CHAPTER LXXXV

THE THIRD CORSICAN

It was at dinner that Greville appears first to have met the Third Napoleon:

July 25–26, 1833, half-past two in the morning: . . . I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son . . . not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a king, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the Kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honour of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They say Lucien is a very agreeable man, Joseph nothing. Joseph is a caricature of Napoelon in his latter days; at least, so I guess from the pictures. He is taller, stouter, with the same sort of face, but without the expression, and particularly without the eagle eye. Lucien looked as if he had once been like him, that is, his face in shape is like the pictures of Napoleon when he was thin and young, but Lucien is a very large, tall man. They talked little, but stayed on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to have been merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies. Though there was nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a

very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

"Hortense's son" must have been the future Emperor. And at Gore House:

February 17, 1839: . . . We had Prince Louis Napoleon and his A. D. C. (M. de Persigny). He is a short, thickish, vulgar-looking man, without the slightest resemblance to his Imperial uncle, or any intelligence in his countenance.

March 13, 1840: I met Jérome Bonaparte yesterday at dinner at Lady Blessington's, Count de Montfort, as he is called. He is a polite, urbane gentleman, not giving himself any airs, and said nothing royal except that he was going to Stuttgart, "*pour passer quelques jours avec mon beau-frère le Roi de Würtemberg.*" But these brothers of Napoleon were nothing remarkable in their palmy days, and one's sympathies are not much excited for them now. They rose and fell with him, and, besides their brief enjoyment of a wonderful prosperity, they have retired upon far better conditions than they were born to. They are free and rich, and are treated with no inconsiderable respect.

The Napoleons had been in the background. "No one," wrote Greville, when the Third Revolution was raving, "has the slightest conception what turn matters will take but all seem to be of opinion they will have nothing to do with the Bonapartes."

May 14, 1850: . . . Louis Napoleon has no chance of perpetuating his own power either as President or Emperor. He is overwhelmed with debts which he cannot pay, and the whole of his private fortune is sunk. In no case, therefore, could he retire to any other country, and he may naturally be willing to make terms for himself which, in the event of the Monarchy being restored, would place him in a position of ease and comfort. Besides his own political nullity, his family *entourage* presents an inseparable bar to the revival of the Empire

in his person. He is, indeed, himself by far the best of his family, being well-meaning and a gentleman; but all the rest are only a worthless set of *canaille*, altogether destitute of merit, and without a title to public consideration and respect.

But the Imperial name had not lost its magic. And on November 15, 1848, a few months later, Greville tells us that "the success of Louis Napoleon in France now seems beyond all doubt."

A president had to be elected and both candidates owed their prestige, either by rank or by heredity, to the army. Louis Philippe, talking with Clarendon, "said he should not know which to vote for, Cavaignac or Louis Napoleon, if he had a vote to give."

November 25, 1848: . . . Guizot, however, is all for the latter, I can very well see. He told me it would be the first step toward a monarchy, but he did not say what monarchy he meant.

Bowood, December 20, 1848: The result of the French election for President has astonished the whole world. Everybody thought Louis Napoleon would be elected, but nobody dreamt of such a majority. Great alarm was felt here at the probable consequences of Cavaignac's defeat and the success of his rival, and the French funds were to rise if Napoleon was beaten, and to fall if he won. The election has taken place: Napoleon wins by an immense majority, the funds rise, confidence recovers, and people begin to find out that the new President is a marvellous proper man. I really believe that the foolish affair of the tame eagle in 1840 was the principal cause of the contempt with which he was regarded here; added to this, he led an undistinguished life in this country, associating with no conspicuous people, and his miserable failure in the Chamber when he attempted to speak there, confirmed the unfavourable impression. But Van de Weyer, who is here, says that he has long known him and well, that he is greatly underrated here, and is really a man of considerable ability. He crossed the water with him when he went to take his seat after his election to the Assembly, and he then expressed the most undoubting confidence in his own success at the Presidential election, and said that he had every reason to believe, if he chose to put himself forward, he would be supported by an immense force, and that he might

assume any position he pleased; but that he should do nothing of the kind, that he had a legal position beyond which he would not force himself, but that he was prepared to accept all the consequences to which it might lead. And now there is a pretty general opinion that he will be Emperor before long. The ex-Ministers and Legitimists, who were hot for his election, considering him merely as a bridge over which the Bourbons might return to power, begin to think the success greater than is agreeable, and that such a unanimous expression of public opinion may lead to the restoration of the Bonapartes instead of to that of the Bourbons.

