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MEMOIRS
OF THE
DUCHESS DE GONTAUT



Duc de Bordeaux and his Sister.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
DUCHESS DE GONTAUT

GOUVERNANTE TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE DURING
THE RESTORATION, 1773-1836

Translated from the French

BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

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WHEN spring came, Madame and Monseigneur used to spend part of the morning in the garden, where they played games, which amused them immensely; all the families of the Princes, husbands, wives, and children, came there constantly, especially on Sundays. No one could be gayer or more amiable than Monseigneur was on such occasions to every one around him. They all enjoyed themselves, and felt happy and at ease.

On one of these days Madame and Monseigneur drew me aside into one of the shrubberies to give me a little surprise. They took great pleasure in announcing to me that they wished to appoint me *gouvernante* to the

child that was about to be born. I was perfectly overwhelmed; at the first moment there rose before my eyes a long row of princes and princesses whom I should have to watch over and educate, which would make me a slave for the rest of my life. The silence which followed their announcement amused them and made them laugh; but reading my sadness in my eyes, they asked me kindly what was the cause of it.

"I regret," I said then, "the happiness which I have enjoyed with you without trouble or care. I know my own nature, and I know that I cannot fulfil lightly or easily the charge which you are so good as to offer me; but I know, too, that if it affords me another opportunity of proving my attachment to you, I shall fulfil it as I should that duty which Nature imposed upon me towards my own children."

Monseigneur, far from expecting to find me reluctant to accept a position so far above that which I then occupied, seemed to be disappointed. They both said all the kind and encouraging things they could, and I asked for a few days, in which to consult my husband and to tell my children. Fernand seemed to feel sorry that I should lose my liberty, while François saw in it only a flattering proof of confidence and esteem. I wrote to my husband.

As I had been charged with collecting money for some charity, I asked for an audience of the King, which was granted. After having given me the amount he had laid aside for this work, he said to me, "Sit

down now, my god-daughter, and let us talk." (He always called me his god-daughter when he was in a particularly amiable mood.) "Now, pray tell me why you hesitate to accept the offer of the first place in the kingdom?"

Louis XVIII. always listened with his eyes, which were so penetrating that one was simply obliged to tell the truth.

"I have no ambition, Sire," I said, "and I love my liberty and my independence above everything."

He replied quickly, "Liberty! Independence! They are mere words, without meaning. Devotion comes from the heart, and yours has given proofs of it which can never be denied. Trust me, accept what has been offered you with confidence, out of friendship, and with my approbation."

He gave me a friendly but rather grave bow; I knew him well enough to know that I ought to follow his advice, and I withdrew. Soon afterwards, the answers I expected came from the South; they were favourable, expressing gratitude to the Princes who had deigned to bestow on me this great mark of their goodness and esteem.

The sacrifice of my precious liberty seemed to have become necessary by the law of gratitude, and I hesitated no longer. Duty has always been a powerful motive with me, and during my whole life I have never shrunk from it. I left my charming apartment, my delightful view, and established myself in advance on

the first floor, in an apartment looking on the court, next to the chamber destined for the child, and where his superb cradle was already placed. It was a part of Madame's apartment. The famous layette was brought back in state, received by me, and put in charge of a woman who had been appointed, as well as two other maids, by Madame de Montsoreau.

I went one evening to pay a short visit to Madame de Matignon, whom I happened to find alone. We talked about the *soirées* which Madame allowed me to give for her, and of the persons admitted, who formed a circle which our Princes found really agreeable.

Madame de Matignon listened as one listens when one is at work, without any particular interest. I mentioned several persons, and, among others, the Prince Théodore de Bauffremont. She stopped suddenly, and asked me to tell her frankly my opinion of him. I laughingly said that he would have the suffrages of all the old ladies, for he was very polite and attentive to them, — a very rare thing in these days. This praise pleased her and drew out her confidence. She told me that she was thinking of the Prince de Bauffremont as a husband for her charming granddaughter, Mademoiselle de Montmorency. She declared that it was great good luck that she should thus have the means of finding out whether the Prince de Bauffremont was really worthy of being the "idol of her heart." I recall these words, which she uttered laughingly.

I was greatly interested in her care for her grand-

daughter; she perceived it and was touched by it, but asked me not to say anything about it, wishing to talk with her daughter first. Having placed myself at her service and promised to keep the secret, we separated.

On the following day the Duchesse de Montmorency came to see me. Although she was much calmer than her mother, she seemed to me to approve of the idea, and begged me to find out, as skilfully as I could, what ideas the Prince de Bauffremont had with regard to his future. Nothing could be easier, as I saw him constantly.

That same evening I went to a small ball at the house of a cousin of M. de Bourbon-Busset, — Madame de Radepont. There I found M. de Bauffremont, who came up to talk to me; so that I could very naturally lead the conversation to the subject of his future. He told me he was rather thinking of getting married. Certainly nothing could be more *à propos*, for he said laughingly, "Give me your advice; you ought to know all about it." Then I pretended to be trying to think of what in reality I found very easily, — perfect suitability, and a name that made him blush. It seems I had hit upon just the right person; and although he was a little embarrassed, he had the frankness to avow that nothing would make him happier than to marry Mademoiselle de Montmorency, whom he considered charming. He begged me, since I had had this good inspiration, to follow it up. I promised him I would. I told Madame de Montmorency, and then I had no more to do with the matter.

Some time after, Mademoiselle de Montmorency became the graceful Princesse de Bauffremont, who was so generally admired, and whose devotion to him M. de Bauffremont appreciated to his dying day.

About this time a ceremony took place which was very affecting to me as a grandmother.

After the birth of my daughter Charlotte's twins, as soon as her health was re-established, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry became sponsors to the elder of these children, who was called Charles. The second had for godfather the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre, and I was his godmother; his name was Gaspard. The Duc de Berry, with his amiable gaiety, looking at them both, said to M. de Bourbon-Busset, "Cousin, your laurels will prevent me from sleeping."

Some months after, my dear daughter Josephine had a boy, who is Josselin, the present Prince de Léon.

Childish friendships are not easily forgotten. That between the Princes of Orléans and myself was broken off when, on leaving Bellechasse, my mother thought it necessary to leave France. For many years I did not see Mademoiselle d'Orléans, but I never forgot her. I occasionally met the Due de Chartres (then Duc d'Orléans) in London, and we were always pleased to see each other. It was only upon my return to France, Mademoiselle having already returned, that we met again with a friendly feeling that seemed to me mutual. Then I often went to the Palais-Royal, and I was received with kindness, I may even say with friendship. Made-

moiselle d'Orléans presented me to the Duchesse d'Orléans (aunt of the Duchesse de Berry), who overwhelmed me with kindness. The Prince d'Orléans often came to the Élysée, and sometimes accompanied Madame and Monseigneur to my *soirées*.

As amicable relations among relatives seemed to me a more serious necessity at court than even in private families, I tried as much as possible to smooth away the little roughnesses and inadvertencies which were so apt to wound the Duc d'Orléans; and I often succeeded in explaining them away. Self-consciousness is a dangerous enemy, against which one must be always on one's guard.

The Duchesse de Berry was safely delivered, but of a daughter, which made the Prince, who could not be forgotten, more lamented than ever. Madame, perceiving the general consternation, said, with her ordinary gaiety, "After the girl comes the boy."

The King, the Princes, and the witnesses withdrew; the Duchesse d'Orléans, who had been waiting on Madame, asked to be allowed to remain. Monseigneur, always good and tender, wished to be the first to present Mademoiselle to her mother; and he did it with great affection, without allowing a trace of his disappointment to appear.

The physician insisted upon perfect quiet for Madame; and then came the ceremonial, always exacted by the grand master, who ordered the two wings of the doors to be thrown wide open; the body-guard formed a

double line, reaching to the apartment of the little Princess, and I carried her hither in great state. After the grand master had made a profound salutation, the body-guard retired. I hoped then that I had finished with etiquette, when that of the ladies' maids began. I sat down, holding my precious treasure in my arms; the demoiselle of the cradle advanced "to inform me," she said, "of the custom and of her privilege, — that of holding and carrying the infant, — as the *gouvernante* had only to give orders and superintend." Monseigneur came in just then, and, laughing, asked me in English if he had understood the instructions which the maid was taking upon herself to give me.

We were greatly amused; and he advised me to establish my authority at once, so that I might enjoy with him and Madame a home-happiness, which might be a little *bourgeois*, but was the only true one. I then told the elegant and pretentious maid to go and stay in the next room, assuring her that I would call her when her services were necessary. This command, given in the presence of Monseigneur and evidently by his advice, produced an effect of which I felt the benefit so long as I had charge of the education of the royal children. I never had to hesitate concerning the line of conduct which I ought to pursue; it was always marked out for me by my own sense of propriety, and I never deviated from it for a single instant.

The Duchesse d'Orléans came very often. She seemed to be fond of her niece, and to be interested in the little

Princess; but she thought her feeble, and expressed fears for her which I did not share.

She told us that at the moment of Mademoiselle's birth the Duc de Chartres, hearing the first guns, said, "It is either my wife or my King who has just come into the world." After Madame's recovery, when she was allowed to go out, she went with Monseigneur to the Palais-Royal to thank the Duchesse d'Orléans for her attentions. They took Mademoiselle with them; she was in my arms when the Duc de Berry, recalling the remark of the Duc de Chartres, said to him, playfully, "Come, Chartres, and kiss your wife." He blushed, and would not move; and we were all very much amused.

Gradually Madame resumed her occupations, and Monseigneur his hunting, and they were both happy. Monseigneur having observed that being always with the little Princess, who had been intrusted to my charge, I no longer went out, he regretted it; and one day, as he was returning to the Élysée, a placard on the wall attracted his attention. He was furious, as he had a perfect right to be. My old coachman had taken it into his head to put up over the door of the stable, which opened on the street, this announcement: "Two old white horses for sale. Apply to the coachman of the Vicomtesse de Gontaut." Indignant at this impertinence, I dismissed my coachman, who wrote the following letter to Monseigneur: —

"MONSEIGNEUR, when I put up that placard, I hoped that Monseigneur, who goes out, would see it, and that my mistress,

who does not go out, would not see it. . I knew very well that I might lose my place for it; but I said to myself that Monseigneur would know it, and because he is kind, he would have pity on me. So I beg that he, in his kindness, will give me the place of the sweeper of the garden, who is dead. Then I shall see my mistress much oftener, Monseigneur, and that is what I want."

Gourdin was right; he had his place. Monseigneur, always kind-hearted, laughed and forgave him.

Madame often spent a part of her mornings in Mademoiselle's room, where Monseigneur joined her. The "demoiselle of the cradle," who had no experience, and was in bad health, had been made what they call at court *femme d'atour*, but what we should call in our families *femme de charge*. She was intelligent and reliable, and did very well in this department. The Duchesse de Berry wished to put in her place the nurse who had taken care of her at the birth of her three children. She was called Madame Lemoine, and was the daughter of the nurse who took care of Marie Louise when the King of Rome was born. Madame Lemoine talked to us a great deal about it, without feeling at all disturbed by the presence of the Prince and Princess, which amused them not a little.

The doors which opened from the chamber of Madame to that of Mademoiselle were never closed. Monseigneur took advantage of this to come in at night on tiptoe to kiss his child, whom he sometimes waked up. Madame Lemoine grumbled, and he would run

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

away laughing. I had my bed moved into the next room, which was mine; and with the door open I could still watch the child, and Monseigneur, being less *gêné*, was happy.

At court, flattery and detraction move side by side, and courtiers make use of them at need, according to their own ideas. If a prince had been born, the flatterers would have declared him a prodigy; a princess was born, and, supposing it would be a disappointment, they hastened to declare that she would not live, that she was even blind and deaf. They even persuaded the King of it, who asked me about it. I denied it emphatically. One morning when I had taken Mademoiselle to the Tuileries, the King had had a drummer of the guards brought into the ante-room off his cabinet. The sudden sound startled the poor little thing, and she looked eagerly round, thus testifying to the soundness of both eyes and ears.

The gay and amiable frankness of the Duc de Berry suited my character, which had gained his confidence during these many years; he often accused himself of defects which every one has in greater or less degree, and which appeal to our indulgence.

One day (it was Saturday, Feb. 12, 1820), Monseigneur went hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, when everything went wrong; the curious lookers-on were indiscreet; passing and repassing, they disturbed the game; the dogs were confused, the *piqueur* awkward, and just when the Prince was the most vexed, Sou-

briard appeared. Monseigneur accused him, very unjustly, of having caused all the disasters of the hunt; he treated him very harshly, and left the poor man in consternation.

When the Duc de Berry returned, he was so dejected that I observed it; he perceived this, and with his usual touching frankness said to me, "Pity me, for I have just wounded deeply a man whom I love, and who would give his life for me. I have been wrong, very wrong."

At this moment he bent over his daughter, whom I had in my arms, to kiss her. She was afraid of him, and began to cry. "She is right," he said, "to be afraid of such a bad man."

Like a true governess, I looked as though I thought he had found it impossible to leave the man without a word of comfort. "No," he said, "you have put your finger on the wound. I did leave him, my poor Soubriard, sad and unhappy as he was." Monseigneur understood me; he pressed my hand and said, "I shall not forget; the day has not yet come to an end."

The next Sunday, February 13, the Duc de Berry came to see his child before going to the King's mass. After he had caressed her, as he was leaving the room, he said to me, "Don't scold me any more. When I left you yesterday, I signed an order which I hope will make Soubriard happy for life. I have attached him to the service of my daughter. He shall be her *piqueur*."

Then he stopped, although he was in a great hurry, to tell me in confidence that he had the assurance that in a few months Madame would add to his happiness by giving him another child. He even repeated again, "I have very good reason for not doubting it." Then he gave me his hand, and said, "Au revoir!" so gaily that the tears came into my eyes. I was so touched at seeing him so happy over the news he had just confided to me.

Poor Prince! He little thought that it would be the sole comfort my sad heart could feel on that unhappy day.

The Princes had been overwhelmed with receptions and private audiences. I saw Madame on her return from the Tuileries, when she looked wonderfully well. She was happy and gay, and spent the rest of the morning in Mademoiselle's room, playing with her. It was the last Sunday of the Carnival, and she told me of the masks she had seen, and her plans for the evening. The gay world was greatly occupied just then with a costume and masked ball which was to be given by Madame de la Briche, mother-in-law of M. Molé, and was to take place in the Rue de la Ville l'Évêque, near the Élysée. In Madame's condition, Monseigneur thought it more prudent for her to go quietly to the opera.

There they received several visits, and made one to the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans in their box.

The Duchesse de Berry, feeling a little tired, did

not wait till the end of the ballet. Her carriage was brought up, and Monseigneur helped her in, and then gave his hand to Madame de Béthisy to assist her. At this moment he felt a rude push, but thought it merely the awkwardness of his valet. But putting his hand to his side, he found there a dagger driven in up to the hilt. He drew it out, gave it to Comte des Ménards, and said, "I am assassinated! That dagger touched the heart."

Madame heard these last words, and sprang out of the carriage, received the tottering Prince in her arms, and was covered with his blood. But preserving all her presence of mind, she supported him with the aid of the Comte des Ménards, and helped him to seat himself in the vestibule which led to his box. He lost consciousness for a moment; and then, recovering, he said, "Oh, my wife, let me die in your arms! But quick, quick! find a priest!"

He fainted again, and in this state he was carried into the little *salon* behind the box. His eyes grew dim as his strength failed him. He moved his arms wildly about, in search of his wife. "Caroline," he cried, "are you there?"

"Yes," replied the Princess, tenderly, "I am here, and I will never leave you."

Bougon, his surgeon, who had been sent for, seeing the blood ceasing to flow, sucked the wound.

"What are you doing, Bougon?" said Monseigneur. "Take care! The dagger may have been

poisoned." But nothing could check the zeal of the physician.

Monseigneur kept calling for a priest, and the Abbé de Latil, Bishop of Chartres, came. The Duc de Berry had for a long time felt an antipathy to him which he could not explain even to himself, he said. But as soon as he saw him, he said to M. de Clermont Lodève, who had brought him, "It is well. God is giving me a trial, for which I thank Him. I shall make my painful confession to him, and from him I shall receive hope and consolation." They then had a long conversation; and from that moment he was calm and courageous.

Madame had withdrawn, but where she could still keep him in sight. Monsieur, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Bourbon came as soon as they heard the news. The Duc, the Duchesse, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, being still in the theatre, were among the first to appear. During this horrible scene the music of the ballet, which had not been interrupted, could be heard in the room where the dying man lay.

Monseigneur received the last rites surrounded by the royal family, by his servants, and several friends and marshals who had been able to get in. The staircase giving access to the little *salon* was crowded, and every one, on their knees, prayed for the beloved Prince. (I learned these particulars from the Duchesse de Berry herself.)

On this last Sunday of the Carnival, all Paris had given itself up to amusement, but I remained alone at the Élysée. I was sound asleep, when suddenly I heard a noise at my door, and distinguished the voice of my son-in-law, the Prince de Léon, who insisted upon coming in, as he wished to speak to me. The guard opposed him, having been ordered to let no one in at this hour. This loud dispute terrified me. I got up, and rang the bell. I called him, but he was already gone. My maid came in, amazed at having seen a great crowd come rushing in at the courtyard. She ran down there while I put on my dress. I had questioned the guard through the door, but he knew nothing. Sarah came back almost immediately, hardly able to stand. She sobbed out, "Monseigneur has been stabbed. He is assassinated!"

Overpowered with horror, I ran to Madame Lemoine's bed, calling to her to get up and dress. I ran towards the staircase which led into the vestibule, already filled with a crowd of masks, common people, and ladies in ball-dresses, all crying and sobbing. I could not recognise a face or distinguish a word; but I saw M. Decazes and M. de Sémonville standing apart, and talking in low tones, and I ran to question them.

M. de Sémonville said, "Calm yourself. The Duc de Berry has been stabbed by an assassin, but he is not dead."

I begged M. Decazes to tell me what he was saying

when he saw me coming, and stopped. "Oh, tell me, tell me!" I cried. "I have a right to hear it all; and in your position nothing would be kept from you. Oh, pray speak!"

He then said, "The Duc de Berry was assassinated as he was coming out of the opera, with Madame on his arm. He is still alive; and if the dagger was not poisoned, it is possible that his wound may not be mortal."

"But you are here," I said; "then Monseigneur is here?"

"No; he is at the opera. I came to assure myself that he would be safe if they should bring him here, but I can find no one to receive my orders."

"I will give them," I said. "The rooms shall be lighted, and everything ready. But when I came towards you just now, I thought I heard the word 'poison'?"

"It is true," he replied; "I fear that the dagger was poisoned. The assassin has been arrested, and I am going to question him;" and he disappeared.

My *valet de chambre* having followed me, I told him to call the officer of the guard, who came to take my orders; and very soon the immense crowd which thronged the palace had dispersed, and the court and the apartments were lighted up. The chamber of the Duc de Berry was at last made ready to receive him.

I sent to ask what Madame's orders were; and I was commanded to bring Mademoiselle to her. M.

de Gontaut and many others went with us; among them, M. M. Adolphe de Maussion, Archambault de Périgord, etc.

An immense crowd, with consternation written in their faces, which were lighted up by lugubrious torches, made way for the carriage of the poor child, whom I pressed close against my heart. Not a word was spoken. A solemn silence reigned, and every face wore an expression of sadness. At last I reached that chamber of sorrow. Monseigneur was lying on a cot, on his right side, his mortal wound exposed to view, as I could see the moment I entered the room. Oh, it was frightful!

Madame came forward, took her child, and carried it to Monseigneur. He tried to embrace her. "Poor child!" he said, "may you be less unhappy than your father!" He held out his arms, as if in blessing. Madame gave the child back to me. She was still asleep, and I laid her down behind the pillow on Monseigneur's bed.

I could hear every one of his sublime words of pardon. He kept asking incessantly for the King. "I have a favour to ask. Oh, if he would come! if he only might get here!"

As the King did not arrive, he said to Monsieur, "The man must be mad. They have assured me that he had nothing against me. That is a comfort, at least. Father, I want him pardoned. { Obtain this for me, I entreat you."

Hoping to make the assassin confess and reveal the names of his accomplices, they had placed him in a cabinet adjoining the little *salon*, where he could see and hear Monseigneur. His words of pardon had no power to affect the heart of the monster, whose countenance expressed only a savage hatred. I could see him from where I stood. A report was spread that M. Decazes had had a conversation with the assassin, in a low tone. It was utterly untrue; but his enemies never forgot it, and they always made use of it when they wished to denounce him.

Monseigneur, perceiving that Madame was kneeling beside him, was afraid she would be too tired, and said to her, "Caroline, you must take care of yourself for the sake of the child you bear in your bosom."

I heard this speech, and looked at the assassin. He raised his hand and shook it with rage. Every one noticed this movement, and spoke of it with horror and indignation.

In an interval of ease, the dying man spoke to Madame in a low voice, who replied aloud, "Send for them, and I will prove to you that I will not abandon them."

She directed M. de Clermont to go and bring two young girls. He hurried away, and shortly after they arrived. Madame received them very kindly. The poor little things trembled all over. Monseigneur spoke to them in English. They kissed his hand, and, turning towards Madame, they fell on their knees

before her. She raised them up, and said, "I promise you that I will be a mother to them." She took them up to Mademoiselle, and they embraced her. The Duchesse d'Angoulême said to me, "The Duchesse de Berry has behaved beautifully to these children. We will all adopt them."

Still the King did not come. M. Becazes, haunted by the fear of a conspiracy, delayed his departure from the Tuileries under various pretexts; but for the poor sufferer this delay was ever more painful than the approach of death, which it was evident could not long be delayed.

The day began to break. In the midst of the silent crowd we could hear in the distance the sound of carriage-wheels. Monseigneur said, "At last the King is coming! Oh, if he would only come quickly! I am dying!"

As soon as he saw the King, he held out his arms. Louis XVIII. pressed his hand, and Monseigneur cried, "Oh, pardon, pardon for this man!" pointing to the wretch, whose dark and gloomy face made every one shiver with horror. The King, deeply moved, tenderly embraced his nephew, and said, "We will talk about it by and by. Calm yourself now; you are not so ill as you think." Then he sat down beside him.

As he did so, he perceived the young girls. The Duchesse de Berry whispered something to him. Then, presenting them, she added, "I have promised

to adopt these children, and I ask of the King, in the name of him whom we both love, to deign to grant them his favour."¹

The King reflected a moment, and then, recalling other reigns, he said, "I will give the title of Comtesse de Vierzon to one, and D'Issoudun to the other." We could not tell whether the Prince heard this or not, for death was approaching with frightful rapidity. He could only gasp out once more, "Pardon, pardon the man!" It was the last effort of the best heart in the world, the last request of the dying Christian.

Monseigneur was no more. The sobs of those surrounding him could no longer be restrained. The King went up to the bed and closed his eyes; and having rendered him this last service, he went away. The assassin had been taken away. Madame fell fainting to the floor. The Vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld raised her in his arms and carried her out; I followed, with Mademoiselle in my arms. The carriages had been drawn up. The Vicomte placed Madame in hers, still unconscious.

I sat down beside her, and her head rested on my shoulder. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was on the front seat, and we supported her between us. The transit was very brief. As we entered the courtyard of the Élysée, Madame recovered consciousness. She put out her icy hands, as if seeking the husband whom

¹ Madame not only kept her word, but she gave them both dowries when they married.

she had just lost. When she found herself no longer beside him, her despair was frightful to witness. We tried to lead her to her own rooms, but she refused decidedly, insisting upon going to Monseigneur's apartment. Her grief when she reached it was heart-rending. Everything was in readiness for the reception of the master who was no more; his arm-chair drawn up, his dressing-gown laid out, — all was there except himself, except the life that had animated this home. She clung to me convulsively, and strained her child to her breast. The poor little thing was frightened, and began to cry; so that I was obliged to give her into the care of Madame Lemoine, as Madame wished me to remain with her. She wept passionately over everything that belonged to him. As she no longer felt the necessity of restraining her grief, her sobs were heart-rending. She would remain in this room, kneeling beside the bed, to which she clung with clenched hands. She who had been so calm and courageous during that fearful night now gave way to an excess of despair. She had expressed a wish to be left alone with me, and I at length persuaded her gently to let me undress her, for her garments were still wet with her husband's blood. They brought me her night-clothes, and at last I prevailed upon her to lie down and rest a little. She told me to close the doors, and I promised not to leave her. It was then about six o'clock, I think. I took care that she should have perfect quiet, and I

seated myself on the steps of the bed, where she slept for several hours the sleep of weariness and of youth. Her waking was painful, and I proposed that she should attend the mass which the almoner was saying for the repose of Monseigneur's soul. We went into a little oratory; and, after the mass, she wished to be again left alone with me.

While she was sleeping, her women had prepared her widow's dress. No one ventured to propose that she should put it on; but when she saw it, she adopted it immediately. It was in this costume that a painter saw her in the chapel, and made a valuable portrait of her, which she gave to me.

After many sad hours passed often in prayer, and always in tears and sobs, I persuaded her to take a little nourishment. I talked to her of the child, — our great hope, — whose coming Monseigneur had announced, and of which I had already been informed. She listened to me, and promised to take care of herself.

While we had been in the oratory the Chancellor and the officers of state had opened Monseigneur's secretary, by the King's orders. As I remained constantly with Madame, and thought only of her, I do not know whether they found the will, which was the object of their search.

