which he hoped he would avoid. Mr. Isturitz was at this Court, 1847, representing his country.

1859. *February 8.*—The speech of Napoleon III. to the Legislative Chambers, made yesterday, reached London in the afternoon. It is soothing, but not thoroughly pacific, and is confined to the agitation produced by the language used to Hubner on January 1, and the military movements since. To me it seems pretty clear

that the Emperor proposes to let the Sardinian monarch begin the fight, and then fall in under the pretence of a just cause and European necessity.

Lord Lyons dined with us last evening, the company remaining in full glee of conversation until half-past eleven. We were five of the family and nine others, to wit, Lyons, Moreria, Platen, Von Dorkum, Seymour Fitzgerald, Baring, Hankey, Colonel Scarlett, and Moran.

1859. *February 9.*—First reception at Lord Derby's. Rooms quite crowded. Conversed with the Lord Chancellor Chelmsford about his bill to improve the law of bankruptcy, and with Lord Colchester about the newly issued map redistributing geographically the nations of Europe. This map is reported to be a study of the French Emperor's:—it removes the Turkish Sultan back to Asia, and, giving Hanover to Prussia, places the King of Hanover upon a domain on the Bosphorus. There are many odd features in the plan.

1859. *February 10.*—Admiral Von Dorkum called. He says that Sir Hamilton Seymour is personally intimate with Louis Napoleon, who always calls him, affectionately, 'Cousin': that this originated during the outbreak of 1848, when Louis Napoleon fought in the Republican army against the Austrians, and, after a defeat, found it impossible to escape without an English passport, with which, all other contrivances failing, he was supplied by Sir Hamilton. His warm gratitude never fails to show itself when they meet.

Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, the actual British Minister in Persia, on leave of absence, came to see me by appointment to-day. He was formerly attached to the English Mission in Washington, went on a tour of many months into the far West, and thence deduced his

"Prairie Bird." His health has greatly suffered at Teheran, from the disease—dysentery—prevalent there. He describes the country as essentially barbarous,—no female society, scanty populations, the streets of the capital unpaved and scarcely passable in carriages or on horseback. He wants to be appointed elsewhere, and would resign, if by so doing he did not lose the pension for twenty years of service, which lack only two years now. He came to execute before me, under the advice of New York, a release or acknowledgment of satisfaction of a mortgage upon land in that State.

Went in the evening to Count Bernstorff's to meet H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. The party was to celebrate the birth of the son of Princess Frederick William at Berlin. The Duke of Cambridge quite surprised me by his manifestations of partiality, talking with animation about the prospect of war, and earnestly asking, with his hand upon my shoulder, my opinion as to the probable future course of the French Emperor. Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury stood at a distance, the latter coming up, as soon as the Duke allowed him, and engaging me in conversation. Lord Palmerston came in, and intimated to me that the 25th instant would be an interesting time for a visit to the House of Commons,—the Navy Estimates night.

1859. *February* 14.—The Duke of Cambridge called in person, and left his card. This is his second visit to me: he probably designed to secure me as a guest at the dinner of the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's on the 22d inst. I had already accepted the invitation.

Mr. T. H. Worrall did me the honour of a call, and I fully explained to him the project of General Duff Green, about getting the British creditors of Mexico to sub-

scribe their bonds to his Railroad Company from the Sabine to the Rio del Norte, and thence through Mexico to the Gulf of California. The General is a sanguine schemist, rarely executing anything. Mr. Worrall has been in Mexico for many years, and is of opinion that we ought to annex it. I was exceedingly struck by the intelligence and persuasiveness of his mild manner.

Phil reports an interesting debate to have taken place this afternoon in the House of Lords on the Right of Search question, in which my name figured conspicuously. We shall have it in the *Times* at breakfast to-morrow.

1859. *February 16.*—Went last night to Lord Colchester's. Chatted agreeably with the Spanish Minister, the Bavarian, and the Danish; also with Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Warren, and Countess Platen. Baron Cetto congratulated me on the expressed opinion of Lord Clarendon of my "excellence as a painter of Cabinet pictures."

1859. *February 23.*—Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, arrived here yesterday with his family. Sent him letters and tickets.

Attended the 150th anniversary celebration of the Royal Asylum of the Society of St. Ann; being obliged by this prior engagement to send an apology and toast to the American Association dining in honour of Washington's birthday. Sir John Burgoyne told me he had never been in America but once, and that was at the battle of New Orleans. This charity appears to me the best I have yet seen in England. The sum collected at the table was little short of fifteen thousand dollars. I gave a check for five pounds.

Levée to-day at St. James's: first of the season, crowded, and more than usually interesting.

Dined with Mr. Wm. Brown, to meet the Mayor and deputation from Liverpool. I sat near Lord Brougham, and had much agreeable conversation with this most remarkable man. He told a number of striking anecdotes about his old client Queen Caroline; of her disposition to pay her counsel in preference to paying her debts, etc.; described Metternich, inveighed fiercely against Napoleon I. as the worst man that ever lived, and referred to a recent publication of which he had received a copy, showing his private morals to have been abominable, and then he pronounced Napoleon III. to be an altered man since the attempt of Orsini, intimating flightiness and recklessness.

Went to Lord Derby's at eleven o'clock.

1859. *February 25.*—It seems to be well ascertained that Lord Cowley was called over from Paris, and has been prepared for a special mission to Vienna, with a view, if possible, to induce Austria to agree to quit the Papal States simultaneously with France. Much reliance is placed upon the efficacy of his diplomatic powers. It is, however, very clear that the departure of the French and Austrian troops will be the opening of a revolutionary movement against which the Pope has no means of resistance; that once begun, the movement will extend into Lombardy and Venice; that Piedmont will try to lead it, and that thus war will be universal in Italy and less regularly conducted than if formally waged by Napoleon III.

Went at four o'clock to the House of Commons to hear Lord Palmerston question the Ministry, according to his notice, as to the probabilities of continuing peace and on their policy. His speech was a lucid and able and politic review of the state of affairs on the Continent,

the preparations making for battle, and the difficulties of perceiving a real cause of quarrel. He seemed to side with France in insisting that the foreign forces should quit the Papal States; and he certainly implied that, if Austria declined doing so, she would put herself in the wrong, and should be left to take the consequences. Disraeli spoke cleverly in reply, and made a plausible announcement that the government had reason to believe that the two Imperial powers would agree upon withdrawing their armies. I thought there was in his language an artful evasiveness, which imported doubt. Lord John Russell also spoke.

1859. *February 26.*—Dined with Lord Lyndhurst. His son-in-law, Hamilton Becket, Sir H. Holland, and Mr. and Mrs. Ward were there. Lady Lyndhurst, two of his Lordship's daughters, an old lady, Colonel Morris, and another gentleman filled the round table. Morris, an exceedingly youthful and prepossessing person, gathered many laurels and orders in the Crimea. The Peer, though eighty-seven, was full of conversation and animated. He told me that when Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, was informed of what Disraeli had said in the Commons last evening about the government having received communications which gave them reason to infer a pacific arrangement, he (Derby) remarked, "He has gone too far." He adverted to having travelled in the United States about sixty-five years ago with Dr. Bollman and Volney.

At eleven went first to the Marquis of Salisbury, and second to Lord Palmerston, getting home by twelve.

1859. *February 27.*—Dined with Mr. T. Baring, meeting Mr. Ward, Mr. Bates, Mr. Ramsden, and Mr. Foster. Phil went with me. It is impossible to carry the finish

and excellence of an entertainment of this sort farther than does Mr. Baring. It is perfect of its kind in all its details and accessories. Mr. B. informed me that Mr. Walpole, Home-Secretary, and Mr. Henley, Board of Trade, had resigned their offices upon a difference as to the Reform bill to be introduced to-morrow. They think it too liberal.

1859. *February 28.*—At the House of Commons from four to half-past eleven. Mr. Disraeli introduced the Reform bill with a speech of three hours. I thought the explanation very forced, artificial, and illusory; and if the measure is not a retrograde movement instead of an advance, I shall be surprised. To be sure, it concedes the ten-pound franchise to counties, but it disfranchises boroughs, and does nothing for the working classes. Lord John Russell, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Bright, and Mr. James (his maiden) denounced it in strong terms. It is a worse failure than the abortive India bill, and Lord Derby can hardly weather the storm it must raise. Lord Palmerston, at the head of his friends, looked quietly on, perhaps perceiving that the same ultra-Liberals who drove him from office were about to perform a like part with his successor. He has only to vote negatively in preventing a second reading, which any man of intelligence finds warrant to do in several provisions of the bill, and the government must either retire or resort to a dissolution of Parliament.

1859. *March 2.*—Levée at St. James's Palace. I presented in the diplomatic circle Bishop Delancey and his son.

Dined with Mr. Vernon Smith, meeting Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir Henry and Lady Holland, etc. At eleven went to Lord Derby's.

1859. *March 3.*—Remarkably fine weather. Enjoyed a walk up Rotten Row amazingly. Went in the evening to Lord Palmerston's. Found the Duchess of Malakoff both handsomer and more agreeable than I had supposed. The rooms were unusually brilliant. Mr. Ponsonby and his wife, pleasant persons. The former tells me that Lord Lyons is held in high estimation at the Foreign Office, and that he and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are considered the ablest of their diplomatic penmen. Delighted the Duchess of Inverness with an account of the national ball at Washington given as a valedictory to her nephew, Lord Napier, of which the description reached me this morning.

Mr. Walpole has done himself great honour by resigning. Public sentiment eulogizes the act as a remarkable example of political integrity. Had he remained in public service but two months longer, he would have been entitled to a pension of £2000, or \$10,000, per annum for life. He is now poor and without occupation, as he cannot return to the Bar, from the equity practice of which he was drawn some years ago.

Accounts represent the result of Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna as very uncertain. The Emperor Francis has been indulging himself in tart remarks upon Napoleon III. and France. The point at which Cowley aims seems to be this: to persuade Austria to give up, as inconsistent with the spirit and purposes of the territorial arrangement effected by the treaties of 1815, the particular treaties or agreements as to fortifications and garrisons she has since made with several Italian States,—Parma, Modena, etc. These are the disrelished grounds of her influence and intervention, and Louis Napoleon will not submit to their continuance. To withdraw from

Rome and the Papal provinces, though something, is not enough. His exertions, now sanctioned by England, can hardly be acquiesced in, for Austria has a substantive right to claim to make with independent governments what conventions she can.

1859. *March 5.*—At Lord Monteagle's in the evening. A new phase of London society. Among the gentlemen the leading personages were Sir Wm. Codrington, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Sir Alexander Spearman. Codrington was the last commander-in-chief of the British army in the Crimea. He is fifty-five. He is a Liberal, but against the ballot. The Dean, Dr. Milman, is an exceedingly interesting man, a fine scholar, and an able writer. His history of ecclesiastical matters has given him a high reputation. I should presume him to be seventy-five or seventy-six. He stoops almost double. His conversation is animated and fresh. Everybody cleared out early, leaving the rooms empty by eleven. Ex-Lord-Chancellor Cranworth was there.

1859. *March 7.*—Plon-Plon—Prince Napoleon—has resigned his office as Minister of Algeria. He is represented as an altogether impracticable functionary, in perpetual hot water with his colleagues, especially Walewski and De Morny. He is eager for war, and I suspect has more of the true Bonaparteian energy and briskness about him than any of the present generation. But he is essentially in principle, though he can't be in practice, a democrat, and therefore the chime is against him here and in France.

Dined with Sir Henry Holland, meeting Lords Lansdowne, Wodehouse, and Wensleydale, Mr. Harcourt, and several ladies. It was stated that Lord Derby's *net* income is seventy-five thousand guineas. In the even-

ing the company largely increased, and we had some good music. Lord Monteaule assured me positively that the new Reform bill would be overwhelmingly killed, and that the Cabinet must go. I candidly regretted, as the present government had treated the United States fairly and well. He gave me credit for my feeling and said it was natural. A younger son of Lord Fortescue, who has the management of the coffee estates of the family in Ceylon, has just returned from that island, and gave me an interesting account of his journey, going and coming twelve thousand miles. Mr. Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's son, arrived from the Ionian Isles, whither he went as secretary to Mr. Gladstone; had been much pleased with his winter's trip. Sir Charles Lyell, Lord Cranworth, and many others came in.

Went at eleven o'clock from Sir Henry Holland's to Mr. Percival's. The late Home Secretary, Walpole, was there and considerably stunned and muddled with wine. He tried to talk about the little reliance to be placed upon Louis Napoleon, but could make neither head nor tail of it. I have great advantage in never touching liquor of any sort, but am very indulgent in my judgments of those who do. Lord Stanley told me that if I continued to abstain inflexibly, I must undoubtedly gradually get the better of my diplomatic colleagues! There was dancing at Mr. Percival's, but the jam made it inconvenient, as they had closed their largest room under the apprehension that it might fall in!

The French Emperor is generally thought to be backing out of his belligerent position, and the power of European public opinion is boasted. I don't give in to this yet: but *nous verrons*.

1859. *March* 10. — Dined with the Queen. Before

going to table, there were assembled by half-past eight, in the Picture-Gallery, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Duchess of Norfolk, Count and Countess Platen, Lord and Lady Donoughmore, Lord and Lady Ashley, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord Sheffield, Rt. Hon. S. Lushington, D.C.L., etc. I was assigned to hand in the Duchess of Norfolk. Sir James Graham was there also. On my left sat Lady Donoughmore, whom I found to be an agreeable, chatty, and pretty Irishwoman, about thirty years of age. I was directly opposite her Majesty, the Duchess of Norfolk opposite the Prince Consort. On the Queen's right was Salisbury, as President of the Council. On the left of the Prince was Lady Flora Macdonald.

We rose from table and went into the gallery again at half-past nine. The Queen inquired whether I was contented with England, hoped the President would permit me to remain much longer, though she knew how rapidly the American mission changed, but trusted there would be an exception in my case. She asked as to the health of Mr. Buchanan and his niece, Miss Lane, and expressed much gratification at my account of them. After a little while, getting more at ease, I told her Majesty one or two anecdotes, which elicited a hearty laugh.

Had a long and interesting conversation with Dr. Lushington, who, on the fellowship of profession, introduced himself to me. He mentioned that he had been the colleague of Lord Lyndhurst on the trial of the case in which he made the first speech that brought him into notice, and opened the avenue to honours and wealth; until then Lyndhurst had been rendered almost desperate by neglect. It was forty-five years ago. I take Lushington, who is a neat, tall, white-haired, blue-

eyed man, with a perpetual smile on his face, to be turned of eighty. Lord Palmerston wore the Garter, Lord Ailsea, but lately made a Knight of the Thistle, wore the broad green ribbon of the Order. While listening to the Queen's band, with written programmes of the music in our hands, we seated ourselves in a sort of semicircle in front of her Majesty. Nothing could transcend the tremulous and deferential homage exhibited by Countess Platen whenever the Queen spoke to her; she would rise from her chair (not done by others) and remain stooping and standing and courtesying until the Queen withdrew her notice. In other respects the Countess seems gifted with sense and tact.

1859. *March* 12.—Lord Cowley is expected to be in London to-day from Vienna. He has probably failed in his mission, as no result is announced.

Panizzi writes me a strong and warm letter about what I did to secure the Neapolitan victims of Bomba a welcome in the United States. The poor fellows are all safe in Cork; and by their revolt have disappointed my countrymen completely of their prepared ovation.

1859. *March* 13.—Returned at half-past nine o'clock from attending the religious service in St. Paul's Church. The crowd was very great. I suppose more than five thousand persons were present. The reverberation of sound prevented, to my imperfect ears at least, any distinct utterance in Psalm or sermon. The swell of the organ and its gradual subsidence as it "in hollow murmurs died away" were very fine. The dome was magnificent, and my neck was rather painful, in consequence of my turning my gaze irresistibly and unconsciously upwards; it was lighted brilliantly by a vast circle of gas-jets, on the ledge below the whispering gallery; the

paintings in its compartments were brought out, and seemed in fact to be brought near, so that the huge expanse appeared to come down flatter and broader to the eye. The effect of this massive and extensive structure is impaired by the numberless curtains, and gratings, and partitions, which perhaps are necessary to render it capable of convenient use, but which detract from its sublime proportions and unity. As to the monuments, they are treated, not as ornaments, but intruders, and put out of sight wherever possible. Were it not for the dome, one would prefer being in any common-sized rural church in England. The sermon was rather long, and, affecting to be addressed to the "lower classes," was commonplace and occasionally rather broad.

1859. *March* 15.—Dined with Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., in Arlington Street, at the house built by Horace Walpole; Lord Eversley, Sir Allan MacNab, Sir William Williams, of Kars, Mr. Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, were at table. Mr. Ellice returned a month or two ago from the United States. He had travelled to St. Paul's, Minnesota, and would seem largely concerned in land speculations there. He repeated to me a conversation he had with the President during last summer at his residence near Washington, in which he encouraged Mr. Buchanan to get rid of all the annoying controversies connected with Central America and Mexico by taking possession of them at once.

Lord Eversley's fruit-trees in Hampshire have been in full blossom for two weeks. To protect them from returning frost he has covered them with woollen netting, which he says will be effectual.

1859. *March* 16.—Our first "at home" of the season: a happy inspiration and successful hit.

In the evening went first to Lord Hardwicke's (Privy Seal). Met Professor Owen on the stairway. He spoke in strong and animated terms of the young scientific explorers of the United States, particularly in the department of natural history. He wished very much to see Perry's account of Japan, and I engaged to send it to him.

Went afterwards to Lord Palmerston's. A crush. It was quite apparent that in the expectation of the crowd the happy event of a ministerial change was close at hand. Lord Cranworth could not contain his exultation, and remarked that as Walpole's routs were said to be more crowded after he left office, so it seemed with Lord Palmerston. "Yes," said I, coolly; "but this assemblage is probably aware that Hope has just lighted on his Lordship's doorsill!"

1859. *March 17.*—In the evening at Lord Chancellor Chelmsford's, in Belgrave Square. The assemblage very brilliant, and not overcrowded. Conversed for some time with Sir John Harding, who seems to think the Ministry will weather the storm of the Reform bill. I asked an explanation as to the pensions allowed to those who had been in office. He said they depended, not upon any general rule, but upon special acts of Parliament. That, mostly, service for two years in a high post entitled to £2000 a year; and the service need not be continuous, but fragments at any distance of time might be computed together. Thus, Mr. Walpole had served under Lord Derby's former ministry nine months, so that, when he resigned the other day, he wanted some six weeks only to be entitled to his pension of £2000; hence he was so much eulogized for the disinterestedness and independence of his withdrawal.

1859. *March 19.*—Reception at the Austrian Minister's (Count Appony). Very select and stupid. Lord Derby, Disraeli, Donoughmore, Salisbury, Clarendon, Granville, there; also Malakoff, Bernstorff, Platen, Von Dorkum, Bentinck, Azeglio, etc., etc. The Austrian and Frenchman peculiarly delighted to salute each other. Cetto, the Bavarian, speaks oracularly, and says that all the war agitation will be completely over in less than three weeks. This countenances the rumour that Louis Napoleon has backed down. I doubt. We shall be enlightened by what may be addressed to the Imperial Guard, on the 20th inst., in the Champ de Mars. The "Prisoner of Ham" is perhaps not the man for the occasion, and Italy will again be cheated.

Nothing can now prevent a pitched battle on the Reform question in the Commons, on Monday, unless it be an intermediate change of the government: and that, if I were Premier, would be brought about, to the avoidance of an otherwise inevitable discomfiture upon a great political principle, in the Legislature, and to the avoidance of an equally fatal step, a dissolution of Parliament. If statesmen here do not act more upon the plan of conciliatory compromise, do not forbear to exasperate the masses by injustice, arrogance, and stratagem, they will be stormed and overwhelmed by the rising flood of democracy. The *Times* has vainly attempted for months past to ignore or depreciate the popular progress of Mr. Bright: it is now unable to stem the torrent, and is taking the other tack. Monday may witness in and about the palace of St. Stephen's a scene of dense movement which will recall the anti-Popery mob of Lord George Gordon. To forestall this, also, Lord Derby would show his wisdom by frankly saying

that he was satisfied his Ministry could not carry their bill, and that he must tender their joint resignations. Lord John Russell would be sent for, and all of Bright's plan would be ultimately and harmlessly adopted, except perhaps the ballot, which might be deferred as a special object of committee examination and arrangement.

1859. *March 20.*—Mr. T. called this morning. He has just returned from the United States, and is now on his way to Paris. The description of the President's utterly friendless position, of the extravagant style of living in Washington, and of the licentiousness of the press are exceedingly graphic and deplorable. We are advancing to a state of things to remedy which will demand from patriotism, untiring and incessant exertion in all the channels of public opinion.

1859. *March 21.*—In the gallery of the House of Commons from four to eight P.M. Lord John Russell opened the discussion on his motion condemnatory of the principle of Lord Derby's Reform bill and against its second reading. He was replied to by Lord Stanley. Then followed Mr. Sturt, a Conservative, who denounced the measure as unjust and unwise, but nevertheless opposed the motion of Lord John. Lord Bury replied to him. I listened in vain for real argument or eloquence. There was a total absence of enlarged, comprehensive, and patriotic view. This, then, is the great English question! There must be something underneath, something which is scrupulously kept out of sight, or the extensive agitation could not be fed. Is it the grim spectre of popular revolution, or what is it? Nothing seemed to me more false and trifling than the vast parade of words and pretences. And this flat and feeble debate will be extended, they say, through the whole week. As a

motive, it is palpable that Lord John's motion looks to place the government in a minority on their trumpeted measure; and so compel a resignation or dissolution which will, in all probability, carry him once more to the Treasury bench. There seems to exist a stern determination to unite on the vote in the ranks of Liberals and ultra-Liberals: some exceptions, to be sure. Mr. E. Ellice, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Horsman, etc., are against the motion; these exceptions are more than compensated by defections from among the Conservatives: Lord John anticipates success by a majority of sixty or more.

1859. *March 23.*—Dined with Mr. Walter Sterling. Sir Alexander and Lady Spearman and daughter were there. Mr. Bayley, M.P. for Manchester, and Mr. Horsfall, M.P. for Liverpool, also present. Rather flat, though hospitality unbounded.

1859. *March 24.*—Dined with the Vicar-General of the Province, Dr. Travers Twiss, in Park Lane. The Danish Minister, Lord Monteagle, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Rives (of the *Edinburg Review*), Mr. Lowe, *et al.*

The Reform debate was adjourned over to to-day. Bulwer Lytton has made a magnificent speech to-night; so has the Solicitor-General Cairns: but it is all in vain; the bill will be killed by Lord John Russell's resolution, and, as Lord Monteagle says, by too decided a majority to justify an appeal to the constituencies. Bright spoke rather tamely.

Went from Dr. Twiss's at ten to Lord Wensleydale's. He introduced me to a Mr. Paca, a Neapolitan, who has been practising law here for many years, and with whose lively and intelligent conversation I was greatly pleased.

1859. *March 25.*—After sending off my despatch bag,

hurried to the House of Commons. Reform still on. Lord Palmerston spoke at about ten: was strongly for the resolution of Russell: exposed the deficiencies of the bill: admitted certain merits: thought the ten-pound county franchise might safely be reduced: lectured Cairns for his intemperate personality: said the resolution would certainly carry, but, with great dexterity, insisted that Ministers had taken the government *with its engagements*, and were bound to go on with their measure; they could not resign with honor, and had not the legitimate power to dissolve Parliament under the present circumstances. Lord John Russell will probably think this speech cuts both ways. As to the last remark of Palmerston, it seemed to me to intimate a foregone conclusion in the Queen's mind, who may possibly not assent to dissolve. Whiteside, Attorney-General for Ireland, answered. He plumply declared that government would not go on with the bill if the resolution prevailed, and pressed upon the timid the idea that it offered the only chance of Reform which they could have this year.