The result of the poll was a blow to all the prophets. Napoleon received 5,534,520 votes; General Cavaignac, only 1,448,302. According to Greville, it meant that the "Revolution was an accident" and that "France is retracing her steps as fast as she can, scrambling, crestfallen, perplexed and half-ruined, out of the abyss into which she suffered herself to be plunged."

December 3, 1851: At twelve o'clock yesterday morning the wonderful Electric Telegraph brought us word that two hours before, the President had accomplished his *coup d'état* at Paris with success. Everybody expected it would happen, nobody that it would happen so soon. Madame de Lieven wrote to Beauvale on Sunday, giving him an account of the efforts that were making by the Moderates, Guizot at the head of them, to bring about a reconciliation and compromise with the President, and auguring success. She says, "*Beacoup de personnes prétendent que tout en ayant l'air de s'y prêter, le Président n'a pas grande envie de ce moyen; un coup d'état le ferait mieux arriver: il s'y est tout préparé, la troupe est à lui, le pays aussi.*" She little thought that in twenty-four hours the *coup d'état* "*allait éclater,*" and that all was in preparation for it, while he was amusing the Burgraves and Moderates with negotiations and *pourparlers*, in which he was never serious.

Panshanger, December 14, 1851: Naturally the French Revolution has absorbed all interest. The success of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* has been complete, and his audacity and unscrupulousness marvellous. The French are indeed a strange people, so restless, fierce, and excitable that they are ready to upset governments with the smallest possible show of reason

or necessity—with cause as in 1830, or without cause as in 1848—and they acquiesce without a struggle, and tamely endure the impudent and vulgar democratic rule of the blackguards and mountebanks of the Provisional Government at the latter period, and now the unlimited and severe military despotism of Louis Napoleon. The press in this country has generally inveighed with great indignation against him, very much overdoing the case. Society in general is in a rather neutral state. Few can approve of his very violent measures and arbitrary acts, but on the other hand there was such a general feeling of contempt for the Constitution, and of disgust at the conduct of the Assembly and the parties which divided it, that nobody lamented their overthrow, or regarded with the slightest interest or compassion the leaders who have been so brutally and ignominiously treated. Everybody rejoices at the misfortunes of Thiers, who is universally regarded as the evil genius of France and the greatest maker of mischief who ever played a part on the stage of politics. Flahault, who has been the agent and confidant of the President, writes word that he has saved France, and it is the object of his adherents to make the world believe that his measures were rendered necessary by a Socialist plot, which he has saved the country by putting down; and besides this we hear of an Orleanist plot, and of the violence the Assembly was about to have recourse to against him, if he had not anticipated them. These seem to be, and probably are, mere pretences, got up to cover his violence with something plausible, and which the world may swallow; the truth being that he prepared all that he has done with singular boldness, secrecy, adroitness, and success, amusing his enemies with the semblance of negotiations which he never meant sincerely to carry out to an end, and relying (as it has turned out that he could do) upon the army, by whose aid he has taken all power into his own hands. Having done so, he resolved to do nothing by halves, and certainly by the prompt, peremptory, and arbitrary measures he adopted he has secured present success, given confidence as to the stability of his government, raised his own reputation for energy and ability, and in all probability has prevented a great amount of disorder and bloodshed, which would have taken place if his success had been less complete than it was.

January 15, 1852: . . . French troops will always obey their commanders, and this accounts for the complete success of Louis Napoleon; but "*les pantalons rouges*" will not fire upon "*d'autres pantalons rouges*"; and if the Assembly had had its guard, the troops under the order of the Minister of War would not have attacked their comrades.

Napoleon contemplated a fourth step:

January 11, 1852: . . . The Emperor Nicholas has sent over to say that it is very possible Louis Napoleon may any day be proclaimed Emperor, and that all the powers were bound by the Treaty of Vienna not to acknowledge any one of the family as such, and he begged, should this event arise, that we would do nothing about it without previous communication with him, so that England and Russia might act in concert. Granville replied with great civility, and expressed a concurrence in the desire that England and Russia should act in concert, but declined to engage that this government would wait till communication could be had with Russia.

That the Emperor aimed at adventure was obvious—"in spite of a sincere wish to maintain peace [February 9, 1853] he may be driven to make war as a means of self-preservation." But war against whom? It might be Britain herself—"how entirely necessary it is that we should be on our guard and not relax our defensive preparations."