Monsieur came to the Élysée. The loving and unhappy father wept with Madame, and tried to keep up her courage, promising her his care and support;

but she, quite overwhelmed by her grief, asked only to be allowed to leave France and return to Sicily, to go as far away as possible, she said, from this place, where they had killed the only person who could make her happy.

Monsieur spent several hours with her, and succeeded in soothing her. He told her that the King gave her her choice of any one of the royal residences which she might like best. For the present she accepted St. Cloud, and asked that she might be permitted to go thither at once with her daughter. She established herself there that same evening with Mademoiselle, in the apartment of the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. The Princes and all their households tried their best to soften, by their attentions, this period of the customary mourning, which in her case was also so sincerely genuine.

Monsieur adopted the habit of spending a part of each morning at St. Cloud. He often hunted there; and he succeeded in diverting Madame from her grief, while he amused himself with Mademoiselle's pretty little ways. He talked to us of the past, — of his childhood, and of the time, still fresh in his memory, when Louis XV. died of confluent small-pox.

The fear of contagion was so great at that time that the royal chamber was utterly deserted. There was nothing there but a corpse when the Comte d'Artois entered it. He, a little child, fond of his grandfather, and ignorant of fear, ran up to the bed, and

saw upon it the disfigured body of the King, abandoned by every one. He threw himself upon his knees, and at that moment was the only person in the kingdom who prayed with all his heart and soul for the dead monarch. He had run away from his governor, the Duc de La Vauguyon. It was a filial instinct, and he possessed a just mind. He already had some comprehension of the hideousness of courtly flattery, and held it in horror; for he had seen the crowd streaming towards his brother, Louis XVI., to worship the rising sun. I am glad to recall the moral and pious sentiments of a prince who had himself been tried by a long period of misfortune; and it is interesting to think what a valuable sermon an eloquent preacher of our own day might write from the reflections dictated by a man who was afterwards himself a king, flattered in his turn, and who, like his ancestor, died of a contagious disease. But more fortunate than Louis XV., although in exile, he was not deserted. Charles X. died of cholera, surrounded by his family, who adored him, and followed him on foot, with prayers and tears, to his last resting-place.

I have wandered from my subject, but now I will return to St. Cloud.

Madame was always haunted by the fear that the assassination of the Duc de Berry was prompted by revenge. Monsieur did his best to reassure her, telling her that there was no reason whatever for thinking so. While on this subject, he related many traits of

her husband's kindness of heart; among others, that one day the Duc de Berry, returning from a hunting expedition, and slowly climbing the hill in the forest of Fontainebleau, observed a man who seemed painfully weary. He called the huntsman, and told him to let the man get up at the back of the carriage, to ask if he were ill, and what his name was. "He is only tired," replied the huntsman. "His name is Louvel, and he is employed in the stables of the King, at Versailles, where he lives with his sister." When they reached the top of the hill, Louvel got down, and they thought no more about him.

The mention of this hill recalled to Monsieur a circumstance which he related to Madame in the hope of making her forget for a moment the griefs which weighed so heavily upon her.

"One day, it is a long time ago," he said, "the Duc d'Orléans (Égalité) was passing through the forest of Fontainebleau. He was with M. de Saint-Blancard and two other persons, when a man came out of the woods with nothing on but a pair of trousers, bare-headed and wild-looking, and ran towards the carriage, making horrible grimaces. Thinking he was a madman, they made signs to him to go away; but he paid no heed. The Duc d'Orléans, who was asleep, woke up. The man saw him, and leaped into the carriage. Monseigneur shouted to him to go away at once; but, being unable to get rid of him, he unbuttoned the neck of his shirt, and showed him an

iron ring which he had hung round his neck. As soon as the man saw it he jumped down, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, and disappeared in the woods. The agitated and gloomy manner of the Prince prevented any questions being asked; but it was a great deal talked about."

When Monsieur told this story, I said that my husband had often spoken to me about it. He replied that no one comprehended the mystery; that he himself had questioned the Duc d'Orléans, but without being able to obtain an explanation.

The time for the annual removal of the royal family to St. Cloud was approaching. Madame left the apartment of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and took one on the ground floor. Mademoiselle's room was close to hers.

The arrival of the King and the Princes made a change in the position of Madame. She saw a little more society, though etiquette required that she should live in strict retirement till the completion of the period of her mourning. As the time for her confinement drew near, I spoke of it to the King, expressing a wish that Madame might be lodged in the Tuileries, near Monsieur, and not far from the Dauphiness. The King not only agreed with me, but gave me an order to go to Paris to see M. de La Bouillerie, minister of the civil list of the King's household, and to consult with him as to Madame's establishment: I went that very day. M. de La

Bouillierie showed me the apartment that the Duc de Berry had occupied before his marriage. He thought it would suit Madame perfectly; but he considered the difficulty of finding an apartment for Mademoiselle in the Tuileries almost insurmountable. I reflected a moment, and then said, "The difficulty is not insurmountable. Madame de La Bouillierie will make an exchange. She can occupy the apartment in the Élysée where Madame lived, and Mademoiselle can have the apartment in the Tuileries which Madame de La Bouillierie has been occupying."

M. de La Bouillierie agreed that I had found the only possible method of arranging everything. He opened the door of communication between the Treasury and Madame's apartment. Then he said to me, "I must warn you that there is a trap-door where you are standing, which may prove dangerous if princes occupy this apartment. This trap-door leads to a vault which was formerly the imperial and civil treasury during the Hundred Days. It opens into other rooms, which we shall have to use for Madame's kitchens." I asked to be allowed to examine it, and we went down.

Hollowed out in the rock, this vault contained numberless square compartments, each one of which might hold a million in gold, silver, or paper. "It has been filled several times," he said; "but you see nothing is left now."

"An excellent reason," I said, "for not needing it any longer. This room, which is now useless, will do for Mademoiselle's kitchen. This vault must have a ceiling made over it, and another floor must be laid in Mademoiselle's *salon*. Now both apartments are arranged, are they not? I will go back and report to the King, and take his orders."

I returned to St. Cloud, and gave a report of my expedition. The Princes were greatly amused at my energy, and were gratified with the temporary sacrifice of M. de La Bouillerie, to which he had lent himself with such good grace.

The court etiquette was carried out in the mourning of the Duchesse de Berry to the fullest extent. Her apartment was hung with black cloth; mirrors, arm-chairs, tabourets all covered, — candles of yellow wax alone being allowed. What a cruel contrast! It was the same apartment to which she had come, only a few years before, a happy bride. The poor Princess, having learned to suffer, only sighed, and made no complaint.

We soon became accustomed to our gloomy dwelling. The good and charming Duchesse de Reggio was established in the Tuileries, close by Madame, upon whom she lavished the most tender care. Several weeks passed thus, quietly and peacefully; but crime was still watchful. A man, who was misinformed with regard to the situation of the Duchesse de Berry's apartment, succeeded in lodging gunpowder

beneath the bathroom of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. There was an explosion, but little damage was done.

A few days later a small infernal machine was more successfully placed in the vault beneath the chamber of Mademoiselle. The effect was great; the guard flew to arms, and the author of this crime was arrested, when he confessed his evil design. His name was Gravier.

The Duchesse de Berry, who was always brave, was not greatly disturbed. When she learned that the malefactor was to be tried, inspired by the example of her husband, whom she never ceased to lament, she addressed a touching letter to the King, entreating him to pardon the guilty man.

As the time for Madame's confinement approached, the King appointed the Maréchal Duc de Coigny and the Maréchal Duc d'Albuféra witnesses, with an injunction to both of them to take up their abode at once in the Tuileries, as well as the accoucheur and the physicians attached to his household. M. Dupuytren was then appointed chief surgeon.

The gentlemen-in-waiting and the aides-de-camp of the Duc de Berry had urgently entreated that they might not be forgotten at the moment of their Prince's birth. I promised them that they should be present, and gave letters summoning them into the charge of a footman, who was to deliver them at the first signal of Madame's illness.

I spent nearly all my time with the Duchesse de

DUCHESS DE GONTAUT.

Berry; but one evening, having had a small party in our little *salon*, I had not seen her, and feeling a little ill, she waited to come to me until the persons who were visiting me had departed. Then she confessed to me that she had been suffering during the evening. I told her of all the precautions I had taken, and begged to be allowed to stay with her; but she said, "Rest easy; at the very first indication I will send for you."

She left me, and before I went to bed myself, I crept quietly up to her chamber-door; but all was quiet, and she was asleep. I went to sleep, too; but in the middle of the night Madame Devathaire, Madame's first waiting-woman, who, with Madame Bourgeois, one of her women, occupied a room near her, of which the door of communication was always left open, came to my door, and finding it closed, knocked loudly, and called me imperatively, saying, "Come quick! quick! Madame is ill. Send the nurse, and make haste!" I sent off Madame Lemoine, whom I had told the night before to hold herself in readiness for a summons at any moment; and she went on the instant.

As I was always ready to rise at the slightest signal, I only waited to put on a dressing-gown, to give some orders to the waiting-maid and to Mademoiselle's nurse. I then went to Madame, and there I found that the child was already born. As soon as she saw me, she held out her arms to me, and

exclaimed, "It is Henril" As we embraced, we experienced such joy as is rarely met with in life.

The child cried. I examined it, and it seemed to me to be very strong and well. The nurse said, "The child is doing very well; it can remain so for a few moments."

Then Madame exclaimed, "Quick! quick! The witnesses!" My valet in the haste and confusion had followed me. I said, "Here is one." "He is of no use," replied Madame, "as he is in your service." But she ordered him to light up everywhere.

Madame Devathaire had already gone out to summon the accoucheur and the faculty, and to waken every one. I ran across a passage which led to the vestibule of the courtyard. Two sentinels were standing at the door, one of the royal guard, the other of the national guard. I called them, and told them to follow me. They hesitated, pleading their orders. "Come," I said, "and save him who will one day be your King." Although they did not understand me, they were impressed by the name of the King; and after some encouragement from a sergeant, they consented to follow me. The sergeant also, whose name was Dauphinot, joined us. In order to make sure of them, I clutched their arms tightly.

At this moment the Duchesse de Reggio, who had been sent for, came down the stairs. She caught sight of me in my short petticoat and black stockings, with my dressing-gown flying out behind me, dragging

along these two men, who were in a state of meek amazement; and she burst into a laugh as she assured me it was a sight she should never forget as long as she lived. I took the men in through the little narrow corridor, where they had much ado to squeeze through. When we entered Madame's room they were the first witnesses. I placed them in a corner of the room, still keeping them in sight. One was called Lainé, and the other D'Hardevilliers.

The accoucheur, M. Déneux, had just arrived, still putting the finishing touches to his toilet; but glancing around, he said, "It is all right."

The child kept on crying. The Duc d'Albuféra arrived, and the room was soon filled. Madame Lemoine had covered Madame lightly, though without changing her position. The infant was not separated from its mother, and all the assembled witnesses could swear to the maternity of Madame. The accoucheur then did his duty; and after having cared for the child, Madame Lemoine put it into my hands.

Madame, who had preserved all her presence of mind at this important moment, now began to feel the reaction. We opened the windows to give her air, but she fainted. I carried the precious infant into the next room. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême and all the aides-de-camp of Monseigneur, who had arrived, followed me, Fernand and even Josephine among them.

The hôtel of the body-guards and the barracks of the royal guard were illuminated as if by magic. At the first news of Madame's confinement, the King ordered a salute of one hundred and one guns. All Paris, being aroused, flocked to the Tuileries as the day began to break.

When Madame had recovered from her swoon, she called for her son. I carried him to her, the witnesses still following. At length the King arrived. He took the child in his arms, and said, "This is mine;" and giving Madame a bouquet of diamonds, he added, "And this is yours." In accordance with the tradition at the birth of Henri IV., he moistened the infant's lips with Jurançon wine.

Beneath the windows of Madame's room, in the gardens of the Tuileries, loud acclamations were sounding. The people were clamouring to see the infant. The King had the windows opened, took the Duc de Bordeaux in his arms, and displayed him to the assembled crowds. It would be difficult to give you an idea of the enthusiasm at this moment, which did not subside throughout Paris during this memorable day.

Having been told that the marshals, generals, etc., were asking to be admitted to the presence of the Duc de Bordeaux, I carried him into the great *salon*, still followed by the witnesses, who surrounded him, as well as by the great dignitaries, who had already been admitted.

The Duc d'Orléans at length appeared, looked carefully at the Duc de Bordeaux, and then said to the Duc d'Albuféra, "Monsieur le Maréchal, I call upon you to declare what you have seen. Is this child really the son of the Duchesse de Berry?" I must confess that this did make me impatient. I exclaimed, "Tell him, Monsieur le Maréchal!—tell him what you saw." The Maréchal testified most energetically to the legitimacy of the child, and added, "I swear it on my honour! I am more certain that the Duc de Bordeaux here is the child of the Duchesse de Berry than I am that my son is the child of his mother." There was silence. After such irrefragable testimony, the Duc d'Orléans departed to offer his congratulations to the Duchesse de Berry.

The King having permitted the garrison of Paris to be admitted to see the Prince, the Duchesse d'Angoulême wished to be present at this reception. She had that eloquence which goes straight to the heart of a soldier—it is a gift of the Bourbons. This long reception being at length ended, I took the two royal children to the Duchesse de Berry, who had been impatiently waiting for them. I was just going to give some orders, when, happening to pass in front of a mirror, I saw myself in the costume which had so amused the Duchesse de Reggio. I was dismayed, and ran to my room to attire myself more suitably. But for this beneficent mirror, I should have been obliged to appear in this extraordinary costume a few

minutes later before the assembled authorities, even at the foot of the throne.

The King, accompanied by the royal family, attended a mass of thanksgiving in the chapel of the palace, followed by the *Te Deum*. Before returning to his apartments, he appeared on the balcony, where he was welcomed by loud acclamations. He made a sign that he wished to speak to the people. They understood him, and in a strong and firm voice he said, "My children, your joy increases mine an hundredfold. A child is born to us all. He will one day be your father; he will love you as I and all mine love you."

All Paris streamed towards the Tuileries. The cries of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive le Duc de Bordeaux!" "Vive la Duchesse de Berry!" resounded with sincere enthusiasm.

I had scarcely returned to Madame's room when the arrival of the ambassadors was announced. The Pope's nuncio, Monseigneur Macchi, spoke for them all. In a memorable speech, he gave the Prince the name of "*L'Enfant du Miracle*;" and one of the ambassadors called him the "Child of Europe."

After their departure, it was announced that twelve court-carriages had brought the mayors of the twelve *arrondissements* of Paris. It is my impression that M. de Chabrol, prefect of the Seine, opened the audience by a discourse which is said to have been remarkable; and then followed a long silence, for every one was expecting a reply from me. The Duc

de Lévis, growing impatient, said to me at length, "Speak, Madame ; it is the privilege of your office."

"Oh, I did not know it," I hastened to reply ; "and being so entirely occupied with Monseigneur, and rather upset by the fatigues of the night, I did not hear a single word of the speech." I confessed it so frankly and so gaily that they felt nothing but kindness for me ; and the poor Duc, who had expected to cover me with confusion, found the tables turned when I added, with a wave of my hand towards him, "Permit me, gentlemen, to relegate to my chancellor for to-day the honour of replying to you." He did it reasonably well, and flatterers told me that I had extricated myself from this difficulty with great credit to myself.

After this great reception, I returned to Madame, restoring to her the child, whom she had not yet seen half enough. I related the little episode of the speech, and we laughed over it, and passed some very happy moments together. How many things we had to talk about ! How much happiness to look forward to with this child beside her, — this son, so ardently desired ! There are some moments in life of whose sweetness we are permitted to drink deeply, since they are sent to us direct from Heaven.

I was still with Madame, when I received the King's orders to go to his apartments. Two guards and an officer were deputed to accompany me. I did not understand this, and I thought to myself, "If this is

an honour attached to my office, it will be very tiresome." When I reached the throne-room, I could not understand the imposing spectacle which presented itself to my eyes.

The King addressed me kindly: "Do not be disturbed, but give me an exact account of the *accouchement* of the Duchesse de Berry." I reflected for a moment, perceiving the gravity of the situation; and I was so fortunate as to be able to give my account simply, and without hesitation. The King said, "It is well; very well. Wait one moment, and they will write down your declaration, and you can sign it." And he added, with a smile, "Then I will set you at liberty."

While M. Cauchy—keeper of the archives—was writing, I had time to look about me and comprehend the nature of the assembly before which I had been summoned.

Below the dais of the throne stood the King's arm-chair, with a table in front of him on which the keeper of the archives was writing. On the right and left of this stood the witnesses to the birth, who had already made their depositions; then the marshals, the Ducs d'Albuféra and de Coigny,—the official witnesses. All the Princes and Princesses of the royal family were placed near the throne; the Princes of the blood, beginning with the Duc d'Orléans and ending with Mademoiselle d'Orléans, came next; and then the Duc de Richelieu, the President of the

Ministerial Council; the Comte de Pradel, Director of the King's Household; the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, Grand Master of Ceremonies of France; and lastly the peers of France.

When I had signed my declaration, the King permitted me to retire. The body-guards attended me. On my way back I met Madame Lemoine, who, attended in the same way, was trembling, and looking very much frightened. The officer of the guards informed me that he had orders not to let us speak to any one.

I rejoined Madame, and at last I was able to relate to her the various emotions which I had experienced.

The garrison of Paris having obtained permission to offer to Madame a bouquet, which she accepted with extreme graciousness, the troops assembled in the evening before her apartment. She had the windows opened, and her bed moved up to them, so that she could see and be seen. This bouquet was composed of fireworks in the form of stars, which exploded at the word of command. The noise was stunning, and the effect magnificent. Madame was delighted, and clapped her hands with the enthusiasm of a child. The soldiers, who could see her, admired her energy and courage, and said to themselves, "She is worthy to be the mother of a king."

Paris was illuminated; there were dances all over the city, and rejoicings everywhere.

Madame was greatly touched by these evidences of the attachment of the army and the people; but after

that evening she was exhausted, and the physicians interposed, ordering perfect quiet. She yielded, but only on condition of having her children with her. I had my bed and the two cradles moved into the gallery, and Madame Lemoine, while taking care of Monsieur, acted as nurse to Madame. This *bourgeoise* simplicity pleased her greatly.

That first night Madame was very restless, and often called for the nurse; so that I was left alone with my precious charge in the dimly-lighted gallery, which was still hung with black, and was dismal as a tomb. "Poor child!" I said to myself, "without a father, and the object, even before his birth, of the most frightful attempts!" — that of Gravier was still fresh in my memory. Oh, what fervent prayers I offered up to Heaven on his behalf! I shall never forget that first night. But when the day began to break, I seemed to feel more confidence. I recalled the name the Nuncio had given to the Prince, and I said to myself, "No, God does not work miracles without an object."

Madame did not seem to find the solitude to which she was condemned at all irksome. I can recall at this moment nothing but proofs of tender devotion on the part of each person attached to her service. Our days passed quietly and pleasantly until the period of her mourning was completed; and the christening of the Duc de Bordeaux was fixed for the 1st of May. This period awakened ambition in every breast. The

rumour spread that the household of the royal children was to be formed, and many applications for appointments were made. I did not find it necessary to do more than appoint an assistant governess, as Mademoiselle had to be carried sometimes, and needed constant watching. The choice was made in high quarters. Monsieur informed me that he had just appointed the Marquise de Foresta, an interesting young woman. I soon perceived in her a depth of sadness, the cause of which I thought I could divine. She had three children, — two boys and a girl, — whom she was in despair at leaving. I obtained from Madame permission for her to have them near her, and I hoped she would be happy; but seeing her still timid and dejected, I discovered that there was another difficulty, which, alas! admitted of no remedy. Madame de Foresta's sight was so bad that neither eye-glass nor spectacles were of any assistance. Her position in Mademoiselle's service was one which required constant surveillance, and in which good sight was requisite. What was to be done, then? Nothing but to help her as much as possible, and submit.

The 1st of May came at last. The ceremonies of this great day began thus: The household of the Duc de Berry, already called the household of the Duc de Bordeaux, accompanied him to the King's apartments, where all the Princes were assembled. The Grand Master of Ceremonies then came to take his Majesty's

orders for the moment of departure. The aides-de-camp of the Duc de Bordeaux escorted him to his carriage. I sat on the right, and Madame de Foresta, carrying Mademoiselle, on the left; the nurse opposite her, and Madame Lemoine opposite Monseigneur. The carriage was surrounded by body-guards, with an officer at each door.

At this moment a man brought a letter addressed to me, and then disappeared. They gave it to me. I can recall each word of the note, which began thus :

“ In haste and important : *Be on your guard at the Pont Neuf, where the carriage will stop, and then take care of the Prince.*”

As I came to these words, “ Take care of the Prince,” I gave the note to the officer of the guards, saying, “ This is your affair.” He read it, and putting his hand on his sword, said, “ You need have no fear.”

For several months the King, who was suffering from the gout, had not been able to walk ; but, still active, he went out every day in a wheeled armchair fastened on a spring-board adapted to the height of the carriage ; and it was thus that his Majesty left the Tuileries for Notre Dame.

The procession was composed of troops of different corps. Then came the carriage of the Duc de Bourbon ; that of the Duc, the Duchesse, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans ; then the heralds-at-arms. Twelve carriages, with eight horses, conveyed the household of

the King and those of the Princes and Princesses, among whom were the aides-de-camp of the Duc de Bordeaux. After these came the carriage of the royal children, Monseigneur and Mademoiselle; and, finally, that of the King, containing, besides his Majesty, Monsieur, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duchesse de Berry.

The quays and squares were crowded with spectators; every window decorated with white flags and flowers; everywhere the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

We stopped at the Pont Neuf. The *dames de la Halle* had received permission to present a bouquet to Monseigneur, and to make an address to the King, during which I must confess I pressed Monseigneur to my heart, which was beating violently, and presented my broad shoulders to these ladies. But the critical moment passed without any occasion for alarm.

Gentle Madame de Foresta, in an agony of shyness, implored me not to desert her during the imposing ceremony which was before us. I explained to her that she would have nothing to do but to keep near the Duchesse de Berry. I told the nurse to help her out of the carriage, and to lead her into the cathedral, which she did. Then I instructed Madame Lemoine to roll up my train, which was seven ells long, and heavy with silver embroidery, and to be careful to throw it down behind me the moment I got out of the carriage, which she accomplished successfully.

When we reached the Parvis de Notre Dame, a footman opened the carriage-door. Madame de Foresta and the nurse got out. I was on the step, with the Duc de Bordeaux in my arms, when I heard and saw the two front horses of the King's carriage close upon me. It was too late to draw back, and I sprang out with the strength and agility imparted by imminent danger. I caught sight of the Duc d'Orléans, who was waiting to receive the King, and called out to him in terror. A footman, with great presence of mind, had caught up my train. The Duc d'Orléans, prompt and energetic, caught me, and said, "The Duc de Bordeaux is safe. Calm yourself, and go into the cathedral, where they are waiting for you."

At this moment M. de Brézé came to meet me. The church was dazzling, each pillar being draped with gold and silver gauze, and the raised seats filled with elegant women. Nothing could be more beautiful. I walked alone, holding Monseigneur in my arms so that every one could see him. At the moment of his entrance the organ struck up. Monseigneur was not afraid, but moved his head, as if to find out whence came these beautiful sounds. He was charming then. The cries of "Vive le Duc de Bordeaux!" were unanimous.

The Princes and Princesses of the blood surrounded the King, who advanced slowly in his wheeled chair. On his right were placed Monsieur, the Duc d'Angoulême, then the Duc d'Orléans, and the Duc de

Bourbon; on the left of the King the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, Mademoiselle in the arms of the under-governess, the Duchesse and Mademoiselle d'Orléans. The Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de Périgord, and the clergy in the choir were awaiting the Princes. The Nuncio and the ambassadors, the peers of France, the President of the Ministerial Council, the marshals and general officers were in the raised seats on the right and left. Paris, the city, and the provinces filled Notre Dame.

The christening was preceded by the *Veni Creator*. Then the Princes and Princesses of the royal family advanced to the steps of the sanctuary. Monsieur held Monseigneur at the font, as proxy for the King of Naples. The Duchesse d'Angoulême represented the hereditary Princess of the Two Sicilies as god-mother. After the baptism I ascended the steps of the altar, and for an instant laid Monseigneur down upon it, offering him to God; and then I descended again. Lifting him up in my arms, I then presented him to France. The acclamations were spontaneous and general.

Then Monseigneur was carried back to the Tuileries, escorted as before. During this transit he slept on my knees. As we entered the courtyard of the Tuileries, the officer of the guards could not pass through the gateway at the same time with the carriage without running the risk of being crushed; and I had

therefore placed my back across the door of the carriage, according to my usual habit, in order to protect Monseigneur, when I received a blow on the shoulder which made me jump. I put up my hand, and when I withdrew it there was a blood-stain on my glove. I was delighted at having taken this precaution, and I said grandly, "I am wounded, but he is safe!" And I added, with a laugh; "I shall have the cross of St. Louis now, which has always been the object of my ambition."

When we descended at the Pavilion Marsan, I made them look for the object that had struck me. They found an unsigned petition, rolled up in the form of a cornet, at the end of which was a small, sharp-pointed iron. The woman who had thrown it had been seen; but as this manner of throwing petitions was customary, it had attracted no attention.