The proposal of a European Congress on Italian questions, offered by the Czar, has been, as now ascertained, assented to by France, England, Prussia, and Austria. Louis Napoleon invited Sardinia to join; and that may introduce Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the other inferior States. The Congress may be prepared to meet at Geneva or Aix-la-Chapelle in August next; and in the mean while, their meeting at all may be prevented by a popular outbreak in Rome, or by conflicts on the Ticino, between the confronting Piedmontese and Austrian forces. Count Cavour is in Paris, on the invitation of Louis Napoleon.

1859. *March* 28.—By appointment, Mr. Brett, the distinguished engineer so successful in laying submarine telegraphic wires, called to obtain my attestation as a witness to his signing a contract which had already been executed by Mr. Horatio Perry, our late Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid. It was an agreement as partners to effect a line of telegraph (1) from England to the south of France, (2) thence to Spain, (3) thence to Madeira, (4) thence to the Cape de Verd Islands, (5) thence across the Atlantic to Brazil, (6) thence up the coast of South America to the West Indies, connecting with the American line in Cuba, with many intermediate branches. I signed as a witness to his signature, but declined employing the seal of the legation, as General Dodge had done in attesting the signature of Mr. Perry. I read the contract attentively, and found the scheme to be one of great extent, likely to require large exertions and capital, and possibly to consume many years before it could be in operation as a whole. I suggested crossing South America from Brazil, and running the line on the Pacific coast up to Oregon, British Columbia, and even up to Behring's Strait, whence it could penetrate Asia, and finally encircle the earth. Mr. Brett said that the expense of laying the wire on land was at the rate of twenty-five pounds per mile.

Went at nine to the House of Commons, expecting to hear Mr. Gladstone on Reform. I heard Sir James Graham. A calm, sober, manly, and somewhat republican support of Lord John Russell's resolution. Sir James said the ballot was augmenting in popularity everywhere, though he remained opposed to it. He warned the House repeatedly that the time had come for including largely the working classes in the enjoyment of political

power, and argued impressively that it was useless to refuse their demands.

In the Peers, Lord Clarendon elicited some statements from Lord Malmesbury about the views of government on the Italian question rather favorable to peace. England would like to recover the prestige she has lost by her Crimean campaign and her second fiddle to the Parisian despot; but Lord Malmesbury is not the man for this,—he is inexperienced, ignorant, and thence necessarily timid, over-cautious, and slow. While giving to Louis Napoleon Lord Cowley as an agent to discover the wishes of Austria under the disguise of a friendly British Minister, he has neglected the moment of action, and has allowed Russia to take the initiative in the proposal for a European Congress. Bungle, bungle, bungle!

1859. *March 29.* — Went to hear Gladstone. He stands by the Ministry, and thus proved his gratitude for having been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. Perhaps, too, he now looks to a peerage. But, alas, he could do no more than eloquently rehash the old and exploded praises of the small rotten boroughs! Shame to the Philhellene!

1859. *March 30.* — A violent snow-storm all day; clearing up in the evening, with freezing. The reception to-day very limited, owing to the weather.

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE.

MY DEAR SIR,—A former sovereign of these realms, William the Fourth, would have resented the supposition that anybody but himself was *head of the Church*. There have, however, been various theories about the particular status of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, as you are about to dine at Lambeth and may wish to be prepared on the subject, I will mention one of them.

It is told that the son of a clergyman, having been plucked at the Oxford examination for a failure in his divinity, which is always fatal in that

University, was closely interrogated by his father as to the details of his misfortune.

"I was asked," he said, "who was the mediator between God and man."

"Well, sir, and what did you reply?"

"Of course I answered, 'the Archbishop of Canterbury.'"

"Oh, you stupid boy! Didn't you know that Dr. Green had had a quarrel with the Archbishop?"

This anecdote I had many years ago from our Chancellor Lord Eldon, who had a good deal of drollery in him when off the woolsack and at the dinner-table.

If it please God to prevent squabbles between peppery naval authorities, I do not despair. We have an excellent and sober admiral on the N. A. station, and I believe the same may be said of our naval men in command generally in that quarter.

Ever, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

EGERTON ELLESMERE.

THE HON. G. M. DALLAS.

Dined at Lambeth Palace. Lords Overstone and Monteagle, Sir David Dundas, Mr. Spencer Walpole, etc., etc., were at table.

At eleven went to Lady Alice Peel's. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her spouse there. The Count de Paris also. Many of the Diplomatic Corps attended, attracted by the royalties. General Peel overwhelmingly civil to me, as also the Duke of Cambridge. Completely tired out, I declined going either to Lord Palmerston's or Lord Hardwicke's.

1859. *April* 1. — The House divided on Lord John Russell's motion against the ministerial reform bill, after continuing the discussion all yesterday, at one o'clock this morning. The vote stood 330 for the motion and 291 for government; majority, 39! An adjournment took place to Monday next, giving to Lord Derby and his colleagues opportunity to decide what course to take,

whether dissolution, resignation, or a new bill. At noon to-day the Cabinet convened, and after a consultation of two hours Lord Derby proceeded to Buckingham Palace. In the House of Lords this evening he has mentioned his interview with the Queen, in consequence of the vote in the Commons, but he has adjourned until Monday next any exposition of what the government intends doing. Carefully reflecting on the little thus developed, I incline to think, from what is omitted to be said as well as from what is said, that the Ministers do not propose either to dissolve Parliament or to resign. They will plead the danger of war in Europe.

1859. *April 5.*—Went yesterday to both Houses of Parliament. In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli stated with happy dignity and moderation the course resolved upon by the government,—namely, a dissolution, as soon as certain measures were disposed of. Lord Palmerston, Mr. Bright, and Lord John Russell followed in pointed speeches vindicating the proceeding of the majority, condemning the ministerial course, and showing that they went to the country without an issue for decision, for they abandoned reform. Lord Derby in the other chamber vented himself spitefully upon Palmerston, Russell, and Graham, speaking with extreme bitterness and arrogance, as Lord Wensleydale said to me, “*con amore,*” sed “*cum odio.*” How unfitting a conduct for a Prime Minister! The true and manly and politic course was to accept tranquilly the vote of the House, resign, and resume his seat on the opposition bench.

I was this morning called upon by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, the celebrated Arctic explorer. He introduced himself, and we had an interesting half-hour's conversation. He is of opinion that several groups of Sir John

Franklin's associates will yet be discovered in detached parties among the natives.

1859. *April 6.*—A bright and beautiful day. The Queen's levée, our own reception, and an evening party at Lord Palmerston's. The *first* crowded and protracted, the *second* quite a success, and the *third* brilliant as well as politically very interesting. Had a long talk with Lord Broughton, who characterized the dissolution as the worst public act which a Parliamentary government could have performed. It is bitterly and loudly condemned as unwarranted by the ministerial situation, interrupting national business, involving an expenditure of more than a million of pounds, producing violent and universal agitation, sure to encourage the most radical doctrines, and ending, as every man knows, in augmenting the strength of the Liberals, all to gratify Lord Derby's spite.

Three Orientals of historical interest were at the levée, in their rich costumes of cloth of gold,—an old man, the son of Tippoo Saib, and the grandsons, remarkably animated and striking in appearance. I talked with them for some time, when they afterwards came to Lord Palmerston's. They have been pensioned by the British government ever since their great ancestor was despoiled.

Met at Lord Palmerston's Baron Poerio, the Neapolitan. He is a short, intelligent-looking, mild, and unaffected gentleman. He says his health had been so impaired by his imprisonment for ten years that he could not have survived the long voyage which the David Steward would probably have had across the Atlantic. Besides, he represented the vessel as badly manned and provided.

1859. *April 8.*—Rout at Colonel Wilson Patton's, M.P. I told Sir H. Willoughby that, having studied it nearly all my life, as a lawyer, I understood the Constitution of England as well as Mr. Gladstone or Lord Derby, and that I could conceive of nothing more inconsistent with its fundamental principles than the little nomination of rotten boroughs. He said, quietly, that he represented one of them in the House of Commons!

1859. *April 9.*—Fresh and fierce symptoms of war at Vienna. Armies ordered sixty thousand strong.

Captain Prentiss, of the David Steward, called to rectify an error in his claim against Naples—from thirty-eight hundred to twenty-eight hundred—on his charter-party to carry out the Neapolitan exiles. He represented them as very disagreeable, dissatisfied, and unmanageable guests,—not unlikely!

1859. *April 11.*—Louis Napoleon arranges with the Director of the railway for sending thirty thousand additional to the neighbourhood of Lyons.

At the ball of Jones of St. Pancras, M.P., Colonel Patten said that in the House of Commons this afternoon it was currently stated and believed that the Rothschilds had bought into the funds for five millions, which was construed, viewing the excellence of their means of intelligence, into a sign of peace. It is, however, if the fact be so, capable of other natural speculations: they may have bought at present reduced prices the very stocks they sold some time ago, in order to realize their profits; or they may have invested here funds drawn from the countries threatened with war.

1859. *April 12.*—The Rothschilds' story of purchase into funds fades as fiction.

1859. *April 13.*—Our reception thronged and lively.

Countesses Derby, Hardwicke, and Apponyi, Marchioness of Salisbury, Ladies Airey, Hall, Bathurst, etc. Reception at Lord Palmerston's.

1859. *April 14.*—Queen's drawing-room. Company numerous and brilliant. A mischievous partisan photograph, by my lively friend Lady Donoughmore, of the Duchess of S——; "a quilt and a night-cap!"

Austria, pushed to the corner by the mediating powers, consents to go into Congress and there settle the Italian question, upon the condition precedent that there shall be a general simultaneous disarmament. France says she hasn't armed, and, therefore, cannot *disarm*. Piedmont has no objection, if all the Austrian armaments throughout the States of Italy, which are standing menaces to her safety, are first withdrawn. The ministerial development here, on this subject, was to-night deferred in both Houses to Monday next. They have a hard road to travel.

Lady Morgan* died last night.

1859. *April 16.*—Dined with the Danish Minister, —Admiral von Dorkum, Dr. Travers Twiss, and the money-article writer for the *Times* at table. So, also, Swedish Minister Count Platen and his wife, M. Conti and wife, Secretary of Spanish legation.

Went at near eleven to Lord Clarendon's: a gay and noisy rout. Lord Palmerston there, also Lord Chancellor Chelmsford and Lord Hardwicke. Had a long talk with Sir George Cornwall Lewis about the prospect of war; he don't doubt its coming, and distrusts the ultimate designs of Napoleon. Delane, of the *Times*, was present.

* Authoress of "The Wild Irish Girl."

1859. *April* 18.—Queen holds a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, and will prorogue Parliament by Commission to-morrow. She proceeds to Windsor this afternoon.

First to the Commons and afterwards to the Lords to hear the ministerial statement as to the diplomatic position in the question of peace or war. Disraeli, Palmerston, Malmesbury, Clarendon, and Derby spoke; but the development of the Government darkened the prospect. The feeling in favour of Piedmont's attitude—refusing to disarm for a Congress into which she was not admitted—showed itself in the House by cheers. That she should have been asked to do this by England will tell fatally against Malmesbury. He bungled, too, so far as to be on the eve of joining France in guaranteeing Piedmont, if she would disarm against Austria; thus making England a party to the Continental embroglio. France assents to the *principle* of disarmament, but, like Russia, postpones the fact for deliberation by Congress. Austria insists upon its proceeding. Neutrality—armed neutrality—is the order of Lord Derby's march, who spoke of the various proposals and counter-proposals between Austria and France as a "trifling" not to be tolerated beyond the disposition of the final suggestion he has made; but the opposition dilute this neutrality with a strong leaning towards Italian deliverance from the bayonets of foreigners and bad local governments.

1859. *April* 21.—Dined with Mr. Bates. Met Mr. T. Baring and Mr. Reed, our Minister to China. The latter agreeable about the Chinese and Japanese: effectually cured of Anglo-mania.

A telegram from Turin in the *Times* says that General Gyulai has been ordered to announce a Declaration of

War against Piedmont if she do not within three days disarm and dismiss the volunteers! So, then, Malmesbury's incessant proposals have lulled France into a false security and Austria has got the start! If this be so, the excitement in France will be tremendous; she will consider herself betrayed into dishonour by her closest ally; and we may have a war of twenty years. The arrogance of Austria has put Napoleon in the right, and his opportunity to follow the career of his uncle is capital. Poor Sardinia will be crushed before she can be relieved!

1859. *April 22.*—Napoleon is stated to be expediting his armies to Piedmont. His generals are all assigned to their respective divisions, most of them to the south-eastern frontier of France: Malakoff to the northeast, at Nancy, Commander-in-chief of the Army of Observation. The game opens grandly, with a coolness and precision which manifest long predetermined preparation. When the Emperor, a few days ago, was earnestly begged for a military appointment, he is said to have replied, "They are all given, and I want one for myself." He probably will command in person.

1859. *April 26.*—Young Hutchinson, just arrived from United States, dined with us. Such inquiries and answers about everything in Philadelphia! He is on his way to Liege, in Belgium.

1859. *April 27.*—A treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, is announced as executed on the 22d inst., between Russia and France. Russia has two Armies of Observation,—one on the eastern frontier of Russia, the other on the eastern frontier of Galicia. The Emperor Napoleon starts for the "Army of Italy" this morning.

1859. *April 28.*—Stock exchange in a perfect panic.

Consols went as low as 88. A treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, announced between France and Denmark. Why this? Has it any bearing on the freedom of the Russian fleet to come in and out the Baltic through the Sound?

1859. *April 29.*—I had an extremely interesting interview with Lord Malmesbury this afternoon. In appearance, he has grown ten years older during the last two months. He looks thoroughly "abattu,"—pale, dejected, worn. We interchanged salutations, and I introduced conversation by saying that I knew his oppressive engagements just now, and really regretted being obliged to invoke his attention. I was aware of his persevering and indefatigable efforts to preserve the peace, and, whatever might be their result, he would have the applause of the world. "Well," said he, "I have kept them from fighting for two months. I have laboured at it for fourteen hours daily, and am fairly exhausted; but it is now over, the negotiations are at an end; they are fighting this very day." I said that I had never for a moment, since January 1, doubted that the French Emperor had determined upon war; that, having resolved upon his line of policy, nothing could deter him from proceeding straight forwards in carrying it out. He replied such appeared to be the case, and no one could foresee where it would lead him.

1859. *May 3.*—Dined with the Minister of the Hanseatic League, Mr. Rucker, and his pretty wife. Met Mr. Schleiden, who represents the same League at Washington. A charming dinner and an agreeable one.

The manifestos of the two Emperors, explanatory for going to war, are out. Napoleon's is clear, forcible, impressive, and exciting. Stuck upon the walls of Paris,

it kindles enthusiasm among the gamins who cluster round to read it. Austria's is dignified and patriarchal, but rather tame. It may, however, well suit the German temperament.

There was no fight in Piedmont on the day Lord Malmesbury supposed. The Austrian invaders, however, have crossed the Ticino, have had a skirmish with some Sardinians, and lost a Colonel and thirteen men. It is said forty thousand of the French are at Genoa, from Algiers, Toulon, and Marseilles.

1859. *May 4.*—Reception; not a crowd, but exceedingly acceptable visitors, and enough.

1859. *May 6.*—Went to exhibition of paintings in water colours, some things admirable and exquisite.

1859. *May 7.*—A drawing-room at St. James's Palace; I talked all the time to Lord Stanley. Malakoff leaves tonight, with his lovely Maréchale, for Paris. It is rumoured that Persigny succeeds him. Strange! but it would appear that the Austrians, after crossing the Po and invading Piedmont, have suddenly, and without any obvious cause, retreated and recrossed the river! Is it a feint? Have the Croats insisted upon the pledge given them that they were not to be marched over the Austrian boundary? Have the deluges of rain produced disorder and disease? Or is there a quarrel between Generals Hess and Gyulai as to the mode of opening the campaign? Everybody questions, nobody answers.

Louis Napoleon still lingers in Paris.

1859. *May 9.*—A great death in Berlin on Saturday,—Humboldt, turned of ninety!

1859. *May 10.*—Levée at St. James's Palace.

The Emperor, accompanied by Prince Napoleon, left Paris at six P.M. last evening, by rail for Marseilles, on his

way to take command of the Army of Italy. He leaves the Empress as Regent, under special instructions and with special advisers.

1859. *May 13.*—Hard at work all day for the steamer of to-morrow.

Concert in the evening at Buckingham Palace. Sir John Lawrence there; an admirable personal representation of his real character—sagacity, energy, and determination in every lineament of countenance and figure. He had been created a K. C. B. during this day, and wore the broad red ribbon. Conversed with Lord Derby, who said he was delighted to know from Lord Malmesbury that the relations of our two countries were on the best footing. Also with Lord Hardwicke, who anticipated difficulties in the trade with coal, as an article contraband of war. Also with Ex-Chancellor Cranworth, whom I surprised by announcing to him the removal from office of Count Buol, Minister of Austrian Foreign Affairs. This news had just arrived, and was told me by Tricoupi. Also with Sir Edward Cust, who disliked Mr. Sickles, from what he had observed of him while Secretary of Legation here, and who thought he should have been convicted of the murder of Key, and then pardoned. Also with Moreria, who was curious to know my thoughts as to the war, and its probable results. I told him that all we Americans must go with Piedmont and France up to the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy; but, after that, I confessed it was difficult to foresee the complications to arise, though in the end we might expect to find the Czar in Constantinople, France possessed of Egypt, England, coalesced with Austria, Prussia, and Germany, laying herself open to invasion, and all the monarchies endangered by popular revolutions.

The Queen issued to-night her Proclamation of Neutrality. Yet England is arming to the teeth.

1859. *May 14.*—Visited the Royal Gallery for a couple of hours with Susan. A few delightful pictures: the "Doubtful Crumbs," by Landseer, and his stag in the water pursued by hounds, one of which is near enough to seize the throat *or* to be resolutely *horned*. The "Home Again," pendant to "Eastward Ho," is fine and moving. Too many immense portraits, none really good. Lady Londonderry with her children, fit for a huge barn-door; Lord Chancellor Chelmsford, for New York City Hall.

1859. *May 17.*—Went in the evening to Sir John Pakington's at the Admiralty Office. Conversated freely with Colonel Wilson Patten, M.P., on the effects likely to be produced by the Proclamation of Neutrality upon the trade in coals and provisions. I told him what seemed to me would be produced among his mercantile constituents of Liverpool, especially pointing out the placing it in the power of private prosecutors to create prosecutions for misdemeanor against shippers, a power which Austrian consular functionaries might feel it a duty to exercise.

1859. *May 18.*—Our "at home." Lord and Lady Napier were the first to call. They have returned with the warmest sense of their treatment in the United States, and talked most acceptably about many of my family and friends. His Lordship complimented me upon the prophetic spirit with which for more than a year past I had noted the incidents leading inevitably to the present European war. Lady Napier spoke of my youthful grandniece, Agnes Irwin, as the most talented and agreeable girl she had met in America! This is a result, too, which I predicted several years ago.

1859. *May 19.*—Queen's appointed, not actual, birthday. She was born on May 24th. A brilliant drawing-room, at which we presented General and Mrs. Morgan, our diplomatic representative at Lisbon. Had a long and interesting conversation with Lord John Manners (Public Works). A grand official dinner by Lord Malmesbury, in Downing Street. The laborious day closed with an intolerable squeeze at Lord Derby's quarters in the same locale.

There is something I cannot exactly comprehend in the general impression expressed by merchants in England and dwelt upon in the newspapers to the effect that, notwithstanding the Queen's Proclamation, commerce carried on from here will be safer in American vessels and under the American flag than in British bottoms with British colours. Both nations are neutral, and both admit the belligerent right of search for contraband of war. As equally neutral, both can safely ship innocent merchandise, and both are liable to the consequences of having on board military supplies. If there be a difference, it is one rather against the shipping of the United States, for we did not become party to the Declaration made at the Congress of Paris in 1856, owing to the indivisibility of the four propositions and our rejecting most wisely the abolition of privateering; so that we cannot claim for our vessels exemption, under "free ships make free goods," from belligerent search and the necessity of surrendering up enemy's property. We cannot carry enemy's property as safely as the English can.

1859. *May 20.*—Went in the evening to the Prussian Minister's. Not a large company. Inferior music. Spoke to Mr. S. Fitzgerald, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, about the high rates of duty on tobacco and the

possibility of negotiating successfully for a reduction. He was very discouraging, but, at my request, promised a Blue Book on the subject.

1859. *May 21.*—Mr. Seward called. Came over in the Ariel. Arrived in London last night, and his first visit is to me!

The battle of Montebello announced. The French General, Florey, victorious after a severe struggle, and the Austrians under Stadion retreat over the Po! So opens the war where Lannes gained his laurels under the great Napoleon, close to the field of Marengo.

1859. *May 23.*—Visited the Royal Gallery and compared the modern with the old masters. Alas! we are very far behind the great painters which preceded us! Contrast that immense Paul Veronese, "Alexander Receiving the Family of Darius," with West or Alston!

1859. *May 25.*—An amusing *rencontre* at our "at home." Persigny, who has taken Malakoff's post, held me steadily in the corner of a sofa descanting long and earnestly in vindication of his sovereign's course of proceeding in relation to the war. As he was proceeding in most animated style, who should come in but Hulseman, from Washington, where he has represented Austria for something short of a century. I rose to welcome him, whereupon he entered upon his habitual flippant volubility as to the motives of his arrival. He obviously knew nobody in the room but the family, so I thought it best to edge in a caution, and, making a sign, said in a low tone, "The French Ambassador." He underwent an electric shock, gave utterance to an audible "Ah!" and whisked round. Persigny overheard, but quietly remarked to my daughter, on a picture hanging on the wall, "Who is the artist?"

The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, now about seventy-three, is reported to be seriously ill. Her Majesty comes from Osborne to-morrow with the Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

Mr. Seward came to our reception, and, wanting a guide, I took him to the flower show at the Botanic Garden. The throng was immense. We were much delayed. I invited him to take pot-luck at dinner. He did so, and remained until near eleven o'clock.

1859. *May 27.*—In the evening went to the Earl of Lanesborough's. He is an Irish representative Peer. Made the acquaintance of Captain Carnegie, whom Sir John Pakington forced to resign his place as a Lord of the Admiralty because he would not run for Doon at the recent election.

Garibaldi has clearly turned the Austrian extreme right, and is in Lombardy. He has taken Varese, and has issued a proclamation invoking a revolutionary rise. He will advance to Como without delay. His whole force in the nature of guerillas is estimated at from six to ten thousand men; no artillery, except two cannon captured from an Austrian party, and no cavalry. If he get in the rear of the Austrian armies, make a dash at Milan, and awaken the people to rebellion, he will run the chance of eclipsing so completely the movements of the Emperor Napoleon and the King Victor Emmanuel, as well as the allied generals, that he may incur the danger of universal jealousy and dislike. His is another striking illustration of the rule that a cause should be entrusted to those who sincerely believe in and love it. Garibaldi is wedded to the independence and liberty of Italy, and puts his faith in his people.