Napoleon decided that what would help him most was an alliance with Britain:

March 10, 1853: . . . Flahault said that the Emperor has had an opportunity of placing himself in the first year of his reign in a situation which was the great object of his uncle's life, and which he never could attain. He might have been at the head of a European league against us, for these powers have signified to him their willingness to follow him in such a crusade, the Emperor of Russia and he being on the best terms, and a cordial interchange of letters having taken place between them. But Napoleon has had the wisdom and the magnanimity to resist the bait, to decline these overtures, and to resolve on adherence to England. Flahault said that he had had an audience, at which he frankly and freely told the Emperor his own opinion,

not being without apprehension that it would be unpalatable to him, and not coincident with his own views. While he was talking to him, he saw him smile, which he interpreted into a sentiment that he [Flahault] was too *English* for him in his language and opinions, and he said so. The Emperor said, "I smiled because you so exactly expressed my own opinions," and then he told him that he took exactly the same view of what his true policy was that Flahault himself did. Flahault suggested to him that, in spite of the civilities shown him by the Northern Powers, they did not, and never would, consider him as one of themselves, and they only wanted to make him the instrument of their policy or their vengeance; and he reminded him that while England had at once recognized him, they were not only in no hurry to do so, but if England had not recognized him as she did, he would not have been recognized by any one of those powers to this day, all which he acknowledged to be true.

February 19, 1853: . . . The Queen seems to be intensely curious about the Court of France and all details connected with it, and, on the other hand, Louis Napoleon has been equally curious about the etiquette observed in the English Court, and desirous of assimilating his to ours, which in great measure he appears to have done.

The alliance was to be cemented by a marriage:

February 16, 1853: . . . A negotiation had been and still was going on for the Emperor's marriage with the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, the Queen's niece, at that time and still with the Queen in England. This was begun by Lord Malmesbury, and the Emperor had regularly proposed to her through her father. A very civil answer had been sent by the Prince, in which he said that he would not dispose of his daughter's hand without her consent, and that he had referred the proposal to her, and she should decide for herself. The Queen had behaved very well, and had abstained from giving any advice or expressing any opinion on the subject. They were then expecting the young Princess's decision.

As a matter of fact, the Queen opposed the match.

February 19, 1853: Lord Cowley told me something more

about the marriage. He saw the Queen on Thursday [17th], who told him all about it. The first step was taken by Morny, who wrote to Malmesbury, and requested him to propose it, stating that the Emperor's principal object in it was to "*resserrer les liens entre les deux pays.*" Malmesbury accordingly wrote to the Queen on the subject.

. . .

Greville adds that the Queen was, "extremely annoyed and very angry at being spoken to about it."

February 19, 1853: . . . She accordingly wrote to Derby and signified her displeasure at Malmesbury proceeding. Derby wrote an answer (which Cowley said was rather impertinent in tone) justifying his colleague, and saying he could not conceive how there could be any embarrassment to the Queen in what he had done.

The Queen thus "made the girl refuse, who herself desired no better [match], and if left to herself would have accepted the offer."

Perhaps it was as well, for Napoleon happened to be interested in another lady:

February 16, 1853: . . . This being the case, Cowley advised Walewski to exert his influence to stop the demonstrations that were going on between the Emperor and Mlle. de Montijo, which might seriously interfere with this plan. The next day Walewski told Cowley that he had seen the Emperor, who took him by both hands, and said, "*Mon cher je suis pris,*" and then told him he had resolved to marry Mlle. de Montijo. However, on Walewski representing the state of the other affair, he agreed to wait for the Princess Adelaide's answer, but said, if it was unfavourable, he would conclude the other affair, but if the Princess accepted him he would marry her. The day following the answer came: very civil, but declining on the ground of her youth and inexperience, and not feeling equal to such a position. The same day the Emperor proposed to the Empress.

The marriage with the Empress Eugénie did not help Napoleon:

February 16, 1853: . . . He confirms the account of Louis

Napoleon's position set forth in Madame de Montijo's letter. The effect of his marriage has been very damaging everywhere, and the French people were not at all pleased at his calling himself a "parvenu," which mortified their vanity, inasmuch as they did not like to appear as having thrown themselves at the feet of a parvenu. . . . Cowley says he is evidently much changed since his marriage, and that he is conscious of his unpopularity and the additional insecurity in which it has involved his position.