That day a splendid banquet was given by the city of Paris, chiefly in honour of the royal family, then of the households of the Princes, the corps diplomatique, the principal dignitaries of the army, and officials of the court, etc. In the evening all Paris was illuminated; there were fireworks and a *fête* at the Champs Élysées. More than ten thousand packages of bonbons were distributed, and an immense quantity thrown to the people, who were delighted with this part of the entertainment. On the occasion of the christening there had been a bestowal of peerages, and the King said to me, "Your nephew has been made a peer. It

is arranged, and it will soon be announced; I never forget a promise."¹

The time had now come for Madame to resume the habits of the early days of her married life, — the family dinners, *soirées* at the Duchesse d'Angoulême's, receptions, and all her court duties. The life of the Princess was not at all to her taste, but she resigned herself to the necessity of resuming her general reception days.

About this time the Minister of the Civil List was transferred to a large hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Then the royal children were established on the first floor in the apartments he had occupied, which communicated with those of Madame by a little staircase. To make their apartment more spacious, Monsieur gave up to them a gallery belonging to himself, thus giving evidence of the really paternal affection which he felt for his grandchildren. Mademoiselle had learned to talk then, and she was delightful. Monsieur took great pleasure in her remarks, which were witty even then. After awhile he put a stop to their visits to him; but instead he came to see them very often in the course of the day, to forget in their society the restraints of his high position.

Madame, who had not forgotten the desire often expressed by the Duc de Berry, — that she should

¹ I was surprised then that the King should have selected my nephew instead of my brother-in-law; but he replied, "It is apparently a family arrangement." -

cultivate a taste for mental occupation, — re-engaged the masters and professors whom he had recommended to her. A portion of her morning was spent in the grand gallery belonging to her apartment. Her performances on the piano and harp, which succeeded, did no discredit to her teachers. Madame had a remarkable talent for music. She could sing an opera which she had heard only once. The lessons of Paër were given in a peculiar manner. At first she made him sing to her the song which she wished to learn; and she caught the air so quickly that neither Paër nor the Duc de Berry ever discovered that she did not know a note of music.

For some time past I had thought Madame de Foresta greatly changed and ill, and I felt very anxious about her. She would never admit that she suffered; but as her condition was evidently becoming serious, she began to realise it, and asked that she might be taken to her husband and her two sons, who lived in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries. There, as it was so near, I could still watch over her; but, alas! her malady became contagious, and I could not go to her. In a few days she was carried off from her husband, her children, and the friends who knew how to appreciate her. I mourned for my good and gentle Madame de Foresta as she deserved to be mourned. She recommended her daughter to my care; and in spite of revolutions and the changes in our position, I did not lose sight of her. The royal children, who

were much attached to her, did not neglect her, and never forgot her.

Monsieur joined his regrets to mine. "She passed her life," he said, "quietly and unknown; her death alone has attracted attention. I have been besieged with applications for her place."

"What! already?" I said.

"Already is too late in the country we live in," replied Monsieur. "For three days I would not hear a word, and I said so; but at last I was obliged to yield to the very strong recommendation of the Duc de Fitz-James, and appoint Madame de Gain-Montagnac, the widow of a man who was in my service. I do not know her."

I replied, and, I must confess it, with some little impatience, "If it is the aides-de-camp of Monsieur who undertake the duty of selecting the assistant-governesses, Mademoiselle will have a very military education."

The Chevalier de Puységur, who was present, said, "I am acquainted with Madame de Gain, who is a very worthy woman. She is six feet high, and has two ungovernable sons. Her family call her a child of Nature, and as such she has never worn corsets."

Monsieur could not help smiling at these particulars, and feeling in the depths of his soul a little ashamed of this appointment, he said, "Console yourself; the children are growing up, and you shall choose a second assistant-governess yourself when you think

it necessary. I will bind myself now by this promise to you. Madame de Gain has asked for six months in summer to cultivate what she calls her little *faire valoir*, and at the same time to begin the education of her two sons. I cannot draw back now, for I have written at the foot of her petition, 'Granted.' "

Madame de Gain seemed to be a very respectable person. I obtained permission for her to have her children with her in the palace, and to have a table of six covers, so that she might receive her friends. In short, I tried to make her life as comfortable as possible.

Memories and regrets still lived in the hearts of those persons who had been in the service of the Duc de Berry. As consolation, they begged that they might be permitted to perform a daily service for the Duc de Bordeaux. The King assigned to them the duty of accompanying him in his promenades. In order to make these occasions more agreeable, I often invited these persons, and especially the children of their families, to come to Bagatelle with Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, whom I was already trying to teach the art of pleasing and of making themselves agreeable.

I have now reached a painful period in my life, which is personal to myself, and which removed me for a time from the royal children.

You no doubt remember, my children, Sarah, that Englishwoman of whom I have often spoken to you, who so tenderly cared for your mother and her sister

in their infancy, and who never left me. I had just sent for her old father to come and be near her. Converted to the Catholic faith, married to a worthy man, — my *valet de chambre*, — and already a mother, nothing seemed wanting to her happiness, when she was attacked by a malady which carried her to the tomb in a few days. I was with her when she died. Wishing to thank me and bless me, she held out her arms, and her head fell against my face, which was covered with a cold sweat. It was her last sigh. I soon found that she had communicated her disease to me, as the physicians had warned me would be the case. I informed Monsieur of this, and begged him to let me go away from the royal children. I wanted to run away. I even insisted upon being shut up in a sedan-chair and carried into the courtyard, — anything, in fact, rather than expose them to my cruel malady.

Monsieur, who was kindness itself, came to soothe my anguish, telling me that he had arranged everything, and assuring me that I need have neither scruples nor fears. The Duchesse de Berry's apartment being too small, the Duchesse d'Angoulême took the royal children to hers. Monsieur did not leave me until he had charged my attendants to give me the most tender care. Deeply grateful for his kindness, and cheered by his thoughtful care, I consented, in accordance with the orders I had received from him, to remain in the room I had been occupying.

That same evening the disease had made such pro-

gress as to occasion anxiety. It was scarlet fever, with other complications. When I regained my consciousness, I found my son-in-law, the Prince de Léon, established at my bedside. He watched over me with a care and devotion all the more touching as he had not had this disease himself.

They often brought me news of the royal children. Already these young hearts were alive to the claims of friendship, and the messages they sent to me touched and delighted me. As soon as I could leave my bed, I used to go to the window to see them pass. Mademoiselle knew this, and asked for permission to stop the carriage on the Rue de Rivoli, on their way to Bagatelle, so that they might see me. But as they were surrounded by guards, this stopping collected a crowd and made a sensation. I had the courage to forbid it, and to wait patiently to the end of my exile.

A change of air having been prescribed for me, I was permitted to go to St. Cloud; and there I stayed till the time came round for the annual removal of the court thither. I then resumed the charge of the royal children, and the habits of life which had grown so dear to me.

The contagion of revolutions, so far from being extinguished, had been propagated in Spain to the point of obliging the King, who, with his family, was almost a prisoner at Cadiz, to implore the aid of France, which was granted. The Duc d'Angoulême was appointed generalissimo of an army of one hundred thousand men.

During my illness, fearing to agitate me, they had concealed from me his departure from France, and more especially that of my son-in-law, De Bourbon-Busset, appointed chief-of-staff to General Bordesoulle, whom he had joined after having accompanied Charlotte to Toulouse, where he left her and their children with his father and our family, — this quite satisfying my maternal anxiety.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, knowing how deeply I was interested, had the kindness to promise to inform me of all the news she heard. Every day, at five o'clock, I took the Prince and Princess to the apartment of her Royal Highness. Monsieur was there then, and it was at this hour that the despatches arrived. I recollect especially the one which announced that upon his arrival in Spain the Prince had found no preparations whatever for receiving and feeding an army of one hundred thousand men, consisting of cavalry and infantry. He painted very forcibly the embarrassment of such a position. After these moments of anxiety, interesting news followed. Among other things, one despatch has remained in my memory with all its particulars. Monseigneur related to Madame that at a time when the embarrassment was extreme, a man came and demanded an audience, in haste. He was called Ouvrard, and seemed to unite great audacity with powerful genius and an immense fortune. Understanding better than any one the resources of Spain, he engaged to furnish

food, conveyances, provisions of all kinds, and upon conditions which did not seem exorbitant. And Monseigneur added that he felt that it was impossible to hesitate to employ this man; for it was necessary, above all things, to feed the army and press forward.

The appointment of M. Ouvrard as purveyor of the army caused great opposition. I shall not describe the particulars of his methods nor those of his administration; I shall not speak of his merits, nor point out his enemies, but shall only repeat what I have so often said,—that I write only of what I have seen and known to be true beyond a doubt.

It would be impossible for me to remember the particulars of the march and the incidents of this campaign, of which the Duchesse d'Angoulême, with her unvarying kindness, deigned to inform me, even from Paris, after her return thither from St. Cloud. It was she who announced to me the glorious taking of the Trocadéro, and related an incident which she foresaw would cause me much anxiety. I will write it down here, just as she read it to me in a passage of one of Monseigneur's letters:—

“It was a grand moment when the whole army entered the fort of the Trocadéro; but I cannot forget that one when, seeing Bourbon-Busset, I called him by name, feeling surprised that I had not seen him before the attack; he divined my thought, and said, pointing to General Bordesoulle, ‘I owe it to him that I was not the first one here.’ In fact, it was he who was to have brought the order to attack; but Bordesoulle wished

to order everything himself. He seemed perfectly furious with rage, and spurred his horse up places where horse had never set foot before. Tell his mother-in-law that I will look after him."

After the taking of the Trocadéro, M. de Bourbon-Busset did not wish to serve longer under Bordesoulle. When King Ferdinand was set at liberty, Monseigneur d'Angoulême confided to my son-in-law the mission of conducting the King and the royal family back to his palace, in Madrid.

Louis XVIII., always full of courage, but suffering more and more from the malady from which, alas! he never recovered, thought of returning to Paris, whither the royal family wished to accompany him. Finding that the country air was considered necessary for the royal children, he sent for me to talk with me about various arrangements which were to be made, and with regard to which I wished myself to hear his instructions. I had already consulted the Duc de Castries concerning the necessity for a change of apartment for the young Princes, that which they occupied being rather damp. The Duc de Castries warned me of the opposition I should meet with to my plan, as the very smallest events make a sensation at court. He took my view of the situation, perceiving the necessity for this measure, and spoke to the architect, who drew up a plan, very simple in fact, but gigantic in appearance. It was at this stage that I mentioned it to the King, who sent for the Governor at once to

consult with him. When he entered the room, the King said, "It is only a question of bringing a park up to a level with the second story of the palace, to make an apartment where the young Princes are to be lodged. Madame de Gontaut thinks nothing could be more simple." This was a subject of pleasant *badinage* with the King. He expressed gaily what others ill-naturedly thought of the creative genius of Madame la Gouvernante.

The Duc de Castries induced the King to examine the plan, which was to connect the Park of Montretout with the palace by a small, narrow, but long iron bridge. The King frankly agreed that this would be a great improvement, and added, "To improve is the business of a governess; to carry into execution that of a governor;" and taking up his pen, he wrote the magic word, "Approved," with the proviso that Montretout should henceforth be called Trocadéro, in honour of the Duc d'Angoulême, and the victory gained by him.

The park, when finished, was a great acquisition to the royal family, who walked there constantly, and was absolutely indispensable for the royal children, who spent a great portion of the day there. Montretout had been the flower-garden of Marie Antoinette. The dairy which she had built there is still in existence.

Before his departure, the King had the kindness to write out for me the ancient custom which constitutes

one of the privileges of the *gouvernante*,— that of giving the countersign every evening, in the name of the young Prince, to the Maréchal of France who happens to be on duty, to the Colonel of the Royal Guards, to the Governor, and to the superior officers. The King also informed me that they had the right to dine at the table of the Prince, but only at my invitation. He granted me the privilege of inviting such persons as I liked who belonged to Monsieur's household, to make little visits at St. Cloud, and to receive my family there; but as I did not wish to abuse this privilege, as soon as I could do so, I hired a pretty little house in the avenue of St. Cloud, near the palace. I furnished it, and engaged a staff of servants; and then I was able, without any scruples and quite independently of the court, to receive my children, my grandchildren, and their nurses even, and thus enjoy the happiness of being surrounded by them.

Afterwards, when Monsieur had become King, he heard of this, and greatly approved of my discretion and my independence.

On the day when the King left St. Cloud,— alas! never to return, — I informed Maréchal Macdonald that the countersign had not been changed, and that it would be given by me in the name of Monseigneur. He was absolutely petrified, and asked to see the order in the King's handwriting. I wrote at once to his Majesty to tell him of the Maréchal's chagrin and amazement, and in reply the King sent me the order

which he had given me in the morning, with his signature. I presented it to the Maréchal, who made no further resistance. He came, in uniform, at the hour appointed, followed by the Colonel of the Royal Guards, by the Governor, etc. I then came forward; and, in the name of the Duc de Bordeaux, I mentioned to each one, in a very low voice, the name of a saint and the name of a town. This was the countersign for the day.

After that first day I did everything in my power to soothe the officers' ruffled feelings; and at last I succeeded, by my care and my attentions, in receiving from them all unequivocal proofs of attachment, of esteem, and even of sincere friendship.

I have read, in a history of the Restoration, that the return of the Duc d'Angoulême was one prolonged triumph from Cadiz to the Tuileries; but I confess that at this moment I have no recollection of it. I can only remember taking the royal children to the Duchesse de Berry on the day when Monseigneur was expected in Paris. Her Royal Highness took her children to the King, and I went with them. When the Duc d'Angoulême arrived, the King embraced him with emotion, praised "his conduct, his wise modesty in his success," — I remember these words. Then he led him to the balcony of the great guard-room looking on the garden. As soon as the royal family appeared, there was a great outburst of enthusiasm. The King spoke, and was greatly applauded. All Paris

was *en fête*. The royal children returned to St. Cloud, where we could see the light of the fireworks and the illuminations of Paris. The army was attached to Monseigneur, and gave proofs of it.

I have been too often and too familiarly admitted to the intimate conversations of the royal family, both during the emigration and during the Restoration, to think for a moment, even after the death of all of them, of divulging any of the conversations of which I may still preserve the recollection. Much has been written about them, and rarely has it been the exact truth; but I shall never undertake to make corrections or to pass judgment.

I have now reached the period when the malady of the King was growing every day more severe, and we could see that he was silently suffering martyrdom. I never heard him complain, but it was only too easy to see the progress made by his cruel malady. I do not think he took leave of any one; at least, I never knew that he did. The more he suffered, the more sweet and good and gentle he became. At length the end of his sufferings approached. He used sometimes to send for the royal children, and on such occasions we were alone. He never spoke to me of the torture he endured so patiently, but it was impossible not to perceive it.

The works at the Park of Montretout were begun. He still bantered me on the subject; he even told me that an ill-natured person in speaking to him had

said, "The Romans built huge bridges. Madame la Gouvernante did not wish to be behind the Romans." This joke amused him greatly. He had a long-standing affection for me, which I owed to his childish attachment to my father.

Monsieur used to come to St. Cloud nearly every morning to see his grandchildren. He came alone, in a little carriage drawn by four English horses, ridden by two little postilions. The children would catch sight of him a long way off, and would shout with delight, and run to meet him eagerly. The Duchesse de Berry often spent the morning at St. Cloud. She found there ladies and aides-de-camp still greatly attached to the memory of the Duc de Berry, my daughters, and my sons-in-law, and she enjoyed this society.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, also, often took her drives in the direction of St. Cloud, to her little farm of Villeneuve-l'Étang, which she had just bought, and which she was thinking of managing. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans very often brought their children (who were still young then) to play with our Princes. This time was passed in great harmony, in the exchange of graceful marks of affection. The King's death, which was fast approaching, was about to cut short this happy period.

The royal children were sent for again to come and see him. We were in a frightful state of perplexity, fearing to conceal too much, and yet not daring to

enlighten them. I received the order to bring the children to the King on the 12th of September. He seemed to me excessively feeble. He was in his cabinet, where everything about him seemed unchanged. He was soon weary; and, dismissing them, he wished to embrace them. I lifted up the Duc de Bordeaux, and I heard him say, very low, "Poor child! May you be more fortunate than we have been!" Meanwhile, Mademoiselle took his hand, and kissed it. I trembled lest she should touch his feet, which were in a frightful state. I pitied him deeply. I felt so sad that I could scarcely keep back the tears. When I reached the door I looked back once more, and felt that it was for the last time. On our way back to St. Cloud the children were very sad.

The next day Monsieur sent me word that the King had received the Sacrament from the Grand Almoner, with full consciousness, surrounded by his family and the chiefs of his household.

On the day after this he was a little better, and the Duchesse de Berry spent several hours at St. Cloud.

On the 15th they sent the bulletin of the King's health, which gave no hope. We spent that day in painful anxiety. When night came, I spent it waiting on the balcony, listening for and dreading the news. At last, just as day was breaking, I heard in the distance the galloping of a horse, which came nearer, passed the bridge, came up the avenue of the palace, stopped, and in reply to the "*Qui vive?*" of

the guard, I heard the words, "Urgent despatch for Madame la Gouvernante."

It was a letter from Monsieur; I trembled as I opened it. It informed me in mournful words that the King was no more, and ordered me to have everything in readiness for the arrival of the royal family. "Give me any apartment that you and the Governor think suitable." "*Suitable*," he said, underlining the word. Then he added, "We shall probably spend three or four days at St. Cloud. Communicate my letter to the Maréchal; I have not strength enough to write another word."

CHAPTER II.

Arrival of Charles X. at St. Cloud. — His Entry into Paris. — Education of the Princes. — Madame de Rivera. — The Duchesse de Berry in Béarn. — Portraits of the Duc and Duchesse de Montmorency. — Death of M. de Gontaut. — Duc Matthieu de Montmorency.

THE day was just dawning as I went to Monseigneur's bed, and awakened him. He was not surprised, and said nothing, but submitted to be dressed. It was not so with Mademoiselle. I told her gently of the misfortune which had happened to the family. I was agitated, and she began to ask questions. She asked me where *Bon-papa* was. I told her that he was still in Paris, but that he was coming to St. Cloud; and then I added, "Your *Bon-papa* is King now, Mademoiselle, since the King is no more." She thought for a moment, and then she said, "King! oh, that is the worst thing about it!"

I was greatly astonished; but when I tried to get at her idea of it, she simply repeated her words, without any other explanation. Then I reflected that probably her idea of a king was that he must always be wheeled about in a chair.

The orders which I had received were carried out. The large apartments resumed their original destina-

tion, and the royal children returned to theirs. The signal for the arrival of the Court was given. It was no longer the light carriage which used to bring Monsieur almost every day to see his grandchildren, to their great joy, but the royal carriage, the eight horses, the livery, the escort, the guards, — all quite different. The position, the sensations, were no longer the same.

I was on the steps when this *cortège* appeared, holding the Prince and Princess by the hand, as I had been used to do; for it had been necessary then to restrain their eagerness. But now, when they saw the carriage, they did not stir, and seemed quite overwhelmed. Monsieur was pale, and did not speak. As he entered the vestibule he stopped. "What room have you got ready for me?" he said sadly, looking at the door of his own. "The apartment of Monsieur is ready, and also that of the King." He stopped, clasped his hands in silence, and then turning to the Governor, he said, "It must be so; let us go upstairs." We followed him. He traversed the apartments, and stopped at the door of the King's chamber. I came forward with Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, and he embraced them. They, poor children, were quite upset by all this sadness. He said to them, "As soon as I can I will come to see you;" and then, turning round, he said to the persons who were following him, "I wish to be alone." They all silently withdrew. We accompanied the Duchesse de Berry to her apartment; Madame la Dauphine. (for

that was her title now) wept; the Dauphin had disappeared. It was all very dismal; nobody said a word. Thus passed the first day of the reign of Charles X.

On the morning of the 17th, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, the Duchesse de Berry, the Duc de Bordeaux, and Mademoiselle went to the apartment of Charles X. The Dauphin went forward and made a deep reverence to pay his homage; the King raised him up and embraced him. Then the Dauphiness came forward and made her reverence likewise, and the little Princes did the same. He held out his hand to me, which I kissed. All this scene passed in silence. They then went to the chapel to hear mass, and prayed most fervently for the King who was no more.

After mass, the King received the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, and the Duc de Bourbon in his private cabinet. He afterwards gave audience to the ministers, then to the Bishop of Hermopolis, to his clergy, and to the Prince de Talleyrand, who renewed the customary oath of fidelity; then to the Pope's Nuncio, who pronounced a discourse in the name of the ambassadors and envoys of foreign powers.

Since the departure of the royal family, our life at St. Cloud had been very quiet, even monotonous, enlivened, however, by the little Princes, by the society of my grandchildren the De Bourbon-Bussets, Josselin de Chabot, Charles de Meffrays, etc. Monseigneur's favourite amusement was to visit the Royal Guards who were on duty; he knew all the officers by name.

But the death of the King had changed all this. A crowd from Paris took possession of the palace. Everything novel amuses children; even the fishwomen, whom Monseigneur had never seen, several corporations of marketmen, coal-dealers, etc., made the windows of their little apartment very attractive. But nothing could make them forget the promise of *Bon-papa*, for they had not yet given him the title, which they seemed afraid to pronounce.

After the receptions, which lasted several hours, the carriages at length rolled away. The dull calm of the previous day seemed about to settle down again, when an usher, already in mourning, who was a stranger to us, announced in a loud and curt tone, "The King!"

It gave us a painful sensation, and the two children held each other's hands shyly, without saying a word. I could not prompt them, for I felt the impulse should come from their own hearts. The King took it upon himself; he opened his arms, and the children rushed into them. He seated himself in his customary arm-chair, holding them for a moment pressed to his heart. I was greatly touched by this mute and tender scene, which displayed such sadness and consolation. The Duc de Bordeaux covered the face and hands of his grandfather with kisses, and Mademoiselle looked fixedly at his sad and altered countenance, and his dress, which was new to her. At court the attendants see that everything is provided for; this violet coat, the mourning of kings, had been presented to him by

his valet-de-chambre, and he had to submit. Mademoiselle asked him why he wore it; the King only sighed, but made no reply. At length he observed that I was standing behind him, and he made me sit down as usual.

In my intimacy with the royal family, I never for a moment forgot the distance which separates princes from their attendants; was this pride, or was it natural tact? Hence they have always encouraged me to come forward, never repulsed me; and I think I was right.

The King then questioned me with regard to the impressions experienced by the royal children when they learned the death of their uncle. Recalling what Mademoiselle had said, I hesitated for a moment; but she, still clinging to her idea, repeated the unlucky phrase, which she had not forgotten, — "the worst thing of all."

I must confess there was a moment's silence; but the King, giving an amiable interpretation to it, assured Mademoiselle that he should see her as much as ever, and that nothing could take him away from her. She overwhelmed him with caresses; and recovering her accustomed gaiety, both children ran back to the window to watch the fishwomen who had so greatly amused them.

The King mournfully related to me his brother's last moments, and above all that one when, on leaving the death-chamber and looking for a private passage, he opened a door and was recognised; the crowd surrounded him instantly; the sad sentence which he then

heard for the first time, "The King is dead! Long live the King!" made him shudder. He had already observed those courtiers who had been most devoted to his brother seeking to be first with him. "Oh, I shall never forget them!" he said. "One alone gave me comfort; he was an old friend of my brother's. He was standing apart weeping, and when he saw me he did not come forward. I held out my hand to him, which he bathed with his tears. I made a vow to myself then, and I shall keep it, that he should end his days with me."

On the 19th the royal family returned to the Tuileries. The late King was laid on a state bed placed in the throne-room. As soon as Charles X. appeared, the clergy who surrounded him intoned the *Miserere*, after which the King and the royal family, accompanied by the diplomatic corps, sprinkled holy water, and then returned to St. Cloud; and soon after an immense throng was admitted to pay the last honours and to pray for the King.

On the following day the King granted the title of Royal Highness to the Duc d'Orléans and his descendants; he added to this favour by restoring to him the domains which had belonged to him and which had been confiscated in the Revolution of '93, and promised that later this gift should be irrevocably legalised by the Chambers.

The Duc de Bourbon received at the same time the title of Royal Highness.

I read in the "Moniteur" that on the 18th the regiment of hussars of the Royal Guards assembled on the Place d'Armes. All the officers had already put on mourning; the banners and the trumpets were tied with crape. The Colonel, the Prince de Léon, placing himself at the head of the regiment, announced in a loud and resounding tone the death of our King, Louis le Désiré, and the accession of Charles X. to the throne of his ancestors. At this moment cries of "Long live King Charles X.!" were heard throughout the ranks, and were repeated three times in accents of the deepest enthusiasm.

The removal of the late King to St. Denis took place on the 23d, with great solemnity. The Dauphin, their Royal Highnesses the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Bourbon, preceded the funeral car. The coffin of the King was placed in a *chapelle ardente*, where it remained for thirty days, surrounded by a part of his household.

The entry of the King into Paris was fixed for the 27th; Monseigneur and Mademoiselle obtained his Majesty's consent to witness the procession, anticipating with great delight seeing him on horseback with his brilliant *entourage*. He allowed them to go to the Élysée; a window looking on the street was prepared for them. His Majesty mounted his horse at the Mailot Gate, where he awaited the Minister of War, the Marshals of France, etc. The *cortège* was composed of his staff, the Guards of Paris, the Royal Guards, the

Duc de Bourbon and his aides-de-camp, the Duc d'Orléans and his household, Monseigneur the Dauphin and his staff, the Body Guards, aides-de-camp of his Majesty, his pages, and then, finally, the King and his civil household, then the carriage of the Dauphiness, who had with her the Duchesse de Berry, the Duchesse d'Orléans, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans. Their carriages, containing the ladies of their suites, followed them.

