CHAPTER LXX

HUMPTY—DUMPTY

In the year 1848, Paris lived amid the memories of revolution. Scattered throughout the city were the ruins of a fallen aristocracy:

March 10, 1856: . . . This morning I went to St. Germain to see a stag hunt in the forest—a curious sight, with the old-fashioned *meute;* the officers, and those privileged to wear the uniform, in embroidered coats, jackboots, and cocked hats; *piqueurs* on horseback and foot with vast horns wound round their bodies; the costume and the sport exactly as in the time of Louis XIV; rather tiresome after a time. The old château in a melancholy *délabré* building, sad as the finishing career of its last Royal inhabitant. These recollections come thick upon one —Anne of Austria and the Fronde, Louis XIV and Mademoiselle de la Vallière—for here their lives began. When the Queen was here she insisted on being taken up to see Mademoiselle de la Vallière's apartment, to mark which some slight ornaments remain. Here too James II held his dismal Court and came to his unhappy and bigoted end. After it ceased to be a palace, it became successively a prison, a school, and a barrack, and now the Emperor has a fancy to restore it.

Paris, July 6, 1855: . . . This morning Labouchere and I went to Versailles. . . . Our object was to avoid the *giro regolare* of the endless rooms fitted up with bad pictures by Louis Philippe, and to see the apartments full of historical associations from the time of Louis XIV down to the Revolution. We were completely gratified, and he [the Director] took us over everything we wished to see, being admirably qualified as a cicerone by his familiarity with the localities and the history belonging to them. We saw all the apartments in which Louis XIV lived, and what remains of those of Madame de Maintenon. The Palace has been so tumbled about at different times, and such alterations made in it, that it is not always easy to ascertain correctly

where the rooms of certain personages were, but our guide proved to our complete satisfaction that certain rooms he showed us were those which really did belong to Madame de Maintenon. We saw too in minute detail the apartments of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and the passages through which she fled to escape from the irruption of the mob on the 5th of October. The whole thing was as interesting as possible.

January 26, 1847: . . . Then to Prince Czartoryski's who lives in a great old house in the Isle St. Louis, close to the Pont d'Austerlitz. The establishment is curious and interesting. The Princess told me she wanted a house which was spacious and cheap, and not therefore in the fashionable and dear part of the town. They were fortunate enough to find this, which exactly suits them. It was the hotel of the Duc de Sully, and there was formerly a subterraneous passage with a communication to the Arsenal. It afterward fell into the hands of Lambert, a great financier, and is still called the Hôtel Lambert. Madame du Châtelet had it, and they show the apartment which Voltaire occupied for many years. At the Revolution it became a shop or *magasin*, I forget of what, but no change was made in the building. The Czartoryskis found it all *délabré* and dirty, bought it very cheap, and spent twice as much as the purchase money in restorations. It is a great fine house, handsome staircase and gallery, very vast, with court and garden, and a delightful airy prospect toward the river and the Jardin des Plantes. The thick coat of dirt which was cleared away had preserved the original painting and gilding, which have come out, not indeed bright and fresh, but still very handsome, and they have furnished it in a corresponding style.

The upper stories were "converted . . . into a great school for the daughters of distressed Polish officers and gentlemen"—refugees from the Bolshevism of the Czardom.

The Royalists themselves were not united:

January 24, 1847, evening: . . . I went last night to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, where amongst many fine people were all the *bourgeoisie*. It was a magnificent ball and very well worth seeing, many of the women very good-looking and all well dressed. There must have been two thousand people there, and

the house extraordinarily fine. From thence to a ball at Madame Pozzo di Borgo's, the most beautiful house I ever saw, fitted up with the greatest luxury, and *recherché* and in excellent taste. There were to be seen all the exquisitely fine people, the cream of Parisian society, all the Faubourg St. Germain, the adherents of the old and *frondeurs* of the new dynasty who keep aloof from the Court, and live in political obedience to, but in social defiance of, the ruling powers. They are knit together by a sort of compact of disloyalty to the *de facto* sovereign, and if any one of them suffers himself or herself to be attracted to Court the offender immediately loses caste, is treated with the utmost scorn and indignation, and if a man, very probably does not escape without some personal quarrel and is sure to be deserted by his friends.