1859. *May 28.*—Dined with Mr. Moffat, late Member

of Parliament for Ashburton. He has just lost his election, though he intends to contest his adversary's majority of *one*. Rather a stupid time, relieved for a few minutes by an animated partisan philippic from Mr. James Wilson, the founder of the *Economist*, and the recent distinguished Financial Secretary of the Treasury. He bore down fiercely upon the Ministry, and especially upon Malmesbury.

We had also at table the famous mesmeric Dr. Elliott, whose dark, deep, and impressive face brought to my mind irresistibly Dumas's delineation of Balsamo in his "Mémoires d'un Médecin."

At eleven P.M. proceeded to Lord Palmerston's. Crowded and brilliant. Governor Seward there. Gladstone, cornered by Lord Palmerston, with a look of mingled tribulation and anger, his Lordship speaking to him calmly and steadily, as a school-master would chide an erring pupil!

1859. *June 1.*—News of another battle at Palestro. French successful, and Victor Emmanuel gains bright spurs by personal courage. Napoleon sent him during the conflict his favourite regiment of Third Zouaves, who carried a height with impetuosity, driving four hundred Austrians into a canal. Canrobert was in this engagement.

The Queen has determined to please the Legation, unexpectedly and contrary to all usage, sending invitations to her concert of this evening to Bishop Delancey and Mr. Seward. I presented the latter. The music was very good. One song by Titiens, admirable. Met Lord Elgin for the first time since his return from China. The Princess Frederick William has grown taller and become in all respects an attractive woman; nothing in

her look or manner indicated that she had suffered from detecting her husband to have had a "morganatic wife already!"

1859. *June 3.*—A press of American visitors yesterday and to-day; among them Colonel Crittenden, of our army, introduced by General Scott, and Mr. Perine, of Baltimore, introduced by Chief-Justice Taney.

Took with us to Lord Derby's, at eleven P.M., Mr. Butler, the Secretary of Legation at Berlin. A dance, an incredible crowd, and very warm. The Premier in gayest spirits, telling Lord Clarendon he was bent on suffocating all the opposition to-night.

A circular signed by Palmerston, Russell, Milner Gibson, Ellice, and others, invokes for Monday next a caucus of all the Liberals of the House. The object is to confer upon the course to be taken by the opposition to effect a change of Government. The expedient is a delicate and dangerous one; it may burst in the hands of its managers, and utterly destroy the party union it is designed to effect. How can Roebuck or Bright be excluded? and, if present, can they forbear a disorganizing attack upon the Whig leaders? The general impression, however, is, as Colonel Patten told me to-night, that a vote of want of confidence will be agreed upon in amendment of the address, and that they will take the chances of a new Ministry being fairly constituted. This is really not altogether a game for office: the Liberals believe that in a time of war something better than Malmesbury is essential to the country, and that a parliamentary majority sustaining the government is necessary to its attitude. The calculators anticipate carrying the resolution of censure by not less than nineteen majority, sufficiently large to upset, but hardly broad enough to build upon.

1859. *June 6.*—A great battle at Magenta, a town on the Lombard side of the Ticino, took place the day before yesterday,—Saturday morning. Fifteen thousand Austrians *hors de combat*, and five thousand prisoners! The outposts of the Allies were close to Milan before the sun set.

The caucus of Liberals at Willis's rooms to-day numbered two hundred and seventy-four. Palmerston, Russell, and Bright bent on union. A motion to be made to amend the address to the Queen, so as to express a want of confidence. Roebuck, Horsman, and Lindsay against it: the only dissentients.

1859. *June 7.*—The Queen opens Parliament; House of Lords exceedingly imposing and showy. Many peers, many Bishops, and a crowded Commons. In the afternoon the want of confidence amendment offered in the House by Lord Hartington. I attended and heard Disraeli's speech in defence—full of eloquent sarcasm, but no forcible argument.

1859. *June 8.*—Ball at Buckingham Palace. Conversed long with Lord Chancellor Chelmsford, to reach whom I left the diplomatic corner and went round to the opposite platform. I had two purposes: first, to see whether he anticipated being displaced, and, second, to impress upon him my conviction that the French Emperor would leave the Italians to choose their own rulers and laws as soon as he effected their independence of Austria. He exultingly expects the defeat of the Liberal attack, and he is obviously anti-Louis Napoleon. A Tory is like a Bourbon,—he learns nothing and forgets nothing.

The Queen coquetted between the belligerent sovereigns, dancing with Persigny and then with Apponyi; so also in her attentions to the two ladies.

A report prevailed during the day that the Allies had been beaten back over the Ticino, and that the Sardinian King had been killed. In the ballroom, Persigny came to me and said he had in his pocket a telegram, received an hour ago, announcing the falsehood of the story, and stating the entry this morning of the Emperor and his ally in triumph into Milan.

1859. *June 9.*—Dined with Lord Lyndhurst. Earls Clarendon and Malmesbury, Lady Clarendon, Lord and Lady Napier, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Seward, and two or three others.

Gladstone told a piquant story of what Lord Brougham had said of Sir J. G——, to wit, that he had known his mother very well, and had called to see her shortly after Sir J—— was born; that the nurse was ordered to bring the infant in to show him, and as soon as he came he misbehaved himself! "As he has been doing ever since," said Mr. Ellice. Great laughter followed this sally.

1859. *June 10.*—Another battle at Melegnano. Austrians defeated. Bonaparte has created MacMahon Duke of Magenta. The Austrians retreating beyond the Adda, after abandoning Piacenza and blowing up the Citadel.

1859. *June 11.*—This morning, at about two A.M., the division on the amendment to the address took place in the House, resulting in a majority of thirteen against the Government. A Cabinet Council at twelve, and Lord Derby soon after proceeded to the Palace and tendered to her Majesty the resignation of the Ministry. Accepted. Lord Granville sent for, and subsequently Lord Palmerston.

1859. *June 18.*—The Ministerial crisis has continued

all the week. This evening the *Globe* contains the following: "Inauguration of the New Ministry. This morning Her Majesty the Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Windsor Castle, for the purpose of formally receiving from Lord Derby's administration the seals of office, and transferring them to the new government, which has been formed under Lord Palmerston.

"Her Majesty gave audience to the Earl of Derby and his late colleagues. The Lord Chancellor gave up the great seal, the Secretaries their seals, and other officials their wands."

The new Ministers were afterwards admitted to an audience, received the seals of office, and kissed hands on their appointments.

THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury.—Viscount Palmerston, K.G.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

Secretaries of State: For the Foreign Department.—Lord John Russell. *For the Home Department.*—Sir G. Cornwall Lewis. *For the Colonial Department.*—The Duke of Newcastle.

For War.—Mr. Sidney Herbert.

For India.—Sir C. Wood, G.C.B.

First Lord of the Admiralty.—The Duke of Somerset.

Lord Chancellor.—Lord Campbell.

President of the Council.—Earl Granville, K.G.

Privy Seal.—The Duke of Argyll, K.T.

Postmaster-General.—The Earl of Elgin, K.T.

President of the Board of Trade.—Mr. R. Cobden.

President of the Poor-Law Board.—Mr. Milner Gibson.

Secretary for Ireland.—Mr. Cardwell.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Sir G. Grey.

This Cabinet is a compound of materials heretofore esteemed discordant, if not irreconcilable ; it is, however, intellectually powerful, and the strong sense of the absolute necessity of saving the Liberal party by overlooking differences of individual opinion may enable it to work on. There are Whigs of every tint and shade, from the extreme Radical to the just short of Tory. The only almost inexplicable feature of it is Mr. Gladstone; a gentleman who has, as Lord Commissioner to the Ionian Isles under Lord Derby's government, just returned from office, who on the question of reform champions rotten boroughs, and who voted against the want of confidence amendment to the Address. Lord Palmerston has carried the idea of a "broad basis" to the frontier of "no party." It bodes no good.

1859. *June 20.*—Two dangers, like lions in his path, seem before Louis Napoleon. The first is that his victorious army will not consent to return to France until they have visited Vienna, and the second that his stirring up the Hungarians to revolt, with the aid of Klapka and Kossuth, will bring upon his back Prussia, Germany, and mayhap England. He may be sincere in his wish to localize the war, and to end it as soon as the Austrians are driven out of Italy, but circumstances may force him onwards. Phaeton would have liked to perform the diurnal revolution with the Chariot of the Sun, but wise wishes and good intentions are not independent of events.

A brilliant ball to-night at the French Embassy. The reinstated Ministers first. I hailed Lord John Russell on the staircase, I going up, he coming down, at twelve, as "Mon chef." He smiled, said, "Thank you," and added, "You are a bold man, in this place and so early, to throw off your diplomatic allegiance to Persigny." He seemed

to think some reply was necessary, and made a flat one. He, Lord Elgin, and Lady Palmerston were made strangely handsome by the beaming delight of their countenances. *E converso*, Lord Clarendon looked as if smoking a bad cigar. Of all imperturbable men, give me Lord Palmerston!

1859. *June 22.*—Concert at the Palace. King of Belgium, Count of Flanders, etc., there. Why this visit? Does his Majesty wish to urge the Regent of Prussia, through the British Court, to take his stand at the head of the German Confederation against France in Italy? Take care, Leopold; you are but a mouthful for your great neighbours. Besides, your policy overreaches itself, and leads to the very mischief you apprehend. If Prussia, by a measure of unjust intermeddling, provoke Napoleon, all France will rise at his summons and overflow its frontiers.

1859. *June 25.*—A very crowded and fatiguing levée at St. James's to-day. Count Persigny came beaming up to me, stating that he had a telegraphic despatch of a great battle on the right bank of the Mincio, in which the Austrians were defeated, driven from their position, and with an immense loss of men, guns, and standards, the whole army, on each side engaged, extending in a line of fifteen miles. The victory telegraphed by the Emperor to the Empress. The fight began at four A.M. on the 24th of June and continued for sixteen hours. These are all the details given.

At the door of the Throne-Room, while the Queen was receiving her visitors to-day at the levée, one of the gentlemen was stopped, insisting upon keeping his hat on (a military chapeau). For a minute the line was interrupted. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort leaned

forward as if to see the cause, and then laughed, observing that it was the Earl of Kinsale exercising his undoubted hereditary privilege of doing an uncivil and ungraceful thing by remaining covered in the presence of his sovereign! One would expect of a civilized nobility that so indecent a privilege would long since have been renounced. In America, the hat must have been knocked off the head unscrupulously; but in refined England it is a part of the religion of aristocracy to preserve, however disgraceful, the usages and traditions of mediæval barbarism. *Per se*, the act, performed especially before a Lady, is one of jacobinical rudeness. Thus it is that extremes meet.

Went to Lord Palmerston's at eleven o'clock. Esterhazy seized me here as he had seized me at the levée, and talked with the awkward loudness of a deaf man.

1859. *June 26*.—Went by rail to Hatton, the residence of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Frederick Pollock, about eighteen miles from London. Met, in addition to a most numerous family, Sir — Bramwell, Justice, and Mr. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's Secretary in China. Mr. Seward was there. The Chief Baron takes great pride in the arrangements of his house, his lawn, shrubbery, and mock ruins; and he took us to see them all. His conservatories are small but numerous, and crowded with beautiful fruit,—peaches, nectarines, grapes, plums, oranges. His dairy, too, was rich in milk, cream, and butter, with large white glass pans. He told me he was seventy-six years of age, that he had twenty-three sons and daughters, and had married twice. How many of his children are by the present Lady Pollock I could not venture to inquire; some, of both sexes, seemed to be nearly her age. I enjoyed a long conversation with

the Chief Baron, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, at night, after the rest of the guests had returned to London. He esteems Jury Trial mainly for its character as an equitable tribunal. As a judge he has an established reputation for penetrating the truth and making it triumph in defiance of technical forms or positive law. He repudiated the maxim commonly repeated that Christianity was a part of the British law. He is upright, laborious, firm, and always merciful. He leaves his home regularly at half-past eight A.M., comes to Westminster Hall, and remains till four P.M., when he drives to Waterloo Station, and reaches his home again in less than an hour. Such is his course throughout the year, except when on Circuit. He is a great admirer of Marshall, Kent, Story, and Taney.

1859. *June 27.*—Returned from Hatton with the Chief Baron this morning. In the afternoon went out to Richmond Hill to a large dinner of thirty-six given by Lady Chantrey, widow of the famous sculptor. The Bishop of Winchester was there, and introduced himself to me as a warm friend of my cousin, Alexander Dallas, Rector of Wonston. The Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of St. Paul's, and a number of other interesting personages present.

The battle of the 24th inst. on the right or western bank of the river Mincio has been christened by the *Moniteur* "Solferino," because it was really won by the French Emperor's taking that village, leading his army in person. It seems, notwithstanding its protracted duration and its immense loss of life on both sides, not to be decisive. The Austrians recrossed the Mincio at the close, the French occupied their positions, and so the matter stands. No hurried retreat, and no pursuit.

1859. *June 29.*—Mr. Cobden arrived from the United States at Liverpool by a Quebec steamer this morning. He deliberates whether to accept the Board of Trade offered by Lord Palmerston. A politician who deliberates is, like a woman, lost.

1859. *June 30.*—Ball at Buckingham Palace last evening. Leopold of Belgium, the Count of Flanders, and the Prince of Oporto were present. The Prince of Wales, too, on his return from Rome and travels, looking more manly and much improved, though still very boyish and undersized.

Lord Clarence Paget, Milner Gibson, Monckton Milnes, and Charles Villiers were surprised by my telling them of Cobden's arrival, and a general solicitude spread through the ballroom to know if he would enter the Cabinet.

Had a long talk in the refreshment-room with Lord Stanley, who begged me to explain the precise principle upon which turned the difference between the Douglas faction of the Democratic party and the extremists of the South. He took it in immediately, and said it was a difference fraught with very large, practical consequences.

Mr. Cobden's speech, highly complimentary and grateful towards the United States, appears fully reported in the *Times* of this morning.

1859. *July 4.*—Celebration by the American Association in the great hall of St. James's. Mr. Bright made a strong and assailable speech; Mr. Digby Smith, a rabid, roaring, Hibernian one; a gentleman from New York, named *General* Vandenburg, a good-sense one, terribly protracted. I spoke briefly and comprehensively in response to the first toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

1859. *July 6.*—Dined with the Marquis of Westminster. Took in the celebrated and lively Lady Waldegrave, wife of Mr. Harcourt. Did not know who she was until later at night, but discovered her to be eminently intelligent and agreeable. She is the attractive and fashionable star of Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole's place, and the grand-daughter of Sheridan. Had a long and animated talk with Mr. Whitbread, grandson of the great brewer whom I heard when here in 1813-'14. He married an Earl's daughter (Chichester), and is twenty-nine.

Went at eleven o'clock to Lord Lansdowne's, taking Carl and Charlotte, whom we left there, and proceeded, at twelve, to General Peel's, the ex-War Secretary. Fairly fagged out by the day's duties.

1859. *July 7.*—Dined at Lord John Russell's. Met the French, Sardinian, Russian, Spanish, and Brazilian Ministers. Madame Musurus represented Turkey, her husband still in Paris. Countess Persigny sent an apology just before we went to dinner. Noticed the receipt of a telegram by Lord John while at table, which he handed with imperturbable countenance to D'Azeglio; the latter became thoughtful and slightly flurried as he read it.

Went at eleven to Lord Clarence Paget's, the new and aspiring Secretary of the Admiralty. Capital music on piano, violin, and violoncello. Met Milner Gibson, Sir T. Cochrane, Lord Wensleydale, etc.

1859. *July 8.*—The papers announce a key to Lord John's telegram yesterday, to wit, an armistice agreed upon between the Emperors of France and Austria. This is a great event, and may suddenly lead to peace. It strikes me as singular that Victor Emmanuel is not named by Louis Napoleon in his message to the Em-

press as a party to the act. May it not have been prompted, as a great popular card, by Lord John Russell? It is, in every public aspect, highly beneficial to the French cause, and indicates consummate address on the part of Bonaparte. The funds are rising rapidly; Consols from ninety-three to near ninety-five.

1859. *July 10.*—Spent my birthday out of town.

1859. *July 12.*—The news of the evening is electrifying! The two Emperors at Villafranca have signed a peace! Lombardy ceded to France, to be transferred to Sardinia; Venetia to be formed into an independent kingdom for Archduke Maximilian of Austria; the Pope's territories guaranteed to him. The whole thing has the rapid and surprising air of a harlequinade. What is this new, wonderful man contemplating? His fleets are numerous and formidable; they are said to be rallying, as to a nucleus, at Cherbourg; his armies can as promptly be transferred from Italy to the opposite coasts of the Channel as they were gathered on the other side of the Alps. England is not completely ready; does he contemplate an invasion? If he had a ground for quarrel, however slight, I should be inclined to that conjecture; but he has none. To be sure, where the will exists there is always a way. He has now probably added Austria to Russia and Piedmont as indissolubly his allies. He returns to Paris by the 15th inst. He may be received in triumph, and yet the French press intimates discontent with the armistice. Let us see what this Aladdin will next attempt. This little gem set in the silver sea should be rimmed with sentinels. What if she appeal to the United States in her extremity? I would reply, ameliorate your civil institutions by abolishing your mediæval oligarchy, and

we will defend you! We would do it and our people would like to do it under that condition.

1859. *July 14.*—A suspicious apprehension that Bonaparte means mischief is felt in all circles. His address to his soldiers squints that way. That of the Emperor of Austria is more avowed, ascribing his yielding to the necessity of a peace, to the desertion of his "natural allies." The two principles of despotic and constitutional government are almost face to face.

Went to Lord Derby's in the evening—first, however, to the two houses of Parliament—accompanied by General Pierce. In the Lords we luckily timed upon a short debate on foreign affairs in which Granville, Derby, Brougham, Stratford de Redcliffe, Clanricarde, and Malmesbury participated. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe assaulted Count Cavour with fierceness as the promoter of the revolutionary feelings in Italy, saying that had he been the Duke of Tuscany he would have ordered his diplomatic representative, sowing sedition as he did, hung. Brougham depicted the Peace as a melancholy illustration of what government, unlimited monarchy, had at last come to in Europe; it was not the act of a Ministry, nor of a Privy Council, nor of diplomatic advisers, but simply the parol arrangement of two men at a personal interview!

In the Commons, we heard Lord John Russell for a short time on the same topic. Both houses spoke under constraint, trying their best to keep unsaid the harsh words which the treaty, made in contempt of England and Prussia, naturally inspired.

At night, at Lord Derby's, nearly all the recent Cabinet attended, and I had a fair chance to present General Pierce.

1859. *July 16.*—Went to Lord Palmerston's. A thin assemblage, ascribable to the extreme heat. Lord Palmerston invited me to call at Cambridge House to-morrow at two, as he wants my ideas respecting the American claimant to the sovereignty and domain of one of the Feejee Islands.

1859. *July 17.*—Went to Cambridge House at two. Found Lord Palmerston reading a telegram just received from Lisbon, announcing the sudden death, from angina pectoris, of the young, handsome, and popular Queen of Portugal, to whom we paid our respects at Buckingham Palace on the 8th of May, 1858, when she was on her way to be married!

I left with Lord Palmerston copies of two papers explanatory of the Feejee Islands case to which he had referred last night. I, also, at his request, gave him some views as to the colonizing power of the general government. The Constitution contemplated nothing of the sort. No act of Congress had created or recognized a colony. Mr. Calhoun, while Secretary of State, in February, 1845, had asked me what was the relation of Liberia to the United States, and I had instantly replied, "None whatever; it was altogether a private enterprise." We had talked of getting the Sandwich Islands; but they would have entered the Confederacy as a "new State" or possibly as a "territory." The two nearest instances were the settlement at Astoria, and the Guano Island provided for by an act of Congress passed in the spring of 1856.

1859. *July 23.*—An invitation came to us to an "at home" at Strawberry Hill, and we went there to-day at three. It is about eleven miles from London, at Twickenham, on the Thames, not far from Pope's villa. Lady

Waldegrave was not so good looking in the sun-glare as in the gaslight at the Marquis of Westminster's; and, indeed, the whole visit failed to be as pleasant or interesting as I expected. The house has been modernized by the Countess; and though all its diminutive nooks and corners are retained, and as much of Horace Walpole as a lady could well relish, yet the walls were fresh papered, the coloring tone brightened, and many of the rooms bedizened, especially with portraits of the hour. After examining everything closely, with the aid of Mr. Harcourt's guidance, I came to the unexpressed conclusion that Strawberry Hill contained only two treasures which I should care to possess: *one*, a beautiful portrait of "Three Ladies de Waldegrave," by Reynolds; not very handsome in themselves, but exquisitely delineated as engaged in reeling off a skein of silk or in writing, and with the perfect representation of aristocratic refinement, with the old style of powdered, pomatumed pyramid of hair, and all in white morning dresses; *the other*, an old painting, esteemed a production of the year 1422, and representing fantastically one of the Kings Henry, with numerous sons and wife and daughters, with a wounded flying dragon, and angels holding up the tops of rich tents! The Belgian and I were the only members of the Diplomatic Corps present. I had an agreeable conversation with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who drew my attention to the awkward boyishness of the young Duke de Chartres, just arrived from the Italian war: his head had undergone the close shaving of military discipline, which prompted Lord Stratford to say that it had been nothing but close shaving the whole campaign! This led to many comments upon the extraordinary spectacle presented at the peace-patching breakfast of Villafranca:

a scene which I characterized as bringing back upon modern Europe the mediæval barbarism which allowed bold barons to distribute vassals and domains as suited their fancy. The Count of Paris, Duke d'Aumale, and his lively Duchess, the Clarendons, Wensleydales, were among the company. There were roomy tents on the green for dancing and refreshments. I strolled round the grounds to catch an exterior view of the house and its site, neither of which struck me as remarkable. While rambling, I came upon a party of guests engaged in the game of "Aunt Sally"!

1859. *July 26.*—Went in the evening to the opera at Covent Garden Theatre. It was the first performance of Meyerbeer's new work, "Dinorah, or the Pardon of Ploërmel." The house was brilliant with fashion and crowded. The music did honour to the veteran Maestro, who was called upon the stage and loudly applauded several times. Madame Miolan Carvalho was the prima, and sang, as well as acted, with extraordinary skill, power, and beauty. Her figure is rather undersized, but her face expressive and handsome.

1859. *July 27.*—Our reception thinned by heat. Went to Sydney Herbert's at eleven o'clock. A brilliant reunion. Asked Baron Cetto to present me to the Duke d'Aumale, as the Duchess has invited us to Orleans House on Monday next. He intimated his gratification at a remark I had made in my table speech on the 4th of July last, respecting American gratitude to France for revolutionary aid; spoke of the kindness his father and brother Joinville had experienced on their visits to the United States. I mentioned my having been presented to Louis Philippe in 1839, on my return from Russia. So we got on very well.

1859. *July 28.*—Lord John Russell's exposition in the House this afternoon, on the peace of Villafranca, wanted distinctness and energy. The audacity of Louis Napoleon seems to cow all others. He appears to have palmed upon his younger Imperial brother, at their famous breakfast in the House Morreli, as proof of the harsh terms which Russia, Prussia, and England were jointly prepared to impose upon Francis Joseph, a memorandum which originated in his own Bureau of Foreign Affairs at Paris, passed to the Embassy here, and which Persigny had the dexterity to get Lord John Russell, merely as an intermediary, to send to Count D'Apponyi! This may be called, without misnomer, cheating by false pretences or tokens. No wonder Louis Napoleon excluded third persons from the interview. Had old Hess, or other Austrians in possession of common sense, been present, he might have asked the awkward but simple question, how his Imperial Majesty had ascertained the memorandum of conditions to be agreed upon by the neutral powers? Francis Joseph's credulity is loyal, almost honourable, but it victimized him.