February 16, 1853: . . . He [Cowley] thinks him in love with her and that she is wholly indifferent to him; her manners he described to be neither graceful nor dignified, and in no way attractive, surrounded with much etiquette, for which she does not seem to have any taste. He believes that from the first he forbade her meddling with politics, and that she never does interfere.

The Emperor's position was insecure.

June 1, 1853: . . . Senior called on me a day or two ago, just returned from Paris, where he has been living and conversing with all the notabilities (principally of the Liberal party), and he tells me there is but one opinion amongst them, that this Empire cannot last, and they only differ as to the time it may last. Most of them think it will be short. Thiers gives it only a year, Duchâtel alone thinks it will go on for some years. The unpopularity of Louis Napoleon increases and his discredit likewise, and as soon as the unpopularity shall extend to the army, it will be all over with him. The Opposition which has sprung up, which has increased rapidly and will increase still more in the Corps Législatif, is deemed to be very important and significant, and they think it will be impossible for him to go on with such a body so constituted and disposed, and he will have to decide upon suffering the embarrassment it will cause him, or having recourse to a *coup d'état*, a measure which would be hazardous. There are no fresh adhesions to the Court beyond the half dozen men of rank or name who have already joined it, and who are hated and despised for having done so.

February 9, 1853: . . . I was sure from the conversations I had with M. de Flahault at Beaudesert, that he feels the Emperor's situation to be one of insecurity and hazard. He said that it

remained to be seen whether it was possible that a government could be maintained permanently in France on the principle of the total suppression of civil and political liberty, which had the support of the masses, but which was abhorred and opposed by all the elevated and educated classes. The limbs of the body politic are with the Emperor, and the head against him.'

There was, too, another match proposed:

February 1, 1854: . . . This evening Granville told me a secret that surprised me much. I asked him casually if he knew for what purpose Prince Napoleon was gone to Brussels, when he told me that he was gone to try and get King Leopold to use his influence here to bring about his marriage with the Princess Mary, the Duke of Cambridge's sister; that for a long time past Palmerston had been strongly urging this match with the Queen, and had written heaps of letters to press it, having been in constant communication about it with Walewski and the Emperor himself. They had made such a point of it that the Queen had thought herself obliged to consult the Princess Mary herself about it, who would not listen to it. The negotiator did not make the proposal more palatable, and he did not recommend himself the more, by suggesting that such a match was very preferable to any little German prince. It is incredible that he should have mixed himself in an affair that he could hardly fail to know must be very disagreeable to the Queen, besides that the Princess is not likely to sacrifice her country and her position for such a speculation, so hazardous and uncertain at best, and involving immediate obligations and necessities at which her pride could not fail to revolt.

Princess Mary of Cambridge preferred to be married to the Duke of Teck and become the mother of Queen Mary.

Under the stress of the Crimean War, the relations of Napoleon with England became intimate and Napoleon deprecated the English habit of running down their own country:

March 11, 1855: . . . I saw Clarendon for the first time for a very long while. He was much pleased with his visit to the Emperor, who talked to him very frankly and unreservedly about everything. They lit their cigars and sat and talked with the greatest ease. He said the Emperor spoke to him about the

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THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE OF FRANCE

English press, and all he said was sensible and true; that he was aware that a free press was a necessity in England, and as indispensable as the Constitution itself, and that he had hitherto believed that the editors of the principal newspapers had the good of their country at heart, and always acted from conscientious motives; but that he could no longer entertain that opinion. The press during the past months, and the *Times* particularly, had done an incalculable amount of mischief to England and the alliance between us. The effect produced by their language in Germany was most injurious, and of service only to Russia. When the English papers talked of their own country in the way they did, of its degradation and disgrace, its maladministration, the ruin of its military power, and the loss of all that makes a nation great and powerful, though he [the Emperor] knew what all this meant, and how much or how little there was in such exaggerated statements, yet in France they were generally believed, and it became very difficult for him to reconcile the nation to an alliance for which he was reproached with making sacrifices and shaping his policy in accordance with ours, when it was evident from our own showing that our alliance was not worth having, and our impotence was so exposed that, whenever peace should put an end to the necessity of the alliance, we should be entirely at their mercy; and while such was the feeling in France, in Germany it was still stronger, and there the *Times* had succeeded in creating a universal conviction that we are in the lowest condition of weakness and inefficiency: at all of which he expressed the greatest regret.