March 10, 1848: . . . The Orleanses are now detested, and even the Legitimists do not look to the Duc de Bourdeaux, because he is a poor creature, has no children, and they believe is not likely to have any; therefore it would not be worth while to restore a dynasty which would end with him.

Apparently, Guizot expected something to happen:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . Aberdeen saw Guizot yesterday; he is in good health and spirits, and wants for nothing. He told Aberdeen that for the last two years he thought there was a considerable alteration in the King's mind; that he was *occasionally* as vigorous as ever, but on the whole that he was changed for the worse.

March 11, 1848: . . . He said last night, that he considered the payment of the members of the Convention fatal to the composition of that Assembly. The old revolutionary Assemblies never paid their members. Napoleon was the first who introduced that custom: his Senators were paid 30,000 fr.; his Deputies 10,000 fr.

France desired Reform. But Guizot held back:

March 16, 1848: . . . She [Mme. de Lieven] told me Guizot was not indisposed to give some *parliamentary* reform (not electoral), and was sensible that the great number of functionaries in the Chamber was shocking to public opinion. He pro-

posed to begin with his own department, and render all diplomatic agents incapable of sitting—a very small concession!

Banquets, advocating Reform, were held in the provinces, but were forbidden in Paris itself:

March 11, 1848: . . . I asked Madame de Lieven what the policy of the Government had been about Reform. She said, King, Duchâtel, and Guizot had all been determined against Reform; the latter willing to concede a very little, but always resolved to keep the Conservative majority, with which Reform was incompatible. I asked why, after having allowed the banquets in the provinces, they would not suffer that in the capital? The reply was very insufficient: because they did not like to stop the expression of public opinions in the country generally; but at Paris when and where the Chambers were assembled, those opinions might have been expressed in them.

As "the day appointed for the Reform banquet" approached, "much anxiety prevailed for the peace of the capital." Yet, on Sunday, April 20, 1848, Mme. de Lieven "had a reception as usual":

London, March 5, 1848: . . . No alarm prevailed, but she was a little struck by Delessert telling her that there was a good deal of agitation amongst some of the lower orders of workmen, and those who were known to the Government as Communists; still he did not appear to attach much importance to it. On Monday evening Guizot told her that it was possible there might be some rioting and disturbance in the streets the following day, and he advised her to go out of her house for a few hours in the morning, which she did, ordering her dinner and meaning to return. That same day the commotions began, but still the Ministers were unterrified; and though the affair began to be serious, they never doubted that they should be able to suppress the tumult and restore order.

On Monday, February 22d, as Mme. de Lieven told Greville, France seemed to be "a powerful, peaceful, and apparently impregnable monarchy."

True, the Banquet had been suppressed, but only by due process of laws.

Guizot, telling his story, admitted that "the Government had long been aware of the secret societies but never could ascertain who were their chiefs; that their intention had been to delay their republican attempt till the death of the King." But (March 6, 1848) he added that they "changed this plan on the Tuesday night and resolved to seize the present occasion."

On the other hand, Greville adds this:

July 5, 1848: . . . Everybody believes that the late Government connived at the *émeute*. Gabriel Delessert told me it was impossible such preparations could be made, and that they should be so organized and abundantly provided without the knowledge of the police.

Not anticipating "the stroke of the Enchanter's wand," Guizot, on Wednesday, "went to the Tuileries and transacted business with the King as usual." He "told him all would go right."

While in the Chamber Guizot was called out by Duchâtel who "told him the King wanted him directly at the Tuileries." Guizot "was surprised, asked for what, and proposed that they should go together, which they did."