In the evening, rather late at night, went to Mr. Thomas Baring's to meet "The Art Club." This club seems to me, like many others of the sort in England, a mere plausible screen for periodical dinners. The collection of knick-knacks was exhibited on tables running down the centre of the Picture-Gallery. Some ancient dishes of Dresden ware, one of which was estimated as worth £600, or \$3000; much antique jewelry and bronze; carvings of various descriptions on ivory; and many little curious articles, doubtless gloated over by antiquaries, all pretty, and all the prettier because of Mr. Baring's capital entertainment! Among the most successful of

the collectors on this occasion was a Mr. Barker, who, according to the account given of him to me by Sir David Dundas, was not unlike Mr. Everett's Thomas Dowse, having been a bootmaker and devoted to the accumulation of rare and pretty things. Had the Club assembled at the Marquis of Salisbury's or the Marquis of Westminster's, we should probably have had a deluge of dilettante Peers; but Mr. Baring is not of the order, and so we were indulged with a sprinkling only. Lords Lansdowne and Lyveden, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Balch, Mr. Motley, and Mr. Cropsey were there.

Sat for an hour this morning before Church's "Heart of the Andes." The person in attendance said that Lansdowne had called it a wonderful picture, and Stanley, who some years ago crossed the South American Cordilleras, had characterized it as a faithful portrait. I am no enthusiast, and very little of a connoisseur, but I can sink into the scenery of this painting with absorbed delight.

1859. *July 29.*—My weekly day of labour, exclusively devoted to preparing the despatch-bag for home.

Took Mr. Winthrop to the House of Lords in the evening. A neat, short debate on the proposition introduced by Lord Ebury for a commission to amend the Liturgy. Why can't they, as we have, drop the Athanasian Creed? It is as savagely fulminatory as Pius the Ninth's last manifesto. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Brougham, Lord Duncannon, Lord Redesdale, and, of course, Lord Ebury, spoke on the occasion. So did the Duke of Newcastle, who protested against Brougham's doctrine of leaving the subject exclusively to the clergy. The laity were deeply interested. I heard the Bishop of London for

the first time, and was struck by the clear, tranquil, argumentative, and impressive tone of his eloquence. The matter was dismissed to next session of Parliament.

1859. *July 30.*—Sir Henry Holland called casually. He startled me by immediately commenting upon the appearance of my eyes. My friend John Y. Mason once told me that he saw in my eyes unmistakable symptoms of a disease against which his own father had struggled for years, but which finally mastered and killed him. Well! precaution is right, and death, some time or other, for *some* cause or other, quite inevitable.

The concluding article in the last *Quarterly Review*, headed "The Invasion of England," breathes alarm, despondency, almost despair. There is yet a vast deal of common sense in its treatment of the essentially military spirit of France, of the exaltation given by the Italian battles to the aspirations of Louis Napoleon, of his consistent and constant warnings, in his early and latest givings out, that he was the destined avenger of St. Helena, of his vast naval preparations, and, what is worse, of the unprepared condition of England either on land or at sea. The case is one of judicial blindness in the Whigs and Liberals. The catastrophe is awful to contemplate; but who can say, as he casts his eye along the bloody tracks of England round the earth, that it will not be the decree of a just Providence? Nations may, like individuals, be weighed in the balance, found wanting, and doomed at the moment of ostentatious self-eulogy.

1859. *August 1.*—Earl of Minto, father of Lady John Russell, died yesterday. He was a useful adjunct or subordinate in public life, but not much *per se*. He undertook an interesting mission to Rome, at a time

when Pius the Ninth was liberally inclined, and bungled dreadfully in it.

Went at four P.M. to Orleans House, at Twickenham. Near here, at Claremont, it was that Louis Philippe closed his life. It is now the residence of his remaining family, particularly of the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, Duke de Chartres, and Count de Paris. Its locale is beautiful, with the Thames in front, and a well-arranged park. The distance from London is ten miles. The company was numerous, but never appeared so, because much scattered through the grounds. Met Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Monckton Milnes, Panizzi, Earl Powys, Tricoupi, Mr. Byng, Motley, etc. The Duke is prepossessing in look and manner, is thirty-seven years of age, and appears even younger. The King's widow, Amélie, is still living at Claremont, aged seventy-seven. Two noble busts of Condé and Turenne in the gallery of Orleans House.

1859. *August 2.*—Went in the evening to the Duchess of Inverness's, at Kensington Palace. A gay and brilliant dancing party. The Duke and Duchess d'Aumale were doubtless its object. I had considerable conversation with the Pretender to the throne of France, Count of Paris, and found him a plain, unaffected young man. He was born on the 24th of August, 1838, and lacks, therefore, three weeks of being of age. He is the son of Louis Philippe's eldest, prince royal, who died in 1842, and is the one in whose favour his grandfather abdicated in 1848. The Duke de Chartres is his younger brother. He expressed a hope that the name of his family was not unpopular in the United States, and recurred to the visits paid to us by Louis Philippe and his uncle Joinville. He has a lisp, or, more properly, a labial twist, which

occasionally makes his utterance, at least in the English language, indistinct. Met here Lord Chancellor Campbell, Earl Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Hanover (late Sir Benjamin Hall), the Sardinian Minister, the Hanse Towns, the Bavarian, etc.

1859. *August 6.*—Mr. Geo. W. Biddle, Mr. Joseph A. Clay, and Mr. Junkin, members of the bar of Philadelphia, dined with us to-day, yielding most welcome chat about the changes and improvements at home. Mr. Meredith's physical condition is very sad.

1859. *August 13.*—Parliament was prorogued this afternoon by Lords Commissioners to October 27 next. London has been getting dull these ten days; it will now soon be cheerless. We are meditating a trip to Brighton, and a stay of five or six weeks.

1859. *August 14.*—The sad, though expected, news of Mr. Richard Rush's death reached us this morning. He was seventy-nine. His was a well-balanced, painstaking, polished mind. He idolized my father, and thence was always partial to me. Until within a year or two he has been hardly tried by scanty means. He was a faithful and affectionate husband and father.

1859. *August 20.*—Bonaparte has issued a decree, dated 16th inst., amnestying all political offences, and restoring all Frenchmen to their country. This embraces V. Hugo, Louis Blanc, Lamoricière, and Changarnier, and a thousand others. In a letter published in the *Times* of yesterday, Louis Blanc rejects the "pardon," and prefers freedom in England to slavery in France. A subsequent decree annuls all warnings or "avertissements" given to newspapers: regarded as an approach to the reinstatement of a certain amount of the liberty of the press. These are acts calculated to

conciliate popularity for a tremendous military despotism.

On the 17th inst., Mr. Cobden had a *soirée* at Rochdale, and on the 18th met his constituents for the first time since his election to Parliament. He was chosen while yet absent on a visit to the United States. He has delivered two capital speeches,—the first on the corruption at elections and on Foreign Affairs, the second almost exclusively on Reform. In the former, he gave his reasons for declining the Presidency of the Board of Trade when offered by Lord Palmerston; and these reasons, purely personal to himself, are stated in language and tone so frank and conciliatory that one can't help feeling that he will be in the Cabinet before the year is out.

1859. *October 9.*—After a hiatus of nearly two months, I resume the journal. It is well to begin by recalling some incidents and dates which I do not wish to forget.

On the 24th of August, the family went to Brighton, in which beautiful city I had engaged a house, at seven guineas a week, for four weeks, being No. 1, Portland Place, on the Marine Parade. The frontage on the sea is finer than anything I have ever seen. The town struck us as singularly clean. The Esplanade, the Parade, the bathing beach, the pier, the Pavilion, and several churches, very handsome. We visited and were delighted with the Devil's Dyke, a strange but apparently natural excavation about five miles to the west, and from the summit of the hill adjoining, on which stands the inn, we witnessed a vastly extensive prospect. The Downs in the neighborhood were resources for exercise, and afforded picturesque views without number.

On the 21st of September we returned to London.

Our home had been freshened and furbished in our absence, and certain repairs in drainage accomplished which had been much wanted.

Mr. John Y. Mason died in Paris on the morning of October 3d. His body is to be sent to the family vault in Virginia; a funeral service was performed over it, at which an immense concourse of Americans attended, and whose solemnity was greatly increased by the presence in procession of a large body of troops contributed by the Imperial authorities.

It was during our stay at Brighton, and while we were hourly looking out to see the Great Eastern on her way past us to Portland, that she exploded most destructively one of her flues, off the town of Hastings.

I have waited impatiently for instructions on the course to be taken about General Harney's military occupation of San Juan in July last, and only received yesterday a partial statement from General Cass. It is obvious that there exists no intention to allow my participating in the negotiation.

1859. *October 10.*—The murder of Colonel Aviti by the mob at Parma, on the 6th inst., is a most unfortunate as well as criminal act; for it is the first piece of violence which the revolution has committed, and it may produce general alarm. Thus it is that a great national cause is sometimes cruelly injured by the intemperance of those on whose behalf chiefly it is agitated.

1859. *October 17.*—Mr. Robert Stephenson, the distinguished engineer, died on Wednesday last, and is to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

The reply of Napoleon the Third to the address of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, which indicates a determination to withdraw all protection from the Pope

unless he agrees to administrative reforms, is producing great excitement, and has been followed up by an "invitation" to the newspapers not to publish any more of the inflammatory "pastorals" of the Bishops. A religious opposition party in France cannot but be dangerous to the Dynasty.

Sir Henry Holland returned yesterday from his visit to the United States. He was absent exactly eight weeks. Went first to Canada, and travelled three hundred miles up the Ottawa River. Thence proceeded as far south as Charleston. Was at Washington five days, staying with the President at the Soldiers' Home. He is warm in eulogy of General Cass. The President had read to him his instructions to General Scott and his reproof of General Harney!

1859. *October 24.*—The weather is becoming uncomfortably cold. A smart frost last night. There were Cabinet and Privy Councils every day last week, a degree of activity suggesting the probability of internal dissension. It is difficult, indeed, to see how, on the indispensable measure of Parliamentary reform, such inveterate adherents to rotten boroughs as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone can harmonize with Milner Gibson, Lord Clarence Paget, Charles Villiers, and other colleagues. The Irish Prelates, too, in their efforts against the national educational system, are backed by a large body of the Irish members of the House, and the policy adopted on this question, if not most carefully considered, may endanger the government. Still, there is ample explanation of these conferences in the unsettled and somewhat menacing condition of continental politics.

During last week, Count Colloredo, the representative

of Austria at Zurich, had his second and probably his fatal blow of apoplexy.

The telegram of this morning announces the declaration of war, on the 22d of this month, by Spain against Morocco. The declaration appears to have consisted of an executive or ministerial communication to the Cortes, to that effect. Nothing can be more obvious than that this movement is impelled by the policy, the far-reaching and still secret policy, of Louis Napoleon. It must lead to a breach with England, who cannot bear the idea of seeing the Mediterranean converted into a French lake, nor the Rock of Gibraltar endangered. A breach he wants, and will have, as soon as his naval armada is complete.

What is it that has prevented the access of Prince Napoleon to the Queen? He has been in England for a week; his coming was precluded by the announcement in the public journals that he meditated meeting her Majesty when she made her visit to the Great Eastern at Holyhead. Her Majesty abstained from this visit, and he has returned to Paris, ignored by British royalty. Rather odd as between the dear allies!

In burying Mr. Robert Stephenson, the body was admitted by a small back door, it being proclaimed that the great entrance on such occasions was opened only to royalty and nobility! Thus even in death the ruling passion is fed.

1859. *October 29.*—Mr. R. Schleiden, the diplomatic representative of the republic of Bremen at Washington, is on his return to his post, after an absence of six months, and called to-day. He tells me that he has made it a point, while visiting a number of the Continental Courts, to ascertain from the most enlightened

public men the opinion existing as to the proper course for the United States to pursue in reference to the occupation of San Juan by Harney ; and that there was but one sentiment on the subject, namely, that the American government, disclaiming and condemning the act as it does, should restore the *status ante*. Stay till they see the peremptory and presumptuous letter of Lord John Russell to Lord Lyons, of the 24th of August last, written before the proceeding of General Harney was known, and in which the determination to have the island at every cost is expressed. When that is carefully considered, the United States may well regard it as a defiance of all investigation, compromise, and umpirage, and a justification for not restoring *the status quo*, but keeping what they have, at least in joint occupancy.

Donald McKay, the shipwright, also called. He has been remonstrating at Lloyds against an exclusion of American-built ships from their insurance classifications. It was asserted they were thoroughly examined and found wanting in strength and durability. The truth, however, is that the exclusion is founded on the desire to discriminate in favour of British bottoms. He promises to write and print a pamphlet to disprove the pretence. He instanced a particular vessel classed as A. No. 1 ; and asked why the exception ? they replied that she was owned by English merchants. "Yes," said Donald, "that's true ; but she was built by me, and is certainly not as strong as many a ship I have already built and can still build." The Directors were called together, and Donald was dreadfully outvoted !

Mr. Bates came in. He told me that when the Treaty of 1846 was negotiating, he was constantly conversing

upon the subject with Lord Aberdeen or Mr. McLane; that there was but one channel contemplated as the boundary, that of the Haro; that such was the view of both these gentlemen and himself; he added, besides, you deflected from the forty-ninth parallel only to let us have the whole of Vancouver's Island, with that exception there was to be no deflection.

1859. *November 3.* — A European Congress would seem to be finally agreed upon. The Emperor has addressed to King Victor Emmanuel, under date of the 20th of October last (the day after the signature of the treaty at Zurich), a vigorous letter which discloses his intended course of policy as to Italian affairs, and calls upon his "brother" to follow suit. It may be regarded as a programme of proceedings at the Congress. It amounts to stern intervention in the settlement of matters in the Peninsula, the restoration of the Duke of Tuscany, the translation of the Duchess of Parma to Modena, the establishment of the Confederation presided by the Pope, etc. Will England assist in this by her presence at the Congress? I think her fears of invasion, combined with the subserviency of her present statesmen to her great military ally, will lead her to do so. He is joining his forces with hers in the new expedition to revenge the disaster at the mouth of the Pei-Ho; and yet he is egging on Spain to invade Morocco, both with munitions of war and money; he is openly encouraging Lesseps to hold on to his project of a canal at the Isthmus of Suez, and he is about to establish a French naval station in the Red Sea! Should England have her Plenipotentiary at the Congress, he will either compel her to the humiliating course of surrendering her principles and sympathies as to Italy, or he will force a quarrel upon her in which

she will be almost isolated, and then his ultimate plan of invasion will be ready for execution.

The Greek Minister called, and we had a long chat. He represents Turkey to be in a bad way. She has for three years in succession evaded her engagement with Greece to suppress the brigandage in Albania; she first has not troops ready, then she requires barracks for them, and again her finances are disordered. This last excuse Tricoupi thinks is the secret of the business, and he considers the emptiness of the treasury ascribable solely to the wanton extravagance of the Sultan. In the course of conversation he remarked that there was less cordiality than usual between the Foreign Office and the French Ambassador; Persigny seemed restless and was unwilling to remain in London.

The alleged insurrection and seizure of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, of which we received an imperfect account last week, remains still a source of anxiety.

Several fatal storms have recently caused many disasters on the coasts; one of them wrecked the Royal Charter from Australia with a host of passengers on board, and nearly did the same for the Great Eastern riding near the Breakwater at Holyhead. The Channel fleet, too, was in great danger off the Scilly Light, and was only saved by consummate old English seamanship.

1859. *November* 5.—General Cass's despatch to me, answering the one written by Lord John Russell on the 24th of August last to Lord Lyons, is masterly and conclusive. But all such papers only make more obstinate the controversialists. I am sometimes inclined to think that where people do not really wish to fight they should proscribe the pen, and confine their interchange of views exclusively to conversation. Lord John will

fume mightily. As to being convinced by the resistless reasoning, what angry man ever was? or, rather, if he inwardly felt conviction, would he not the more violently disclaim it? This argument, unless I can manage to give it a safer direction and character, will be protracted from year to year, its bitterness augmenting with every fresh elaborate paper pellet, until the two nations will be brought to war for a patch of valueless earth somewhere in the moon.

1859. *November 12.*—A long interview at the Foreign Office,—specially as to our title to San Juan. I denominate the idea of returning *back* after following the forty-ninth parallel to middle of channel as an *absurdity* not justly imputable to the negotiation.

1859. *November 25.*—Went last night to the Russian Embassy. The new Persian Minister there. A small but agreeable party. Lord John talked to me freely about Scott and Harney. Lady William Russell, recently from Rome, said she *knew* Garibaldi had been invited by Louis Napoleon to Compiègne. All through Italy the people were in the habit of saying, "Oh, if we could only find a Washington!" Thus far Garibaldi has shown much of that texture, and yet he has found it necessary to throw up his military commission. He and Fanti perhaps did not agree. It is said Bonaparte required Victor Emmanuel to dismiss him, as a preliminary to the recognition of Buoncompagni's Regency. Sir G. Grey, Lord and Lady Wodehouse, Mr. Tricoupi, Mr. Rücker, the new Neapolitan Minister, and his pretty wife, Marquis D'Azeglio, and Baron Stieglitz (*le jeune*) were also at Brunow's.

1859. *December 1.*—A singularly luxurious dinner at the Russian Embassy. Every dish was new and exquis-

site. Mrs. Dallas and I decide that Baron Brunow must have enlisted the cook of Count Nesselrode, whose productions we so well remember. To-day the company exclusively diplomatic: Brunow and Baronne Cetto, Mme. Brunow and Musurus, Cetto and Mrs. Dallas, I and Miss Tricoupi, Von Dorkum and Miss Dallas, coteries, secretaries and attachés. In the evening, upstairs, a larger number,—French Ambassador, Bernstorff and Countess, Sir Roderick Murchison, the fresh Persians, etc.

1859. *December 3.*—First "at home" at Cambridge House. Lord Palmerston looks fagged and older; but his personal appearance is very changeable. A much larger company than could have been expected at this season. In tact Lady Palmerston is unrivalled. I chatted principally with the Duchesses Argyll and Somerset, and Milner Gibson. The Duchess of Argyll requested me to send such of the printed proceedings of the Harper's Ferry trials as I had, and she would then be able to judge whether I was impartial in speaking of them as conducted with dignity, fairness, and humanity. She is her mother's daughter, and probably ardently "Uncle Tom;" but much more attractive and rational than the Duchess of Sutherland. Without concealing her own anti-slavery opinions, and certainly without maintaining them by a look or word disagreeably, the Duchess manifested a rare acquaintance with the present features of our home politics. Talked to Delane, of the *Times*; asked me if I had anything new from the northwest. "Nothing, except by the newspapers." "What! you read newspapers?" "Certainly. I get all my knowledge and ideas from them, square myself by every new view they take, have faith in them as unerring!" "I

wish," said he, "that Harney was dead!" "Not quite just or benevolent," I replied. "Harney is a gallant soldier; exhibited bravery and skill in our Mexican war; may have been indiscreet, and laid himself open to reprimand for suddenly breeding a quarrel between two nations; but," I continued, preparing to leave my arrow in the bull's-eye, "if he has done a thoughtless thing, he is no filibuster, and they who speak and write of him as an 'American filibuster' do *him* no harm, but raise the character of the filibuster." The justice of the remark gave it point: it was allowed to close the conversation.

1859. *December 5.*—Receiving a telegram from Portsmouth that a violent mutiny had broken out on board the *Sea-Serpent*, a large ship belonging to Grinnell & Minturn, of New York, which had recently left London for Hong Kong, and was brought to anchor off Spithead by bad weather, I immediately wrote to Lord John Russell, requesting the Admiralty to authorize Admiral Bowles to assist the civil power in suppressing the outbreak. To-day I have the written assurance that Admiral Bowles has been empowered to act, and will employ her Majesty's ship *Fawn* for the purpose. The rebellious crew are thirty strong. If they are countrymen of mine and have been ill-treated and oppressed, they will resist, especially if English marines are used. Hence my anxiety.

1859. *December 6.*—Consul Thompson and Captain Whitmore are full of thanks. The mutiny was thoroughly quelled, without an act of violence or bloodshed. The crew, it appears, were shipped here, one or two only being American. The ship will sail for China, all right, to-morrow.

1859. *December 8.*—Had a visit from Mr. Louis Kosuth, the first time since I came to England. He is more interesting now than ever. Much subdued, obviously by poverty and disappointment, but still the polished gentleman who is unable to repress his oratorical speech and gesture. Beard and head tinged with gray. His dress full black and irreproachably genteel. His eye bright and expressive when speaking, at other moments rather dull, small, and dejected. He has asked me a favour on behalf of his distinguished countryman, General Vetter, who goes to Turin in the course of three or four days, and if I find I can properly grant it he shall be gratified, notwithstanding his loan-notes and muskets. The man, whatever faults may be charged to him, is unquestionably a devoted patriot, and patriotism is honoured all the world over.

Went to-night to the Lord Chancellor's. Met a small company, of no interest except the one arising out of the presence of the very Rev. Dr. R. C. Trench, Dean of Westminster Abbey, whose acute books on "Words" have often delighted me. The Lord Chancellor's *soirée* quite overshadowed by one at the Russian Minister's.

1859. *December 11.*—The fog is so dense and dark that I have had to use lighted candles all day while writing or reading.

Sir H. Holland chatted a half-hour. He tells me, though he disclaims official authority for it, that Lord Wodehouse will go to the Congress with Lord Cowley. We agree that it may be part of the policy of the Cabinet here to treat the Congress with indifference.

1859. *December 18.*—Forty or fifty thousand persons—men, women, and children—availing themselves of the fine skating and sliding upon the Serpentine and the

Park lakes. The thermometer lower than has been known for a series of years.

1859. *December 22.* — An extraordinary manifesto comes from Paris. It professes to be, under the heading of "Le Pape et le Congrès," a political essay, signed by M. de la Guéronnière, the same writer who fathered the pamphlet of "Napoléon III et l'Italie," at the beginning of this year. No one doubts that both brochures are substantially revelations of the Imperial policy. This one removes much of the uncertainty which has prevailed for three months past as to the real views of Bonaparte respecting the Dukes, the Romagnese, and the Pontiff. No force to restore the first, nor to compel the second to return to their allegiance to Pius IX.; and, as to the temporal power of the Holy Father, he is to be left a full sovereign, with a splendid court, abundant revenues from the Catholic States, the wonders of art, the precious relics, the Vatican, and magnificent ceremonies, all limited, however, to the municipal boundaries of the Eternal City! This is an elaboration of About's idea: "for the Pope, Rome and a garden." Mother Church must through all her universal ramifications tremble with indignation at this disposition of the Infallible. If Louis Napoleon wears no cuirass, he had better regard every approaching priest as a Ravailac.

1859. *December 24.* — Went to the National Gallery and spent some time before the three paintings recently there: 1. The altar-piece of the Chapel of Rabecchino, by Ambrogio Borgognone, representing the marriage of St. Catherine of Alexandria; several entire figures as large as life; the Saviour in an attitude somewhat harsh; four panels to the right and left of the principal picture are filled each with a saint; the work dates 1490 and

1522. 2. Two elaborate landscapes by Ruysdael; waterfalls, fine trees, and in each centre a rickety bridge from bank to bank.