At the Barrière de l'Étoile one hundred and one guns announced the arrival of the King in Paris. The Prefect of the Seine, after an address, presented him with the keys of the city. He rode down the Champs Élysées and the Avenue de Marigny, to reach the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. There he heard a loud clear voice calling out, "*Bon-papa !*" At the window of a little *entresol* he perceived Monseigneur and Mademoiselle. He could not resist the temptation, but rode up to them, to the despair of the Grand Master of Ceremonies, who called to him in vain.

The King was in uniform, mounted on an Arabian horse, looking as graceful as in the days of his youth. A *sergent-de-ville*, not recognising him, seized his bridle violently, which made the horse plunge and rear; and I, seeing the danger, was horribly frightened, and uttered a little shriek. The King scolded me for it afterwards, and I confessed my weakness: "But if he had fallen at the first step he took in Paris, it would have been a bad omen." The King conquered his fiery

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

horse, spoke a few affectionate words to his ~~grand~~^{grand} children, and gracefully lifted his hat to the ladies who surrounded us. The populace, who had recognised him by this time, were delighted with this little incident, and thousands of voices shouted, "Long live the King!" The Grand Master smoothed his ruffled plumage, the horse calmed down, and the King resumed his place in the procession. As the carriages of the Princesses passed just then, the children saw them too, which gave them another sensation of delight.

"From St. Cloud to Notre Dame, from Notre Dame to the Tuileries, the King was escorted with acclamations, with marks of approval and of affection." The Duchesse de Berry was so kind as to write me these words on her return.

The royal family being established at the Tuileries, the Duchesse de Berry desired that her children should return to her. The first Sunday after the return of the little Prince and Princess to Paris, I was admitted to take the oath of fealty as *gouvernante* to the Children of France. The oath was read, and I was told that as such it was for my whole life, and that I was liable in case of felony to be judged by my peers. I then swore fealty to the King and to the laws of the realm, and bound myself to inform his Majesty of any plot against his person, that of the Prince my pupil, and the interest of the realm. The King took both my hands in his own, and I said, "I swear it!"

The education of the royal children had been begun

the year before, and I must tell you a little about it, my children. I had already selected an instructress highly recommended by the Comtesse de Chastellux, Mademoiselle Vachon, who, having taught a long time in her own family, was very well known to her. She had travelled a great deal in Italy, lived for a while in Germany, and spoke both Italian and German. In recommending her to me, Madame de Chastellux said, "She is a perfect mine of knowledge." This expression was such a passport that, added to the Countess' assurances of her irreproachable conduct, it decided me to engage Mademoiselle Vachon for one of the instructresses of the royal children.

But Italian and German were not enough; English must be added. I was so fortunate as to find a very well-bred person, whose mother, being English, and not understanding French, had taught her this language. She was called Mademoiselle della Torre. Her mother married, in Italy, Count della Torre, and then emigrated, and was obliged, like so many others, to turn her talents to account to help her in supporting her children. It was she who instructed her daughter in the first rudiments of music, which she cultivated until she became a highly accomplished musician. Her religious principles, which were vouched for by Madame de Virieu, who first spoke to me of her and particularly recommended her, were a great satisfaction to me.

I was fortunate enough to find easily what was still more important than an instructor in foreign languages,

—a good teacher of French. During my stay in England I had heard M. Collard spoken of as one of the best masters in the Institute of the Abbé Gaultier. As I was then occupied with the education of my daughters, I was in a position to appreciate the prompt and successful method of M. Gaultier, and I had no hesitation in appointing M. Collard, instructor to the Princes, and never had occasion to regret it.

Quite easy in my mind with regard to the method of instruction which I had adopted for the early education of the royal children, I had only praise to bestow for the industry of both of them, and a feeling of satisfaction for the really remarkable progress which they made.

I could never leave them for a moment; I devoted myself to them heart and soul; but I must say that the generous leave of absence granted to Madame de Gain rendered my task a difficult one at St. Cloud. Mademoiselle studied more than Monseigneur could at his age; and Monseigneur needed more freedom, exercise, and gymnastics than Mademoiselle ought even to undertake. The King and the Duchesse de Berry perceived this in the last visit they made at St. Cloud, and advised me to engage an assistant-governess.

Fearing that I should be overwhelmed with applications, I confided to no one my plans and the inquiries I was intending to make. I could not find any satisfactory person until chance came to my aid.

Madame de Cossé, who had just returned from the

baths of Mont Dore, had there made the acquaintance of a young Spanish girl who had been brought there by the Comtesse Desmontiers. Just as she was telling me how much interest she had taken in her, the young Duchesse des Cars came in. She had seen this young foreigner also, and she too was interested in her; they both proposed to tell me her history. I was curious to hear it, without foreseeing that I should ever have anything to do with her, and Madame de Cossé began :

“ Mademoiselle Eugenia Yzquierdo de Rivera was born at Madrid. Her father, a man of intellect and of great ability, was a councillor of his Majesty Charles IV., who loved him, esteemed him, and confided to him many important missions, which brought him to Paris and kept him there for a long time in the best society. He was particularly intimate with Madame de La Rochefoucauld (Mademoiselle de Rohan), who afterwards married the Marquis de Castellane. It was at her house that we first met the little Eugenia Yzquierdo, then about four years old. Every one was interested in her, especially as she had had the misfortune to lose her mother. Not being able to attend to her himself, M. Yzquierdo, by the advice and under the protection of Madame de Castellane, placed her in the convent of the English nuns to be educated. He died a few years later. They learned first at the convent that M. Yzquierdo had left a very small fortune, and soon after, that Eugenia's guardians, far from protecting her interests, had even lost or spent what little there was.

"This announcement made a very sad impression in the convent; every one wished to help her, and to leave her in ignorance of her position. Madame Canning, the venerable Superior of the convent, who loved her as if she were her own child, felt that she ought to tell her how matters stood; but at the same time she comforted her by assuring her that she should always be the cherished child of the house, that every one loved her there, and she need have no fear for her future.

"Eugenia de Rivera was touched, as she ought to have been, by such kindness, but she hesitated to accept it. She begged the Superior to give her some employment. Madame Canning approved of this resolution, embraced her pupil, and congratulated her on her courage.

"From this time forward, Mademoiselle de Rivera gave music lessons to her companions, who urged their parents to allow them to work with her. Thus she became independent, and had no obligations towards her companions except those of the most affectionate friendship. The price of the lessons being sent to Madame Canning, Eugenia also had the comfort of feeling that she was not an expense to her, but was able to render a service to her friends, and also to the convent.

"Her pupils were her friends; she perfected her own talent, learned English, became accustomed to work, and even worked too hard, till this year she was quite worn out and ill; and Madame Desmontiers, who was one of her most devoted friends, and had been lately

married, obtained Madame Canning's consent to take Eugenia away with her during the vacation to Mont Dore to rest and recover her strength.

"It was there," added Madame de Cossé, "that I made her acquaintance, and I am sincerely attached to her; it was there that Madame des Cars saw her and learned to appreciate her."

Having listened attentively to this story and carefully weighed all the circumstances, I said to myself: "To endure so bravely a great reverse of fortune is well; not to be crushed by it shows nobility of mind; to make herself independent shows good sense; to be loved and respected by a *whole* convent is marvellous. It cannot be difficult to change the fate of this young person." And I kept thinking of it.

About this time a charitable meeting was held at the Duchesse de Berry's for the work of "Young Orphans," of which Mademoiselle was the patroness. The Comtesse Boni de Castellane brought her eldest daughter to it, who was then very small. We were sitting together; *à propos* of the orphans, I spoke to her about Mademoiselle Yzquierdo, of whom she had seen a great deal at the house of the Marquise de Castellane, her mother-in-law, as well as at the English convent where they had been schoolmates. As soon as I mentioned her name, she displayed the deepest interest, and began to tell me her story, which I already knew by heart. I perceived that the King was listening, and so did she, so I said, "Go on." All she said of the young orphan was so

full of praise that the King approached, laughing. He confessed to a weakness for Madame de Castellane. He asked her to go on with her story. Encouraged by me, she understood the full importance of what she might say, and she continued. The King listened with interest. I perceived this, and went up to him, asking in a low tone for permission to speak to him the next day. He made a sign of assent, and walked away.

Madame de Castellane understood it all, and told me so. She added: "Do your best for her, she deserves it; and if you need the assistance of the convent, I will bring them *en masse* to the feet of the King,—it would be a charming *coup de théâtre*." I quieted her as well as I could, begged her not to speak of the matter, and to take no further steps.

That night again, I could think of nothing but Eugenia de Rivera. "She has turned my head," I said to myself, "and yet I have never seen her." It was with these words that I began my interview with the King the next morning. This beginning made him laugh, and I thought, "That is a very good sign." He remembered perfectly the story of Madame Boni; at last I reached the difficult *dénouement*, having led up to it as well as I could, and expressed to him my desire to give her the position of assistant-governess. His only objection to this request was her nationality. "She is a foreigner," he said; "that might give a plausible pretext for opposition." I replied to this that, armed with his consent, I should have the courage to face the

storm. His answer then was that despairing one which princes find so useful, "We will see about it."

The good and amiable Madame de Cossé, zealous for the welfare of the young foreigner, had spoken to the Dauphiness about her and had interested her in the matter, and she influenced the King. The next day I received his Majesty's consent, and assured myself of the consent of Madame.

It was a great day when I was at last able to announce this to her faithful friend, Madame Desmontiers, and begged her to inform Eugenia of this appointment, and to make her acquainted with the particulars of it; she would be lodged in the Tuileries, like Madame de Gain; but each would be independent of the other, with a separate table, for I wished to insure her happiness by putting it in her power to receive the friends who had known how to appreciate her. As M. Yzquierdo was noble, the King was able to obtain for her the appointment of Canoness of the Chapter of Sainte Anne of Bavaria, and he gave her the title of Comtesse de Rivera.

She then left the convent, where she was as greatly regretted as she had been beloved; and I can confidently assert that she never forgot the proofs of affection and friendship which she had received there from her childhood.

The Duchesse de Noailles introduced to me the Comtesse de Rivera, and brought her to the Tuileries. I had formed a very high idea of her, and I can truthfully say

— a very rare thing — that I was not disappointed. She came, calm, beautiful, nobly grateful for the kindness of the King. I was very much pleased with her, and it was settled that she should shortly be established at the Tuileries and presented at court. She was presented by the Duchesse de Noailles and the Comtesse Desmontiers at the first reception of the King. Madame de Rivera was charming; her fine figure, her aristocratic air, and her modest manner were generally approved. I took her straight to my heart at once; the children grew very fond of her, and were always delighted when it was her hour for teaching them; and I shared this very natural preference.

Madame de Rivera never disappointed my expectations; she was always the same, — equable in temper, devoted to her duty, passionately attached to Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, but not weakly indulgent; self-devotion was her passion. The King liked her, and the Dauphiness also; and when the Dauphin knew her better, he sincerely appreciated her. She would have laid down her life for the royal family, who welcomed her among them with such beneficent kindness. To me, who knew her heart, she was a tender daughter, and I am glad to record here that I felt for her the affection of a mother. During the twenty-nine years that I knew her I was never once disappointed in her, and each year only served to strengthen the ties that bound us together.

The opening of the Chambers took place at the

Louvre on the 22d of December; there was an immense crowd. The Dauphiness, the Duchesse de Berry, and the Duchesse d'Orléans were in one of the bays. The Children of France were there also; the Duchesse de Berry took Monseigneur beside her, and the Duchesse d'Orléans called Mademoiselle, of whom she was very fond, to her. The cannons announced the approach of the King. At the moment he appeared the hall resounded with acclamations. The *estrade* prepared for the royal family was the same that had been made for the late King, and a little step had been left there by mistake, which the King did not see, so that he stumbled over it. This sudden movement caused his hat, which he had under his arm, to fall to the ground, and the Duc d'Orléans picked it up. The Duchesse d'Orléans said to me, "The King would have fallen, but my husband saved him." I replied, "No, Madame, Monseigneur only picked up his Majesty's hat." At this the Dauphiness turned and looked at me. We did not speak of it until six years later, but we never forgot it, either of us.

When we returned to St. Cloud, I made a change in the hours to which the royal children had hitherto been accustomed; I made such an arrangement of them as to admit of the Princes being taught the duties incumbent upon them in their exalted position; they dined at six, and did the honours of their table, to which were admitted the most distinguished officers and a very select circle. I sat between Monseigneur and Mademoiselle,

and could thus direct them when it was necessary to show courtesy to their guests. An aide-de-camp or a gentleman-in-waiting directed the service. After dinner, I received persons who had not been invited to dine; many officers were delighted to come.

In accustoming my young Princes to the society of select and distinguished persons, I had an end in view which I have already explained; it was necessary not only to teach them to be courteous, but also to make them appreciate, at its true value, the worth of praise earned and deserved, — a lesson so useful to princes; and above all I wished to put them on their guard against flattery, which is so sweet to the ear, but so injurious to the heart. This difficult lesson was a source of great embarrassment to me, when by chance a most excellent opportunity offered to give them the lesson which I had in my mind.

One morning, during the hour of recreation, the Princes were playing as usual, when word was brought to me that some persons who had already been recommended to me requested to be allowed to see them for a moment. I could not refuse. The children, who were usually so sweet and obliging, were rather cross at being obliged to leave their game; but nevertheless they drank in the dangerous compliments with which they were overwhelmed, particularly those on their sweetness and amiability; their beauty was greatly dwelt upon, and even their hair was admired. I was greatly displeased by this fulsome flattery, and cut short the

interview as soon as possible. The children, who were particularly frank and straightforward, were embarrassed, as I could see, by praises which they were conscious were so little deserved. As the strangers left the room, a half-open door gave them an opportunity of hearing the observations and genuine opinions of their visitors.

"Really, it was hardly worth while to come so far, if that is all there is to see!" said one old lady, in a tone of the deepest dissatisfaction.

"I should think not," said a big boy; "they hardly took the trouble to open their lips to thank us for all the compliments which Papa and Mamma showered upon them. But I did want to laugh, Papa, when you said, 'What a lovely complexion, and what beautiful hair!' She is really as white as an egg, and cropped like a boy!"

"So she is," said the old lady. "She would be the better for some of your medicines, Doctor, I am sure. And did you notice how small they are for their age?"

"Did you see the Governess?" said the big boy, again. "Was n't she furious when you complimented her on the sweet disposition of her pupils! And all the time I was watching them, and I could see that they were teasing each other. But they got compliments enough, any way."

The rest of the conversation was lost in the distance.

The children, who had heard it all, were quite overwhelmed.

"Oh, how horrid they are!" they cried.

"They are simply flatterers," I said.

"But they kept praising us so, and they said over and over again that we were so pretty,—oh, I heard them perfectly well," said Mademoiselle; "and then after that to say we had better take medicine because we were so pale and ugly! Oh, that is too much! I understand now," she added, after a little, "what flattery means: it means saying the exact opposite of the truth; but it is a wicked thing, and I shall never forget it."

This lesson was providential; I could never have made them feel it as they did now.

As the coronation of the King was approaching, when the royal family were to go to Rheims, the young Princes were established at St. Cloud in the apartment which had just been finished by the orders of Louis XVIII. Nothing could be more charming: the magnificent view of the Seine, Paris, and Meudon; the air, which was delightful; and the park, now on a level with the apartment, with which it was connected by an elegant iron bridge, made a delightful retreat for the royal children. There they were free and happy.

They wished to give a little *fête*, to inaugurate this park, which from that time bore the name of the Trocadéro. Many friends of Monseigneur and Mademoiselle were invited: the children of the families De Maillé, De Meffray, De Nadailhac, De Bourbon-Busset, Josselin de Chabot, etc., friends of Monseigneur, and also the Mesdemoiselles de Cossé. They had a supper

and games, and the children begged for a grand bonfire to wind up the *fête*. Fagots were brought, and a great heap was made of them, on top of which was placed a white flag; they set fire to it, and the fire, blazing up quickly, made them fear for the flag. Every one shouted, "Save the flag!" Monseigneur, light, active, and quick as a flash, climbed up, seized the flag, and waved it over his head; he was really charming as he shouted joyously, "I have saved the flag!" I saw him, and my heart beat with terror; but I saw, too, that, quick and agile as he was, he could get down as easily as he had got up. The shouts of "Vive le Duc de Bordeaux!" were spontaneous and absolutely deafening, and the enthusiasm was general.

By way of making myself agreeable to the persons attached to the service of my young Prince, with the King's permission I received at St. Cloud the wives and children of those who were married, and could even lodge them in the palace during the absence of his Majesty. M. de Gontaut, Charlotte, her husband, and my dear Josephine and her children came often, and especially this year, to occupy my little house in the Avenue de St. Cloud, which they preferred, as they were so much more independent there. Visitors from Paris, generals, officers of the Body-Guards and of the Royal Guards, made our life at St. Cloud lively and agreeable. The Marquise de Jumilhac often came to see us, to the great delight of the children, as she could make herself agreeable to people of all ages.

The court did not return to St. Cloud until towards autumn. The King was delighted with the changes at Montretout, which he found a great improvement. He agreed that the creative genius of the poor governess, which had been considered so stupendous, was only reasonable, and the result was admirable from a sanitary point of view. Very soon the King would walk in no other direction; the Dauphiness enjoyed it; and even the Dauphin, who liked to tease me about my taste for innovations, was obliged to agree that this one was so necessary that he only wondered it had not been thought of before.

Some time before this the baths at the South had been ordered for the Duchesse de Berry, who was not very well, and she decided to go to the Pyrenees.

When she arrived in Béarn, the mother of Henri V. was received with enthusiasm. She reminded them by her graciousness, her gaiety, and her devotion to her son, of Jeanne d'Albret. She talked to them of her dear Henri, and they replied, "We will love him." She replied, "He will love you also." She saw in the château of Pau the chamber where Henri IV. was born, and his cradle even; she was interested in everything.

She was received at Pau by my sister-in-law, the Marquise de Gontaut, in her magnificent château. The *châtelaine* pleased her by her sweet and gracious kindness, inventing every day some new method of pleasing and amusing her.

The Marquise de Gontaut was not only loved, but was

highly respected at Pau, to such an extent that the mountaineers called her "The Queen of Béarn." The Duchesse de Berry knew this, and, on arriving, said gracefully, "I have come to make a visit to the Queen of Béarn." Madame received there the homage of all the inhabitants, who were eager to crowd round her; she was delighted with the songs, the Béarnese dances, and the *fêtes champêtres*, which were arranged for her in this delightful spot by the efforts of the Marquise de Gontaut.

On leaving Pau, the Duchesse de Berry, who was surrounded by the mountaineers, when she bade them farewell, took off her plumed hat and put on the Béarnese *beret*; the shouts, the *vivats*, which followed this act cannot be described.

My sister-in-law had invited her daughter-in-law, Comtesse Charles de Gontaut, to come and assist her in doing the honours, and Madame was charmed with this attention. She was very fond of Adèle, and at the time of Monseigneur's christening she had appointed her one of her ladies-in-waiting. At the time of her appointment, — I will whisper it, not to make her blush, — the royal family said to me, "The Duchesse de Berry has done well; she wished to show us an instance where virtue is equalled by the gifts of Nature."

Until I have paid the debt which I owe to a most tender friendship, I shall always regret not having described her to you before. I am old now, so old that it is almost presumption in me to expect to have the

power of describing her naturally in her own period and in her own place. I must decide then to quiet my conscience, which is clamouring loudly, by depicting for you the character and the qualities of the Duc and Duchesse de Montmorency, and by trying to make you understand the attraction and the veneration even which I feel for them both.

The Duchesse de Montmorency was endowed with the highest virtues, and was worthy of being held up as an example to the young women of her time; charmingly graceful and really touching in the fidelity of her friendships, in her own most intimate circle she was quick to perceive the needs of others, and prompt to offer sympathy and solace. So true was she that I have seen her hesitate in her replies or her decisions, so desirous was she of being scrupulously just and sincere. Although she was easily approachable by all classes, no one ventured to use towards her the familiarity too common in our age. Embarrassed by no obstacle, the Duchesse de Montmorency acquitted herself nobly of the duties which her high position and her charity imposed upon her. Her friends, while all admiring her, whispered that at Paris she did not give them the opportunity to enjoy enough of her society.

The Duc de Montmorency joined the Duchesse in her kind deeds and her benevolence, and took pleasure in multiplying them. To serve and oblige others, and to devote himself to them, made the happiness of his

life. I have never seen self-abnegation carried to a greater extreme. Every act of his life was a service to others, and if *that other was a friend*, he performed prodigies. In the ordinary conversation of society, scandal and gossip were his abhorrence. He allowed his friends to banter him with a kindly indulgence which added greatly to the enjoyment of his society.

On her return to Paris the Duchesse de Berry informed the King of her desire to give *fêtes*, such as balls, concerts, plays, etc. His Majesty assented; but he foresaw that in her position she would be obliged to invite all Paris, so to speak, which might be interpreted to mean all the persons who had been presented at court. Madame perceived the truth of this, and then the idea occurred to her to have *soirées* in her children's apartments. The King approved, and said to me, "They will be in your apartments, the invitations will be given by you, and we will all come. There will be less etiquette; the children can appear for a short time; the Dauphiness will be delighted, I am sure; but remember that you must always invite the Orléans Princes." This matter settled, Madame thanked the King, and said to him, "The French must be amused." "And especially the young ones," replied the King, smiling, and kindly taking her hand.

A sum allotted to the budget of the Children of France was set aside for these *fêtes*, which were small and very select, but which were all the more agreeable for that.

As his Majesty now occupied the royal apartment, the little Princes occupied the one he had left.

Madame, young and eager, began her *soirées* with a play much in fashion just then, — “*Les Anglaises pour Rire*.” Some English ladies in society, who had very good taste, asked to be allowed to assist, and entered into the play with great spirit and merriment, which brought about very pleasant relations between the two nationalities.

My first *soirée* was a concert. The musicians suggested to me the idea of surprising Madame by the touching cantata composed at the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, — “*Dieu l’a donné*,” etc., — sung in chorus. The effect was very fine, — touching, even. The Duc de Bordeaux, who had a slight cold, went to bed early, and I was glad of it; for the sincere and rather noisy enthusiasm of the whole company could not and ought not to be entered into by him. Mademoiselle’s graceful little hands applauded; for already, though she was only six years old, she could understand a great deal.

The King being greatly beloved and appreciated, the domestic life of the royal family was very pleasant, and my pupils were quite a marvel of intelligence. Their progress, I may say, astonished every one who was admitted to the lessons. Thus surrounded by my children and my friends, this year, which seemed to promise so much happiness, was in reality a cruel one for me.

I was expecting the annual return of our family to Paris, when my sister-in-law, the Marquise de Ganges, wrote to me that my husband was detained at Toulouse by an attack of gout in the chest, which they did not conceal from me was very dangerous. Feeling very anxious, I carried this letter to the King, entreating him to grant me leave of absence, so that I might set off at once for Toulouse, whither my duty called me. His Majesty replied at once in the negative. "Impossible," he said, and he explained why. "In your absence your responsibility cannot be devolved upon any one else. During my brother's lifetime you were several times obliged to ask the King's consent to your absenting yourself on account of the illness of one of your daughters; but it was only for a few hours, and he replied, 'I will take the responsibility.' But this would be a longer separation, and I cannot take it upon myself. The responsibility of the *gouvernante* of the Children of France cannot be divided. The zeal, the devotion, the intelligence of Madame de Rivera would be a pledge of safety, — I do not deny it. But I must tell you that you cannot go away without sending in your resignation, and that I should refuse to accept. Send couriers, do anything in the world to obtain news; but, I repeat it with regret, you must remain here."

Madame, who was very kind-hearted, felt very sorry for my anxiety, and perceived that a ball, which she had been planning in my apartment, would have to

be given up. Although it was a disappointment to her, she was the first to tell me of it, very kindly. The Duchesse de Berry had that true tact which springs from the heart, and made every one love her.

On the following day my fears were only too painfully confirmed. It was no longer a question of obtaining permission to go to my husband, but permission to appear before his Majesty in a widow's costume; for such was the strict etiquette at court. The King, who was attached to my husband, could understand my grief, and permitted me, during the early days of my mourning, to be replaced in my visits to him by the under-governesses.

A few months later we experienced a fresh grief. My brother-in-law, the Marquis de Gontaut, died, after a short illness, and was deeply and universally regretted by his family and his numerous friends.

The royal children, as they grew up, possessed more and more interest for the King, who, in this pleasant domestic circle, recompensed himself for the cares inseparable from his high position. It was with regret that he saw approaching a change which was necessary for the education of Monseigneur. I confessed to him that it was occupying my thoughts. "We will discuss it," he said, "and I will consent to it; but let us do nothing about it at present, for the moment when it comes will be insupportable to me." With the King's permission, I told him my plan, which seemed to him too severe, — that he should not choose the governor

of Monseigneur from among the intimate friends to whom the young Prince was accustomed; "For, if I may venture to say it to the King, the *sans-gêne* of habit is a danger in all positions, and especially in that of Monseigneur, even though he is but a child." At this he could not help smiling, and replied, "In this you are right; for in my intimate circle there are persons whom my inclination would lead me to select, and with whom I should not feel the annoyance of that *gêne*, which I dread, with a governor to whom neither I nor Henri is accustomed. Come," he continued, in his gracious and affable manner, "we can satisfy everybody. I will select a great and distinguished name, and under its ægis we may expect merits of all kinds to flourish."