Mme. de Lieven's narrative is vivid:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . When they got there they found the King much disturbed; he said the Commandant of a Legion of the National Guard had been to him and told him they must have Reform [Guizot added, "the dismissal of Ministers"], and he was afraid the rest of the National Guard would follow the example. "Well," said Guizot, "if they do, we shall have no difficulty in putting down such a demonstration." "Oh, but," said the King, "that will produce bloodshed, and may lead to lamentable events"; and then, after beating about the bush a good deal, and with many expressions of personal attachment to Guizot, he said, "Perhaps a change of Ministers might settle everything, and relieve him from his embarrassment." Guizot at once said that the mere suggestion of such a thing made it "*une affaire résolue*," and if his Majesty thought that by taking any other Ministers he could improve the state of his affairs, he,

of course, ought to do so. The King then talked of his regrets, and that he would rather abdicate than part with him. Guizot said abdication was not to be thought of.

Guizot must here speak for himself:

"*March 6, 1848*: . . . The King appears not to have been quite decided but while they were still conversing someone arrived from the Chamber and informed Guizot that he must return there directly, as an *interpellation* was going to be made to him. He said to the King that he must return and tell the Chamber what the state of things was, and on what his Majesty thought fit finally to decide. The King said that he might announce that he had sent for Molé to form a government. Guizot returned to the Chamber and made the announcement, which was received with astonishment and indignation by the Conservative deputies, who crowded round him and enquired if he had resigned, crying out, "*Nous sommes abandonnés*." He replied that he had not resigned, but had been dismissed. From the Chamber he returned to the Tuileries, and told the King what had passed there.

Mme. de Lieven continues:

London, March 5, 1848. . . . Molé was sent for, and said he would try and form a government. The King said he had only one exclusion to insist on: that Bugeaud should not command the troops. Molé said it was the very first appointment he should propose to his Majesty. The King wanted to keep the command in the hands of his sons. Molé went away to try his hand. Meanwhile the agitation of Paris increased. At night, hearing nothing of Molé, the King sent Pasquier to him; he found him alone. "Well, is your government formed?" "No, not yet; but I expect to see Passy to-morrow morning." He was told this would not do, and while he had been thus wasting time, the movement was swelling and advancing. So Molé went to the Palace at ten at night, and threw the thing up. Then the King sent for Thiers and Odilon Barrot. Thiers made it a condition that the troops should not act for twelve hours, and said he would meanwhile answer for the people. The King consented, and he and Odilon Barrot went out into the streets on horseback to harangue the mob, announce their Ministry, and send them

home satisfied; they were received with menaces and shots, and sent about their business. They went back to the Tuileries and said all was over, and they could do nothing. Early in the morning (Thursday morning) the state of affairs having become more and more formidable, a host of people came to the Tuileries (Emile Girardin amongst them), and all urged the King to abdicate. He asked Thiers what he advised. Thiers had lost his head, and said he was not his Minister, and could give no advice.

There arose then the question whether military force should be used. According to Guizot:

March 6, 1848: . . . The King said he had sent for Molé, who had undertaken to try and form a government. Meanwhile affairs were getting worse in the town, and the concession of the King had of course encouraged the factious. Guizot, who could not return home, went to the Duc de Broglie and went to bed. Not long after, at one in the morning, he was called up by a message desiring him to come to the Tuileries forthwith; he went, when the King told him he had just heard from Molé that he had tried Passy, Dufaure, and Billault, who had all refused, and consequently that he could not form a government. His Majesty said that he was now disposed to give the command of the troops to Marshal Bugeaud, and that of the National Guard to Lamoricière, and let them put down the *émeute*. Guizot said it was the best thing he could do, and he would sign the decree if he would make it. This was immediately done. Meanwhile the King had sent for Thiers, who came, accepted the office of forming a government, but desired that Odilon Barrot might be joined with him, to which the King agreed. Thiers and Barrot then insisted that for some hours the military should not be allowed to act, and they undertook to pacify the people and put an end to the *émeute*. The King having consented to this, they mounted on horseback and went off in different directions to harangue the people and announce their Ministry. They were severally received with hisses, uproar, and in some instances shots, and returned to the Palace and announced their failure. By this time there was an affluence of people at the Tuileries; the storm without increased and approached; the military, who were without orders, did nothing,

and all was over. I asked Delessert whether the troops were well disposed. He said, "Perfectly." Guizot said, "My entire conviction is, that if Bugeaud had acted the moment he took command, everything would have been over before nine o'clock."