Napoleon brought his Empress to London:

April 17, 1855: Yesterday I went out "with all the gazing town" to see not the least curious of the many curious events I have lived to witness, the entry of the Emperor and Empress of the French into London. The day was magnificent, the crowd prodigious, the reception not very clamorous, but cordial and respectful. A fine sight for them to see such vast multitudes, so orderly and so prosperous, and without a single soldier except their own escort. The Queen nolens or volens received them with the utmost cordiality, and omitted none of the usual forms practised between Sovereigns. She met the Imperial pair at

the entrance to the Castle, embraced the Emperor and then the Empress when she was presented to her.

April 20, 1855: The visit of the Emperor has been one continued ovation, and the success of it complete. None of the Sovereigns who have been here before have ever been received with such magnificence by the Court or by such curiosity and delight by the people. Wherever and whenever they have appeared, they have been greeted by enormous multitudes and prodigious acclamations. The Queen is exceedingly pleased with both of them; she thinks the Empress very natural, graceful, and attractive, and the Emperor frank, cordial, and true. He has done his best to please her, talked to her a great deal, amused her, and has completely succeeded. Everybody is struck with his mean and diminutive figure and vulgar appearance, but his manners are good and not undignified. He talked a very long time to Lord Derby on Tuesday at Windsor and to Lord Aberdeen on Wednesday. This last was very proper, because he had a great prejudice against Aberdeen, and fancied he was his enemy, which Aberdeen knew. When he was invested with the Garter, he took all sorts of oaths—old feudal oaths—of fidelity and knightly service to the Queen, and he then made her a short speech to the following effect: "I have sworn to be faithful to Your Majesty and to serve you to the best of my ability, and my whole future life shall be spent in proving the sincerity with which I have thus sworn, and my resolution to devote myself to your service." The fineness of the weather brought out the whole population of London, as usual kept in excellent order by a few policemen, and in perfect good humour. It was a beautiful sight last night when the Royal and Imperial party went to the Opera in state; the streets lit by gas and the houses illuminated and light as day, particularly opposite the Travellers' Club, where I was. I am glad the success of the visit has been so great, and the contentment of all the parties concerned so complete, but it is well that all will be over to-morrow, for such excitement and enthusiasm could not last much longer, and the inconvenience of being beset by crowds, and the streets obstructed, is getting tiresome.

A few months later, Greville visited the Emperor at the Tuileries:

June 26, 1855: Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciochi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I suppose to be the *aide-de-camp de service*, came forward to receive me and invited me to sit down. Presently the same or another man came and said "*Milord*" (they all milorded me), "*vous vous mettrez à table, s'il vous plaît, à côté de l'Empereur à sa droite.*" I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the Cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes his Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual question of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced and we went in. As we walked in he said to me, "*L'Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu.*" At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world.

After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without any air or assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness, and though of course I could not expect in my position and at this first interview with him that he should be particularly expansive, yet he gave me the idea of being not only not reserved but as if, when intimate, he would have a great deal of *abandon*. It was difficult to bring away all the subjects he discussed, and I do not know that he said anything wonderfully striking, but he made a very favourable impression on me, and made me wish to know more of him, which I am never likely to do.

July 10, 1855: I dined at Villeneuve l'Étang. We went to the Palace of St. Cloud in Cowley's carriage, where we found an equerry and one of the Emperor's carriages, which took us to Villeneuve. A small house, pretty and comfortable enough, and a small party, all English—Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Hertford, Lord and Lady Ashburton, General Torrens and his aide-de-camp, Cowley and myself, Duc de Bassano, Comte de Montebello, the *aide-de-camp de service*, and M. Valabrègue, *écuyer*, that was the whole party. The Emperor sat between the two ladies, taking the Duchess in to dinner. It lasted about three quarters of an hour, and as soon as it was over his Majesty took us all out to walk about the place, see the dairy and a beautiful Bretonne cow he ordered to be brought out, and then to scull on the lake, or *étang*, which gives its name to the place. There were a number of little boats for one person to scull and one to sit, and one larger for two each; the Emperor got into one with the Duchess, and all the rest of the people as they liked, and we passed about half an hour on the water. On landing, ices, etc., were brought, and the carriages came to the door at nine o'clock, a *char-à-banc* with four *percherons* and postillions exactly like the old French postboy, and several other open carriages and pair. The two ladies got into the centre of the *char-à-banc*, Cowley, Hertford, and I were invited to get up before, and the Emperor himself got up behind with somebody else, I did not see who. We then set off and drove for some time through the woods and drives of Villeneuve and St. Cloud, and at last, at about ten o'clock, we were set down at the Palace. There we all alighted, and, after walking about a little, the Emperor showing us the part which Marie Antoinette had built and telling some anecdotes connected with Louis XVIII and Louis Philippe, and the Château, he shook hands with all of us very cordially and dismissed us. His Majesty got into the *char-à-banc* and returned to Villeneuve, and we drove back to Paris. When we were walking about the court of the Château (it was quite dark) the sentinel challenged us—"*Qui va là?*" when the Emperor called out in a loud voice, "*L'Empereur.*"