A few days after this conversation the King spoke to me of the Duc Matthieu de Montmorency. "He is kindly," he said, "and of agreeable manners. With him Henri will be happy, and he will be agreeable to me. A former error has been sincerely repented by him. See him often and converse with him; he has as much respect for true worth as you have, and he will know how to appreciate you. I shall not oppose anything that will be useful in the education of my grandson, you may rest assured."

Thus reassured, I soon had occasion to see the Duc Matthieu de Montmorency. We talked frankly together, and understood each other very well. He readily attached himself to the young Prince who was

promised to him. His kindliness of manner and his agreeable conversation at first pleased Monseigneur; but as he was still too young to be given into a tutor's hands, it was agreed that we should wait another year.

A short time after, a great misfortune was announced to me by my dear daughter, the Duchesse de Rohan. It was on Good Friday, at three o'clock. She was at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, very near the Duc de Montmorency, who was kneeling before the tomb of our Lord, praying like a saint. All at once she saw him totter and fall; she ran to him, the people crowded round and lifted him up; but he was dead.

Hardly had the news spread, when the church of St. Thomas Aquinas was surrounded by a crowd of poor people, who wept bitter tears for the loss of their benefactor.

Greatly shocked, and bathed in tears, my daughter hurried to the Tuileries to inform me of the cruel misfortune. As soon as the King heard of it he sent for the Prince and Princess, and said to Monseigneur, "You have had a great loss." I felt it myself deeply. He was universally regretted. The Duc Matthieu de Montmorency was greatly revered, beloved by his friends, and appreciated by all who knew him.¹

¹ Father MacCarthy, in a sermon preached in the royal chapel at the Tuileries, spoke of his death in these words: "O my God, how happy is he who before Thy altar, on the day of Thy death, at the very hour when Thou gavest Thy life for the salvation of the world, breathed his last at Thy feet, sank into Thy arms, and was buried in Thy tomb."

CHAPTER III.

Choice of the Duc de Rivière for Governor. — Letter to the Duc de Rivière. — Persons appointed for the Education of Monseigneur. — Rosny, and Death of the Duc de Rivière. — Baron de Damas. — Ball. — New Year's Gifts of the Young Princes. — Sensitiveness of the Duc d'Orléans. — Suppression of the National Guard. — Madame at Dieppe. — Château de St. Leu. — Prince of Polignac Prime Minister. — Taking of Algiers. — Revolution of July, 1830.

THE death of the Duc de Montmorency aroused the ambition of many. The King, besieged with applications, said in discussing the matter with me: "I refuse them all, but, alas! the time has come when we must think seriously of making a selection. What do people say about it? Whom do they name for this important post? And what do you think yourself? Tell me frankly." I can remember perfectly my reply. It was this: "If it were a position to be decided by vote, as membership of the Academy, for instance, the majority would vote for the author of 'The Genius of Christianity;' but even in that case I should give my vote, I confess it, to the worthy and estimable Marquis de La Tour-Maubourg, who has been spoken of as a good person for the *placé*, and whose selection would, as I believe, receive general approbation." The King

replied: "Do not give yourself any further trouble in the matter. I shall appoint the Marquis de Rivière, and bestow upon him the title of Duc. In this, I confess I am following my own inclination. I am under obligations to him; he has never hesitated to expose himself to danger to serve our cause; he has suffered imprisonment and poverty for us, and I love him and am used to him."

Having heard the King's decision, there was nothing more for me to do but to hope with all my heart that the qualifications of the Duc de Rivière for the task confided to him might equal his sentiments of honour and devotion.

The King then announced to Monseigneur the names of the persons appointed to carry on his education.

Governor: The Duc de Rivière.

Tutor: Monseigneur Tharin, Bishop of Strasbourg.

Under-tutors: The Abbé Martin de Noirliu (now curé de St. Louis d'Antin) and M. de Barande. He told him that he would have two under-governors with whom he was already acquainted, the Comte de Maupas and the Marquis de Barbençois; and informed him, furthermore, that he had given the appointment of First Equerry to the Prince de Léon, afterwards Duc de Rohan, with whom Monseigneur was not only acquainted, but to whom he was also deeply attached.

Having settled this matter, which had been weighing on his mind, the King departed for Compiègne, whence I soon had the honour of receiving a letter from his

Majesty, full of kindness, telling me to keep up my courage for the day of the separation, which was fixed for the following Sunday. He deigned at the same time to announce to me that on that day he should bestow on me the rank and title of duchesse, adding to the emoluments of my office a pension of 12,000 francs, charged on the civil list.

The King used to come very often early in the morning to see his grandchildren, and he came on that sad day to give me his last instructions. He found us all ready; I was in full dress for the occasion. "Come into my bedroom," he said, "after mass [for it was Sunday, a reception day] with the children, the undergovernesses, the aides-de-camp, and all the Duc de Bordeaux's household.¹ You will know when I enter the audience-chamber, and will then come to meet me."

When the doors opened, I saw the King standing, surrounded by the Princesses, their household, the ministers, ambassadors, etc.; and, in close proximity, the Duc de Rivière. The King turned to him and said: "Duc de Rivière, I give you a great proof of my esteem and confidence in you in confiding to your care the education of the child whom Providence has bestowed upon us, and who is also a Child of France. You will, I am sure, bring to these important functions a zeal and prudence which will entitle you to my gratitude, to that of my family, and of France."

¹ I have already said that the household of the Duc de Berry had been transferred to the Duc de Bordeaux after his christening.

While the King was speaking to the Duc de Rivière, I slowly approached with Monseigneur beside me; the Governor took him by the hand, and thus this dreaded moment passed quietly and naturally.

Mademoiselle was beside me; the King, turning to me, said: "Duchesse de Gontaut, I thank you with all my heart for the care you have bestowed upon the education of this dear child; go on and finish that of this child also [indicating Mademoiselle], who is equally dear to me, and you will acquire a still greater claim on my gratitude." Dear Mademoiselle, who no doubt understood from this that there was no question of a separation between us, grasped both my hands with so much fervour that I could scarcely restrain my emotion.

On leaving the King, the Duc de Rivière had the happy idea of bringing Monseigneur back to Mademoiselle. Delighted at being together again, they of course talked over the events of the morning; Monseigneur said that on his return he had found all the persons with whom he was to live in future, and he confessed that he was frightened, as they were all strangers to him. I could understand this, and the idea suddenly occurred to me to try to acquaint the Duc de Rivière and his assistants with Monseigneur's admirable character and qualities, in order thus to render easier, at the beginning, the confidence and intimacy between the pupil and his governors; and that same evening, without further reflection, I sat down and wrote the following letter, which I addressed to the Duc de Rivière: —

"MONSEIGNEUR, — the Duc de Bordeaux has just entered upon his sixth year. It is a wise provision which ancient custom has made for the two educations of a prince, assigning to my sex the care of preparing the physical and moral faculties for the important development which is your task.

"By following the impulses of my heart, I have found it easy to fulfil a task, for which that alone was necessary.

"The second stage of education demands the same devotion, united to other advantages, and the King has judged (without doubt) no one more worthy than you, since he has confided to you this child, whom Heaven, in its mercy, has sent to console his family and France.

"It has occurred to me that it might perhaps be interesting to you to know in all its details the plan of education which has been pursued thus far, and I take my pen to write it down for you.

"My only method has been constant watchfulness; profiting by every occurrence to soften and instruct, never letting slip the occasion of a fault without encouraging reflection. I have seen everything, I have heard everything; nothing could possibly be concealed from me; the most minute particulars have been arranged by me; the faults even of the instructors have been watched over; the slightest flattery checked, the truth *scrupulously* and *rigidly* observed.

"Monseigneur and Mademoiselle believe in me blindly, because I have never deceived them, even in jest. A pleasantry which the mind of a child cannot comprehend embarrasses him, robs him of his confidence, humiliates him, and irritates him even, if he sees that he has been made sport of.

"Monseigneur needs this sort of treatment even more than most children; the straightforwardness and generosity of his character cause him to take everything seriously. Whenever he thinks that any one has injured another, the person injured

becomes at once the object of his deepest interest ; he will take up his defence with ardour, and does not spare his reproaches ; he even displays on these occasions an energy which is in striking contrast to the natural timidity of his character. With such a child I have been obliged to avoid even the shadow of an injustice.

"He is extremely fond of Mademoiselle, is gentle, obliging, and attentive to her. I have always been careful to check childish contests between their Royal Highnesses ; trifling as these may at first sight appear, they are apt to give rise to disputes which end by insensibly embittering the character.

"I have tried to guard their Royal Highnesses as much as possible from the dangers of caprice, never permitting them to change a decision once made, and invariably keeping myself to those once announced.

"To obtain the confidence of Monseigneur will require time, tenderness, and friendship. To me his face reveals what is passing in his mind ; he rarely speaks of his feelings ; he has great sensitiveness but remarkable self-control for his age. I have seen him suffer without making a moan.

"I have been struck by the efforts which he has made to overcome a timidity which I have done my best to conquer. I have talked to him of the absolute necessity for a prince to be able to talk to strangers in a noble, gracious, and intelligible manner ; this care has occupied me constantly, and the progress he has made this year during the journey to St. Cloud is due to his gentle submission to me, and the touching desire which he has manifested to follow my counsels.

"The lessons of his Royal Highness have often been carried on in the presence of those who have expressed a desire to assist at them. Monseigneur has thus gained ease and confidence ; and I have found it advantageous in making known as much as possible the just qualities of his mind, and a docility which

is the more remarkable as it is combined with an extreme quickness of temper, which may be regarded as his only fault. This has manifested itself from the cradle. I have tried to overcome it, or at least to lessen even the appearance of it. Monseigneur yields easily to reason, and has never resisted the unalterable firmness which I have felt was to be employed as the indispensable foundation of a solid education.

"I have often seen Monseigneur in the midst of a fit of temper stopped by a kind word, and I have even sometimes been obliged to comfort him for a fault committed, which he confessed to me with touching frankness.

"I have always done my best to remove from him all pretext for concealing his faults; shyness and timidity will lead imperceptibly to dissimulation and falsehood. I am glad to be able to affirm that Monseigneur is scrupulously truthful.

"I have felt it very necessary, on account of the quickness of his temper and the high position which awaits him, to teach him to think before acting. The word 'justice' has an absolute charm for him. I have never known a more upright character.

"With regard to the instruction which Monseigneur is now giving up, I feel it my duty to give an exact and detailed explanation of the knowledge he has acquired up to the present time; but not wishing to weary you with the details, my dear Duke, in case you should desire to follow them in the journal which has been written by each master, you will find them written down there, well or ill, day by day, with scrupulous exactness.

"I must render strict justice to those persons whom I have associated with myself in the education of Monseigneur and Mademoiselle. They may have the satisfaction of feeling that they have loyally done their duty. This testimony is all the more their due when one considers the remarkable progress made by their Royal Highnesses, without injury to their health,

or even weariness to themselves. The short, animated lessons, interesting and gay, occupying at the same time their minds and their eyes, their memory and intelligence, have always been interrupted by hours of recreation.

"The method of teaching by means of amusement is the fashion now ; but it seems to me that such an education must of necessity be superficial, and that is not what I have striven for. The teacher should be ready to explain what is necessary ; but he should allow the pupil to exert himself, for he must learn early the difficulties of life, and be accustomed to overcome them. I think it is particularly necessary that the master should avoid a dull and tedious explanation, for a lively child is soon wearied, and his mind loses its spring ; the energy of his character is diminished, and to avoid being bored he contracts the fatal habit of diverting his mind.

"I am glad to do justice to the constant zeal of the instructresses who have taught the Princes, Mademoiselle Vachon and Mademoiselle della Torre. Mademoiselle Vachon has taught Mademoiselle Italian, and she has taught Monseigneur what he knows of German. Always respecting public opinion, conscientiously seeking my pupils' welfare, and avoiding all partiality, I have sought in all their studies the support of a master of celebrity, whose habit of teaching could give me a feeling of perfect security. I have engaged a master for each accomplishment, and Mademoiselle will have a master for each science.

"On Sunday, Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, as a reward, give the lessons which they have learned during the week, with their masters and mistresses, to their young friends. Monseigneur is always glad to remark upon the traits which have especially struck him ; he never forgets those of kindness and justice, and relates such incidents with ardour and pleasure.

"A young prince, exposed to flattery, runs a great risk of

being considered an infant prodigy. To obviate this difficulty, Monseigneur and Mademoiselle have often shared their courses with children about their own age. I have tried in this way to accustom them to see success in others without envy, and to obtain it without vanity. I have been particularly careful to admit to this intimacy in their studies and games only such children as were well and carefully trained; and even those of whom I felt most sure were carefully watched. It is so necessary to hear everything, since in education nothing is insignificant, and example is of such immense importance. This surveillance is no doubt very fatiguing, for it must not be intermitted for a moment; I consider it of such importance that I have never permitted myself the smallest neglect of this duty.

“In order to establish between the royal children a useful emulation, and fix their attention, I made it a rule that during lessons, and particularly in the courses with other children, counters should be given as a reward for correct answers, and should be taken away for faults of memory or judgment. This method of encouragement has its advantages, but should be employed with the strictest impartiality; any preference shown would be a dangerous lesson for Monseigneur’s sense of justice, and for Mademoiselle’s quick mind, which nothing escapes.

“At the end of each month, the King and Madame pay for the counters, and the money is devoted to charitable objects, such as clothing poor women, old men, and children. These charities were always reserved for the festivals of Saint Louis and Saint Henri. On these two days distributions were made to poor people selected by the Sisters of Charity, quite quietly and without ostentation. Last year, three hundred francs were wanting to make up the sum for their charity. Monseigneur and Mademoiselle asked that they might do double lessons, and in a few days they earned this small sum, so much zeal did they put into their efforts to obtain it.

"I have tried at all times to imbue Monseigneur's mind with morals and religion ; the latter I have used as a check, and have presented as a hope. Thinking that the young Prince was not yet of an age for dogmatic instruction, I have left to more skilful hands a task which they can accomplish better than I.

"The most perfect accord has always reigned between the under-governesses and myself ; they have identified themselves with my views on education with all the ardour of friendship. Never has the slightest cloud risen between us ; in working to the same end, I have found in them the same rectitude and the same devotion.

"I have had one scruple which may appear trifling, but as such I confess it, and that is, never to allow any person to remain alone with this precious child ; and I have made it a constant rule for myself to have always, night and day, a witness between him and me, during lessons, reproofs, and punishments ; for it seemed to me that I was responsible to each Frenchman for this *Child of France*. So sincerely have I tried to fulfil my duty to the royal family who have deigned to show such flattering confidence in me that I have always wished to have my methods carefully weighed. With my character, which is naturally decided, I should find it difficult to listen to every one's advice ; but reflecting that every French heart looks on this child as its own, these counsels which were proffered were so far from wounding me that I was happy to adopt, for the general good, an idea which had not occurred to me.

"Now it is time, my dear Duke, to bring this long letter to a close, in which I have tried simply to mark out for you the early education of our dear Prince. My task is accomplished, the past is now ended for me. It is in the future that I shall hope to look forward to seeing a great Prince. May this precious child respond to the miracle of his birth, to all our wishes, to so many hopes ! May he be sincerely pious, wise without pride ;

may he spend his strength in honour and wisdom ! In short, may he one day be a glory to you and an honour to France ! ”

On the following morning Monseigneur's first visit was to Mademoiselle. The Duc de Rivière then saw on my bureau a letter addressed to him; recognising my handwriting, he asked if he might read it. I consented, and when he had read the first few pages he said, with his usual good-nature; “ Dear Duchesse, you are very kind to take so much trouble; but do you not know that from time immemorial every successor has always carefully avoided falling into the errors of his predecessor ? ” In the same tone, I replied, “ I have always heard so, but as I am rather optimistic, I hoped it might not be true. ”

Very pleasant and amicable relations soon existed between the two educational staffs. Monseigneur liked M. de Maupas, who was very kind and good-natured. The frank, straightforward, and upright character of M. de Barbençois commended itself to the Duc de Bordeaux; although he was still very young, he could appreciate him, and always loved him.

The selection of under-tutor was generally approved, — M. de Barande, a very learned man, who had graduated with highest honours from the École Polytechnique, cold, rigid, that is to say, as the dictionary would define it, stern and upright. Of course such a character must be thoroughly understood in order to be appreciated as it deserves. I understood him, and felt for him a profound esteem.

In the "Almanach Royal" the position of first valet-de-chambre is considered the lowest; but in public estimation the Chevalier de Lavillatte, appointed first valet-de-chambre to Monseigneur, stood very high. This is his history: —

In the evil times of the Revolution, the father of M. de Lavillatte was arrested, condemned to death, and shut up with his son, who, brave and intelligent as he was, succeeded in saving him. At the time appointed for the execution, on opening the prison they found there only the son of the victim. Such devotion not having been foreseen by the law, no one dared to condemn him, and it can be easily understood why his appointment to the service of the Duc de Bordeaux met with general approval. The young Prince greatly esteemed him, and never ceased to feel a sincere friendship for him.

M. Martin de Norilieu, almoner of the École Polytechnique, had been selected by the Dauphin, and as soon as his character was known to the persons of the two staffs, he was appreciated by them.

You will remember that at the time of my appointment as *gouvernante* to the Children of France, the King, Louis XVIII., pointed out to me the privileges attached to my office, among which was that of giving, in the name of Monseigneur, in the absence of the Royal family, the countersign to the officers of all ranks, and even to the Marshals. I then felt, and I had occasion to fear it afterwards, that the mingling of the civil and

military in the education intrusted to my charge would sometimes place me in such a position as to wound the feelings of others; but I hoped that through courtesy, regard for others, and sincerity of heart I might be able to avoid the danger I dreaded. I sincerely believe that I wounded no one, and — I glory in saying it — that I gained friends. But as I write this, my memory recalls an incident which I have forgotten to mention, and which may show that my fears were not altogether unfounded. One day, during one of the drives of Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, when we reached the Maillot Gate, one of the guards stationed at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne flung himself in front of the horses, shouting, "Stop! an infernal machine has just been thrown on the road the Prince is going to take!" General de Montélégier, on the impulse of the moment, pulled the check-string and called out, "Do not go on; there is danger for Monseigneur."

At these words I got up, put my head out of the carriage window, and said to the escort, "There cannot be any danger for Monseigneur when he is surrounded by the Royal Guards. Go on, but arrest this man who gave the alarm; let him be taken to the police-office of Bagatelle, with his infernal machine." Polytechn.

To this M. de Montélégier replied, "I would defeat, "Madame, I am the general!" I repeat, "And I am the Prince!"

The escort rode on. Monseigneur, delivered him a proper rapid pace and at this little incident, he clapped his hands.

When we reached Bagatelle, we found the guilty man trembling and crying, surrounded by the police, examining the famous infernal machine, which was nothing but a great iron pot filled with nails, broken bottles, and gunpowder. As soon as we appeared, he threw himself on his knees, with clasped hands begging for mercy, having already confessed that he was the author of this little attempt, for which he had hoped, he said, to receive a great reward.

On our return to Paris, I reported to the King what had taken place; he approved of the orders I had given. The next day, the Colonel and all the officers of the regiment came to Monseigneur's reception to thank me in the name of the whole corps. Monseigneur, not forgetting the culprit, whispered to me that he wanted to ask for his pardon. I encouraged him, Mademoiselle joined with him; and taking each other's hands, they went up to the Colonel, who promised to try to mitigate the punishment which the man deserved. We learned afterwards that owing to the children's intercession this was reduced to a few days in prison.

During the reception I perceived that General Monté-légier was rather sulky. Afterwards we made it up, and everything was forgotten.

During the early years of her marriage, the Duchesse de Berry wished to spend some months of the summer in the country, where, relaxing the restraints of etiquette, she could forget the princess for a time. Monseigneur,

understanding this desire, not only shared it, but allowed her to employ a sum of money which was at her disposal in purchasing the estate of Rosny. They both liked the place and were very happy there, until that frightful moment when the most horrible of misfortunes put an end to all their hopes of a happy future.

After the death of the Duc de Berry, in memory of the affection he had for Rosny, Madame decided to keep this estate. She founded benevolent institutions there, — a home for widows and old men, and a school for poor children; but her one great aim, her most ardent desire, was to be able to build a church which should contain a chapel where the heart of her beloved husband might be deposited. It seemed almost impossible, but her urgent solicitations at length obtained the King's consent. A chaplain was appointed, and a foundation established for masses and prayers for the soul of him whose death had caused his family and friends so many tears.

The King, the Dauphin, and the Dauphiness were present at the consecration of this monument, which then contained the best and noblest heart in the world.

The Duchesse de Berry liked to oversee the various establishments founded by her at Rosny, and often went there, accompanied by the Dauphiness and even by the King. The Duchesse d'Orléans frequently went also.

On one of these occasions Madame took Mademoi-

selle, and I accompanied her. Mademoiselle, who was then eight years of age, was old enough to understand what a misfortune it was to be an orphan.

When we arrived at Rosny I saw at a distance, for the first time, the monument erected to the memory of Monseigneur. I was greatly impressed by it, and asked Madame's permission to acquaint Mademoiselle here, where the precious remains of her father reposed, with the touching particulars of his last moments, his sublime forgiveness of the assassin who had brought him to his death, the pardon which he never ceased, to his latest breath, to demand of the King. I wished also to make this young heart comprehend the agony of her mother, who had borne herself so loftily, so courageously, and who to the very last had given strength and consolation to her dying husband, — in short, all that ought to render precious to her the memory of her father and increase her love for her mother.

Madame, greatly touched by my words, approved, and was willing that I should relate the story to Mademoiselle.

The next day, after mass, when Madame had withdrawn, Mademoiselle, kneeling before her father's tomb, listened to the sad story of his death. Presently I saw her tears begin to flow, and she spread out her arms over the marble covering that noble heart, which she was now learning to appreciate. Dear little Princess! She was very pathetic and very charming at that moment. I was sorry that Madame had left us so soon. She

asked if she might go to her mother, and I took her to the door and left them alone.

When our visit to Rosny was ended, Madame heard that the state of health of the Duc de Rivière was giving occasion for the greatest anxiety; this was confirmed upon our arrival in Paris. I hurried to his apartment, where I found several physicians, among others, Dr. Récamier, who said, "The Duke knows that you are here; he has been speaking of you. Come in; you will find him ill, very ill, but he will know you."

The King was with him, speaking to him kind, comforting words, to which he replied with resignation. He had already told his Majesty that he recognised his condition, and wished for the Sacrament. He received the last rites with calmness, deep piety, and perfect resignation. The King was present, and also the Dauphin and his many friends. I think, though I am not absolutely sure, that the Duc de Bordeaux was there with the King.

The danger increased. M. Récamier declared that there remained only one chance of saving the patient, — the water cure. Opinions were divided on this subject, but it was decided to try it. They say that he went through with it sitting up in bed, quite conscious and full of courage during the whole time. This violent remedy, then quite unknown, frightened his relations and friends, and did not avail to save him.

The Duc de Rivière, gentle and kindly by nature, affords a rare example, for he lived and died a favourite

of the King, without exciting jealousy or making enemies.

M. de Rivière's place was not immediately filled. MM. de Barbançois and de Maupas fulfilled the duties of the Governor until the nomination of the Baron de Damas, then Minister of War, aide-de-camp, and gentleman-in-waiting to the Dauphin, who at his earnest solicitation was appointed Governor.

The King was in his cabinet when he presented the Baron de Damas to his pupil, and we were there. Monseigneur was a little frightened when the Baron advanced towards him, made him a profound bow, and said, "Monseigneur, I commend myself to you!" To which Monseigneur, not knowing what to say, said nothing; and as no one else uttered a word, the King dismissed us.

When the Duc de Bordeaux heard that M. de Damas had six or seven sons about his own age, and an only daughter, he thought that the sons would play with him, and the daughter would not be much in their way; and this thought reassured him.

As there were a great many strangers in Paris that winter, as well as the usual society of the capital, the Duchesse de Berry thought she would like to give a costume ball; as she wished to invite more people than her own apartments would hold, it was decided to give it in those of the royal children.

The great difficulty was in the selection of a period of history; that in which Marie de Lorraine came to

France to visit her daughter, Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was finally chosen. The description of this ball can have no interest except in the historic names represented by the Princes and Princesses and persons in society, of which I still recollect something.

The parts were given out; mine was that of a lady *châtelaine* receiving the Princesses and their courts. The Duchesse de Berry represented Marie Stuart, and the Duc de Chartres Francis II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Kings and Queens.

Marie Stuart,
Francis II.,
Marie de Lorraine,
Catherine de Medici,
Jeanne d'Albret,

Represented by:

The Duchesse de Berry.
The Duc de Chartres.
Lady Stuart-Rothsay.
Marquise de Podenas.
Comtesse de Juigné.

Princesses of the Blood.

Marguerite de Savoie, sister of
Henri II.,
Claude, Duchesse de Lorraine,
daughter of Henri II.,
Princesse de Condé,
Duchesse de Montpensier,
Princesse de Ferrare,

Represented by:

Comtesse Henri de Biron.
Marquise Oudinot.
Comtesse de Noailles.
Duchesse de Liancourt.
Comtesse de Brissac.