The King, however, denied that Guizot undertook to sign the decree:

March 12, 1848: . . . He gave me a very different account of what passed from that of Guizot. He said he was in personal danger when he was on horseback reviewing the National Guard on Thursday morning; that they pressed round him, shouting for reform. He cried out, "*Mais vous l'avez, la réforme; laissez-moi passer donc*"; and that he was obliged to spur his horse through the mob, and got back to the Tuileries with difficulty. He said he had *posé la question* of resistance to Guizot, who had refused to entertain it, said that he could not give orders to fire on the National Guards. Their two statements are quite irreconcilable.

Whether the rebellion could have been suppressed, became a subject of argument:

March 16, 1848: I dined with Madame de Lieven tête-à-tête the day before yesterday. Our talk, of course, was almost entirely about French affairs. I asked her whether she thought, as many here do, that if the *émeute* had been put down by violence, the throne must have fallen, as the King could not have reigned in the midst of bloodshed. She said the Ministers would have gone out, but the throne would have been safe.

March 10, 1848: . . . Yesterday I saw Southern and Mrs. Austin, both just arrived from Paris. They have each been writing letters the last two or three days in the *Times*, which are excellent descriptions of the state of affairs in France. . . . The King was not so unpopular as Guizot, and they confirm all previous impressions, that not only he might have been saved, but that nothing but a series of fatal and inconceivable blunders and the most deplorable weakness could have upset him. The causes of this prodigious effect were ludicrously small. Southern declares there were not above 4,000 armed men of the population actually employed; but the troops were everywhere

paralysed, boys carried off the cannon from the midst of them without resistance.

London, February 28, 1848: . . . There is a strong impression that if they had unsparingly used the military means at their disposal while it was still time, the monarchy would have been saved and the tumult suppressed. The recollection of the 13th Vendémiaire and the Place St. Roch, when the troops of the Convention defeated the Sections of Paris, produces this notion. But when the time was given to the *émeute* to grow and expand, and when the National Guards took part in it, all was over; for the troops of the line, who would have repressed the mob, would not fight against the National Guards. Between blunders, bad advice, and delay, the insurrection sprang at once into gigantic proportions, and the world has seen with amazement a King who was considered so astute and courageous, with sons full of spirit and intelligence, sink without striking a blow for their kingdom, perishing without a struggle, and consequently falling dishonoured and unregretted.

March 6, 1848: . . . I told him [Guizot] we had always supposed the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, composing the bulk of the National Guard, to be disposed to order, and that they would have maintained it. He said the great majority of them were so, but that the well-disposed had not come forth, while the factious minority had. Moreover, "You English cannot conceive what our lowest class is: your own is a mere mob without courage or organization, and not given to politics, ours on the contrary, the lowest class, is eager about politics and with a perfect military organization, and therefore most formidable."

November 25, 1848: . . . He [Lord Clarendon] found him [Louis Philippe, an exile] very well and in very good spirits; he has been greatly pleased at the visits of the National Guards to him (who went in great numbers); but it drives him wild when they say to him, "*Sire, pourquoi nous avez-vous quittés ?*" He knows he threw everything away, and constantly tries to persuade himself and others that the army would not have supported him. Flahault said to him the other day that he had no right to cast such an imputation on the army, which had proved its fidelity in all circumstances and to all governments, even in July, and that the army would have saved him if it had been allowed to act. Everybody now knows that if he had done

anything but run away, if he had gone to St. Cloud only, or anywhere, and called the troops about him, all would have been saved. He threw his cards on the table, and the game was stupidly and disgracefully lost.

Mme. de Lieven told of the final scene:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . . All the rest (none more urgently than the Duc de Montpensier) pressed the King to abdicate. The King was reluctant, and Piscatory alone entreated him not to do so, "*Il ne faut jamais abdiquer, Sire,*" he said to him; "*voilà le moment de monter à cheval et de vous montrer.*" The Queen behaved like a heroine. She who was so mild and religious, and who never took any part in public affairs, alone showed firmness and resolution; she thanked Piscatory for his advice to the King, and said, "*Mon ami, il ne faut pas abdiquer; plutôt mourez en Roi.*" But the King was *lâche*, and the more disgraceful counsel prevailed. He abdicated, and hurried off, as we know. Piscatory was with him to the last, and the Queen, on parting from him, told him to tell Guizot that she owed to him all she had enjoyed of happiness for the last six years. Thus fell the Orleans dynasty, *pitoyablement, honteusement*, without respect or sympathy, "Where," I asked, were the sons, and "what did they do?" Madame de Lieven only shook her head.