Of course, in this company there was nothing but general conversation, and I had no opportunity of having any with his Majesty; but he was extremely civil, offering me his cigars,

which I declined, and expressing anxiety that I should not catch cold. He made the same impression on me as before as to his extreme simplicity and the easiness of his intercourse; but I was struck with his appearance being so very *mesquin*, more than I thought at first.

London, August 21, 1855: The Queen as usual has had magnificent weather for her Paris visit, and all has gone well there except that unluckily she arrived after her time at Boulogne and still more at Paris, consequently the Emperor was kept waiting at Boulogne, and the whole population of Paris, which turned out and waited for hours under a broiling sun, was disappointed, for they arrived when it was growing dark. However, in spite of this, the scene appears to have been very fine and animated. Clarendon, who is not apt to be enthusiastic, writes so to Palmerston, and tells him that Marshal Magnan said he had known Paris for fifty years, and had never seen such a scene as this, not even when Napoleon returned from Austerlitz.

September 5, 1855: . . . Clarendon . . . said the Queen was delighted with everything and especially with the Emperor himself, who, with perfect knowledge of women, had taken the surest way to ingratiate himself with her, by making love to her. This it seems he began when he was in England, and followed it up at Paris. As his attentions tickled her vanity without shocking or alarming her modesty, and the novelty of it (for she never had any love made to her before) made it very pleasant, his success was complete. After his visit the Queen talked it all over with Clarendon, and said, "It is very odd; but the Emperor knows everything I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with." "*Le coquin*, thought I," said Clarendon to me, "he has evidently been making love to her, and he continued in the same tone at Paris, much to her delight." She has never before been on such a social footing with anybody, and he has approached her with the familiarity of their equal positions, and with all the experience and knowledge of womenkind he has acquired during his long life, passed in the world and in mixing with every sort of society. She seemed to have played her part throughout with great propriety

and success. Old Jérome did not choose to make his appearance till just at the last moment, because he insisted on being treated as a king, and having the title of *Majesté* given him—a pretension Clarendon would not hear of her yielding to.

September 17, 1855: . . . Clarendon said nothing could exceed the delight of the Queen at her visit to Paris, at her reception, at all she saw; and that she was charmed with the Emperor. They became so intimate, and she on such friendly terms with him, that she talked to him with the utmost frankness, and even discussed with him the most delicate of all subjects, the confiscation of the Orleans' property, telling him her opinion upon it. He did not avoid the subject, and gave her the reasons why he thought himself obliged to take that course; that he knew all this wealth was employed in fomenting intrigues against his government, which was so new that it was necessary to take all precautions to avert such dangers. She replied that, even if this were so, he might have contented himself with sequestrating the property and restoring it when he was satisfied that all danger on that score was at an end. I asked Clarendon what he thought of the Emperor himself, and he said that he liked him, and he was very pleasing, but he was struck with his being so indolent and so excessively ignorant. The Prince of Wales was put by the Queen under Clarendon's charge, who was desired to tell him what to do in public, when to bow to the people, and whom to speak to. He said that the Princess Royal was charming, with excellent manners, and full of intelligence. Both the children were delighted with their *séjour*, and very sorry to come away. When the visit was drawing to a close, the Prince said to the Empress that he and his sister were both very reluctant to leave Paris, and asked her if she could not get leave for them to stay there a little longer. The Empress said she was afraid this would not be possible, as the Queen and the Prince would not be able to do without them; to which the boy replied, "Not do without us! Don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don't want us." The Emperor himself proposed to the Queen to go to the chapel consecrated to the memory of the Duke of Orleans upon the spot where he met with his fatal accident and expired. It is creditable to her that she talks without *gêne* or scruple to the Emperor about

the Orleans family, making no secret of her continued intimacy with them, and with equal frankness to them of her relations with him. She wrote to the Queen Marie Amélie an account of her going to the chapel and of the Emperor taking her there, and received a very amiable reply. The first thing she did on her return was to receive the Duc and Duchesse of Montpensier.