Ladies of Honour.

Princesse d'Uzès,
Duchesse de Bouillon,
Duchesse de Valentinois,
Comtesse de Coligny,

Represented by:

Comtesse d'Orglandes.
Marquise de Montcalm.
Duchesse de Caylus.
Comtesse de Montant.

Marshals.

Maréchal de Brissac,
Maréchal de Cossé,
Maréchal de Damville,
Maréchal de St. André,
Maréchal de Biron,

Represented by:

Comte de Brissac.
Comte de Cossé.
Comte d'Osembray.
Duc de Richelieu.
Comte Henri de Biron.

The Admiral de Chabot was to have been represented by the Prince de Léon, who could not be present at the ball, as he was in mourning for his mother, the Duchesse de Rohan.

Gentlemen.

François de Medici,
Lanoué Bras de Fer,

Represented by:

M. de San Giacomo.
Comte A^d de Damas.

Officer of the Queen represented by:

The Comte de Mailly.

Ladies-in-Waiting to Marie de Lorraine:

Miss Louisa Stuart,
Miss Thelusson.

Ladies of Honour.

Countess of Argyll,
Lady Fleming,
Lady Seton,
Lady Rothes,
Countess of Casillis,

Represented by:

Baronne de Delmar.
Lady Aldborough.
Lady Bendlesham.
Lady Combermere.
Lady E. Vernon.

The four Maries represented by:

Miss Baring.
Miss Caulfield.
Miss Acton.
Miss Pole Carew.

Gentlemen-in-Waiting.

Lord Huntly,
Lord Drummond,
Lord Seton,
Earl of Lennox,

Represented by:

Lord Ranelagh.
Captain Drummond.
Lord Forwich.
Lord Aboyne.

The Duchesse d'Orléans having expressed a desire to see the *coup d'œil*, rather than take part in it herself, I was able to arrange for her, in the great gallery

belonging to Mademoiselle, a box where, with the Princesses, her daughters, she could see everything.¹

The Dauphiness, thinking this an excellent idea, had a box built for herself on the staircase of the Pavillon de Flore, where she sat for a short time *incognito* with the Dauphin and even Charles X., to witness the entry of the Queens and their courts; afterwards they were present at the ball.

The costumes of the Princesses and their ladies were superb. The Dauphiness kindly added to their magnificence by the loan, not only of her own, but also a portion of the crown jewels. The arrival of the Queens was announced by music from the band of the Body Guards, who preceded them in full uniform.

The invited guests were already in the places assigned to them, and they rose with one accord. Having agreed among themselves to dress in white satin and silver gauze, the effect was very charming and graceful.

Marie Stuart then appeared, surrounded by the court of France, giving her hand to Francis II., who was followed by his principal seigneurs. There was a throne in the ball-room destined for the Queen of Scotland. The Duchesse de Berry advanced towards it, the Duc de Chartres giving her his hand to assist her up the steps. Madame made a sign to him to seat himself beside her. The Duc de Chartres then placed himself

¹ I was also able to arrange, in the embrasure of a large window in the ball-room, a box for the Marquise de Jumilhac and her sister, the Comtesse de Montcalm, where they could receive the *habitués* of their *salon*. This attention pleased them very much, and I was very glad.

behind the throne, took off his white plumed hat, and bowing low and gracefully, said, "Madame, I know my place." The applause was general. I hurried to the Duchesse d'Orléans' box and asked her if she had observed the perfect tact of Monseigneur. "I saw it," she said, "and I approve."

The Marquis of Huntly in his youth had been what was then considered a good dancer. He had the honour to open a similar ball at Versailles with Marie Antoinette. Charles X. remembered this, and wished him to open this ball with Mademoiselle. The Marquis of Huntly was at this time about eighty, still a good dancer, and had not forgotten the pirouettes he made at Versailles. The whole court applauded, and the royal children were very much amused; but knowing how old he was, they did not laugh.

Returning to my educational maxims, I will insert here a circumstance which I ought to have mentioned before. At my request, the King had granted to Mademoiselle an allowance which was at her own disposal, thus furnishing her with the means of aiding the unfortunate, of making herself agreeable to her friends, and of showing friendly attentions to her suite; this procured for her the pleasure of giving, on New Year's Day, a little *fête*, — that of distributing the presents which we had got together, with a great air of mystery, for a surprise to those persons for whom they were destined.

I ought to say just here that Mademoiselle liked to give a thousand times better than to receive. The

Duchesse de Berry, who was always charming in her manner towards her, seemed to be able to divine just what would please her most. As for me, I brought poor people to her notice, whom she received with pleasure, but up to this time that was the extent of her New Year's presents.

As I write this, I recall one circumstance which always seemed very strange to me. The Dauphiness never gave any presents to Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, but she never omitted to give them to the children of the Duc d'Orléans. It was quite by chance that the King heard of this; touched by the tact of the royal children, who had never made any remarks upon this, he made a plan to reward them for it, and asked them what they would like best for a present. "Horses that I could ride," said Monseigneur, eagerly. "That is, a carriage and a little postilion too," said Mademoiselle, timidly.

The King had a drawing made of a little carriage, two horses, and a postilion, which he presented to Mademoiselle on New Year's Day.

"Is that what you wanted?" he said to her. She appreciated the joke, and laughingly replied, "It is very pretty, but rather small."

The King, charmed with her good-humour, embraced her, and then led the two children to the window, from whence they could see, in the courtyard of the Tuileries, the ponies, *calèche*, and even the little postilion. Their joy and gratitude were complete; they both enjoyed

their carriage until the moment when they lost everything.

The Duc de Bordeaux, having received from Donna Maria, daughter of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, a present of birds and butterflies, which he thought very beautiful, asked permission of the King to send, by way of return, a charming toy which Charles X. had given him on his *fête*-day, and which he liked very much; it represented a stormy sea, in gold and silver, covered with little ships, which, on touching a spring, moved to and fro, and played charming airs.¹ The King gave him permission to send it, and then said to me in a low tone, "I have already observed with pleasure that Henri is not selfish; he has a good heart."

The King and Queen of Naples, on their return from Spain, where the marriage of Princess Marie Christine had taken place, stopped in Paris. After they had visited all the royal châteaux, Charles X. asked them to come to St. Cloud, where the royal family and the Orléans Princes joined them. On this occasion there was a play given at the château, at which the King permitted the royal children to be present. Giving his arm to the Queen of Naples to escort her to the theatre, the King said to the Duc de Bordeaux, "Follow us."

The Duc de Bordeaux entered the Orangerie; and finding himself walking beside the Duc d'Orléans, he stopped respectfully, to allow him to precede him.

¹ This toy came from the shop of Giroux, who was just beginning to be fashionable then.

But the Baron de Damas signed to him to go on, saying aloud, "Go on, Monseigneur; the King wishes it." Mademoiselle, with her graceful courtesy, went up to her uncle and took his hand. When we reached the theatre, the Duc d'Orléans sat down beside me, and speaking of the incident which had just occurred, seemed to feel hurt at the lesson, which he declared had been intended for him. I assured him that Baron de Damas' intention had been simply to warn the Duc de Bordeaux that the King would be waiting for him. He was reluctant to believe it, as I could see; it was a precious opportunity, and I seized it, and asked his permission to give him some proofs of the King's attachment to him. As the Duc d'Orléans seemed willing to listen to me, I said: "I am not going to preach, nor do I wish to bore Monseigneur, but simply to call his attention to some facts of which he may be ignorant, for the exact truth of which I can vouch. This, for instance: —

"Monseigneur will remember that, having no stables at the Palais-Royal, he wished the King to let him have the use of one at the Louvre which was not needed? His Majesty, having heard of this, spoke of it to the Marquis de Vernon, one of the equerries, to whom he gave the order in these words: 'The Duc d'Orléans desires it, and I can quite understand it; it will be very convenient for him: you must see that he has it.' And it was then, I think, Monseigneur, that the stable was given to you."

"Yes, I got it," he replied, "but I did not know that the King had had any special hand in the matter."

"And you perhaps do not know the particulars of this affair even now, Monseigneur," I said, "and I must relate them to you. The Dauphiness also had no stables, but had often asked for that one in the Louvre; when she heard that it had just been given to you, she reproached the King, though playfully, of course, saying that he had refused everything to her, but promptly divined what would please Monseigneur. To this, his Majesty replied, 'It may be so, but I frankly confess that I was glad to be of service to the Duchesse d'Orléans and her husband.' It was then that the Dauphiness, very good naturedly, and without any complaint, bought and had fitted up for her use the stables of the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld in the Faubourg St. Germain. Although this is a trifling matter, I wished that Monseigneur should know it, as I confess to a passion for promoting union in families."

The King and Queen of Naples, on their departure from St. Cloud, expressed the pleasure they had experienced from their cordial reception by his Majesty, and the Duc d'Orléans then begged the King of Naples to give him the pleasure of receiving him at the Palais-Royal. The day was appointed. This *fête* was magnificent; the King and Princesses and the whole court were present at it. Every one was enjoying it to the utmost, when suddenly from the garden came the cry of "Fire!" Then it was discovered that the flames had mounted as high as the windows; some chairs which had been piled up to an enormous height were burning;

paper lanterns which had been used in the illuminations were flying about, thrown by unseen hands. The consternation was general. The authors of this disaster were unknown, though many arrests were made. The Duc d'Orléans, as may well be believed, was in despair. The King smilingly reassured him; and presently tranquillity was restored, and the ball went on.

My daughter Charlotte was there with her husband. From St. Cloud we could see distinctly this fire, kindled by malevolent hands, and I was very anxious about the dear ones whom I knew to be there. I wrote to the King, asking for some instructions, but really, I acknowledge it, as a means of finding out what was happening. The King wrote on pencil in my own note, "It is all over. Go to bed and to sleep; your daughter is dancing."

Accomplished facts have naturally left a deeper impression on my memory than the Acts of Parliament which authorised them. It will therefore often be easier for me to relate than to justify them. The law curtailing the liberty of the press raised, in many minds, strong opposition to the ministers. M. de Chateaubriand prepared an address against this law; the King opposed it, and gave orders to M. de Peyronnet to withdraw from the discussion.

This epoch, that of the annual commemoration of the return of the King to France, was faithfully observed as a festival in Paris, a review of the National Guards always taking place in the Champ de Mars.

Maréchal Oudinot came this year, as usual, to receive the King's commands and to assure him that the *fête* would still go off well; his Majesty therefore gave orders to have the review.

The Dauphiness, impressed by a report which she had heard of the continued irritation against the ministers, took the liberty of entreating the King to give counter orders to the National Guard. To her entreaties the King opposed the assurance which the Maréchal had just given him, of the good-humour to which he could testify, and which gave him the hope that the day would pass off quietly. The Dauphiness, not venturing to insist, withdrew, silent, but anxious. The King, trusting to what he had been told, allowed Mademoiselle to go out on the hill of the Trocadéro, opposite the Champ de Mars, where she could see everything, and perhaps even hear some shouts of "*Vive le Roi !*" Then he promised to meet us in the Dauphiness's apartments.

The King departed, surrounded by a numerous staff, the Dauphin and the Duc d'Orléans accompanying him; the Princesses followed in a *calèche*.

From the top of the knoll where we were, which overlooked the whole of the Champ de Mars, we could see and even hear the *vivat* of each legion.

After the march past of the troops, the Maréchal commanding the National Guard, as usual, respectfully approached his Majesty to receive his commands. His Majesty found no fault, even expressed his satisfaction, and gave orders to withdraw the legions.

We believed in the enthusiasm, and went to meet him in a quite happy frame of mind. He dismounted from his horse, and Mademoiselle, throwing her arms round him, said, "Are n't you glad, *Bon-papa?*" "Yes, pretty glad," he said, with a smile. My son-in-law, Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who accompanied his Majesty, also made no complaint, and even said that all had passed off well. The Dauphiness, who came up just then with the Duchesse de Berry, said to him, "You are easily pleased." And we soon heard that as they passed along, they had heard, from the seventh and ninth legions, repeated cries of, "Hurrah for the charter! Down with the ministers!"

That same evening the Duchesse de Berry gave a concert. Those persons who had accompanied the King persisted in declaring that, with very few exceptions, nothing had occurred to disturb the peace.

Very little attention was paid to the music: there was a variety of opinions with regard to the review; many persons endeavoured to make the King understand the violence of the ill-will which the guards felt for him. He came up to M. de Bourbon-Busset and myself, and said with his usual *bonhomie*, "In this case, apparently, my deaf ear has done me good service, and I feel correspondingly obliged to it, for I assure you that I heard no insults."

Many of the ministers came late to the concert, and then only for the sake of urging the King to grant them an audience that very evening, which he did, and the *soirée* came to an end.

The King then heard a circumstance which gave him some anxiety: after the review, the legions, as they were returning to their barracks, passed through the Rue de Rivoli, under the windows of M. de Villèle, brandishing their arms, shouting, and making insulting remarks about the ministers, and calling to their aid that charter which they pretended to wish to uphold with the last drop of their blood.

These were the threatening incidents which the ministers felt ought to be brought to the notice of the King, in the hope of inducing him to take violent measures. It was then that they very strongly urged his Majesty to disband the National Guard of Paris, representing to him that it was necessary to seize upon an opportunity which would seem just even according to the constitution, and would furnish the King with the more solid support of regular troops, which he could summon to Paris.

In this midnight council, opinions were divided; only three ministers — Messieurs de Chabrol, de Frayssinous, and the Duc de Doudeauville — were of opinion that it would be better to keep to what the King had said on dismissing the Maréchal. Messieurs de Villèle, de Corbière, the Baron de Damas, de Clermont-Tonnerre, and de Peyronnet, were for disbanding the National Guard, which was irrevocably decided upon.

You can imagine what must have been, and what actually was, the painful surprise, the stupefaction even, of Maréchal Oudinot upon receiving the next morning

the official notification of the disbanding of the National Guard of Paris! Would it not have been a hundred times better to break up and disperse the legions of which they had to complain, than to leave surrounding the throne a hundred thousand armed, equipped, disciplined, and humiliated men?

M. de Villèle, by this act, in one moment, and that a critical one, created disaffection among a huge mass of men till then faithful and devoted to the King.

Soon after this, the King's advisers induced him to make a visit to the camp of St. Omer, and the northern provinces, so that he could judge for himself of the disposition of the people and the army. The Duchesse de Berry took advantage of his absence to go to Dieppe; she took Mademoiselle with her, and I accompanied them.

Madame, who was very charitable to the poor, and interested herself in the position of every one brought to her notice, understood the art of appearing gracious to all, and I can truly say that she was adored at Dieppe. 16

Mademoiselle, too, was delighted with this new mode of life, which had hitherto been utterly unknown to her; the absence of etiquette, the incognito, in which princes delight, were from the very first greatly appreciated by her, as she was able to play like other children, to enjoy the freedom of the country, and to make little excursions by sea with Madame.

The Duchesse de Berry promised Mademoiselle to

show her the environs of Dieppe, for in her historical memories she recalled Ivry and Arques, in the valley of which Madame promised to give a little *fête* for her.

One lovely morning we set off on donkey-back, surrounded by all the young people in the society of Dieppe. Never was there a gayer cavalcade, Mademoiselle the happiest of all; and I must confess I enjoyed seeing her ecstasy. This merry company, she said, was a hundred times more delightful than those solemn ones at court. It was thus that we reached that charming valley of Arques, where Henri IV. fought with his cavalry against the troops of Mayenne.

The Duchesse de Berry was so gracious as to order the breakfast table set out on the same hill where Armand de Gontaut, Maréchal de Biron, gained a glorious victory over the enemy's infantry, though they fought desperately. I was very much pleased by this compliment; for this spot and the valour of our ancestor had always held a high place in the family annals.

We also visited the château of Arques, which was entirely destroyed in 1830.

On her return from Dieppe, Mademoiselle related the events of her journey to her brother; in this recital the donkey-rides played a large part, and inspired Monseigneur with a desire to go and do likewise. The choice of a place became embarrassing: St. Cloud was too royal, and there was not a donkey to be found at Versailles or Trianon; and finally the forest of Montmorency was fixed upon.

Monseigneur obtained permission to give a breakfast on the island in the Lake d'Enghien; M., Madame, and the Mesdemoiselles de Cossé and several of my grandchildren were of the party. We went thither in *calèches*, on a lovely, warm day. When we reached the forest of Montmorency, the court carriages were exchanged for relays of donkeys, and everything was as delightful as possible, when suddenly the sky darkened, the thunder growled, and our ladies were very much terrified. But at this juncture, happily, we saw a carriage coming towards us; it was what is vulgarly called a *tapissière* (a tilted cart), driven by a very civil gentleman, who, seeing our dismay, stopped and offered his services, — an unexpected good fortune. After a consultation between the Governor and Governess, the gentleman's offer was accepted. He held out his arms to the children. The Duc de Bordeaux, quick as a flash, jumped in, demanded the reins, which were given to him, and we all followed after. I placed myself as near as possible to the master of this equipage, begging him to take care of our treasure. "It is no easy matter," he replied, "for he is quick, bold, and enterprising. Look at him; he is driving us."

The obliging unknown seemed to me so kind and polite that I took pleasure in telling him the name of the child whom he held in his arms. He seemed so surprised and so much pleased when he heard it that confidence was established between us at once. I asked him his name, and he proved to be M. Hennequin, the cele-

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

brated lawyer, who happened, like ourselves, to be going to St. Leu, and asked permission to take us there.

When we arrived, the children went to the kitchen fire to dry their clothes. The *concierge* proposed to show us the château, and we accepted. As we went up the grand staircase and passed a door, the only one on the landing, the usher who was with us stopped and said, "This is the room of the Duc de Bourbon, but no one can go in there." "All the more reason why we should want to see it," whispered M. de Cossé to me. But as soon as the usher discovered who we were, he let us in.

Nothing could be simpler than this room: only one window on the right as you enter; on the left, opposite this, an alcove in which was a small door. The gentlemen opened it, and discovered a private staircase so small and narrow that M. de Cossé said playfully to Madame de Cossé and to me, "It would be impossible for you, Mesdames, to squeeze through there." But he ran down it, and M. Hennequin followed. They found themselves on the ground-floor, in a chamber similar to the one above, with an alcove and a door opening upon the little staircase. After having examined it, they came back and found us at the only window in the room; they looked out with us and watched the arrival of the donkeys, which had followed us. M. Hennequin talked with me, and we both leaned against the window, which he had opened. I remember the subject of the conversation, which was about the position of the two

chambers; then he gave me his arm, and we went to find all the children.

We heard news every day at St. Cloud of the King on his journey; I received mine from my son-in-law, the Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who was then commanding the cavalry at the camp of St. Omer. He told me with what sincere enthusiasm the King was received; the troops found him still graceful and affable, as he had been in the brilliant period of his youth; the merchants perceived with pleasure the interest he took in all branches of industry, which he knew how to appreciate, and repeated the gracious words which came straight from his heart. Those persons who were least disposed to favour him, and those already carried away by the spirit of opposition, returned to their allegiance. Casimir Périer, who was decorated by the hand of the King, was very much gratified, and did not hesitate to avow it.

The return of the King to St. Cloud was another happy day, which he spent chiefly with the royal children, who never stopped asking him questions. I listened to him with pleasure, and observed that, take it for all in all, I thought he ought to feel satisfied. "Ah! what signifies enthusiasm like that?" he said sadly. "These outward demonstrations amount to nothing; a friendly wave of the hand, the smile of a prince or a king, are enough to call them forth."

Our conversation was long, and became quite confidential, even serious, for it was then that he announced

to me his firm determination to change his ministry, and his intention of recalling the Prince de Polignac, to put him at the head of the council. "This announcement ought to please you," he said. "You know him very well, I believe?"

To this I replied, "He has been away so long, and I have not known him intimately since he was very young."

The King added, "Do not speak of it, for it is a secret as yet." I could not help smiling at this, for I had in my hands at that moment letters from London which had already spoken of it, and among others one from Lady Mornington, announcing to me that this nomination was already made, as she had heard through her brother-in-law, the Duke of Wellington. I informed the King of this; and he wished to see not only this letter, but the others also, in order to get an idea of the impression this announcement had made in London. I gave them to him, and he found in them opinions which I shared. "He is good and true," they said to me, "and loves the King like a friend; but he is weak, and has a rather bad set about him. It is generally doubted here whether he will be equal to the exalted position in which the King wishes to place him. Could he ever foresee and overcome the spirit of opposition just now unknown in France, but which is already beginning to give signs of its existence?"

The King, struck by this remark, and wounded by the indiscretion of the Prince, and even by that of the Duke

of Wellington, in having already spread abroad what he himself still kept hidden in his own breast, could not help saying as he gave me back the letter, in a tone of great dissatisfaction, and even of impatience, "It was very foolish of Jules to speak of it so soon, and very indiscreet in the Duke to publish it abroad. Ah, well, since you already know it, I will tell you that I am obliged to remove the Minister Villèle, who no longer possesses the confidence of the Chambers."

"But," I said to the King, "will the Prince de Polignac, young and inexperienced as he is, and almost a stranger here, have strength enough to gain their confidence?" And after a pause I added, "In the present circumstances, I shall regret, I frankly acknowledge it, even at the risk of displeasing your Majesty, the loss of many of the present ministers, but more than all the Minister Martignac." Then the King, who had been growing more and more angry, turned his back on me, and took the way that led to his own apartment. I had had the courage to tell him what I really thought, and I have never repented it. When we met again that same day, he did not allude to the subject.

After much wavering on the part of the King, the Prince de Polignac came from London, not to return there again, and was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs. His first speech to the Assembly made a sensation, not because of its eloquence, but because of his dwelling so long upon himself.

The ministry consisted of the following persons:

the Prince de Polignac, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. de La Bourdonnais, Minister of the Interior; M. de Bourmont, Minister of War; M. de Montbel, Minister of Public Instruction; M. de Chabrol, Minister of Finance, etc.

For some time I had observed with pain that the King had grown sad, serious, and thoughtful. One day (it was the day of the opening of the Chambers), as I came into his cabinet, he gave me a paper, saying, "That is my speech." I read it carefully, and I believe I can recall it word for word. This is it: —

"I enjoin upon you, gentlemen, to repel with scorn the traitorous insinuations which malevolence seeks to spread abroad. If culpable manœuvres raise up obstacles to my power, which I ought not and will not foresee, I shall find strength to overcome them in my firm resolution to maintain the public peace."

When I gave this speech back to the King, he asked me what I thought of it; I told him frankly that, not knowing the motive that prompted it, it seemed to me rather severe. To this he replied: "It is well deserved. Do you not know, then, how malevolence interprets my actions and even my words; that everywhere, and above all in Paris, intrigues are being formed against my authority? Oh, I swear it to you, I cannot endure it; it is enough to make one give it all up, and leave them to themselves."

Mademoiselle was at the table scribbling, but she was

listening all the while. She looked at the King and said, "And then what shall we do, *Bon-papa?*"

The King, perceiving that it was time for the council, said good-by, without making any reply. I then saw Mademoiselle take up some wafers and run to the window; I paid no more attention to her, but followed his Majesty.

At the door of the council-chamber, M. de Chabrol rejoined the King, excusing himself for being a little late, by saying that he had been trying to read a placard pasted on the window of the King's cabinet, which had attracted a crowd, and which he could not make out. Greatly astonished, his Majesty sent an usher to inquire into it. He came back holding in his hand this notice, written by Mademoiselle, "House to Let!"

On examining it, the King recalled his complaints and the question which had inspired in Mademoiselle this witty announcement; this rendered the Assembly a little less serious for a moment.

Dear little Mademoiselle, who had only thought of amusing the King by an innocent joke, was rather dismayed when she heard the effect it had had; she asked pardon, and obtained it by a kiss.

The Princesses went to Paris for the opening of the Chambers, and I accompanied Mademoiselle. After the King's speech, which was spoken with great energy, there was a dead silence. The Princesses withdrew, and I followed; no one said a word.

M. Étienne, editor of the journal "*The Minerva*," the

recognised head of the opposition, composed an address in reply to the King's speech. These are some of the passages in it: —

"SIRE, — The charter which we owe to the wisdom of your august predecessor consecrates as a right the intervention of the country in the discussion of public interests. Clearly defined within limits which we will never suffer any one to pass, it is positive in its results, for it makes the permanent agreement of the political views of your government with the wishes of the people the indispensable condition of the regular conduct of public affairs.

"Sire, our loyalty and our devotion compel us to say to your Majesty that this agreement no longer exists."

Violent in its opposition to authority and to the royal prerogative as this address was, it was signed by two hundred and twenty-one members.

The King, hurt and displeased, assembled his council, which demanded almost unanimously the immediate dissolution of the Chamber; but it was decided that it should be simply adjourned for three months, leaving to the electors the necessary latitude in trying to form a Chamber less hostile to the purpose of the King. His Majesty took up a pen himself and wrote the first draft of his reply to the address of the deputies. These are his words, the exact truth of which I can vouch for, as I had them from a person who was present at the Assembly: —

"I have fulfilled my duty as King in receiving the address you have presented to me; my reply to the Chamber of Peers

has made you acquainted ¹ my intentions; from these I shall never deviate. Return ^{he} Chamber, and my ministers will make known to you my ^ws."