1859. *December 29.*—Macaulay, the historian, essayist, orator, and poet, died yesterday at his house at Campden Hill, two miles out of London. He was born in 1800, therefore but fifty-nine years old; was raised to the peerage, avowedly for literary ability, since I have been here, some time in 1857. I have met him often, and was always pleased with his cordiality, and struck with the quick fulness of his conversation.

1860. *January 2.*—On this day week Macaulay will be interred in Westminster Abbey, Poets' Corner. It is said that he has left his copyrights to his niece, who married a son of Sir Henry Holland.

1860. *January 6.*—The French Emperor has accepted the resignation of his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Walewski. This is universally considered a decisive "coup" as to the Italian policy. The *Moniteur* of yesterday contained the decree and the appointment of Thouvenel as successor,—Baroche, *ad interim*. How completely Louis Napoleon has made himself the centre of European attraction and repulsion!

Went this evening to the Duchess of Inverness's. A young dancing party. Had a long and interesting chat with the Lord Chancellor. He spoke of the kind manner in which his books were treated by my countrymen. I told him that no American gentleman failed to have a copy of his "Lives of the Chancellors and Chief Justices."

1860. *January 8.*—Returned late to-night from Mr. Bates's (Sheen), whither Mrs. Dallas and Sophie accompanied me to dinner yesterday. Met there the interest-

ing family of poor Leslie the painter, his widow, daughter, and son, still in deep mourning. Also Dr. Owen, with his wife and son. The great naturalist was more than usually interesting. He described to me with lively eloquence his having just received the first specimen that ever reached Europe from Madagascar of the Aye-Aye. He pronounced it of the monkey tribe, and not, as commonly stated, of the rat genus.

1860. *January 9.*—Philip attended the burial of Macaulay to-day in Poets' Corner. He describes the cold and rankness as being extremely uncomfortable. The pall-bearers were Lord Chancellor Campbell, Earl Shelburne, Earl Stanhope, Sir Henry Holland, Lord John Russell, Duke of Argyll, Earl of Carlisle, Bishop of Oxford, Sir David Dundas, and Dr. Milman. Inscription on coffin: "The Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothley. Born 25th Oct., 1800; died 28th Dec., 1859."

1860. *January 11.*—The President's Message appears in full in all the morning papers. There are many admirable passages in it. 1. The salutary effect of Brown's foray is announced confidently. 2. So, too, the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case is announced as settling "irrevocably" the question of slavery in the Territories. 3. A capital transfer of all responsibility for the continuance of the trade is made to England in the quiet remark that Cuba is the "only spot on earth" where it is tolerated, and "this in defiance of treaties with a power abundantly able at any moment to enforce their execution." 4. Harney is generously treated. His grounds of action are stated from his report to Scott, and he is called the "gallant general." 5. As to the Island itself, the President emphatically says he

“entertains no doubt of the validity of our title.” 6. The rapid recovery of the finances is clearly sketched, as is, in opening, the “special favour of Divine Providence” in the continued prosperity of the Republic. All the views are judicious and sound about this country, Mexico, and China. An only exception is in the case of Spain, whose filibustering against Morocco I should have been pleased to see held up as an example not unworthy of being followed. Another passage, though eminently just, wherein the Message is speaking of the power of public opinion to arrest the dangerous progress of abolitionism, is perhaps misplaced in an Executive document addressed to Congress, and coming from high official place may awaken the cry of persecution, and defeat its own purpose.

1860. *January 15.*—At an interview with Sir George C. Lewis at the Home Office, I yesterday commenced a project the success of which I have much at heart, that of a Consular Convention. This government is gradually perceiving that the cruelties committed on board of American vessels bound to England are in reality encouraged by the facility with which our seamen are enabled to avoid recapture on desertion, and to escape the punishment of crimes on the high seas. Mr. Buchanan in vain tried to remedy the mischief in negotiating with Lord Clarendon. I think Sir George Lewis sees the subject in its true light, and won't allow himself to be overruled, as his Lordship was, by the technicalities of Sir Richard Bethel.

1860. *January 20.*—Count Persigny called and sat a half-hour. Experience led me to suspect at once that his purpose was to eulogize and develop his Emperor's scheme of free trade as conveyed to Mr. Achille Fould

in a sort of disquisition printed in the *Moniteur* of 15th inst., and so it turned out. But he went farther than I could have expected, and claimed the whole movement as having originated with himself. He had elaborated all the details, had urged them upon his Majesty for five years, had enlisted the co-operation of Monsieur Chevallier; and his exultation might be imagined. England was a wise and generous nation, and France, now devoted to peace, progress, and internal improvement, would be more closely cemented to her than ever. Their manufacturing classes and the iron-masters would complain and resist; but they were rascally vampires, sucking the blood of the people, and would have no power to arrest the policy. As soon as the Count had poured out what it was obvious he was determined to say, I ventured to compliment him for the great public service he had rendered, and explained, to his surprise, the particular reason why I personally sympathized with the proceeding.

1860. *January 23.*—The new Treaty of Commerce between this country and France was signed this afternoon by the Plenipotentiaries in Paris. This fact was communicated to me by the Lord Chancellor, whom I met at Lady Palmerston's. It is Louis Napoleon's first decisive step towards Free Trade, and the English are very proud of their convert.

1860. *January 24.*—The Queen's speech, on opening Parliament to-day, was more interesting than usual. It leaves the Congress—nowhere. It goes the full figure for the right of the Italians to choose their own government. It rather implies a silent undercurrent of pacific intentions as to China, notwithstanding the armaments here and in France. It anticipates a commercial treaty with France, which is, in fact, free trade policy for the latter. As to

the United States, we have so long been weaned of any notion that a royal address would condescend to notice us unless we are at war with the sovereign, that I was surprised with the following paragraph: "An unauthorized proceeding by an officer of the United States in regard to the Island of San Juan might have led to a serious collision between my forces and those of the United States. Such collision, however, has been prevented by the judicious forbearance of my naval and civil officers on the spot, and by the equitable and conciliatory provisional arrangement proposed on this matter by the government of the United States."—*Spectator*, January 28, 1860.

1860. *January 26.*—Dined with Lord John Russell. Bernstorff, Lavradio, Lord Minto, Mr. Ashley (son of Lord Shaftesbury), a Mr. Russell, Countess Bernstorff, Mrs. Dallas, Lady John and Misses Russell composed the party. A poor dinner and intolerably dull. I was, however, rewarded by a long chat with mine host when we got to coffee, up-stairs.

1860. *January 27.*—Went to the House of Commons to hear Monckton Milnes interpellate Lord John Russell as to what the government had done, since the adjournment, upon the subject of the address voted to the Queen respecting the cruelties practised on board merchantmen on the high seas. Rather awkward to find myself alone in the diplomatic gallery listening to the following (*Times* January 28, 1860):

"Lord John Russell said he presumed it was not expected he should go into a detailed explanation of the state of Italy, but, with respect to the question of the honourable member, he did not believe there was any truth in the statement that thirty thousand French troops were

expected at Leghorn, and certainly he had no reason to believe that the French government would take any such step for the purpose of preventing the annexation of the central provinces to Sardinia. On the contrary, he considered such a statement highly improbable. His honourable friend (Mr. Monckton Milnes) had asked a question of great interest and importance, with regard to which the House agreed to an address last year. When that address was brought to him, he immediately communicated with his right honourable friend, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who was of opinion that it would be of advantage if an experienced lawyer of the United States were sent over, and negotiations conducted here. He wrote accordingly to Lord Lyons on the subject, and received an answer that, in the opinion of the American government, negotiations could not be intrusted to better hands than those of the able and enlightened representative of the United States in this country, Mr. Dallas. His right honourable friend had since had an interview with Mr. Dallas. They, as well as every man in that House, and, no doubt, every man in America, were anxious that some remedy should be found for a state of things which must be shocking to humanity. They were agreed upon the principle upon which the remedy ought to be applied, and were now engaged in drawing up the draught of a convention for the purpose of applying it. It would be premature to state now the principle of the convention, but when it was ratified, no time would be lost in bringing in a bill with the view of attaining an object which all must desire."

1860. *January 30.*—Met Lord Elgin while walking in Regent Street. Congratulated him on having such a skilful as well as honest chronicler as Laurence Oliphant.

He was surprised that I had already read the book. He expressed himself greatly distressed at what had occurred in China since he left there. Whether this distress was at the defeat of the Allies off the Pei-Ho forts, or at the folly of his brother, Mr. Bruce, in provoking that contest, was not apparent.

1860. *February 1.*—A long and interesting visit from Sir John Bowring yesterday. He is obviously an able and well-informed man, but, I suspect, one of quick temper and doubtful judgment.

The letter addressed by the Pope to the Cardinals, Bishops, etc., of the Roman Church, taking a decided attitude against the policy and proposals of the “*mighty*” and “*serene*” Emperor, opens a long vista of serious consequences. It bears date the 19th of January, 1860. One of its first effects is seen in the suppression of the devoted Papal journal, *L'Univers*, edited by Veuillot; an act clearly justified by a clause of the French constitution prohibiting the reception or publication of addresses from the Holy Father without assent of government. *L'Univers* had contained it. Napoleon appeals to the historical loyalty of the Gallican Church, and he may not appeal in vain.

Dined to-day with the Duke of Argyll and his really beautiful and intelligent Duchess. There was a company of about fourteen, of whom four were ladies. Mr. Thackeray was at table. So also a clergyman, son of Sir John Sinclair, a correspondent of General Washington, with whom I had a long talk when we went to coffee, and who, in recounting his experiences on visiting the United States, made a complete higgledy-piggledy of dates and great men. On meeting Thackeray, I said, gravely and warmly, too, “I feel much obliged to you!”

He gazed at me for a moment, as if he expected a reproof for something, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, smiled and replied, "Oh! Ah! you mean Irving?" "I do." "Written from the bottom of my heart." He never wrote a sweeter thing.

1860. *February 4.*—The ratifications of the Commercial Treaty between France and this country were exchanged to-day. It is dated 23d January last and signed by (1) Lord Cowley, (2) Richard Cobden, (3) Baroche, (4) Rouher.

1860. *February 8.*—Dined with the Lord Chancellor Campbell. Lavradio on the right and I on the left of Lady Stratheden. I escorted Lady William Russell, who chatted famously, notwithstanding a severe cold. She and the Duchess of St. Albans boasted of their jewelry; the first, pearls worth a kingdom; the second, diamonds *sans nombre*. A great many lay figures at table. Adjourned at eleven to Cambridge House.

1860. *February 10.*—House of Commons at half-past four to hear Gladstone introduce his Budget. French Treaty laid on table by Lord John Russell. The Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke for four hours with unflagging energy and spirit. This Budget is an epoch in the fiscal, social, and political history of England. It is a vast and complicated scheme to adapt the system of taxation, direct and indirect, to the exigencies of the new Free Trade Treaty of Commerce with France. Everything is made to give way to that treaty. It entails a disbursement of seventy million one hundred thousand pounds (say \$350,500,000), to meet which existing resources are inadequate, and fresh ones must be devised to produce what would otherwise be the enormous deficit of £9,400,000 (\$47,000,000)! No wonder that the in-

dustry of such a man as Gladstone should penetrate into every nook and corner for rivulets of revenue, nor that his courage should, instead of redeeming his promise to extinguish the income tax made in 1853, insist upon tennence in the pound! What is, at bottom, the object which is to reconcile the country to this vast increase of imposition? The wines and knick-knackereries of France? The wider area for the coal and iron market? The march of the great principle of free trade? Bah! Mr. Cobden has lent his ability and experience to give that direction to the political crisis, but those who put Mr. Cobden forward were wholly incompetent to appreciate and prepare such a programme, and aimed only at *something* which would give renewed life and closeness to the "entente cordiale." This the Treaty and the Budget, if carried out by Parliament, cannot fail to do. The industries of the two countries must rapidly become intertwined, if not so amalgamated as scarcely to admit of future separation and—hostility. I see no impediment to the legislative confirmation of this really wise plan—wise for the two high contracting parties, whatever may be its aspects *dehors*—except national pride. If adopted, England submits to the same sort of relation to France that Sicily in ancient days bore to Italy,—the storehouse or granary. The tendency and result of the whole arrangement are the unshackling and exaltation, not of British, but of French, energies. While the Treaty lasts, John Bull is the well-fed, petted, and powerful Elephant of Louis Napoleon's National Menagerie!

1860. *February* 11.—Went in the evening to Cambridge House. Lord Palmerston wanted my notion of the Budget, for he had noticed my presence in the gallery. I abstained from every opinion except that of the

personal triumph of the orator, and praised the "performance" as a remarkable one. Lord Brougham does the same. He went into the House for the first time since he was raised to the peerage. The *Globe* of this afternoon mentions the intended marriage of Queen Victoria's second daughter, the Princess Alice, to the Prince of Orange. She is scarcely seventeen; he is twenty-one, and commonplace.

1860. *February 15.*—Levée at St. James's. Rumoured through the throng that the Opposition have had a caucus, and resolved to attack the Budget and the Treaty. The countenances of Derby, Disraeli, Hardwicke, Malmesbury, and Stanley indicated the relief which results from having decided on a course. I tried to see whether the Queen was "Gracious Heavens" or not, but the obscurity baffled me.

Dined at Lambeth Palace. The Bishop of Winchester and St. David's present. Also Trench, Dean of Westminster, the writer of those capital little volumes on "Words." His Grace the Archbishop uncommonly merry.

Private theatricals at the Turkish Ambassador's, to which I am not well enough to accompany the ladies.

1860. *February 16.*—Went at four to the Commons to hear Lord John Russell's answer to a question as to our wanting in reciprocity in not allowing English navigation the freedom of our coasting trade. He quoted with some effect the characteristic and quaint declaration of Bancroft in 1849, "You give some, we'll give some; you give much, we'll give much; you give all, we'll give all." He became as "peert" as Sam Slick about our saying that allowing them to participate in the coasting trade would be unconstitutional, and I think such a pretence merited his sneer.

1860. *February 18.*—Two receptions,—Count D'Apponyi's and Lord Palmerston's. The D'Aumales at the former; a brilliant, select, and limited circle. An immense jam at the latter. Much stir at the prospect of a movement by Mr. Disraeli on Monday next against the Treaty and the Budget. The same by Lord Derby in the House of Lords. Still, I cannot believe the Opposition are so unwise as to wish to turn out their adversaries just now. I conversed freely with Lord Clarence Paget, Mr. Rich, Mr. Delane, Monckton Milnes, etc. My opinion as to the proper course of the government was given figuratively: to regard the Treaty and Budget as Siamese twins,—united we stand, divided we fall. In other words, to regard the latter as essential to the execution of the former; to admit no change in details, but insist upon the combined scheme as a whole, even at the hazard of losing it. If it be not carried, Bonaparte will find apology for resentment. If it be tinkered at here, it must undergo the same dangerous process in the Legislative Chamber of France, where the protectionists may be strong enough to knock it up. The Tories don't relish the idea of another dissolution and election, and, rather than undergo that operation, would, if openly threatened with it, swallow the entire dose rather than corner Lord Palmerston. The pear is not yet ripe.

1860. *February 21.*—Mr. Disraeli's last night speech against the Budget and Treaty was exceedingly feeble. He was answered by being literally crushed. The reply of Gladstone was prompt, animated, and eloquent. I listened attentively to both. Disraeli sunk in my estimation; Gladstone took me by storm. They are not a fair match. Even in the very arts for which Disraeli is famous,—irony, sarcasm, sneer,—Gladstone surpassed

him. The assailing motion failed, and thus the government achieved the first victory. This great battle cannot be retrieved by the Opposition. The argument continues, however, under another motion, by Mr. Ducane, of a broader and clearer character than Disraeli's.

1860. *February 22.*—Queen's levée at St. James's. Unusually brilliant. Captain McClintock knighted.

1860. *February 25.*—In the House of Commons the Ministry achieved another and more overwhelming victory last night. Mr. Ducane's motion was defeated by a majority of 116. Members voting, 562.

To-night went to the Countess Waldegrave's. She is the daughter of Braham, the songster whom I heard at Drury Lane Theatre in 1813-14. She has had three husbands. Her first two were brothers, Earls de Waldegrave, descended collaterals of Horace Walpole. Her present one is old Mr. Harcourt, M.P., aged seventy-five, whom she married in 1846. Their town residence is on Carlton Terrace, and as beautiful as any I have seen in London. It is enriched with a large collection of works of art, paintings, sculptures, and ornamental knick-knacks of every description. Everything bespeaks wealth, taste, luxury, and pretension. I had much conversation with Mr. Gladstone (whose head is naturally a little turned), Lord Palmerston, and Lord Chelmsford. The last promised me a memorandum as to where I might get books for our Philadelphia Law Association.

The newspapers of the afternoon announce an extremely important fact, if true,—the reconciliation of Russia and Austria, with a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, guaranteeing especially the security of Venetia and Hungary. At Lady Waldegrave's, upon being questioned on the subject, Countess d'Apponyi

replied, "Ce n'est pas vrai, c'est un canard." This denial may be mere ignorance or diplomacy. There is in the statement itself great verisimilitude. The two Courts have strong affinities. They are in constant intercourse; their youthful monarchs cannot prolong the breach which the ingratitude of Austria occasioned during the Crimean War without playing recklessly into the hands of Louis Napoleon, already looking to the extension of French limits by the annexation of Savoy and Nice. An additional rumour ascribes alarm to Prussia, who is disposed to join the coalition. Without adverting to these facts, the Press to-day, with solemnity, announces, in large capitals, "The New Revolution!"

1860. *February 27.*—I had an interview with Lord John Russell to-day, in order to submit a petition to the Queen for the pardon of John W. Moody, convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to hard labour for life. All the numerous documents and a number of private letters were left for transfer to the Home Department. The appeal is well sustained, but the public feeling is just now so high against the cruelties committed by masters and mates on board of American merchantmen that I fear the government will be indisposed to clemency.

The report of alliance between Russia and Austria seems to be unfounded. Another, however, equally pregnant with consequences, is entertained, to wit; that the Emperor has abandoned the project of Italian unity; has prohibited the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont, and proposed for that Duchy a new sovereign, the son of the Duke of Genoa, Victor Emmanuel's brother, a child of six years, with the Regency; has decided on restoring the Romagna, with a Lay Vicar, to the suzerainty of the Pope, and has agreed to the annexation of

Modena and Padua to Piedmont. Nothing but the instability and waywardness of the Napoleonic policy can give plausibility to these statements. If they have any foundation, we must expect the spring to open with War and Revolution.

1860. *February 29.*—Came late home from three entertainments: first, the Royal Geographical Society's *soirée* at the Earl de Grey and Ripon's; second, at the Prussian Minister's; and third, at Lord Palmerston's.

During the visit at Lord Ripon's I had several lively chats, one in particular, with Mr. Roebuck and Monckton Milnes, respecting Bonaparte's pretensions to Savoy. My impression was frankly stated. I had no doubt the Emperor intended to have, and will have, the province; and they seemed incredulous and rather indignant. To wind them up somewhat higher, I argued the claim to be reasonable, such as France would naturally expect her Sovereign to make, after immense sacrifices of blood and treasure to Victor Emmanuel. Milnes said that Lord John Russell had committed himself this evening in the House of Commons on the subject, denying that the Emperor had determined on advancing the claim.

Pretty much the same topics of conversation at Bernstorff's and Palmerston's, where I met Milner Gibson, Seymour Fitzgerald, Moreira, etc.

The wall of the stairway at the Royal Geographical meeting was signally adorned by an immense water-coloured map of Vancouver's Island and adjacent water, *a broad red line running down the centre of Rosario Strait!* It is amazing how statesmanship and science are made to cater in this country to the appetite for foreign acquisition!

1860. *March 2.*—The Legislative Chamber in France

was opened yesterday by the Emperor with a speech, of which this morning's *Times* contains a copy, and there, forsooth (didn't I tell you so!), the acquisition of Savoy is openly proclaimed as necessary to the safety of France! The British Ministry and Parliament are unanimously against it, but the Treaty and Budget have linked both inseparably to the *entente cordiale*. Who will run the risk of losing thirty-six millions of customers for coal and iron by quarrelling about the manner in which Louis Napoleon treats Victor Emmanuel or endangers the balance of power? Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland may growl; but England? Not a word.

Lord John Russell laid upon the table of the House of Commons last night his new Reform Bill. The very quintessence and perfection of fizzle! I met him by appointment at the Foreign Office to-day, and read him General Cass's refusal to continue the argument about San Juan, in the face of his Lordship's repeating the obnoxious and insolent declaration that no disposition of the boundary will be assented to which does not give that island to England. This "piece of impertinence," as the *Tribune* calls the British claim, will have to be yielded; and I think I perceive symptoms of less confidence already.

1860. *March 6*.—At the French Embassy in the evening. Persigny pinioned me on a sofa as soon as I got in. He was in great excitement about the debate on Savoy, and abused everybody for attacking the Emperor. The truth is, these English moralizers have gone rather far in remonstrating as well diplomatically as in speaking in both houses on an annexation with which they have nothing to do. Persigny hints that the course taken

endangers the alliance, and seems to look for war somewhere in the spring. Can anything be more preposterous than the disposition which prevails among British statesmen to lecture everybody on everything?

1860. *March 7.*—Dined with Mr. and Miss Sterling,—the annual entertainment given by this venerable brother and sister to the United States Minister. Lady Hume, a sister of Miss Sterling, and her son, who came from Edinburgh to attend the levée of the Queen for the officers of the Rifle Volunteers, Dr. Ashburnham, who knew and talked about Mr. Robert Dale Owen, Sir J. Ross, several ladies, and Mr. Richard Penruddock Long, were at table. The last named is M.P. for Chippenham, and married a daughter of Lady Hume. A family dinner!

In going to Mr. Sterling's, I noticed that the illuminated indicator in front of Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, had been destroyed by some violence. This has been often threatened, the structure being esteemed an eyesore by the Duke of Wellington!

1860. *March 10.*—Last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Byng's motion for an address to the Queen approving the Treaty of Commerce with France was adopted by two hundred and eighty-two to fifty-six, a majority of two hundred and twenty-six!

I went yesterday to hear Faraday's lecture at the British Institution. It was on the subject of the electric light for light-houses. He is anxious to get the government to try the efficacy of what he termed "my spark." It was hardly possible to resist the belief that the discovery was admirable. There was an immensely thronged hall, sprinkled with ladies; Lords Wellington, Wensleydale, Stanhope, and Von Dorkum were present.

At two yesterday had an interview with Sir George Cornwall Lewis respecting the case of J. W. Moody. I pressed particularly upon him that the criminal was an American, the victim an American, and the vessel in which the act occurred was American. I also suggested that mercy might be made conditional, and as a foreigner had violated the local law, he could be forbidden ever to come to England again. Sir George consulted me about the law and practice in the United States as regards appeals in criminal cases.

1860. *March 15.*—Went this evening to Mr. Henry Reeve's, of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is at least three miles off. Duke d'Aumale, Sir R. Murchison, Sir Henry Holland, Oliphant, Tricoupi, etc.

1860. *March 17.*—At Lord Palmerston's to dinner. Went at eight and got there before any of the company had arrived, except Sir John Lawrence, hero of the Punjaub, to whom I introduced myself, and with whom I had a pleasant chat before either host or hostess appeared. There were at table Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyer, myself, and Mrs. Dallas, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady Liveden, Marquess of Lansdowne, Sir George and Lady Grey, Sir J. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper (Board of Works), Mr. Oliphant, Mr. E. Ashley, and Miss Dallas. I sat between Lady Palmerston and Lady Liveden, and was pleasantly entertained. The dinner strikingly good.