February 28, 1848: . . . Still the crowd pressed on, and the Palace was unprotected. He resolved, or was persuaded, to fly: and with the Queen and such of his family as were with him he quitted the Palace with such precipitation that they had no time to take anything, and they had scarcely any money amongst them. They proceeded to Dreux, where they separated, and as yet no one knows where the King is, or where those of his family are who are not yet arrived in England.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, after the terrible scene in the Chamber of Deputies, was taken to some house in or near Paris, where she now lies concealed.

Guizot adds this touch:

March 6, 1848: . . . When the King was pressed to resign, Piscatory said to him, "*Sire, si vous signez votre abdication, vous n'aurez pas régné.*"

As for Louis Philippe himself:

March 12, 1848: . . . His way of speaking of his son Joinville was curious and indicated dislike of him. He said:

"*Ils n'ont pas voulu de Nemours, parcequ'ils n'aiment pas l'ordre; on dit qu'ils avaient envie de prendre* le sourd; *qu'ils prennent* le sourd, *s'ils le veulent.*" It has been said that he and Joinville had quarrelled.

February 28, 1848: . . . There are people alive who remember the whole of the first Revolution, and we of middle age are all familiar with the second; but this, the third, transcends them both, and all other events which history records, in the astonishing political phenomena which it displays. The first Revolution was a long and gradual act, extending over years, in which the mind traces an elaborate concatenation of causes and effects. The second was not unexpected; the causes were working openly and ominously; and at last the great stroke so rashly attempted, and by which the contest was provoked, was only the concluding scene of a drama which for a long preceding time had been in a state of representation before the world. In 1789, everybody saw that a revolution was inevitable; in 1830, everybody thought that it was probable; but in 1848, up to the very moment at which the explosion took place, and even for a considerable time after it (that is, considerable in reference to the period which embraced the whole thing from first to last), no human being dreamt of a revolution and of the dethronement of the King. The power of the Government appeared to be immense and unimpaired. The King was still considered one of the wisest and boldest of men, with a thorough knowledge of the country and the people he ruled; and though his prudence and that of his Ministers had been greatly impugned by their mode of dealing with the question of Parliamentary reform, the worst that anybody anticipated was the fall of Guizot's Cabinet, and that reform of some sort it would be found necessary to concede. But no one imagined that the King, defended by an army of 100,000 men and the fortifications of Paris (which it was always said he had cunningly devised to give himself full power over the capital), was exposed to any personal risk and danger. . . . The end of Charles X was far more dignified than that of his cousin, and the survivors of that shipwreck may see with a melancholy satisfaction their successful competitor

"whelmed in deeper gulfs" than themselves. Louis Philippe had been seventeen years on the throne; in many respects a very amiable man, and, though crafty and unscrupulous as a politician, and neither beloved nor respected, he has never done anything to make himself an object of the excessive hatred and bitter feelings which have been exhibited against him and his family. The mob, though, on the whole, moderate and good-humoured, have been violent against his person, and they plundered the Palais Royal, invaded the Tuileries, and burnt Neuilly to show their abhorrence of him. This manifestation is a cruel commentary on his reign and his character as King.