An incident occurred ^{at} this time, very opportunely, to distract the general ^{pre}occupation occasioned by the dissatisfaction with Majesty's address. A stroke of a fan, given to the ^firs of the French consul by the Dey of Algiers, formed ^e pretext for an expedition to Algeria, which the King and the Duc d'Angoulême ardently desired. The British Government did not like it, as they feared their commercial influence in India might be injured by it. Am not at all learned in the devious ways of politics, I ^only repeat here what I heard said on the subject by ^{ose} around me.

The King thinking it necessary ascertain the spirit of the troops, then assembled in the ^{uth} of France for this expedition, the Duc d'Angoulême undertook to assure him of it; and after a short ^{sc}n at Toulon, he returned quite satisfied, nay, even ^{pr} of the enthusiasm which he had inspired.

The capture of Algiers, which ^wshortly after announced, caused great satisfaction France, and there were rejoicings everywhere. On ^{is} occasion the Duchesse de Berry allowed Monseigneur to have a bonfire in the small garden near his ^{pan}; all the children who were friends of the young ^{ince}—De Maillé, Damas, Josselin de Chabot, Bon-Busset, etc.—eagerly joined in, and piled up fagots-crackers, and rockets. The explosion was grand, but early set

fire to the château, which made the Duc de Castries, the Governor, very angry, and he scolded, which amused Madame greatly. Mademoiselle witnessed this *fête* from her room, to which she had been confined by the measles.

The royal family was just on the point of dispersing for the summer. The Dauphiness was already established at Vichy; the Duchesse de Berry was to go to Rosny, and she wished Mademoiselle, during her absence, to go to Dieppe for the sea-bathing. Hearing that the Duchesse d'Orléans was about to make a journey to Eu, with her daughters, she thought it might be pleasant for her to spend a few days at Dieppe on her way. She therefore offered her house, as she did not intend to occupy it that summer, and told Mademoiselle that she should expect her to do the honours. Mademoiselle was delighted with this idea, and of course felt very important; we amused ourselves with making plans for this great occasion, and, with her natural kindness of heart and desire to please, she found plenty to occupy her.

I told her that, first of all, she must get the King's consent to her plans. His Majesty replied to her request, "Make your plans: it will amuse me to look over them; and if I find them reasonable and proper, I will give you my permission." Mademoiselle, delighted at this, drew up her programme, beginning with the customary reception, the Mayor at the head, with his speech in his hand, young girls, a grand dinner, and the

evening to close with a ball; then, for the succeeding days, *fêtes-champêtres*.

All this required a good deal of preparation, and Charles Leduc, inspector of Mademoiselle's household, was consulted. Our dear little Princess was somewhat disconcerted at learning that her establishment was very far from being able to furnish the necessary requisites, such as silver, linen, china, etc. She went then to relate her destitute condition to the King, who promised to assist her by giving her permission to make requisition upon the civil list. All this being settled, there remained only the invitations to write. Mademoiselle wrote to the Duchesse d'Orléans a respectful, graceful, and rather original letter, which she showed to the King. He was very much amused by it, but approved of it, and permitted her to send it. The reply of the Duchesse d'Orléans to the niece whom she loved was tender and affectionate, accepting with pleasure, and ending with these words: "Never forget, my dear Louise, that your aunt could not find it in her heart to refuse anything you might ask of her. Expect me, then, with your cousins, very soon at Dieppe."

Orders were then given to Charles Leduc to ask for what the King permitted her to borrow. He received from M. Singer, comptroller of the civil list, silver, linen, etc. The boxes containing these things were put in his charge. We were to start for Dieppe on Monday, the 26th of July.

But grave events were preparing: each report from

the provinces brought to St. Cloud names hostile to the royal cause; the King was painfully impressed, the ministers irritated, by it. It was whispered about that a *coup d'état* had been proposed by M. de Chantelauze, evidently supported by M. de Polignac. I knew nothing of this, having spent the evening of that day with Mademoiselle at Bagatelle. It was very fine weather, and we were looking forward to the next day, when we had planned to visit a manufactory at Versailles, where the Princes were expected; then afterwards to spend the rest of the day at the Petit Trianon, where all the persons attached to both educational establishments were to meet. The Baron de Damas had promised to see about the dinner. The children related the programme for the day to the Duchesse de Berry, who approved of it; always sharing Mademoiselle's pleasures, she was then very busy in making preparations for her establishment at Dieppe. The King embraced the two children with an expression of melancholy which I perceived at once. One sometimes has presentiments which one remembers all one's life. When he heard this plan for the day, the King made but little response; he walked up and down without speaking, and his preoccupation was very evident. The Baron left the room. Then the King asked me if I had read the "Moniteur."

"No, Sire, it is stupid, and one never gets anything out of it."

"I fancy it will not bore you to-day; it may astonish you rather."

At these words I must confess I looked at the King with some anxiety, trying to understand what he meant.

"Read it," he said; "you will find in it four ordinances which I signed yesterday;" and counting on his fingers, he began thus: "That for the modification of the electoral law; suspension of constitutional government; suppression of the liberty of the press; and, finally, the dissolution of the Chamber."

He looked fixedly at me, saw that I turned pale, and remarked upon it; after a moment's silence, he added, "Well, what do you think of it?"

Clasping my hands, I said, in terror and dismay, "Then that dreaded moment has come at last, that of the *coup d'état*! And this is the first step of the Polignac ministry! And what a moment to choose!"

These words seemed to irritate him, for he said, "You have a very good heart, — I have said so again and again; but it is too impulsive, and you let it overpower your good sense." (wo.

These were the King's words, which, by opening my eyes, terrified me more than anything any one could have told me. I asked him to allow me to remind him of the danger, the extreme danger, of the position of which his Majesty spoke to the royal children, almost as if it were a joke. He said to them: "You must be good, very good, now; for I have no more troops here to keep you straight. They are all away, scattered here and there throughout France, where I had to send them to put an end to the incendiarism, and to punish the

spirit of anarchy and revolt which has spread into all parts of the kingdom."

"Ah, Sire," I said, "that is only too true; and that is the plague-spot, the veritable plague-spot. Am I not right, then, in fearing the choice of this moment for a *coup d'état*? I cannot doubt M. de Polignac's good intentions, nor his attachment to the King. But, if his Majesty will permit me, it is my duty to tell him now that the absence of M. de Bourmont, who knows the army, its strength and its weakness, is to be regretted; while the presence of M. de Polignac as Minister of War, far from reassuring, actually terrifies and dismays, not only those about his Majesty's person, but also the whole mass of Royalists in France. I speak now without ill-will to the Minister, but with the terror which is inspired by the present condition of affairs."

The evident displeasure of the King had no power to silence me in my passionate devotion to my Princes; with clasped hands, I entreated him to let me say one word, to ask one question, which might be indiscreet, perhaps.

He said, "Speak; I insist upon it."

I took courage, and said, "Has not the King, in signing these ordinances, violated the charter given by his august brother, and adopted by himself?"

His Majesty, who was walking up and down in great agitation, stopped then, and taking my hand, said kindly, "No; I swear it on my word of honour! I do not think so; or, at any rate, they assured me that it was not so;

since Article XIV. of this same charter gives me positive and sufficient power to govern by ordinances in case of emergency."

"In case of emergency! But is this such a case?"

"Can you doubt it?" he said. "What do you think, for instance, of the periodic publications which tend only to inspire or justify acts of anarchy? This disorganisation has spread throughout the kingdom; and you can see that energetic measures are necessary in order to arrest its course. Calm yourself, and enjoy your day. I shall spend it at Rambouillet; so you can see that my mind is perfectly easy with regard to the result of the measures of which I have spoken to you. I only charge you to give orders to an usher to meet me this evening on my return, with news of the children." Then, embracing the young Princes, he told them to enjoy themselves, to be good, said he would see them the next morning, and, turning to me, said kindly, "Adieu; set your mind at rest. All will go well."

Upon leaving the King, a prey to the most tormenting anxiety, I lost not a moment in writing to Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who commanded the camp at Lunéville. I felt that it was of the utmost importance to warn him.

When we arrived at Versailles, flowers were scattered in Monseigneur's path; the fishwomen gave him their bouquets; young girls offered their compliments; the workmen disputed with one another for the honour of paying him,—in short, he was treated like a prince, alas, it was for the last time!

Already several persons of my acquaintance had assembled, among others an amiable sister of the Maréchal Oudinot, Madame de la Guérivière; she whispered to me that a disturbance, which she could not account for, seemed to be agitating the city. I began to feel uneasy, and I told her so. She left us for a moment, then returned, and told me that they were talking of the *coup d'état*, and the severe ordinances which were agitating Paris, and even the environs. I communicated this to the Baron de Damas, who hastened our departure for Trianon.

There all the company, in their ignorance, were gay and merry; but I, who knew more of the state of affairs, suffered great anxiety, and I will frankly confess now that I was irritated and decidedly cross at the indifference which seemed to prevail all about me. The day wore on. I felt it was absolutely necessary that I should know how Versailles stood affected, as the royal children were obliged to pass through it on their way home. I drew aside M. Grenier, the drawing-master, even then very celebrated, a most prudent and estimable man, and said to him, "You have your carriage here; for pity's sake, go to Versailles, look about, and ask questions, and then come back as quickly as possible, and tell me what you have heard."

Mademoiselle heard me give this commission, and saw the impression it made; and from that moment she never took her eyes off me. At length M. Grenier reappeared, and told me they were talking of an insur-

rection in Paris. He said that Versailles was in a ferment; that the very men who had disputed for the honour of carrying Monseigneur were now uttering threatening words; he said, also, that an officer of the garrison at Versailles had charged him to advise Baron de Damas to go home as soon as possible. He made his preparations. We consulted, and agreed that the wisest thing to do was to return at once to St. Cloud. Mademoiselle then said to me, "Send my brother away; let him have the escort. I do not need it, for I am of no importance."

Dear little Princess! she had taken it all in, and taken thought for everything,—showing wonderful prudence for her age, for she was only eleven.

Monseigneur departed, surrounded on all sides; we followed, and very soon found ourselves on the same road we had passed over a few hours before, overwhelmed with honours; now the flowers given by the fish-women were thrown at us mingled with sand and dust. We reached St. Cloud before dark; the King had not yet come. On his return he found the usher at his post, heard from him a satisfactory report of Mademoiselle, and his Majesty simply sent me a message: "To-morrow."

I wished to speak to the Duc de Raguse, but he was at St. Germain; I hoped to see M. de Champagny, chief of staff, but he too was away, having gone to spend the day at Meudon, where his mother lived.

I had no one to whom I could confide my anguish,

my fears for the future; so I wrote to my dearly beloved daughter Josephine, who, with the Duc de Rohan, was already awaiting us at Dieppe. I informed her that Charles Leduc had set out that very day in charge of the boxes containing the things necessary for the reception of the Duchesse d'Orléans.

The weather was warm; I spent several hours of that night at the window of my *salon*, which overlooked all Paris, where I could see fires in many places, which made me fear incendiarism. It was still early when I received by express a note from M. d'Astorg, who implored me to inform the King of the disturbances which had broken out in many quarters during the night. I was waiting till his Majesty should wake, to tell him of this note, when I saw Dr. Bertin¹ come in, bringing me a letter from M. de Polignac to the King, which he advised me to give him myself. As I was greatly surprised at this method of corresponding with his Majesty, he told me that the minister was afraid a courier in the royal livery might be stopped, while his modest cabriolet could reach St. Cloud without causing any excitement. I then sent to beg the King for an audience.

M. Bertin told me that in the evening the ministers

¹ Dr. Bertin, who was well known and appreciated in England, had saved the Prince de Polignac in a dangerous illness. As he was attached to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, nothing could be more natural than for the Prince de Polignac to give him a letter which he wished me to give to the King. I owe to M. Bertin the life of my grandson, Fernand de Chabot, who by his skill and care was brought back from the grave; and for this I always feel deeply grateful to him.

and their anxious friends had assembled in the Foreign Office, which was already surrounded by a hostile crowd. M. d'Haussey was recognised as he drove up to the door, and was injured by a stone which was thrown at him. It was after this that M. de Polignac left the place by a little gate on the garden terrace opening on to the Boulevards, went to the staff-office in the Place Vendôme, to inform General Wall of what had taken place, and to obtain a guard for the night, of sufficient strength to insure the safety of the ministry.

I was told that the King would see me. His Majesty, greatly surprised at this early visit from M. Bertin, asked me the reason for it, and I gave him the letter. While he was opening it, and looking for his spectacles, in order to read it, I had time to tell him what I had just heard, and what M. d'Astorg had written me.

It is difficult to understand what motive the Prince de Polignac could have had in writing to the King the letter, which his Majesty read aloud to me; it began thus:—

“It is my duty to say to the King that, surrounded as he is by alarmists who wish to frighten him, I most earnestly entreat him to believe nothing but what he hears from me and my reports, which will be sent to him hourly; we shall soon get to the end of exaggerated rumours of what is, after all, but a mere riot. If I am mistaken in my conclusions, I will give your Majesty my head as a penalty.”

“A very valuable present that would be!” I exclaimed sharply.

The King, quite out of patience, said, "I am very fond of you, Madame de Gontaut, but you really are insufferable."

I then inquired if he wished to see M. Bertin; at first he refused, but afterwards sent for him.

I find it hard to believe that the Prince de Polignac could really feel the sense of security with which he tried to inspire the King; but I owe it to his memory and to my own honour to say that, calm and gentle by nature himself, he really believed that he should be able, by conciliatory measures, to appease the storm, the gravity of which was perhaps concealed from him. And I will give you a proof of it.

M. de Polignac so little understood the gravity and importance of the ordinances that on the very day when he carried them to St. Cloud for the King's signature, he went to see the Comtesse de Rivera, at whose house he was to meet a man on business, with whom he conversed for an hour on indifferent subjects, quite foreign to current events, very calmly and with a sweet smile, his elbow all the while resting on the ministerial portfolio as if it were a cushion; and he left this house to attend the council, still with the same calm manner, to induce the King to sign documents which compromised him, his family, and his kingdom.

As soon as I learned of the disturbances in Paris, I sent for Josselin de Chabot and the son of M. d'Astorg, who were both at a boarding-school in one of the worst quarters. They met with insults on their way, but arrived without injury.

The King, too faithful to the promise which he had made to the Prince de Polignac, was determined to hear nothing and to believe nothing but what came from him; fearing to be assailed by advice and counsel and by false reports, he gave orders that no one should be admitted except Cardinal de Rohan, to whom he had granted an audience, in order to bestow upon him the cardinal's hat.

The Papal Nuncio, Sir Charles Stuart-Rothsay, English ambassador, and Comte Pozzo di Borgo, perceiving the gravity of the King's situation, came to St. Cloud to inform him of it; but the Duc de Duras did not admit them. There are moments in life when to disobey an order for the sake of saving the person giving it, is a duty.

The ambassadors were hurt at not being allowed to assist his Majesty with their advice, at least; Comte Pozzo di Borgo wished to see me, and I received him. He deplored with me the ignorance and blindness which reigned at St. Cloud, and to the last day of his life did me the justice to declare that I did everything in my power to bring to the knowledge of the King what he obstinately refused to believe, but which every one else knew and dared not tell him.

The Cardinal de Rohan came, looking as calm as possible. His fine carriage, his brilliant red livery, caused him to be taken for one of the Orléans Princes, and the guard turned out to present arms.

I was very glad to see your uncle, and I questioned

him; as he had come from the quiet Faubourg St. Germain, he knew nothing which would have served to make the King uneasy, even if he had questioned him, but he did not. When he had heard from me of the insurrection in Paris, he began to feel anxious about his mother-in-law, the Comtesse de Serent, and set off in all haste, promising to send me news on his return to Paris.

Maréchal Marmont, who had spent the 27th at St. Germain, arrived at the Institute, entirely ignorant of all that had happened, until M. Arago informed him of the ordinances, the excitement in Paris, and even his nomination to the command of the first division of the Royal Guards. Then, absolutely terrified in his surprise, he hastened to St. Cloud, where he did not conceal from the King his consternation, his dismay, at the frightfully small number of troops, which were utterly inadequate, he said, to oppose to the storm which was brewing. "What a frightful fate," he added, "not to be able to save one's country for want of means, when one is devoted to it with all one's heart and soul!"

M. de Champagny shared this anxiety, and lamented desperately that secrecy which had been observed toward him, whose position required him to receive all orders, to provide all necessities for the army, such as provisions, munitions of all sorts,—everything, in short, even to means of transportation. At this moment he had the dreadful certainty that everything was wanting.

This secret, which had been guarded with culpable carelessness, and considered by the Council of Ministers as a mere social pleasantry, not only placed the Crown in danger, but also brought France within an inch of ruin.

I ought to say, in justice to the memory of the King, that this security came from his absolute confidence in the honour and integrity of the Prince de Polignac, who was himself blinded by his utter ignorance of the condition of the army. He had assured the King that the effective force in the garrison of Paris amounted to twenty-one thousand men; and it was too late when M. de Champagny, who rushed back from Meudon in great anxiety when he heard of the ordinances, finally made him understand that he had taken the force which ought to be in the garrison for the effective force. If the effective force had really consisted of twenty-one thousand men, they could have put down the revolt; but the greater part of these troops were scattered throughout the provinces; others were on the sick list, or on service at the royal residences, etc. There remained therefore at their disposition seven thousand men at the very outside. Instinctively, and without understanding how I knew it, I had put my finger on the plague-spot at the time the King announced to me that he had signed the ordinances.

That same day, Maréchal Maison, in great haste, as he said, to assure his Majesty of his zeal, came to St. Cloud to take his orders from the King. There he

learned in what contempt the Ministers were held, as every one hastened to whisper it in his ear. Then, without losing a moment, he rode off in all haste to carry this news to the Hôtel Laffitte, where he was listened to with delight by an assembly which from that moment became the centre of the insurrection which spread through France.

This action of Maréchal Maison was all the more vile since it joined to treachery the basest ingratitude; for only a short time before, Charles X. had bestowed upon him the rank of Maréchal, and the Comte de Chabot, brother of the Duc de Rohan, had sent to him in the Morea the insignia of this dignity. This was his first treason; I shall speak later on of his second.

This moment was the signal for disorder; the ministerial offices were invaded, the Tuileries not having as yet been attacked. M. de Polignac took refuge there, and established himself in the room which I had occupied. The short stay he made there was very disastrous for me, for as soon as the mob found out he had been living there, they plundered it, carrying off everything I had left behind me; a great many things which I had destined for you, my children, were taken. Strange to say, they respected the Persian things I had brought from Dieppe. One of the insurgents, recognising them as belonging to me, said so, whereupon they all replied, "Leave them, then, she has never done us any harm!" and they put them back where they had found them, and added to them the stole of the Bishop of Hermopolis.

All my letters were taken, except a very long letter written by me to the Duchesse de Berry a short time before. This some one took great pains to send to me secretly; it was put into a little tin box sealed with three seals without arms and unknown to me. The writing of the address was evidently disguised, and I never could find out who sent it.

Every few minutes reports came to us of the situation in Paris; blood was being shed everywhere; the royal troops continued their march in spite of the sharp fire which came from all sides, from every house even. The anxieties of this time put me into a perfect agony of despair; for, though it is impossible to understand it, the King seemed to me to be resolved not to believe anything but the reports of the Minister of War, and would not let any one else even tell him anything; and he refused my repeated entreaties to come up into my *salon*, where, with an excellent telescope, he could have seen the whole of the second story of the Rue de Rivoli, from which in every house men and women were throwing out all sorts of projectiles, — pianos, commodes, every piece of furniture, in short, that they could lay their hands on,—in the hope of crushing the troops assembled in the street below. We could see, too, the towers of Notre Dame (for the sun was shining full upon it), especially the left one, where a frightful struggle was going on between the insurgents, who were trying to hoist a tricoloured flag, and the soldiers, who were trying to haul it down. One man was dashed down from the

top of this tower. I uttered a shriek of horror when I saw it. I can remember now that, several years after, I pointed out this place to the sacristan of the tower. He drew back in amazement, and said, "You are quite right, it is the very spot; were you there?" "I was there with my eyes," I said, "and with a broken heart. I was at St. Cloud."

The dismal clang of the tocsin never ceased, and was soon mingled with the roar of guns. The Duchesse de Berry heard it all, and knew all that was passing, and her courage rose almost to frenzy; it was a torture to her to stay here and do nothing. "What a misery it is to be a woman!" she said to the King, offering to go to Paris and show herself to the people, even on horseback. She received no reply to this, except a stern command to stay where she was and wait. This word, so foreign to her energy and courage, far from calming her zeal, only exasperated her the more.

At the time when every one was deploring the blundering folly of the Minister of War, I received a letter from M. de Bourbon-Busset in reply to the one I had written to him upon learning of the ordinances. "Everything is ready at the camp," he said; "all ready to start at the signal, which is awaited with impatience." I carried this comforting note to the King, who immediately sent M. de Champagny to M. de Polignac, to convey to him the order to summon promptly, not only the troops at Lunéville, but to unite with them all the cavalry regiments of the North which were to be found between Lunéville

and Paris. Glad to be able to convey this important order, M. de Champagny lost no time in carrying it to the Prince de Polignac, who, with the intention of giving the despatch himself to the director of the telegraph, so that he might be more sure of its reaching Général de Bourbon-Busset, put it in his redingote, where it stayed for a whole day. The next day the telegraphic line in the possession of the insurgents was cut, and the post no longer carried letters. In despair at his forgetfulness, which was no doubt involuntary, the Prince ordered M. de Paraza to go to Lunéville to M. de Bourbon-Busset without delay. The insurrection was now at its height, and he did not reach him till the following morning (the 29th of July), and then with great difficulty, in the disguise of a grocer's boy. Upon his arrival the whole camp marched at once, only stopping for a few hours, when it was absolutely indispensable to give the men and horses food and rest.

My daughter, Charlotte de Bourbon-Busset, courageous and devoted, fearing no danger but that of leaving her husband, obtained permission to follow him; and presently he found her in one of his carriages, holding in her arms her two sons, Charles and Gaspard, happy, and praying to God with hopeful fervour.

It was considered of great importance in the royal apartment that no signs of uneasiness should appear. Everything went on as regularly as usual; none of the customary habits were interrupted, — the little walk after dinner on the terrace, where the children played, or

where the poor *gouvernante*, although "insufferable," as she was gently told, still received, in the absence of the Dauphiness, many sad confidences; the game of whist, which nothing was allowed to disturb, set out in the very face of the great balcony, where one never ceased seeing the fires in Paris, or hearing the tocsin. To see those four tranquil whist-players, absorbed in their game, scandalised me, I must confess; but I was wrong, for the King told me afterwards that he only tried to seem calm, because this was thought best.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the situation at the period which we have now reached, I am obliged to tell you that as soon as the firing slackened a little, the Prince de Polignac gave as a reason for it the discouragement and weariness of the people; when the fact was, this movement of tranquillity was due solely to the total lack of ammunition, more especially on the part of the troops. But the insurgents coming up from Essonne with fresh supplies, the combat recommenced with redoubled slaughter, so that many barracks were taken by assault.

At the beginning of the day upon which we are now entering, Monseigneur was taking his morning walk at some little distance from the château. Suddenly we saw a group of insurgents coming across the bridge of St. Cloud; a cry of alarm caused the guard to snatch up their arms. I turned the famous telescope in that direction, and saw Monseigneur being dragged along faster than he could run, and the Baron de Damas supported

by two footmen. He seemed to be fainting, and I was very much alarmed; but when he reached the château I heard that he was only suffering from a severe headache, and I felt reassured. The insurgents who had caused so much disturbance remained in the village without approaching any nearer to the château.

The visits of mere courtiers had ceased, but misfortune only drew nearer those who were really devoted to the King. My son-in-law, the Duc de Rohan, afforded a touching example of this. He learned from Charles Leduc, on his arrival at Dieppe, that when he left Paris they were already fighting in the Place du Palais-Royal; that he had found insurrection everywhere, and had only succeeded in reaching Dieppe after a great many dangers and difficulties. Then, without losing a moment, the Duc de Rohan came straight to us; the King was greatly touched, and I was deeply moved. But having left my daughter in a state of the deepest anxiety, after he had seen his Majesty he asked permission to return to Dieppe to reassure her, to return afterwards to us, which he did a few days later.

There are sometimes supreme moments in life which give us the strength and courage to sacrifice ourselves for others, and the power to face danger with calmness, and even with eagerness. This self-devotion is very rare, but I can give you one instance of it.

Close by the garden of Montretout there lived a family named Béger, who were intimate with the mother of Mademoiselle della Torre, Mademoiselle's instructress.

Madame Béger had two children about the age of our Princess, a girl and a boy. The King used often to meet them in the garden of Montretout, and was interested in them, sometimes even calling them to come and play with Monseigneur and Mademoiselle. M. Béger, a man of ability and greatly respected, had been connected for many years with Casimir Périer. Their relations up to this time of which we speak were very intimate. When the Revolution broke out, M. Béger, perceiving the position in which we were placed, spoke of it to me every time he met me.

As the insurrection had now extended beyond Paris, and seemed about to reach us, he was alarmed for the Princess, to whom he was attached, hurried into Paris, and succeeded in penetrating to the centre (Hôtel Laffitte) of what they called "the movement," which was then in a high degree of excitement. What he saw and heard there caused him the greatest anxiety for the safety of his illustrious neighbours. Persuaded that he could be useful to them, he offered himself as a mediator between the two parties, that of the King and that of "the movement," to stop the bloodshed and to restore peace. His mediation was accepted, and he was able to bring to St. Cloud reasonable propositions. "Go," they said to him. "Your mission is a noble one; and if you can succeed in speaking to the King alone, without his advisers, his paternal heart will understand this."