After dinner, at about eleven, a numerous reception up-stairs. We went in the course of half an hour to Lord Clarence Paget's, Assistant Secretary of the Admiralty.

Great curiosity mingled with some anxiety was created by the emphatic announcement of Lord John

Russell in the House of Commons last night, to the effect that he had in the course of the evening received from Paris a despatch from Thouvenel of immense moment, which he had not yet been able to lay before the Cabinet, and of which he could say no more than that it related to Savoy. In all probability, the Emperor has ventilated his irritation at the manner in which he and his policy are discussed in Parliament. Lord John was to have kept an appointment with me at the Foreign Office to-day, but he postponed it by note, alleging illness. When Lord Palmerston, this evening, was asked what was the nature of Lord John's complaint, he said he supposed it was a toothache, or *perhaps Thouvenel!*

Met Mr. Frank Crossley here. He is an M.P. and an extensive carpet-manufacturer of Halifax, Yorkshire. We conversed for some time. He said, among other things, that more carpeting of the Brussels kind was used in the United States than in Great Britain and Europe put together; ay, twice as much. I asked him how he accounted for the fact. He replied that in America carpets were renewed every three or four years; that we had a dislike to dingy carpets; that such a worn carpet as this of Lord Palmerston's under our feet would not be tolerated in any gentleman's house in the United States; that on the Continent carpets were comparatively little in use. He admitted that we manufactured the Brussels as well as they did, but we were not yet as skilful with another kind.

1860. *March* 18.—A bright, warm day. Walked to the Zoological Gardens. Four interesting additions: the spider monkey, the gigantic salamander, the prairie dogs, and the gorgeous peacocks. Met Leslie's widow and son there, and led them to these objects of special

attraction. The crocuses and snowdrops are in full bloom already! They skirt the sides of the main walk like glowing ribbons.

Dined with Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who appears to have recovered health and strength. He was unusually talkative and eloquent. Seventeen gentlemen at table; and seat vacant, or a *Banquo*. I occupied the chair on the right of Sir Edward, on his left the Duke of Wellington, on my right Lord Stanley, opposite to him the Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Hanover, Mr. White-side, etc.

Telegrams announce that Victor Emmanuel has in full form accepted the annexations of Parma, Modena, and Romagna, and will to-morrow accept that of Tuscany. Things are now moving rapidly. The Pope excommunicates the King of Sardinia with ancient solemnity at the Vatican in a few days. Savoy and Nice are ceded to France; and Switzerland, through her Minister at Paris, Dr. Kern, has protested.

1860. *March* 20.—Dined with Von Dorkum, the Danish Minister. His successor De Billé, son of the Minister so long in the United States, was at table. A worse dinner was never served, I'll warrant it, in the Admiral's longest voyage in his cabin. Captain Washington, Samson, of the *Times*, and a Baron Humboldt, were the only others that I remember.

1860. *March* 22.—Went last night to a reception of the Duke of Somersset at the Admiralty. Her Grace and Lady Duffèrin are sisters of Mrs. Norton; three of the most striking and attractive women now in London. I spoke to the Duke about my countrywoman, Mrs. Costen, and her system of night signals for men-of-war. He seemed actually frightened, sidling away from me as

if he expected a blow : I suspect this to be a shy habit, for I noticed it when he was spoken to by others.

I had previously gone to Sir Charles Lyell's; Dr. Milman, Earl Stanhope, Professor Wheatstone, Mr. Thackeray, Gibbs, tutor of Prince of Wales, and a great deal of natural science were there.

1860. *March 24.*—Drawing-room at St. James's Palace. The assemblage brilliant, but not numerous.

Public men are greatly exercised. Napoleon's firm annexation of Savoy and Nice, in perfect contempt of the rest of Europe, and especially of the British Parliament, occasions much moody reflection and anxiety. Lord John Russell failed to tell the House of Commons the nature of the despatch from Thouvenel he had hastily mentioned on Friday. Everybody concludes that it was angry and insolent; and that Lord Palmerston may endanger his administration by again truckling to Imperial language. The political Cassandras in breeches are everywhere predicting fresh European complications and wars. The *Times* of to-day contains the most offensive attack yet made upon the Emperor, characterizing his policy as "les fourberies de Scapin," or the "mean tricks of Figaro." Its epithets applied to Thouvenel are abominable. Bonaparte is rumoured to have opened negotiations for an addition of territory on the northeast of France.

1860. *March 27.*—Went last evening to the House of Commons. Mr. Horsman, on Kinglake's motion about Savoy, was extremely bitter against the Ministerial "truckling" to Bonaparte. Sir Robert Peel, with a large roll of paper in his hands (probably the anti-annexationists of Nice), was obviously prepared to follow in the same vein. Lord John Russell, however, rose and, after

vindicating the course of the administration, closed with a most remarkable statement which drew loud cheers from the Opposition. It was to the effect that the course of the Emperor had inspired universal distrust; that England could not be isolated; that the interests and safety and peace of Europe were dear to her; and that, as France was uncertain and changeable in her course, England must look out for new friends and alliances on the Continent. The *Times* of this morning construes this speech as the end of the alliance and the defeat of the Treaty, as far as it depends on the changes in the Budget.

1860. *March 28.*—Queen's levée at St. James's Palace unusually crowded and protracted. Her Majesty wore a magnificent necklace of large and beautiful pearls of several strands, which reminded me of the one I remarked of the same nature twenty odd years ago on the Russian Empress. I had interesting conversations with Lord Palmerston, Sydney Herbert, Lord Elgin, Persigny, Kielmansegg, etc. Lord John Russell's speech of Monday has set the French Embassy in a flame, and enchanted all the representatives of the small German courts.

Dined with the Queen to-day. My seniors, Kielmansegg and Tricoupi, were at table. The Prince Consort sat on her Majesty's left; young Prince Alfred, the midshipman, opposite the Queen, having the Duchess of Kent, his grandmother, on his right. I took in and placed on my right, and on the left of Prince Alfred, the Duchess of St. Albans, whose husband, Lord Falkland, took in Mrs. Dallas. There were present, also, Madame Tricoupi, Lady Diana Beauclerc, Lord Elgin, Sir Charles Lyell, Colonel Biddulph, and other functionaries, male

and female, of the household. The band of music was admirable, the fresh and natural floral ornamentations beautiful, and the dinner perfect. When returned into the Picture-Gallery, the Queen and Prince Consort made themselves unusually gracious and pleasant.

Went from Buckingham Palace to Lord Palmerston's, where her Ladyship had one of her extemporaneous and crowded receptions.

1860. *April 4.*—Parliament adjourned last night for the Easter holidays,—that is, until Monday, the 16th inst.

I was yesterday called upon by Professor —, of Boston. He seemed to be under the impression that his fame was universal, and expressed astonishment and indignation that he was not at once recognized as a man of great science and position. It was difficult to convince him that I did not know him, and could not rationally acquiesce in his pretension to represent the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston. "Have you a letter or line of introduction?" "No." "Have you anything to show your authorization by the Academy?" "No." "Any document with its seal?" "No." "Any note or memorandum, written or printed?" "No, I have nothing. There is my visiting-card, and I claim by that to be treated as a gentleman of science." "Not to know you, Professor, is my misfortune, which you should not upbraid as a fault. I don't doubt your word; but in approaching the British Government to obtain for you a very valuable set of the Geological Survey maps, I am not at liberty to act upon your word only. Do you know none of the men of science here?" "Yes: Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell." "Quite enough."

Bring me a line from either, and I will address Lord John Russell for you." He left me, somewhat 'appeased, but by no means convinced that I was properly deferential to his attainments and reputation. It is very rare to meet science without an accompaniment of personal modesty; sometimes it so happens. To-day I received a short, neat, and satisfactory assurance from Sir Charles Lyell, and have therefore felt warranted in asking for the charts.

1860. *April 7.*—Called on Cropsey, our American artist. He has finished his great picture of "Autumn on the Hudson River." It is very large and admirable. The sweep of verdure in the centre down to the river and grouped with sheep, the water, the dreamy atmosphere, the village, and the sun penetrating through cloud, are all very beautiful and fine. Perhaps, here and there, the colouring of the trees, though certainly faithful to nature, is too strong and glittering for canvas.

1860. *April 9.*—Went to Kellog's studio. Enjoyed a long gaze at his Raphael. His picture of the angel transporting an infant, just dead, to Heaven is graceful and agreeable. I don't think he has succeeded in taking the portrait of Mr. Bright, but I could not bear to tell him so. He has failed to catch the expression. I am afraid, from the appearances of discomfort and a shade of despondency, that he is not employed. As the Queen had listened to my request, on behalf of the American Association, to permit him to copy one of her best portraits, he expressed his thanks, and I advised him to consult Sir Charles Eastlake as to the one most eligible.

A capital article is the first in this month's *Edinburgh Review*, full of clear reasoning and close facts. It is on

the "Commercial Relations of England and France." I was particularly struck with the clearness of the position on which it founds its reasoning in favour of the Free Trade, which is regarded as consequent upon the Treaty and the Budget, It is as follows: "The great problem of the government of modern society is, on the one hand, to raise the value of human labour by creating a more constant and abundant demand for its products, and, on the other hand, to lower the price of the natural or artificial necessaries of life by creating a more constant and abundant supply of them. This is the problem which freedom of trade, and the free exchange of commodities according to the wants of man, undertakes to solve; this is the object to which the protective system, as it has existed in France, is directly opposed, because, on the one hand, it depresses the value of labour by limiting the demand for its produce to the home market, and, on the other hand, it confines to the home market, whose prices are raised by artificial restrictions, the supply of the necessaries of life. There cannot be too much of anything in the world, because, from the moment its price brings it within the reach of those classes which were previously deprived of it, their power of consumption and their desire of procuring it are absolutely illimitable. To produce an artificial scarcity in order to keep up an artificial price is, on the contrary, to augment by bad legislation those privations which are still the lot of the majority of mankind."

1860. *April 12.*—Was visited to-day very numerously; among others by an exceedingly interesting gentleman, Mr. Auguste de la Rive, who is here on behalf of Switzerland, to impress this government properly with the dangers, incident to the Emperor's annexation of Savoy

and Nice, to Europe, and especially to his own country. He knew Mr. Gallatin well, knew all his family in Geneva, the aristocratic and the democratic branches. He assures me that but one sentiment prevails in Switzerland,—that their peril alarms everybody. M. Persigny tells him that Napoleon will concede all that is necessary to their perfect security, but mistrust is universal. He wished the great Republic of the West was sufficiently near to the little European one to help her, if necessary.

1860. *April 16.*—Parliament resumed its session to-day.

1860. *April 17.*—The fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan came off near Aldershot this morning. Both parties dreadfully beaten and the battle undecided, after lasting one hour and twenty minutes, with forty rounds. Heenan would have killed Sayers by pressing him under his arm and against the ropes, had not the crowd cut the ring.

1860. *April 18.*—First of our “at homes” or receptions for the present season. Delightfully attended and greatly praised for their informal and sociable character.

Our opposite neighbours, the Van de Weyers, came from their country residence, New Lodge, near Windsor, to-day. They have refitted their town house in honour of their eldest daughter, who goes into company this winter.

Court goes into mourning to-morrow for two weeks, the Queen’s step-brother-in-law having died.

1860. *April 24.*—The Queen’s levée, appointed originally for the 21st inst., was postponed and held to-day. I presented several gentlemen in the *general circle*. Some solicitude and responsibility as to Mr. W—, owing to his taking so prominent a part in the recent prize-fight; but his deportment is unexceptionable, and I was not

warranted in making any distinction among my countrymen. The matter passed off without any difficulty, whether because it is understood that I am prepared, after a few years of experience, not to be again trifled with by Major-General Sir E. C., or because Mr. W—— attracted no special notice, I cannot pretend to assert.

1860. *April 26.*—Bulwer Lytton made a brilliant and victorious speech against Lord John Russell's Reform Bill in the Commons to-night. It was vociferously and protractedly cheered. The bill would be in danger but for the dread of a dissolution.

1860. *May 2.*—Our reception, or "at home," thronged and distinguished. In the evening went in succession to the Bishop of London's, Lord Derby's, and Lady Waldegrave's. Neither the Bishop nor Mrs. Tate was at home to receive their company, having been, as late as eleven o'clock last night, commanded to dine to-day at Buckingham Palace. Their rooms were nevertheless closely crowded. The press at Lord Derby's was, as usual, perfectly intolerable. We were jammed on the stairway, incapable of going up or down, for full a half hour. We reached Lady Waldegrave's after twelve, when her guests had thinned comfortably. What a gem of elegant art is her Ladyship's whole house!

1860. *May 5.*—The Brazilian Minister called to-day. He has just returned from Paris, and finds that, during his absence, Lord John Russell has written to Brazil on the expediency of assembling in Europe a general International Congress to devise modes of effectually putting an end to the slave-trade. He proposes to invite the United States and Brazil to send their representatives to this Congress; and the government at Rio have determined in advance to conform their action to that of the

government at Washington. Moreria wished me to say whether any invitation had been addressed to the President, and whether I thought it likely our government would accede? I told him frankly I had heard nothing upon the subject, and that I deemed it quite impossible that the present American government would listen to the overture. Let me, said Moreria, put this question to you: suppose Brazil were to accept Lord John's invitation, how would you characterize and regard her conduct? I answered instantly, as unfriendly and un-American. Am I at liberty to write home to that effect? Certainly, as an expression of my individual opinion: the United States can never consent, and least of all upon this topic, to merge into a European conference; we are resolutely set upon keeping the two continents separate in politics.

By the Persia we have news from the United States to the 25th ultimo. General Cushing had been elected permanent president of the convention at Charleston.

1860. *May 9.*—Garibaldi, with an expeditionary corps of three thousand men, left Genoa for Sicily on the night of the 5th and 6th insts. The insurrection in the interior of that island would seem to be making headway.

A concert at Buckingham Palace. Capital "at home" to-day.

1860. *May 11.*—Dined at Mr. Young's. Lord Overstone and his shadow; both rough and excited about the Reform Bill, and both ashamed of themselves.

1860. *May 14.*—Music at Countess de Waldegrave's; Graziani admirable. Dancing at Austrian Legation. Small hop at Mr. Gladstone's.

1860. *May 16.*—Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace. We had in charge several ladies and gentlemen. The Duke of Newcastle promises to allow Dr. Rawlins to

be in the train of the Prince of Wales on board the ninety-one-gun ship across the Atlantic.

Small panic on the Parisian Bourse telegraphed to-night. The progress of Garibaldi is certain. They are packing up their jewels at Naples for flight and a revolution.

1860. *May 18.*—Her Majesty's nominal birthday; real one on 24th inst. Grand display at the drawing-room. Prince Frederick of Holland in the royal group. Dinner for fifty or sixty in Downing Street. Sir W. Gore Ouseley there, and apparently in good health and spirits. Mr. Wyke there, also. The streets were handsomely illuminated at night.

Closed a most fatiguing day by visiting Lord Palmerston at twelve at night.

Garibaldi is represented to have fifteen thousand men, and to be in possession of Messina.

1860. *May 19.*—The newly decorated residence of the Belgian Minister was open this morning for reception, "to meet H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge and H. R. H. the Princess Mary."

1860. *May 23.*—Some piano-playing at Mrs. Darby Griffith's, whence we adjourned to Mr. Gladstone's, whom I was glad to find in excellent spirits, notwithstanding the overwhelming majority of eighty-nine with which his measure for repealing the tax on paper was condemned in the House of Lords on Monday, the 21st inst.

1860. *May 24.*—A splendid ball at Mr. Bates's, in Arlington Street, given by his daughter, Mrs. Van de Weyer. Her own house is ample for all reasonable purposes, and for *unreasonable* purposes, such as were aimed at to-night, no house in London is large enough. The

Royalties were there instead of at Regent Street, in the Belgian Legation, as was designed on the 19th inst.

1860. *May 30.*—Our weekly "at home." A throng of agreeable people.

1860. *May 31.*—Garibaldi entered Palermo on 27th inst. The Neapolitan soldiers retreated to the Citadel, and have been bombarding their own city!

Commodore Stockton dined with us to-day, also Sir John Bowring, Mr. Frank Corbin, Mr. Beech Lawrence and his daughter, Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Lyman, Mr. Howland, etc. In the evening we had a crowded party.

1860. *June 2.*—Dined at Miss Gamble's, Chevalier Wykoff's grossly calumniated friend. She has fortune, is living nearly opposite to us in an exceedingly well-arranged and handsome house, and her dinner was irreproachable. Over the mantel-piece of the dining-room she had an interesting cast, given to her by the poet Rogers, of Mercury bearing Pandora in his arms to the earth.

An armistice between Garibaldi and the Neapolitans: the latter to quit Sicily with their twenty-five thousand men in a week.

Definite and full accounts to-day from the Republican Convention at Chicago. They have nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President: both of one geographical section, the free North. Lincoln is as absolutely self-made as our democracy could desire. He began life as a day-labourer, and took to making fence-rails.

1860. *June 20.*—Great gap in my memoranda. On Friday last, the 15th inst., Bonaparte went to Baden to meet the Regent of Prussia. This opens another of his great movements. He met there a covey of Kings;

stayed until Sunday night; travelled during the night back to Paris, and met his Ministers on Monday morning. About's pamphlet, "La Prusse en 1860," is out.

On Sunday morning, June 17th, the Great Eastern left Southampton for New York.

We had a large dinner, by Lady Chantrey, at the "Star and Garter," on the 19th inst.

1860. *June 21.*—We had our "at home" yesterday; crowded. Went in the evening to Apsley House. The Queen and Prince Consort, with several continental Royalties, were there. A concert.

My countrymen appear taking London by storm.

Dined to-day at Sir Thomas Cochrane's, and adjourned to Lady Palmerston's.

My journal threatens to be a mere hasty register of parties.

1860. *June 23.*—Queen's State Ball last night at Buckingham Palace. As we followed into the supper-room, a tremendous crash, sounding like the fall of a chandelier, alarmed us all. It proved to be one of the golden ornaments, a superb vase, placed against the wall behind the fountain of cologne water. Sir John Crampton and his bride (late Miss Balfe, cantatrice) passed the Queen. Four of the embassy from Morocco were present, wrapped almost to concealment in light bernouses and hoods; one of them huge in size, and wearing a turban of great dimensions and weight.

1860. *June 27.*—A most luxurious visit to the Marquis of Westminster's in the evening, his objects of art yielding boundless gratification. His Rubens are immense and delightful; his Blue Boy, of Gainsborough, has the reputation of being that artist's most perfect production; his Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse in the act of in-

spiration, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is splendid; and then his Raphaels, Guidos, etc., etc.! There is a prodigious money value in this superb collection.

1860. *June 28.*—A ball at Holderness House, the Marchioness of Londonderry's. Her Ladyship, a stout dame magnificently dressed, and acting a Royal Highness, has much repute as a woman of intellect and practical business talent. Her graceless son, Vane Tempest, managed some weeks ago to decoy Lady S. C., the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, to disregard her father's injunctions and to run off with him and be married. Poor girl, what a life she has chosen! In one of the salons I noticed several rich presents made by the Czar Nicholas to Lord Londonderry and her Ladyship in the spring of 1837, the very season in which we reached St. Petersburg and occupied the Bobrinsky House, which they had just vacated. These ornaments, malachite vases, and rich specimens of porcelain beautifully painted, were each on pedestals inscribed with a memorandum of the giver's name and the date. There were fine paintings on the walls, one, a Holy Family and St. John, specially provided with extra lights, as if esteemed a gem; but though, as a painting, it was exquisite, there was something fierce and forbidding in the looks of both mother and son which I did not relish. The ballroom was vast, vaulted, and enriched with sculptures and paintings. As at the Marquis of Westminster's, enormous wealth proclaimed itself in every direction.

1860. *July 4.*—During the week we have had a grand review by the Queen of twenty-four thousand Rifle Volunteers in Hyde Park, and a target-firing on Wimbledon Common, at which her Majesty set the example of hitting the bull's-eye.

Our celebration was held at the London Tavern. There were one hundred present. I responded to The Day we celebrate. Dr. Mackay and Mr. Layard spoke. The dinner was unusually good, but the rest quite the reverse. I gave the Association for its charity fund five pounds.

Went at twelve to Lansdowne House. A disgusting squeeze! every room jammed, and the Marquis exceeding difficult to find or reach. Perhaps one thousand visitors present.

1860. *July 5.*—Dined with Mr. Russell Sturgis and a company of eighteen, among whom the Wildes of Manchester, Judge Warren, etc., etc.

1860. *July 6.*—At Lord Wensleydale's to dinner. Justice Earl present, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, etc.

Last night I was in the House of Commons and heard Lord Palmerston make a very statesmanlike and conciliatory speech respecting the violation of the privileges of the House by the Lords in rejecting the bill abolishing the paper duty. It may probably drive Gladstone and Gibson out of the Cabinet. The Premier was loudly and repeatedly cheered by the Opposition, while his Liberal supporters maintained a sullen silence. His resolutions, throwing oil on the troubled waters, will be carried overwhelmingly.

1860. *July 7.*—Dined with Mr. Bates; Mr. Goff, of Canada, Thomas Baring, Bancroft Davis, Mr. — Baring and his lovely wife, daughter of Minturn, of New York, and several more present.

1860. *July 10.*—Sixty-eighth return! and good health! Gratitude! gratitude!

On this day last week I received letters from General Cass, Senators Gwinn and Slidell, introducing Mr. C.

Calvo. This gentleman is empowered by the Paraguayan government to negotiate for the arrangement of the controversy respecting Mr. Caustall and the former Consul, Mr. Henderson. Lord John Russell and Lord Wodehouse are short and peremptory with him, and, as he feels greatly embarrassed what to do, he requests my advice. His government is clearly right in the position they have taken, and are ably proved to be so by a professional opinion of Dr. Phillimore. I have suggested to him the expediency of abstaining from any irritating discussion, of returning to Paris, and of allowing the Ministry time to consult the crown lawyers on the points so irresistibly enforced by Phillimore; in the mean while some call may be made upon the subject in the House of Commons; and when Lord John has had an opportunity of showing that the errors of the British course of action originated with his predecessor, he will be prepared to pursue a different course. Until that, or something of the kind occurs, he will not abandon the absurd attitude taken by Lord Malmesbury.

1860. *July 16.*—The International Statistical Congress opened its fourth session to-day in this city. I had declined being a member, when invited a month ago by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Milner Gibson. On Saturday last the Committee of Organization sent special cards to the members of the Corps diplomatique, and, in order to manifest my respect for the Prince Consort, I went to hear his opening address. Lord Brougham took the opportunity, after the delivery of the address, which was really very good, abruptly to call out to me by name, and hoped I would observe that there was "a negro in the assemblage!" I perceived instantly the grossness of the act, and, seeing the black in the

very centre of the philosophers, hadn't a doubt that it was a premeditated contrivance to provoke me into some unseemly altercation with the coloured personage. I balked that by remaining silent and composed. The gentleman of colour, however, rose, and requested permission of the Prince Consort, as chairman, to thank Lord Brougham for his notice, with an emphatic conclusion, "I am a man." Query: Is not the government answerable for this insult? Or must it be regarded as purely the personal indecency of Lord Brougham? *Curia advisare vult.*

1860. *July 18.*—Judge Longstreet, the United States Delegate to the International Congress, sent yesterday his written withdrawal, in consequence of Lord Brougham's conduct.