London, February 28, 1848: . . . The flight was undignified. It would be hard to accuse Louis Philippe of want of courage, of which he has given on various occasions many signal proofs; but he certainly displayed no resolution on this occasion. It is very doubtful whether his person would have been injured; the people have evinced no thirst for blood. It was then, indeed, too late for resistance, for the means had been withdrawn; but it may fairly be asked if it would not have been the more becoming and the wiser course to affront the danger of popular rage, and to have tried what might have been done by firmness, by reason, and by concession at the same time. All this is speculation. It may be that his life and that of his Queen would have been sacrificed; but on a more terrible occasion, when the same palace was invaded by a more formidable mob, a King still more unpopular and a detested Queen were left uninjured; and it is far more probable that the abdication of Louis Philippe would have satisfied and disarmed the wrath and fury of the people. At all events it is certain that he descended from the throne in a manner which, if it is cruel to call it ignominious, was not rendered captivating or affecting by any of those touching or striking circumstances which often environ and decorate the sacrifice of fallen majesty.

London, March 5, 1848: The fugitives have all arrived here day by day with the exception of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, who are supposed to be in Germany. The King and Queen came yesterday from Newhaven, where they landed; Madame de Lieven and Guizot the day before, the one from Paris, the other through Belgium; they were in the same train

(leaving Paris at seven o'clock on Thursday night), but neither knew the other was there. The King, as soon as he reached England, wrote a letter to the Queen, in which he gave her to understand that he considered all as over with him, and he said that it was the *Comte de Neuilly* who thanked her for all her past and present kindness to himself and his family. It was a very good letter (Lord Lansdowne tells me), and the Queen was much moved by it. Her personal resentment [over the Spanish marriages] had long ceased; Aberdeen told me last night that she had told him so not long ago, and that though the political question was another thing, her personal feelings toward the French Royal Family were what they had ever been.

March 12, 1848: Yesterday Lady Granville and Lady Georgiana Fullerton went to Claremont to see the Royal Family. The Queen was gone to town, but they were received by the King, who talked to them for an hour and gave them a narrative of his adventures, which they related to me last night. It was very curious, that is, curious as an exhibition of his character. He described his flight, and all his subsequent adventures, his travels, his disguises, his privations, the dangers he incurred, the kindness and assistance he met with, all very minutely. They said it was very interesting, and even very amusing; admirably well told. He was occasionally pathetic and occasionally droll; his story was told with a mixture of the serious and the comic—sometimes laughing and at others almost crying—that was very strange. It struck them that he was very undignified, even vulgar, and above all that he seemed to be animated with no feeling toward his country, but to view the whole history through the medium of *self*. He said of the French, "*Ils ont choisi leur sort; je dois supporter le mien.*" . . . It appears that the Royal Family have no money, the King having invested his whole fortune in France, and beggary is actually staring them in the face. The King evinced no bitterness except in speaking of the English newspapers, especially the *Times;* and he attributed much of his unpopularity, and what he considers the unjust prejudices against him, to the severity of their *personal* attacks on him! Curious enough this; but as he felt these philippics so acutely, why did he not take warning from them?

March 26, 1848: I dined yesterday with Palmerston to meet Guizot and Madame de Lieven! Strange dinner, when I think of the sentiments toward each other of the two Ministers, and of all that Guizot said to me when I was at Paris last year! However, it did all very well. I thought Palmerston and Guizot would have shaken each other's arms off, and nothing could exceed the cordiality or apparent ease with which they conversed. There was not the slightest symptom of embarrassment; and though Guizot's manner is always stiff, pedantic, and without the least approach to *abandon*, he seemed to me to exhibit less of these defects than usual.

March 6, 1848: . . . He [Guizot] gave us an account of his own personal adventures, which were very simple. He left the Ministry of the Interior with Madame Duchâtel, Duc de Broglie, and two other people; and he was first taken to a house where he was told he would be safe, and conducted by the *portière au cinquième*. She entered the room after him and said, "You are M. Guizot." He said, "I am." "Fear nothing," she said; "you are safe here. You have always defended honest people, and I will take care nobody comes near you." In the evening he went to the Duc de Broglie's; he was one day at Piscatory's; and on Wednesday night he left Paris as somebody's servant. He said he was never in danger, as the Government would have been sorry to apprehend him.

London, March 5, 1848: . . . [Mme. de Lieven] had taken refuge at St. Aulaire's, then at Apponyi's, then at an Austrian *attaché's;* then Pierre d'Aremberg took her under his care, and hid her at Mr. Roberts', the English painter, who brought her to England as Mrs. Roberts, with gold and jewels secreted in her dress. Guizot was concealed one day at Piscatory's, the other at the Duc de Broglie's.