There is no telling to what this outrage may lead. Brougham is already feeling the weight of a unanimous public opinion. He attempted to-day to make an explanation or apology; said he meant no disrespect to me or my government, and then, with a fatuity scarcely comprehensible, went on to make the matter worse. Is he, on this question of slavery, deranged?

Dr. J——, the delegate sent by the Statistical Association of Massachusetts, called upon me. He said he came from Lord Brougham, and was by him authorized to remove any impression that I might have imbibed that he intended to wound my feelings. I interrupted Dr. J——, and said that I could receive nothing from Lord Brougham at second-hand; if he wished to do what was right and restore the state of things his folly had disturbed, he must make an ample and distinct apology for the insult upon the United States; he must do this in the very body where he had made the attack, and what

he said should be sanctioned and approved by that body ; if this was satisfactorily done, the personal indignity to myself would melt into nothing before the infirmities of his great age. Alas ! that an American citizen should have witnessed, as Dr. J—— did, this outrage upon his country, and yet be so bent upon his wretched statistical essay or report as to prefer reading this last to resenting the former. Dr. J—— distinguishes : says Lord Brougham's act don't touch him, because he is from a free State ! “ Out upon such half-faced fellowship ! ”

1860. *July 20.*—Lord Brougham called at ten A.M. I had just time to tell my servant to refuse me. He is so old, and has been so remarkable a man in his day and generation, that I have to remind myself of his offence, and of his aggravating it by the form and manner of his pretended explanation, or I could scarcely screw my mind up to the point of turning him from the door. He came a second time, between twelve and one. I was then at the Kensington Museum, and my secretary, receiving him with the utmost deference, was, nevertheless, silent. He said once or twice, “ You know who I am ? Lord Brougham, Lord Brougham ! ” He went to the front door, and then returned in the front office, and remarked, “ You know you don't treat your negroes as well as they are treated in the Brazils ! ”

The treat I enjoyed at the Kensington Museum was one of the richest I have had in England. The Turners, the Hogarths, the Leslies, etc., are all delightful.

What an admirable reply to Lord Grey is that Fourth of July speech of Everett's. He has literally overwhelmed Grey in the spirit of truth and moderation.

Received a note from Lord Shaftesbury, hoping that I won't report to my government the “ very foolish and

very unwarrantable conduct of Lord Brougham"! This advice is about as silly as Lord Harry's act, and perhaps much less excusable.

1860. *July 21.*—The Peers don't approve their troublesome "chartered libertine" Brougham. Shaftesbury writes. Lansdowne comes to make impressive assurances. And Overstone denounces *ore rotundo*.

1860. *July 24.*—Judge Longstreet has issued a letter addressed to the International Statistical Congress about their gross conduct in applauding Lord Brougham. It is printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, and evinces considerable ability and tact. I shall not be surprised if, on this sensitive topic, my countrymen, who never can be rational about it, should consider me as having too tranquilly submitted to the remark of Brougham. One of them here wishes I had "jumped to my feet and knocked the old blackguard down!" This is not "*ma manière d'agir*." First, it would have been great folly to imply, by word or act, that the question of slavery in the United States could legitimately be discussed before the American Minister at a European Congress of any sort. Second, the Congress was unanimously and vociferously hostile; the words of Brougham were cheered loudly; it was palpable that the act was the result of a contrivance between Brougham and his associate to get up an altercation between the latter and myself, which was defeated by my treating the movement with silence. Third, quitting the room was impossible, because my doing so was physically impeded, and would instantly have been followed by loud and prolonged indignities. Fourth, to attempt, at a moment of sudden astonishment and indignation, to vindicate the United States from the slur thrown out, would have been extremely imprudent and

hazardous ; no man is authorized to commit his country in a manner so unprepared. Fifth, my individual opinion as to the races being unequal in intellect is strong, but the point has never been studied, and could not be handled in the slightest manner without exhibiting weakness. Sixth, a foreign Minister cannot be justified or excused in taking the attitude of a public declaimer in a Congress where he was only an invited guest, and where such a topic was not only not to be anticipated, but wholly out of order. Indeed, such are my convictions that I have thanked Heaven frequently and profoundly that I had presence of mind enough to take the course I did. Brougham has attempted in the very Congress itself, and only two days after his extravagance, a feeble and unsatisfactory apology ; he has sought me that he might apologize in person, and has been turned from the door. He is now perpetually inculcating that what he did was not intended to be disrespectful to me or the United States, and that it should be regarded as insignificant.

1860. *August 1.*—A very remarkable letter addressed by Louis Napoleon to "mon cher Persigny," dated the 25th ult., at St. Cloud, has made its appearance. Its obvious design is to reassure the government and people of this country as to his designs, and remove the strong mistrust now felt. It is written with seeming familiarity, but with consummate art.

LETTER FROM THE FRENCH EMPEROR TO M. PERSIGNY.

The following important letter from the Emperor Napoleon to the French Ambassador was referred to, but not read, by Lord John Russell on Tuesday night in the House of Commons :

ST. CLOUD, July 25, 1860.

MY DEAR PERSIGNY,—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated, thanks to the mistrust excited everywhere since the war in Italy, that I write to you in the hope that a conversation, in perfect frankness, with Lord Palmerston will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you can tell him from me, in the most explicit manner, that since the peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object,—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with all my neighbours, and especially with England. I had renounced Savoy and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see reunited to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, “You wish for peace, and you increase immoderately the military forces of France.” I deny the fact in every sense. My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing-ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have four hundred thousand men under arms; but deduct from this amount sixty thousand in Algeria, six thousand in Rome, eight thousand in China, twenty thousand gendarmes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing; for, if foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, I myself, close at hand, have witnessed the defects, and I wish to remedy them. Having said thus much, I have since Villafranca neither done nor even thought anything which could alarm any one. When Lavalette started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave him were confined to this, “Use every effort to maintain the *status quo*; the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible.”

Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria, and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part. Really, people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which have put me at their head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought, nevertheless, was to come to an understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country?

Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength? Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantages, is a source of weakness to France, which for thirty years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold? I said it in 1852 at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same,—I have great conquests to make, but only in France. Her interior organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make. There a field exists vast enough for my ambition and sufficient to satisfy it.

It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy I am free from engagements, and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as on others; but, in Heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts.

Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men, as we are, and not like thieves, who desire to cheat each other.

To sum up, this is my innermost thought: I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention, and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition and, in any case, not to undertake it alone, first, because it will be a great expense, and, second, because I fear that the intervention may involve the Eastern question; but, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our Consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries which were under our protection.

I have told you all I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter.

Believe in my sincere friendship,

NAPOLEON.

1860. *September 13.*—Returned yesterday from a residence of four weeks in the country, about eight miles from town. It was a neat, new house, which had been occupied for a month by Lord Shaftesbury, called "Oaklands," about half-way up the hill on which the Crystal Palace is built; whether in Upper Norwood, Sydenham, or Dulwich Wood, we have never been able to ascertain

with certainty. I rented it from Mr. Rutty at ten guineas a week. Our enjoyments there were drives in an open carriage within a circuit of ten miles, incessant and delightful walks, and frequent visits to the Crystal Palace, to reach which was attended by no trouble whatever.

Francis II. has as it were dropped from the throne of Naples. The red-shirted Garibaldi, unaccompanied by any military force, steamed from Salerno on the 7th inst., and entered the Capital without the slightest impediment; the King sailed off to Gaeta; his fleet and forces have quietly passed into the filibuster's possession; a Sardinian corps landed; and so ends the crown of the Two Sicilies without the shedding of a drop of blood!

Two of Victor Emmanuel's generals, Fanti and Cialdini, with large armies have suddenly invaded the Estates of the Church. Cardinal Antonelli rejected the ultimatum from Turin,—to wit, the disbandment of Lamoricière's foreign mercenaries,—and without delay the invaders have taken Pesaro and Perugia, and appear sweeping towards Rome. The crisis of Italy has come. Louis Napoleon is equivocal; his Minister has withdrawn from Turin, but has avoided breaking off diplomatic intercourse by leaving his Secretary in charge; he sends Guyon back to Rome with an additional French force; but he intimates only a disposition to secure the personal safety of the Pope. Austria is collecting an army of fifty thousand in the neighbourhood of Mantua, but disclaims all intention to intervene unless Venice be assailed. Garibaldi affects no forbearance or compromise, and speaks of accomplishing his work on the Quirinal and in the Palace of St. Mark.

The Queen left Balmoral for Holywood yesterday.

She reaches Osborne on Tuesday next, and proceeds from Gravesend to the Continent on Saturday. Lord John Russell is published as accompanying her. She proposes an absence of two or three weeks. The Emperor and Empress of France have been visiting Savoy and Nice, Corsica, and are now probably at Algeria.

London is cold, deserted, and dull; so much the better, however, for reading and reflection.

1860. *September 29.*—The discomfiture of Garibaldi on the 19th inst. on the Volturno, under the walls of Capua, is a sad blemish on the burnished disc of his victories; and it is the first. It was accompanied by the most alarming indications of a total want of discipline among his followers: incidents calculated to inspire the Neapolitan soldiery at Gaeta, and to make them doubt the prowess of an adversary before whom they have been flying and melting away. I look upon it as the turning-point of a disastrous reaction.

The Conference at Warsaw is said to be postponed from the 3d to the 20th of October.

Antonelli's protest and complaint on behalf of the Pope against the Sardinian invasion of his territories is published. What induces him to withhold excommunication? Has he discovered the total inefficiency of the weapon?

1860. *November 17.*—Yesterday the Lord Steward, by command of the Queen, invited Mrs. Dallas and myself to Windsor Castle. This, I presume, is a sort of acknowledgment for the handsome reception given to the Prince of Wales in the United States. His Royal Highness got home on Thursday, and the invitation comes the very day after, equally prompt, graceful, and unequivocal. On inquiry, I find that no Minister of the United States

has been called to Windsor Castle during the last twenty-eight years!

1860. *November 19.*—Returned from Windsor Castle, reaching home at half-past one.

On arriving at about six on Saturday last, we were taken to the Castle, and at once ushered into the apartments assigned to us. They were in the tower of Edward the Third, and as beautiful and comfortable as royalty could make them. Their furniture, paintings, and arrangements, with their magnificent lookout upon the park and up the long walk and over the sentries, engaged us all the time we were there. We dined with her Majesty and the royal family at eight o'clock, proceeding up the endless corridor to the drawing-rooms, waiting a short time for the Queen and Prince Consort, and then going *en cavalcade* through a suite of splendid salons to the table. We found gathered to meet us Lord Palmerston (Lady Palmerston detained away by illness), Lord and Lady John Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyer, Sir Edmund Head, the Governor of Canada, Lord Harris, Lord Bentinck, Colonel Bid-dulph, etc. Invisible music played without ceasing. After quitting the table, we went into an adjoining parlour, and conversed in succession with the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, took coffee and tea, and, according to the invariable form at Buckingham Palace, we then assembled and seated ourselves in a circle before her Majesty near a round table. At about half-past eleven the Queen rose, and with her ladies in waiting retired, leaving the guests to disperse to their several lodgements. Our bedstead was splendidly decorated with canopy and gilded carvings; the bed was as soft as down, and the covering as light as gorgeous, yet,

as is my practice on my first night from home, not a wink could I sleep.

On the morrow, Sunday, we first went to prayers in the lovely little Queen's Chapel at half-past nine, and immediately afterwards convened to breakfast in what is called the Oak Room, every object of furniture and the wainscoting from the ceiling to the floor being of that dark-brown wood. On neither of these two occasions did we meet any of the royal family. At twelve o'clock we went in the train of the Sovereign to church, in her chapel, and in her pew. I was seated immediately behind her Majesty, on whose left was the Prince Consort, and beyond him the Princess Alice, and on her right sat one of the young Princes. In an adjoining pew were the Prince of Wales and others. Both pews were in the gallery. I should have mentioned that the Duchess of Sutherland was in attendance from the time we arrived, and was remarkably attentive to Mrs. Dallas. She and Lady Calydon, the sister of the Countess of Clarendon, were, with Lord John Russell, Lord St. Germain, and Lord Harris, in the same royal pew and in the rear. A clergyman of the name of Cooke performed the service, and preached a rather dull sermon, during which the Prince Consort closed his eyes and probably slept. At two o'clock there was lunch in the Oak Room, after which I engaged Lord Harris to escort me through the Castle, and obliged him to mount with me to the top of the great round Tower, an ascent of stairway, spiral, of three hundred feet. I was rewarded by a noble and extensive view from that height. This round tower is not to be surpassed as an object most beautifully picturesque and interesting, as seen from the numerous windows of the quadrangle. The Hall of St. George,

just now fitting up for theatrical representations, the Rubens and Tapestry Chamber, the Armoury, etc., were visited. At lunch it was understood that the royal family, for the first time this season, would walk upon the Terrace; so we all got ready to accompany them. The day was clear and bright, but exceedingly cold, and winter overcoats and shawls were resorted to. We found on reaching the Terrace two bands of military music collected in the garden below it, and they played all the time of the walk. The royal group proceeded backwards and forwards from one end to the other, their guests and attendants, when the turn at each extremity occurred, opening uncovered and reforming behind them as they passed. This continued for half an hour, when all returned into the Castle and separated to their apartments. This sunning one's self in the eyes of one's subjects, on the Terrace, may do very well where the sovereign is an attractive and active lady, but I can hardly conceive anything more awkward in the case of a fat and unpopular George the Fourth or William the Fourth. To kill time now we went out of the Castle to the chapel of St. George, and remained there until it was necessary to prepare to meet the Queen and family again at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyer having gone, the arrangement at table was altered. I took in Lady Calydon and sat next to Princess Alice, who was on the right of the Prince of Wales. When dinner was over and the Queen gone, I conversed for some time with the Princes, father and son, and was gratified at the *empressement* which they both displayed in expressing their cordial sense of the American reception. Her Majesty did the same thing, when we went into the saloon, to Mrs. Dallas and myself separately, as a sort of farewell. After going

through the customary coffee, tea, and circle, the evening closed at half-past eleven. In the morning of Monday, after breakfasting at ten, we left the Castle and reached home without accident.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

AT BREAKFAST, 19 Nov. 1860.

Lord Palmerston.—They say in some of the French provinces, “Quand un homme a le malheur de se marier, il faut se dédommager par le travail de sa femme!”

On Lago Maggiore two women rowed the boat while their husbands lounged idly on a bench. “How is this?” said I. “Why, you see,” said one of them, “when a man in this country takes a wife, he buys a donkey!”

This Windsor Castle, for so many centuries the proud residence of British monarchy, is by some said to have been constructed on the dilapidated relics of a fort of Julius Cæsar, and by others to have been built by William the Conqueror. It is very far the most imposing and suitable palace to be found in England, or, perhaps, in Europe. Innumerable objects of art, paintings, sculptures, and highly ornamented cabinet works and vases, are spread through the endless corridor, having reference to incidents of the present reign. The first time the Queen—only seventeen years of age—presided at a Privy Council forms an interesting picture, Lord Melbourne, her Guardian and Prime Minister, in the attitude of addressing her from the farther side of the table. Then the Duke of Wellington, before the Queen and Prince Albert, assuming the office of godfather to one of her infants and presenting a rich jewelled casket, forms another. The gorgeous representation of the Coronation makes a third. The portraits and busts of Popes and Cardinals are numerous and excellent.

I was so unfortunate as to be prevented going out

shooting with the Prince Consort, as upon his invitation I had engaged to do on Monday morning. My influenza recurred with severity, and obliged me to write an apology.

1860. *November 29.*—Dined at Lord Palmerston's,—a further recognition of the courtesies shown the Prince of Wales. At table were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Wodehouse, Lady William Russell, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Russell, Mr. W. F. Cowper and Mrs. Cowper, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. Haywood, and Mr. Delane. On this occasion it was the Duke's turn to pour himself out on the ovation, "than which," he said, with warmth, "the world had never witnessed anything more striking." He described the main features of his tour, and emphatically declared that, from the moment the Prince set his foot on the soil of the United States to the hour of his embarking for England at Portland, not the slightest incident had occurred to mar the general festivity. He ridiculed the gross misrepresentation as to what occurred at Richmond, and described it as the lively animation of good-natured boys who were really pleased with the unaffected manners of the Prince.

1860. *December 3.*—The news brought by the steamer from America is exciting. The political storm rages fiercely in the South, taking a reckless direction for secession, and produces a financial panic which cannot pass away without effecting a widespread ruin. The successful Republican party at the Presidential election are striving to appease and propitiate, but having, during the canvass, taken the "irrepressible conflict" ground, and having had the aid of the Garrisonian Radicals, who denounce the Constitution as a "League with hell," it seems natural that the South should regard their defeat

as involving a destruction of their property and rights. If I could perceive among the leading men in the agitation of the South any staid, judicious statesmen, I should think the Union lost. I see only such uniformly violent, effervescing, and unsuccessful ranters as Yancey, Rhett, Keitt, Toombs, and I conclude that the local movements will yet be settled by the ballast near the keelson of the ship.

1860. *December 4.*—I went to-day to the Clarendon Hotel to see Lady Stafford, who has requested me to advise her as to the execution of her will. Poor old lady! about eighty, I presume; exceedingly averse to spend her money; quarrelling with and abusing all her professional advisers in succession, and making as many wills as she has fancies. I insisted upon the correct copying of the instrument, which had almost as many erasures and omissions and interlineations as there were lines; and I sent, somewhat against her economical notions, for a regular scrivener. He engaged to execute the task and restore the papers in the course of this evening, and I promised her ladyship to come to her again to-morrow.

1860. *December 5.*—Completed and witnessed Lady Stafford's will. She is one of the most exclusive and thorough Roman Catholics I have ever encountered. They should make a saint of her as soon as they realize her legacies.

The Empress Eugénie, who has been wandering incog. for her health in Scotland, lunched at Windsor Castle on Tuesday last, and returned to Paris yesterday.

1860. *December 8.*—Mr. W. S. Lindsay, who returned from his tour in the United States by the Persia last Sunday, called to-day, and entertained me for an hour with his travels. He says my introductory letters were

of great service to him; that he found his way to the several Chambers of Commerce along the seaboard without difficulty. He is under the impression that he has achieved a remarkable success, and read me a letter from Lord Lyons complimenting him strongly upon what he had effected. On all the points, except opening our Coast Trade, he represents the administration at Washington as having promised to transmit to me without delay instructions to open negotiations here for a convention. Probably the difficulty will be much more with this government than with mine. At any rate, as the assent of Parliament will be necessary to many of the improvements contemplated, my work will fall into the hands of my successor, for no legislation can be expected to be matured before midsummer, if then.

Mr. Lindsay is earnest and animated in his admiration of the United States. The educated intelligence of our masses particularly struck him. He says the world has never witnessed so magnificent a throng as welcomed the Prince of Wales to New York.

1860. *December 9.*—The news from China is deemed by Mr. Thomas Baring as rather sad. Two only, Mr. Barker and Mr. Loch, of the prisoners taken by the Chinese have been returned; the remaining four have disappeared, from bad treatment. The allies have captured Peking, burnt the royal palace, and driven the Emperor a fugitive into Tartary. They have thus destroyed all means of negotiation; can obtain no compensation for the past, and have entailed upon themselves a long and profitless war.

1860. *December 15.*—Peking surrendered to the allies on the 13th of October. The summer palace of the Emperor underwent a sacking equal to any inflicted by

Cortes on the temples of Montezuma; and yet these allies are of the civilized races of France and England!

Lord Aberdeen died at one o'clock of the early morning of the 14th instant.

1860. *December* 16.—It is announced that peace was ratified between the allies and Chinese on the 26th of October last, and Peking evacuated on the 6th of November.

1860. *December* 19.—The message of the President was sent in to Congress on the 4th instant. I got it yesterday. The President has been weighed down by the vast load he carries; his sagacity, firmness, and patriotism have given way under the appalling condition of the country and the violence in his Cabinet. He argues too much, becomes inconsistent, and does vastly more harm than good. His propositions of compromise, as stated, he must know to be impracticable. The Northern States never will repeal their Personal Liberty statutes while the Fugitive Slave Law remains in its present shape. They profess not to be opposed to the Constitution, but to *this* statutory form of carrying it into execution. It undoubtedly has provisions capable of amendment. These provisions may not make it unconstitutional, but may shock the feelings of many and render it odious. In order to save the Union, the Committee in the House, composed of one from each State, should report on this point, first, an amendment of the law, and, second, the repeal of the acts founded on it. There should be no concession asked except upon compensatory ground; no victory should be awarded to either section. The idea of restoring the old Missouri line, itself a palpable violation of the Constitution, is a weak suggestion. . . .

1860. *December* 23.—The Arabia brings the news

that Secretary Cobb has resigned. He goes then to join the Disunionists, who, in Georgia, object to *joint*, but are in favor of *separate*, secession. Mr. Cobb is forty-five years of age; before he becomes sixty, he will have discovered that a good cause is really only injured by violence, and best promoted by calm and steady action; he will then have become, for he has ample ability, a safe American statesman.

The news in no respect diminishes the gloom of affairs in the United States. The situation is deplorable already, and worse is in prospect. I think it at once proper and becoming to manifest sympathy with my countrymen in their present trials. I have, therefore, declined Mr. Bates's invitation to the New-Year festivities at Sheen. It is impossible to be merry when one's country is gasping for breath.

China news is highly interesting. The first Napoleon has been always condemned by the British press for despoiling the academies and temples of Italy of their treasures of art, which he collected in his gallery of the Louvre. Still, they vindicated the burning of our Capitol and White House in 1814 by Ross; they bombarded the superb private residence of Prince Woronzow at Odessa; and here they are again, this time conjointly with the French, avowedly plundering and carrying off the ornaments and comforts of an imperial summer palace! War necessarily leads to excesses, which every effort should be made to restrict as much as possible. What conceivable benefit to the cause in which they are engaged could the allies derive from purloining pictures, statuary, and articles of novelty? But such are the two heads of European civilization. The French have made a separate convention, after the Treaty of Peace, bargaining

for liberty to carry off coolies (hem!), for a recognition of Catholicism throughout China, and an indemnity of twelve millions of dollars! Pretty well for Louis Napoleon, and better, considering his *looting*, for Marshal Montauban.

1860. *December 25.*—Christmas. Fahrenheit stood this morning eighteen degrees below freezing point. A rare degree of cold in England, exceeding any we have felt during our residence in London.

Mr. Cobb resigned the Treasury on the 10th instant. He will greatly strengthen the secession movement in Georgia. A dissolution of the Union seems imminent, and, should it occur, will attest and perhaps permanently establish the supremacy of abolitionism; for it will be seen that by the withdrawal of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, let alone the other slave-holding States, Lincoln and the Republican party will at once be placed in an overwhelming Congressional majority, and have a clear field to push their principles to extreme practice. Markoe and Hutchinson, writing on the same day, agree in drawing a most melancholy picture of the condition of the country, politically and financially.

1860. *December 29.*—Dates and news from New York to the 15th inst. General Cass had resigned. Governor Dickinson is mentioned as his successor. So we go, from one unfit to another more so. My country, my country, whither in the intoxication of your liberty are you plunging!

Skating for several days on the Serpentine; ice three or four inches thick. The wind has veered to the south-east, and a thaw may be expected.

1861. *January 5.*—Frederick William, whom I saw at

the wedding of his son and the Princess Royal, after acting as Regent since November, 1858, has mounted the throne, by the death of the old crazy King William IV., under the name of William V. of Prussia. His politics are more liberal than his predecessor's.

Brougham publishes in the *Times* of to-day his brief correspondence with Redpath, who invites to a consultation how to extinguish slavery in the United States. The poor old trimmer is backing out, and wants to abdicate his chieftom of Exeter Hall. This is his second or third effort to wriggle himself out of the humiliation consequent upon his fanatical negrophilism at the Statistical Congress.

On Wednesday last the ceremony of again proroguing Parliament took place in the House of Lords. The day appointed for meeting is the 5th of February, but "for despatch of business" was omitted; inadvertently, or by design?

Mr. Motley, the historian, called and spent an hour in chat. I expressed my great delight with his recently issued work, the "Dutch Republic." Told him I had noted two new spellings, Escorial and Burghley; the first he said was unquestionably correct, the second he took from the Lord Treasurer's uniform mode of signing his name, though it was spelled very variously. In the course of conversation he avowed the opinion that Walsingham, not Burghley, was the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and he thought that Elizabeth had taken to herself merit and glory which really belonged to the British people generally. We turned over the distressing condition of American politics. He is for saving the Union at almost any sacrifice; but I thought I could perceive that he entertained the theory that,

maintaining the name, the flag, and the Constitution, we should be happier and equally great without the cotton States. He is inveterately hostile to slavery. Now that his two volumes are making him famous, he proposes to be presented with his wife and daughter at Court. Of course I shall be proud to gratify his wish in that respect. I think he remembers that the literary fame of Washington Irving made him *chargé* at this Court and subsequently Minister at Madrid. Lincoln can give me no more acceptable successor. The foundations for such an appointment are more broad, more durable, and in every way more satisfactory than those of mere political partisanship.

1861. *January 8.*—South Carolina, it appears, adopted her Ordinance of Secession on the 19th of December, unanimously. It has been hailed with exultation in most of the Southern States. Mr. Mason rather intimates that the movement is designed to compel adequate concessions from the North, or to form a basis upon which the confederacy may be reconstructed.

The first article of *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month, "The Political Year," is one of much ability. Its purpose is to depreciate the present government by special attacks on Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell. In the concluding paragraph I find the following: "The last news from America announces that, Lord John Russell having complained of the inactivity of the American cruisers in the suppression of the slave-trade, Mr. Dallas informed his Lordship, in October last, that 'the British Foreign Office had better mind its own business.' He wound up by stating that 'the government at Washington did not require to be continually lectured as to its duty by our Foreign Secretary.' Can anything be more

absurd? We have a Foreign Secretary who writes letters and gives good advice to all the world, and who, at one time, cannot get his effusions answered, at another time gets snubbed for them, yet again finds them quoted as authorizing rebellion, and always finds himself doing more harm than good." It is true, that, on the 24th of November, I read, as instructed, a despatch from General Cass, dated the 27th of October, to Lord John Russell. His Lordship did not like it; said that all Christendom had condemned the slave-trade, and he had a right to speak against it. I merely remarked that perhaps the serenity of the State Department at Washington would not be disturbed by one or two exhortations, but that his Lordship must be aware that too frequent recurrences in diplomatic correspondence to the obligations of humanity imply a neglect of them by those addressed, and cannot but be unacceptable. When I reported this matter to the Secretary of State, I added: "English statesmen generally have a complacent and irrepressible sense of superior morality, and are apt, without really meaning incivility, to be prodigal of their inculcations upon others." Here is the basis of *Blackwood's* remarks.

1861. *January* 16.—I have been kept for a week, and am still, in a state of great anxiety about the dangerous political excitements at home. The President has taken an attitude less friendly to the secessionists. This has been owing, it would seem, to the occupation of Fort Moultrie and the seizure of a revenue cutter, in the harbour of Charleston, by the South Carolina authorities. General Floyd, as Secretary of War, had pledged his honour to Governor Pickens that there should be no change in the *status* of the fortifications in the harbour.

Major Anderson, in command, with prudent strategy, shifted his little garrison of twenty men from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter. The South Carolina Commissioners at Washington protested, alleging breach of faith. Floyd demanded orders to Anderson to go back. The President declined. Governor Pickens sent militia into Fort Moultrie and seized a United States cutter. Floyd resigned on 29th of December, and his resignation was quietly accepted on the 31st by the President, who appointed Postmaster-General Holt to conduct the department until a successor was named. The President has addressed Congress, announced his determination to protect the property and collect the revenue of the United States with all the power at his disposal, and is said to have directed the frigate Brooklyn to be held in readiness at Norfolk, while two revenue cutters are proceeding to Charleston harbour, on board which a new Collector, McIntyre, of Pennsylvania, will exact the duties on imports. In the interim reinforcements are being sent to Southern garrisons, as a determination to seize them has shown itself in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina. These facts, if well founded, place the country in imminent risk of civil war; and if, at the bottom of the whole, there exist, as Mr. Daniel, our Minister to Turin, vehemently assured me on Monday last was the case, an immense majority in the South who desire disunion and have been preparing to accomplish it for twenty years, it would seem that a sanguinary convulsion is unavoidable. Perhaps a large movement of militia, similar to the one made by Washington in 1794 against our Whiskey Insurrection, would overawe the disaffected and restore tranquillity. Certainly, South Carolina has taken, by capturing forts and cutters, a more decisively insurrec-

tionary character than could be attributed to the disorderly riots of Pennsylvania.

My old friend "Betsey Bonaparte" and her son have enlisted Berryer and Legrand in a trial to come off on the 25th inst., before the Court of First Instance in Paris, asserting the validity of the marriage of Jerome in Baltimore in 1803, and claiming to share in the property he has left. If the marriage be sustained, the necessary result would be the illegitimacy of Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde. Here is fine garbage for Imperial scandal! and "Betsey" is not one, though she can't lack much of eighty, to shrink in the pursuit of money or to be scared by a crown.

1861. *January 20.*—If we are in turmoil on the western side of the Atlantic, they are not much better off on this eastern side. The King of Prussia has just said to his general officers in Berlin: "The aspect of the times is very serious, and menaces great dangers. Gentlemen, there is a distinct prospect of struggles in which I shall need the entire devotion of your hearts. If I and those other sovereigns wishing for peace do not succeed in dissipating beforehand the coming thunder-storm, we shall want the whole of our strength in order to stand our ground. You will have to strain every nerve if you wish to render the army adequate to the future calls of the country. Gentlemen, do not allow yourselves to be subject to any self-delusion respecting the magnitude of coming struggles. If I do not succeed in obviating war, the war will be one in which we shall have either to conquer or be lost to our position in the world!" What convulsion is it that thus thunders in the index? We hear the cry of "Peace, peace," in every direction, but we see specially dark clouds in various quarters. Hungary is

on the eve of revolt, Denmark is arming to maintain her rights in Schleswig and Holstein, Italy, under the magical inspiration of Garibaldi, will insist upon having, as parts of the temporal sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel, both Rome and Venice. War upon Austria then would seem inevitable, and it cannot fail to draw into its vortex Russia, Prussia, Germany, and, not impossibly, Turkey. But the words of solemnity used by the monarch involve a deeper meaning. They refer to the military avalanche which a breath from Louis Napoleon may precipitate across the Rhine,—his vast force of six or eight hundred thousand, his numerous and formidable ships of war, and his actual position as the chief of the revolutionary movement. The language is portentous, infinitely more so than the address of Baron Hubner on 1st of January, 1859. Where on the face of the earth can the stranger, Peace, take up her permanent abode?

The news from home during this week has been deplorable. On the 10th inst. the President sent a message to Congress which depicts the state of things in the gloomiest colours. South Carolina, at Charleston, has fired repeated volleys at a United States transport carrying troops for Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, and has compelled her to retire. The Brooklyn, a second-class screw steamer of fourteen guns, and the revenue cutter Harriet Lane are about to convoy the troops back again to Charleston on board the Star of the West, and we may expect our next news to announce a bloody fight, possibly a bombardment of the city. Seward has made a speech in the Senate which the *Times* calls "grand and conciliatory," but which obviously asserts a determination to enforce the laws. Servile insurrection, too, seems contemplated in Virginia, some twenty-five barrels of

gunpowder having been disinterred from secret hiding-places.

1861. *February 2.*—A slight solace to one's anxieties about home is found in the circumstances brought by successive steamers during the week. 1. The proposition of Mr. Crittenden, or "The Border States," seems growing into favour. 2. There was a large *minority* on the question of secession before next 4th of March in the Georgia Convention. 3. The Alabama members of Congress have been instructed not to quit, but to wait further advices. 4. The South Carolina Commissioner, Colonel Hayne, has suspended his demand for the evacuation of Fort Sumter. 5. Charleston is suffering greatly from want of supplies. 6. Major Anderson is universally applauded. 7. Virginia has adopted as satisfactory the compromise of Crittenden. 8. Financial affairs are improving; the United States stock rose one per cent.

There would seem to be a most extraordinary departure from the chivalric honour in public life which has heretofore characterized Southern gentlemen in the disloyal treachery with which Cobb, Floyd, Thomson, Thomas, and Trescott have pursued secession in the very penetralia of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. Nothing can relieve them from the charge of deceit and treachery but their having apprised the President, on entering his counsels, that, instead of recognizing as paramount their allegiance to the Union, they were governed by "a higher law" of duty to Georgia, Virginia, Mississippi, Maryland, and South Carolina respectively.

Persigny, recently appointed to the Ministry of the Interior in Paris, made a popularity-seeking plunge at his outset in relaxing restrictions on the Press. Sud-

denly he has turned a corner; giving, three days ago, an "avertissement" to the *Courrier de Dimanche*, and arbitrarily ordering the offensive writer, Ganeseo, out of the Kingdom! He says that Ganeseo is a foreigner, and cannot be allowed to criticise the principle of the Imperial Government.

1861. *February 6.*—Parliament was opened yesterday by the Queen in person. The military parade, turnout of royal equipages, and assemblage of Peers, Peeresses, Bishops, and Judges, were unusually imposing. The speech was fuller and clearer than common. The paragraph devoted to the United States was uttered as if really felt, though I certainly did not do what some of the newspapers allege,—nod my head with an expression of misgiving as to a "satisfactory adjustment."

"Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me not to look with great concern upon any events which can affect the happiness and welfare of a people nearly allied to my subjects by descent, and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heartfelt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of a satisfactory adjustment.

"The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States cannot but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the continent of America."

Went to the Commons at eight o'clock, and witnessed the first scene of what I cannot but regard, for the existing government, as an inauspicious breach, on reform, between Lord John Russell and Mr. Bright. The motion was to amend the reply to the speech by a clause as to

the omission of that topic. Forty-six, in a thin house, voted for it.

1861. *February 12.*—Yesterday's news from home a shade more promising. The President's message to Congress on the mediatorial propositions from Virginia is calmly and judiciously written. It looks to that State for the preservation of the Union. The Convention of the Border States, free as well as slave, assembled on the 30th of January, and we ought now to have its first movements. There will be a collection of distinguished men at it,—Rives, Tyler, Reverdy Johnson, etc. I fear, however, they are rather effete celebrities than fit for the moment.

A curious sort of intermediate public counsel, not employed by either plaintiff or defendant, but seeming to act and argue as a Judge-Advocate at a Court-Martial, has addressed an admirable argument to the Bench in "Betsey Bonaparte's" case at Paris. He seems a representative "*pro bono publico.*" His name is Duvignaux. Another singular feature of this trial was in allowing a presumptuous American called Gould to intrude his written notions as to what was general opinion about the marriage of Jerome and Betsey with our eminent lawyers in 1803! How completely this could have been exploded by the production of my father's written and elaborate view of the whole matter given to old Mr. Paterson at the time! I have the rough draft among his relics.

1861. *February 14.*—At about ten o'clock P.M., of the 13th instant, Gaeta, in which the young Neapolitan King Francis II. has long and bravely stood a siege, capitulated to the Sardinians under Cialdini. So passes into the shade of exile another dethroned Bourbon!

A levée to-day at St. James's Palace. I presented, in the general circle, Colonel Schaffner, of Kentucky, the indefatigable explorer of a northern route for a submarine electric cable, from the highest point of Scotland to France, thence to Ireland, thence to Greenland, and thence, finally, to Labrador. This plan of four stepping-points, instead of one vast leap, has its advantages. It may realize the old phrase, "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

I dined yesterday with Mr. Croskey, meeting a company of most interesting gentlemen, about twenty in number: Admiral Fitzroy, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Scofield, Sir Edward Beecher, Mr. Rae, Dr. Shaw, Captain Peacock, etc.

1861. *February* 16.—Another pamphlet in Paris by La Guéronnière—*i.e.*, by, or with the approval of, the Emperor—has appeared. It narrows the temporal power and estate of the Pope to nothing, but keeps the French force in Rome for the safety of his person. Its title is "France, Rome, and Italy."

The Duke of Buckingham's historical notices of the reigns of William IV. and Victoria, and the autobiography, letters, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi, have been my reading for some days. The former is very superficial, a mere skimming of Hansard and the newspapers; the latter, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C., is full and entertaining. Both published since January 1, 1861. Hayward takes occasion to give a hit at Macaulay's style of writing history, which is worthy of extraction, as undoubtedly just: "Action, action, action, says the orator; effect, effect, effect, says the historian. Give Archimedes a place to stand on, and he would move the world. Give Talleyrand a line of a man's handwriting, and he would engage to

ruin him. Give Lord Macaulay a hint, a fancy, an insulated fact or phrase, a scrap of a journal, or the tag-end of a song, and on it, by the abused prerogative of genius, he would construct a theory of national or personal character, which should confer undying glory or inflict indelible disgrace."

1861. *February 17.*—Mr. Reuter sends me a telegram from Queenstown of the American news. 1. The conference invited by Virginia met on the 4th, and re-assembled with *closed doors* on the 5th at Washington. 2. Slidell and Benjamin have withdrawn. 3. A truce between Lieutenant Slemmer and State forces at Pensacola Navy-Yard, followed by surrender to latter. 4. North Carolina resolves unanimously to go with the other slave States if adjustment fail. 5. United States revenue cutter Lewis Cass treacherously surrendered to Alabama. 6. Fifty thousand people starving in Kansas. 7. Secession of Texas definitive. 8. The President has refused to surrender Fort Sumter on Colonel Hayne's demand; an attack expected. 9. Attempt on Fort Pickens abandoned. No blood yet spilt.

1861. *February 20.*—The day before yesterday the "Parliament of Italy" opened its first session at Turin. A great consummation! giving the noblest immortality to Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. The 18th of February must be marked with a white stone.

A levée at St. James's Palace. Anxious to receive my mail from home, I remained but five minutes after passing the Queen. Lord Clyde particularly cordial.

1861. *February 21.*—Dined with Mr. Thomas Baring. Mr. Holland, son of Sir Henry, and his wife, daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Coolidge, Count Straleski, etc., were at table. The *habeas corpus* issued by the

Queen's Bench, to Canada, for the fugitive Anderson, discussed and its correctness negatived. I, of course, abstained.

At eleven o'clock went to Miss Coutts's. Spent quite an interesting half-hour there. The desire to catch up some news as to the progress of our Revolution gives me an eager *entourage* in every salon.

1861. *February 22.*—Just finished the Duke of Buckingham's two volumes on the "Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria." There is a curious note by the Marquis of L., which says that about 1845, "in a conversation at the drawing-room with Lord John Russell, Lord L. asked him what he seriously looked to in the present state of parties in the opposition, if Sir Robert Peel, in disgust, was forced to throw up the government. Lord J. replied, *he looked only to an American Constitution for England.*" I make another extract, as it is one which harmonizes with my own judgment, and, coming from so stern a Tory as Buckingham, is probably just. "No fair critic of public men can deny that *Lord Palmerston* is a statesman of extraordinary resources. Indeed, his experience, his tact, his judgment, his inexhaustible good humour, and rare political sagacity, have maintained his party in power when blunders of every kind have most severely tried the patience of the nation."

1861. *February 23.*—Dined to-day at Moreria's, the Brazilian Minister, and went late to the Premier's.

It is rumoured, though doubted, that at Savannah a mob has tarred and feathered Mr. Molyneux, the British Consul. What's the exciting cause of this proceeding? Have all our Southern friends "eaten of the insane root"?

The arrest and imprisonment in the Mazas jail of Mires, the great Jew speculator and railroad contractor,

is producing an immense sensation in Paris. It is supposed that, to avoid disgrace, one of his confederates in frauds and embezzlement, named Richemont, was led to commit suicide, and that he himself contemplates purchasing his own security by threatening to disclose facts which must involve many high personages. The case reminds one of Law and his South-sea bubble.

Gave notice of my intention to quit my present residence at the expiration of the year, March 24th. By that time I shall be ready for recall, and trust it may not be delayed.

1861. *February 28.*—On Monday evening last went with Julia and Sophie to hear M. du Chaillu lecture at the Royal Geographical Society in Burlington House. The gathering, ladies as well as gentlemen, was very large. The walls were hung with portraits of scientific celebrities. Sir Roderick Murchison, in the absence of Lord Ashburton, presided. M. du Chaillu was successful in describing his various conflicts with gorillas, and in conveying a clear idea of the country over which these beasts are "Lords." He was highly complimented in a delightful address from Professor Owen, who eloquently portrayed the resemblances and differences of the human and gorilla skeletons.

On Tuesday, the 26th, took a family dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Bates. Professor Owen, who is temporarily staying there, and young Victor Van de Weyer, with us four, made a party of six guests. The only poor dinner I ever ate at Mr. Bates's.

On Wednesday evening went first to Lady Stanley of Alderley, and second, to the Duke of Somerset's, at the Admiralty. Not more than twenty minutes at either.

No promising news from home until this morning.

By the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon at Londonderry, a telegram announces the fact that the Committee of the Peace Convention had reported a plan for adjustment, made up of Crittenden's, Guthrie's, and the Border States' proposal. If this be approved, the great body of the Union may be saved; with a reasonable prospect of reattracting the eight States which have seceded, and are now embodied as "The Confederate States of America." General Jefferson Davis and A. H. Stephens were inaugurated as President and Vice-President on the 18th instant. Query: Were they chosen by popular election, or by the Convention only at Montgomery? Perhaps they are provisional only, and for a limited time.

1861. *March 2.*—Dined with Mrs. Mansfield; General S. Smith's daughter, Wensleydale, Dutton, Rawlinson, Rich and wife, young Clifford, etc., were at table. A crowded party after dinner.

Went at eleven to Earl Stanhope's. Talked with Motley, Reeve, Murchison, his Lordship, Sir Richard Airey, etc., etc. In the dining-room, a fine portrait of old Lord Chesterfield, of an ancestor, and of an ancestress, by Sir Peter Lely. A modern painting of the Duke of Wellington in military scarlet, for which his Grace sat. Lord Stanhope told me he was about issuing a volume in continuation of Macaulay's "England." This, I suppose, is the volume Macaulay had nearly finished, and of which his niece, Lady Trevelyan, appears to be the publisher.

1861. *March 3.*—For the first time, Lady Charlotte Denison, the Speaker's wife, had a reception in the State apartments assigned to him in St. Stephen's Palace, last evening. They are extremely rich and beautiful, the panelling of carved oak, a good deal gilded, and hung

with an interesting series of portraits of the Speakers. There is a sombre atmosphere about the oak, which, though impressive and dignified, inspires dejection. I had long talks with Sir John Pakington, Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Tricoupi, the Speaker, Sir Augustus Clifford.

1861. *March 5.*—At the Austrian Ambassador's night. He told me of the injunction against the manufacturers of the Kossuth bank-notes, which his Emperor has sued out. There will be great difficulty in maintaining the proceeding. It is confided to Sir Hugh McCalmont Cairns.

Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) has broken out in the French Senate and carried the world by storm, in a four-hours' speech of great power and boldness. He defended the Dynasty as parvenue, and the Italian policy of the Emperor, who has congratulated him on his success and approves the most of his views. This reminds one of "Single-speech Hamilton."

On the 25th of February a Polish insurrection broke out prematurely at Warsaw. It was suppressed by the military guard, who killed some six or seven. The "nationality" was proclaimed by the flag, amid immense enthusiasm. The disturbance has continued from day to day down to the 1st instant, and looks very like the "three glorious days" which drove Charles the Tenth from Paris. The funerals of the victims rallied immense assemblages in deep mourning. Next year this movement might have become a great revolution.

The young despotic Emperors are running a race of Liberalism: the Russian Alexander is completing his scheme of Serf Emancipation; the Austrian Francis Joseph has given a representative constitution of much

promise, and Louis Napoleon has reopened the legislative halls to debate and criticism.

1861. *March 7.*—Dined with Lampson, for the time being a resident in a capital house at the farthest end of Eaton Square. Went at eleven to Lord Chelmsford's for fifteen minutes. A youthful dance.

The news from home a shade more promising. A word of meditated coercion in the inaugural of the 4th instant may be the last nail in the Union's coffin.

1861. *March 12.*—Letters and newspapers, both in abundance, from home are gloomier than ever. We may yet pass through a convulsion only less frightful than the revolution of 1789 in France.

1861. *March 16.*—The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, died this morning, in her seventy-fifth year. Away go all further drawing-rooms, levées, and other palatial gayeties for this season. As possibly we shall not have an opportunity to see Queen Victoria again before quitting for home, I am somewhat pleased that we met her in her open carriage yesterday afternoon in Hyde Park and received her kind smile and bow. The Duchess was sister of the present King of Belgium, and, I believe, aunt of the Queen of Portugal; so, three Royal Courts are in deep mourning.

1861. *March 17.*—A long and interesting telegram by the America. The Inauguration on the 4th had gone off without disturbance of any kind, in the presence of some thirty thousand persons. Mr. Lincoln's address was both firm and mild,—firm against the constitutionality of secession, mild in assurances and language. Nothing in the telegram about convening the new Congress, nor about the new Tariff bill, though he noticed the passage of Corwin's resolution to amend the Constitution by ex-

pressly prohibiting Congress from meddling with slavery in the States, and approved it.

1861. *March 20.*—Dr. Hitchcock, of California, the surgeon of General Taylor at the battle of Buena Vista, who saved the life of Jeff. Davis by extracting from the wound he received a piece of steel of a spur and part of its leather strap, brought me direct from Secretary Black a despatch instructing me to oppose any recognition by this Government of a Minister from the Confederate States. . . I immediately asked an interview with Lord John Russell. As this despatch relates to high questions of domestic politics, and is dated as late as the 28th of February, only three days before the Inauguration, it suggests the possibility of its having been sanctioned by Mr. Lincoln, for his inaugural speaks to the same effect.

Macaulay's fifth volume, edited by Lady Trevelyan, is just out, and is a brilliant specimen of *picturesque* history. His sketch of Peter the Great and his development of the rival pretensions to the Spanish succession are admirable in every way.

1861. *March 24.*—Curious! Lord Palmerston has appointed himself to the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, and is obliged to be re-elected for Tiverton! No pay!

1861. *April 28.*—I have repeatedly observed on the utter impossibility of keeping a diary without long chasms. More than a month has gone by, and an eventful one, too, without my dotting a single item! I must brush up and try to preserve the features of my few days for remaining in this great country, which, while commanding my highest admiration, I find, after five years of trial, I do not and cannot like.

I went last night to Cambridge House. Lord Palmerston has emerged from the tortures of the gout, and is