March 11, 1848: . . . Guizot went to see the King and Queen two days ago: the interview was very affecting; both threw themselves on his neck; the King is the most *abattu* of the two; he has no money.

. . . I met Guizot at dinner at the Hollands'; he goes about everywhere, is very cheerful, and puts a good face on it; everybody is very civil to him, and he feels the kindness of his reception, especially as he knows he has been personally obnoxious since the Spanish marriages.

Palmerston did not embrace Louis Philippe:

March 20, 1848: There has been all sorts of botheration about Louis Philippe and his affairs, particularly about his remaining at Claremont. Soon after he came, a notification was made to him *by Palmerston* that he was not to remain there permanently. He complained of this to all the people he saw (talking very loosely and foolishly), and it got wind and made a noise. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington went to see him, and told him that Claremont was the fit place for him, and the other day a letter arrived from Leopold telling him he might stay there as long as he liked; he is therefore to stay.

But Queen Victoria displayed a different emotion:

June 1, 1848: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me to my great astonishment that all the Queen's former attachment to Louis Philippe and the French Royal Family has revived in greater force than ever; she says the marriages are not to be thought of any more. She is continually in tears and nothing but the extraordinary good sense of Albert, and the boundless influence he has over her, keeps her feelings under due restraint; but for him she would have made all her household go to Claremont, and when the French Royal Family have come to visit her she has received them as King and Queen, and one day one of the children went up to Louis Philippe and called him "Your Majesty," which had no doubt been done by the Queen's commands. I take for granted that they have persuaded the Queen that their ruin has been the work of Palmerston, for this is what they always say, and possibly they believe it.

London, April 15, 1848: . . . The Duchess of Gloucester sent the Duchess of Bedford a letter of the Queen's to her on the present state of affairs and her own situation, which exhibits her in a very amiable light. She talks with such sympathy of the sufferings of others in whom she is interested, and with such thankfulness for the many blessings which she herself enjoys, and which she says she almost "grudges" when she looks round and sees the afflictions of so many whom she loves. The expression is faulty, but the idea is clear.

November 25, 1848: I met Guizot at dinner twice last week. He told me Thiers had sent a man over to him, *and to the King*, to make to him the assurance above stated. Rather curious his

keeping up this communication with the exiled Sovereign and Minister—the two men, too, whom he most detests. I asked him if he believed what he said, when he intimated that it might or might not be true. They have never sent the Royal Family any money up to this time, though the Chamber long ago voted back their property; but the Government have promised to send the King 20,000l., and the Duc d'Aumale 10,000l.; the latter has 50,000l. a year and no debts. From what Guizot's daughter said to me, it is clear they by no means give up the idea of returning to France and of his taking a part in public affairs, but not yet.

February 11, 1849: . . . Madame de Flahault told me an anecdote about the new French Ambassador, Admiral Cécille, creditable to all the parties concerned. When the Embassy here was offered him, he told the President that he had always been attached to Louis Philippe, and if he was to be made the instrument of saying or doing anything disagreeable to him or his family, he could not accept it. The President said he might be perfectly easy on that score, and that he might go and pay his respects at Claremont as soon as he arrived if he pleased. Accordingly the Admiral sent to the King to offer to wait on him, but Louis Philippe very sensibly said it would only place him in a position of embarrassment, and that he had better not come.

Brighton, August 27, 1850: Yesterday morning Louis Philippe expired at Claremont quite unexpectedly, for though he had been ill for a long time, it was supposed he might still live many months. Not long ago his life was the most important in the world, and his death would have produced a profound sensation and general consternation. Now hardly more importance attaches to the event than there would to the death of one of the old bathing women opposite my window. It will not produce the slightest political effect, nor even give rise to any speculation. He had long been politically defunct. . . . He had certainly many good qualities and an amiable disposition, and probably no vices but selfishness and insincerity. These were, however, universally ascribed to him, and consequently out of the limited circle of his own family and a few friends and old servants, who were warmly attached to him, he inspired neither affection nor respect.