M. Béger set off at once, and after a thousand difficulties and some dangers, he succeeded in reaching his own

house, which adjoined the Princes' garden, and from there he came to the door of my room. I was called, and he told me his errand. I then sent to ask the King's permission to speak to him; he admitted me, and I laid before him the propositions which had been hastily drawn up at the Hôtel Laffitte. I give them here, — I remember them well.

"The King is respectfully requested, as a means of preventing further bloodshed, to give orders for the removal of his troops from all the side streets and narrow passages where they are being destroyed, and to concentrate all his military forces in the public squares, such as the Place Louis XV., Tuileries, Louvre, Carrousel, etc., where they shall be ready to fire, on the slightest resistance to the orders of the King, who in his goodness, we hope, will revoke the ordinances or change his Minister. In this case, the commission will undertake to hold itself responsible for this proceeding, believing that it will instantly stop the carnage. Paris will then be satisfied, and the hearts of his grateful subjects will then return to him."

The King did not seem to wish to bind himself, and he simply said, "I will think about it; but I think it is a great impertinence to bring me such propositions."

Wishing to assume that the reproach of impertinence was addressed to me alone, I asked him to give me at least the satisfaction of being able to say to the man who had risked so much to serve him that his Majesty appreciated his good intentions.

"One of those gracious, encouraging words," I said, "coming straight from the heart of the King, — that is what I entreat your Majesty to give." But I could gain

nothing; and I could do nothing more except to secure M. Béger's retreat.

The excellent man, fearing for the consequences of the insurrection, which was then at its height, had brought me some of his children's clothes, which perhaps in a moment of danger might be useful to Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, and also the key of his garden, through which we might escape in an emergency, when his people, who were trustworthy and devoted, would protect us. The young Princes by their age and dress might pass for his son and daughter. In his zeal, this perfect man had provided for everything, without once thinking of his own danger; for when he left St. Cloud he would have to pass through the lines of the Royal Guards till he reached Paris, and he felt that if he should be known as a member of the assembly for the movement, that he would run a great risk. I could think of no other way of conducting him in safety to Paris than to have an usher of Mademoiselle's accompany him, carrying an order from me, saying, "Let the bearer of this note pass, with the person accompanying him." I signed this, and sealed it with the official seal of the *gouvernante* of the Children of France, and I bade good-bye to this excellent M. Béger, who went away very sad at not being able to carry with him the hope which had inspired his coming.

The approach of the insurgents so close to the château, and the scarcity of the troops remaining of the Royal Guards, suggested to the King the idea of sending

for the pupils of the school of St. Cyr, accompanied by the officers in command and by their cannon; they arrived after dinner on this same day.

Nothing could be more touching than the scene when the King confided to their care the Duc de Bordeaux. "Watch over this precious child," he said; "one day I hope he will be your King, and will know how to appreciate your youthful devotion."

The enthusiastic pupils made the air ring with their shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive le Duc de Bordeaux!"

He passed along the lines, and his heart beat with happiness at seeing himself surrounded by these loyal and devoted men, who would have defended their Prince at the risk of their lives, if politics would only have given them time enough.

July 29th. On the following day the aspect of affairs had changed; every one assembled in the grand salon; the whist-table had disappeared; people talked, took counsel together, and no longer uttered flattering words.

The court-yard, silent and deserted, was no longer entered, except by wounded soldiers perishing with hunger and clamouring for food. I had sent the people of the different households to Passy, Boulogne, even to Sèvres in search of provisions; they could get nothing, everything having been consumed.

MM. de Sémonville, d'Argout, de Vitrolles, de Girardin, and others succeeded in penetrating to the King; they represented to him in forcible terms the urgent necessity of withdrawing the ordinances and forming a new ministry.

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

To my great astonishment, I may even say to my absolute stupefaction, I heard that Charles X. had just accepted all the terms which I thought he had irrevocably rejected a few hours before.

They assured us also that the Duc de Mortemart had been appointed Minister, and was to put himself into immediate relations with the provisional government which had just been established. He came to see me that same evening, and told me that he had reluctantly accepted this tardy negotiation; and he seemed to me very gravely preoccupied. The Duc de Mortemart was seriously ill after his return from Russia, but his sufferings did not check his zeal; it was in this frame of mind that he started for Paris. When he reached the barrier, he was warned that the insurgents, having been informed of his mission, were waiting for him, hoping to stop him. Through a breach made in the wall of the *enceinte* he succeeded with difficulty in reaching the Hôtel Laffitte. Finding no one there, he went to the Luxembourg, where the Chamber of Peers was sitting. There he heard that a provisional government had been established at the Hôtel de Ville, with M. de Lafayette at its head. M. de Mortemart was by this time so ill that he could not go there himself; but, to gain time, he charged the Comte de Sussy to send to M. de Lafayette the new ordinances of the King, that he might make them known to the city of Paris, the "Moniteur" having refused to publish them. To this message M. de Lafayette merely replied, "It is too late."

This is what I have been told, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it.

Monseigneur and Mademoiselle, having seen the wounded soldiers in the court-yard, and heard them clamouring for food, thought it would be a good idea to carry them out their dinner, which had just been brought in. I approved of this plan, and helped them to carry it out. I shall never forget the animated, intelligent face and the spirited air of Monseigneur as, seizing an immense leg of mutton, he rushed down-stairs with it. Mademoiselle followed, loaded with whatever she could lay her hands on. When they reached the soldiers, the children cried, "Take this, friends, it is our dinner; take it all, the dishes too." I let them have it all their own way, and they were quite overwhelmed with the blessings showered upon them.

As they went back upstairs, I followed them, when the Prince de Polignac appeared, tranquil as ever, accompanied by the poor Princess, who looked pale and ill. "Will you give us some dinner?" said he. "Dinner?" I said, "There is no more here; the Princes have just given all theirs to the poor starving soldiers in the court-yard."

M. de Polignac said calmly, "Then we will go to M. de Cossé."

As they turned towards the apartment of the latter, they found the people of the Princes weeping and wailing in all the corridors of the château, and to all their

questions they received the same despairing reply, "Everything is used up, even the money."

That evening, the gates of the château were shut, and were not opened again except to persons who were known; the Hundred Swiss and the Royal Guards bivouacked in the court-yards.

The Duc de Raguse, up to this time on duty in Paris, came to St. Cloud, in consequence of the following letter received from the Dauphin.

MY COUSIN, — The King having given the command of his troops to me, I enjoin upon you to fall back with all your forces upon St. Cloud, where you will serve under my orders. Inform the troops that they are transferred to my command.

Upon their arrival, the Dauphin presented himself before the troops, addressing them with gracious words, which were coldly received. "We want bread!" they cried; "we have eaten nothing for three days." The officers exchanged bitter murmurs against the providence of their chiefs. "I give you my word I will do my best to repair this wrong," said the Prince.

Even on that day several general officers made complaints of the Duc de Raguse; he, on the other hand, wounded at having been deprived of his command, continued to take his orders directly from the King. At his request, his Majesty granted two months' pay to the Royal Guards who had just been fighting in Paris; the Maréchal, in an order of the day, authorised them to go that very day to the Intendant of the Civil

List to receive the King's bounty. But the funds were exhausted; M. de La Bouillerie went to the Dauphin and made a complaint of the embarrassment into which the order of the day had thrown him. The Dauphin, already irritated against the Duc de Raguse, and indignant at not having been consulted, went to him and said, "Maréchal, you have given an order to the Guards without consulting me; do you forget that I am now in command?"

"No, Monseigneur," he replied, "but as a Major-General of the Royal Guards, I have the right to take commands directly from the King."

"You ignore, then, the ordinance which made me commander-in-chief? You disregard the authority of the King? You defy me; and to prove to you that I command I shall put you under arrest."

The Maréchal shrugged his shoulders. The Dauphin, irritated by this mark of contempt, and wishing to disarm the Maréchal, attempted to seize his sword. "I would rather break it," said the Maréchal, "than have it taken." The Prince drew it out, and in the struggle he was wounded in the hand by the sharp blade. The blood flowed, the Dauphin called out, and the Comte de Champagne ran up.

"Have the Maréchal put under arrest, confine him in his apartments, and keep him carefully guarded," said Monseigneur. A brigadier and a body-guard escorted him to his apartment.

A battalion of the Royal Guards which was bivouack-

ing in the court-yard saw him pass. The King, hearing it, revoked the orders and sent the Duc de Luxembourg to the Maréchal, who said to him, "M. le Maréchal, the King restores to you through my hands this glorious sword, which you will still use in the service of his Majesty."

"No," he replied, "I will not take back that sword; I demand to be judged by a Council of War." But soothed by the urgent representations of the Duc de Luxembourg, he at length resumed it, and repaired to the King's apartment. The noble words of his Majesty touched the Maréchal's heart, and decided him to go to the Dauphin, who came to meet him and said, "Maréchal, let us forget the past; you were wrong to give orders without my consent, and I was wrong in forgetting myself; and you see," he added graciously, pointing to his wound, "I have been punished for it."

"Monseigneur," replied the Maréchal, with cold dignity, "a great deal of blood has just been shed in Paris; I should never have believed I could shed that of your Royal Highness at St. Cloud." He bowed, but refused to give any more orders. The Dauphin ceased to command, so for the moment the Royal Guards had no commander.

The Duc de Rohan, who had returned to us, was accompanied by the Prince de Bauffremont, leaving the Princess with my daughter at Dieppe. He had been absent only twenty-four hours; during this short lapse of time the insurrection having spread thither, he thought

it prudent to put under shelter against any possible plunder the silver intrusted to Charles Leduc; he had it carried to the Château d'Eu. But this transfer having become known, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, thinking it would be safer with him, offered to take charge of it.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure from St. Cloud. — The Royal Family at Rambouillet. — The Dauphiness rejoins the King. — The Duc d'Orléans Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. — Abdication of Charles X. — Letter to the Duchesse d'Orléans. — Commissioners sent to the King. — Maintenon. — Journey to Cherbourg. — M. de Bourbon-Busset and the Duc de Rohan. — Embarkation. — Dumont d'Urville. — Stay at Lullworth. — Death of the Duc de Bourbon. — Visits to my Friends in England. — Mademoiselle makes her first Communion in Scotland. — Souvenirs of the Dauphiness. — Journeys. — Majority of the Duc de Bordeaux. — My Return to France. — Death of the King. — Conclusion.

THE night of the 30th began; as there was no hostile demonstration, the King went to bed. The Duchesse de Berry sat up, for she knew that General Gresseau was coming from Paris, and she wished to see him. Greatly impressed by what he told her of the plans which the popular party did not conceal, and fearing for the safety of her children, she informed the Dauphin that she had reluctantly decided to waken the King. He was sleeping peacefully, — the last sleep he was to take in one of his palaces. The Dauphin, urged vehemently by the Duchesse de Berry, obtained the King's reluctant consent to a departure from St. Cloud. The Baron came to inform me of this; the Duc de Rohan was called, and in a short time the car-

riages of Monseigneur and Mademoiselle were all ready and waiting in a side alley which had been designated by the King. I had gone to Mademoiselle, and taking her up in my arms in her sleep, I had had her carried to the carriage. Hortense, my prudent and intelligent maid, had already had the trunks and boxes which had been packed for Dieppe put on the carriage.

The order to depart was given at two o'clock in the morning, and the carriage of the Duc de Bordeaux took the lead; he was seated in it, with Baron de Damas, his two sub-governors, and the Chevalier de Lavillatte. Fernand followed Monseigneur on horseback. The carriage of Mademoiselle came next; I was with her, together with Comtesse de Rivera, Mademoiselle Vachon, Mademoiselle L'Hermite, Mademoiselle's maid, and my own. The King, accompanied by the Duc de Raguse and the principal officers of his household, was on horseback. I saw a hand placed on the door of the carriage on my side; I leaned forward, and, as the day was just dawning, I met the eyes of the King, who looked sad, but not crushed. He did not speak, and in silence he continued to escort the carriages of his grandchildren, — all the treasure that was left to him on earth. I had not breathed a sigh on leaving St. Cloud, the court, and its grandeurs, but I wept when I looked on the sad, resigned countenance of the King.

We travelled very slowly, and in silence. The Marquis de Vêrac, Governor of Versailles, had come to the hill of Picardy, hoping to meet the King there, and to

warn him that the Place d'Armes in Versailles was crowded with National Guards who had already adopted the tricolour, and were uttering threats. The King then ordered us to turn in the direction of the Grand Trianon. When we arrived there, at six o'clock in the morning, we descended from our carriages and entered the great marble *salon*, where we could see each other by the light of the rising sun. The Duchesse de Berry was in a riding habit, with little pistols at her belt; the King inquired the reason of this. "To defend my children," she replied, "in case they were attacked." His Majesty tapped her on the shoulder kindly, and smiled.

On our arrival at Versailles I had sent to the hôtel of the pages to summon to me my nephew, Louis de Gontaut, whom I felt anxious about, as I knew that the prudent Governor had already disembarrassed himself of his responsibility with regard to the pages by turning them all out of the house. An extraordinary way to take care of them! My nephew, who was delighted at finding himself at liberty, was to rejoin his father at Montgermont, near Fontainebleau.

At an early hour we attended mass at Trianon, in a chapel adjoining the great marble *salon*.

The old Council of Ministers rejoined the King at Trianon, but the Prince de Polignac did not make his appearance; the King having lent him a carriage, he shut himself up in it. This mysterious carriage caused a slight curiosity, which was soon forgotten, however. I never saw the Prince de Polignac again.

I believe it was never known what discussions the councillors of the King held at Trianon, before they dispersed. The King decided to go to Rambouillet, and we arrived there at eleven o'clock in the evening. The probability of the King's arrival not having been foreseen, the château was not open, and there were no provisions and no comfort to be hoped for.

I had a small apartment opened, where I established Mademoiselle; as she was quite tired out, I put her to bed, but she was hungry. I sent to the town: they had nothing, nothing, was the reply I received; the troops that had been there before us had eaten everything. My poor little Princess said sadly that she could not sleep, she was so hungry. I went to the kitchen, to the offices, everywhere; but there was not so much as an egg to be found, — which would have seemed to me then a great treasure; I could have cried with vexation. I went back to Mademoiselle, hoping she might have dropped asleep, but I found her waiting for me. Looking all round the room, I found at last an old piece of bread lying forgotten on a commode, which had probably been there a long time, for it was very dry and hard. She seized it, tried to break it, and at last succeeded in breaking it in two with difficulty; and giving me half of it, she said in a touching voice which I shall never forget, "It shall never be said that I did not share with you my last morsel of bread; take it and eat it."

Dear little Princess! after she had eaten the miserable

bit of bread which she had kept for herself, she went peacefully to sleep in my arms. I spent a sad night beside her; I regretted the past, I feared for the future; but when daylight came, my courage returned, and did not leave me again.

The populace in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud had only waited for the departure of the court to follow the impetus received from Paris. A conflict took place at Sèvres between the people and the remains of a regiment of lancers, commanded by the Duc d'Esclignac. The Dauphin, when he was informed of it, went to the scene of the conflict, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and the Duc de Lévis; being coldly received, he spoke energetically to the troops, trying to soothe the irritation, of which there were unequivocal signs. In this fatal struggle the insurgents planted themselves on the bridge at Sèvres with a cannon, and the brave and loyal Duc d'Esclignac was so badly wounded in the leg that he was obliged to have it amputated.

The Dauphin, perceiving that henceforth all efforts would be useless, departed to rejoin the King; he met on the road numerous diligences and post-chaises already decorated with tricoloured flags.

The Dauphiness was still at Vichy, where she was adored by the people, who every year gave her abundant proofs of their admiration and love for her; one may believe that, without flattery, they really felt what they expressed.

She left Vichy on the 25th of July, happy over her

approaching meeting with the King, and in absolute ignorance of the disturbances, of which she soon had only too much proof. At Mâcon M. de Puymaigre, Prefect of Saône-et-Loire, told her the sad news, but secretly and in confidence. Tortured by this anxiety, she arrived at Dijon; she was expected there, and preparations for her reception had already been made. Notwithstanding the uneasiness which her presence gave the authorities, she felt that she ought to accept their proffered hospitalities, and went to the theatre. As soon as she appeared, shouts of "Hurrah for the Charter! Down with the Ministers!" were heard, to which were added threatening gestures, and her exit from the theatre was rendered very difficult and terrifying.

The people, respecting neither the sex, the goodness, nor the rank of her whom they thus insulted, and without even any motive for conducting themselves in this manner, continued their shouts, their threats, and clamour to burn down the hotel where she was staying, so that it became a matter of necessity that she should leave the town before daylight; throughout her journey she received everywhere insults,—the natural consequences of the Revolution in Paris,—which, however, her greatness of soul and her indomitable courage enabled her to support.

At Joigny she met one of the court carriages; it belonged to the Duc de Chartres, who, recognising her, rushed up to her carriage door, bathed her hands with

his tears, and offered himself as her escort, together with the regiment he was going to command.

"Go," she said to him, "and keep your regiment faithful to the King." He grasped the hand which she held out to him, and swore fidelity upon it.

From relay to relay, as the threatening effects of an ever-increasing disturbance made themselves more manifest, it was considered more prudent for the Dauphiness to exchange her private carriage for a post-chaise. She put on the dress of the maid who accompanied her, and it was thus that she arrived at Rambouillet. As soon as she was seen there, the troops, recognising her, rushed up to seize the hand which she held out to them. She was greatly beloved by them, because she had always manifested towards the Royal Guards a frank and friendly solicitude. She was welcomed and saluted by cries of devotion which were heard at the château. Every one ran out to meet her; I held Mademoiselle by the hand, and she rushed up to her aunt. The King took her in his arms. "We will never be separated again," said the Dauphiness, — "that will be our great comfort."

Deeply moved, I bent down and kissed her hand.

I found the Dauphiness sad, but by no means crushed; she was accustomed to misfortune, and knew how to bear it with the dignified resignation which was imprinted on her features. Her eyes were often full of tears, but I never saw her shed them, except for the agonising memory of the past.

The Dauphiness said to the King: "Father, it would be impossible for any one to give me more proofs of devotion, of intelligent zeal, and practical judgment than Comte de Faucigny has shown during this sad journey. I cannot say enough in his praise."

On the 1st of August, M. de Girardin came to announce to the King that the Duc d'Orléans had just been proclaimed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. His Majesty gave his consent to this, couched in these terms: —

"Being desirous of calming the disturbances which exist in the capital and in another part of France, and counting on the sincere attachment of my cousin of Orléans, I appoint him Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. I enjoin upon the Chambers to meet in session on the 3d of August, and I shall hope that they will find means to re-establish peace and tranquillity."

To this the Duc d'Orléans responded by a letter full of assurances of attachment and fidelity. Charles X. was touched by it, and that day he thought he should be able to settle everything by making his cousin Regent for the Duc de Bordeaux, in whose favour he then decided to abdicate. He discussed this question, no doubt, during part of that day, with the Dauphin and Dauphiness, for they were all together. I was with them, but I discreetly withdrew, trying to turn the children's attention to matters of small importance, in order to give the King time for the conversation, in which he seemed to me to be absorbed.

That evening, when he said good-night, the King

said to the Baron and myself, "Be punctual to-morrow, for I shall have something to say to you."

The next morning, the 2d of August, when I went to the King's room with the young Princes, he held out his arms to the Duc de Bordeaux and strained him for a moment against his heart; then, setting him down, he took up a paper which he had apparently just finished writing when we came in, and said, "This is my abdication; but I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which it is expressed." It ran thus: —

I am too deeply pained by the evils which are now afflicting or which may threaten my people, not to seek in every way in my power to put an end to them. Therefore, I have resolved to abdicate the throne in favour of my grandson.

The Dauphin, who shares my sentiments, also renounces his rights in favour of his nephew.

It will be your duty, therefore, in your capacity of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, to proclaim the accession of Henri V. to the throne. You will also take all the measures which seem proper to you, to regulate the form of government during the minority of the new King. For the present I confine myself to making known my intentions, as a means of avoiding further disturbance.

You will communicate my intentions to the diplomatic corps, and you will, as soon as possible, make the proclamation by which my grandson may be recognised as King under the title of Henri V.

I charge Lieutenant-General Vicomte de La Tour-Foissac to give you this letter. He has orders to discuss with you what arrangements shall be made in favour of those persons who have accompanied me, as well as the arrangements which concern me and the rest of my family:

We will afterwards arrange the other measures necessary as a consequence of the change of reign.

I renew, my cousin, my assurance of the sentiments with which I remain your affectionate cousin,

CHARLES.

We were reading this document when the Dauphiness entered, and the King gave it to her. She read it, and her unselfishness in the whole matter was very touching.

The Dauphin also came in; when he had glanced over the paper, which he had already seen, he took up a pen and signed it. Never were three abdications made in one moment that were more frank, spontaneous, and touching; the same devotion, the same respect, the same aim, — France, her happiness and peace.

Mademoiselle was with us; seeing the tears flow (for admiration touches the heart), she said in a low tone, "Some misfortune is going to happen to us, brother, for they all cry when they look at us. Let us go and pray to the good God;" and she drew him gently out on the balcony, where they threw themselves on their knees. I watched them; never was there a more touching scene; I never shall forget it.

The abdication signed, the King turned to me and said, "Take the children away; I cannot bear to see them so sad. Go and try to amuse them; but I must speak to you presently, and I will let you know when I am ready."

The Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Duchesse de Berry, who came in just then, remained with the King, together with the Baron de Damas.

The sadness of children is generally of very short duration, and that of Monseigneur soon yielded to the efforts which Mademoiselle made to amuse him. She helped him to make a coach out of chairs, and even a high seat, on which he was sitting when the Baron entered, bowed low, and said, "Sire—" and then there was a pause—"Sire, I am charged by the King to tell you that your august grandfather, having failed to give happiness to France in spite of his heartfelt desire to do so, has just abdicated, and it is you, Monseigneur, who are to be King, under the title of Henri V."

Monseigneur got down off his seat, and standing in front of the Baron said, "What! *Bon-papa*, who is so good, could not make France happy! And they want to make me King in his place!" Then, shrugging his shoulders, he added, "Why, M. le Baron, what you say is an impossibility." Then, gathering up his whip and his reins in his hand, he said, "Come, sister, let us go on with our game."

Presently the King sent for me. He was alone, and apparently calm. When he asked me how Bordeaux had received the news, I repeated what he had said, and he could not help smiling.

His Majesty said to me: "A few days ago, when Louise wrote to the Duchesse d'Orléans to invite her to come to Dieppe, she sent her a charming note in reply. Will you write and recall this to her mind, telling her that we are about to intrust to her care all that

we hold most dear in this world? I have just written to her; but I know she likes you, and a letter from you will not be taken amiss. I shall not dictate what you are to say; you know how to express what we feel, and what I know you feel yourself in this cruel reverse."

To obey was my duty; but how was I to do it, I, a simple woman? To recommend my King to his aunt's good offices would be impossible, and would not be fitting. I reflected for a moment, and then, with God's help, I wrote the letter, but in the name of *Mademoiselle*, in such a manner as would touch the kind heart of her aunt.

General de La Tour-Foissac was charged with the delivery of the act of abdication and my letter. Not being able to get into the *Palais-Royal*, it was with great difficulty that he at length succeeded in confiding the object of his mission to an aide-de-camp of the Duc d'Orléans. The Prince was at Neuilly and was ill, and M. de La Tour-Foissac was therefore obliged to wait. It was not until evening that the same aide-de-camp came to deliver him from the painful position in which he had spent the day, leaning back in a corner of a fiacre on the *Place Palais-Royal*, fearing every moment an attack from an excited and tumultuous crowd. He was then taken through the *Rue de Valois* to the palace, where, through the open door, he distinctly saw the Duc d'Orléans lying on a cot-bed, apparently overcome by fatigue. Still conducted by the same person, M. de La Tour-Foissac reached the great gallery. The

Duchesse d'Orléans was there alone, and came forward. He gave her the letters with which he was charged; as she read that of Mademoiselle her eyes filled with tears, but the only answer he could obtain was this, "Tell the royal family that my husband is an honest man, and repeat it to the Duchesse de Gontaut."

M. de La Tour-Foissac thought he saw at the end of this gallery Mademoiselle d'Orléans conversing with some one whom he could not distinguish, but she did not speak to him.

It was not till some time afterwards that I heard these particulars from M. de La Tour-Foissac himself.

The disturbances among the loyal troops cast a veil of sadness and gloom over the beginning of this day, a general anxiety which may easily be imagined; everything was lacking, even food, to such an extent that the King gave the Body-Guards permission to shoot the abundant game, which hitherto had been carefully reserved for the sport of his Majesty and the Princes. From this time the firing never ceased; but what I could not account for was the sight from my window of the Body-Guards breaking up their guns and throwing them into the canal in the park. "A strange way of preparing for defending themselves if it should become necessary," I thought to myself. I asked for an explanation of it, but I never received any. This discontent of the Body-Guards, who knew no reason for it themselves, seemed to me as evident as their discouragement. On that same day the desertions from the 2d Regiment of the Royal Guards began.

The King's dinner-hour was changed to an earlier one. His Majesty appeared for the first time in a simple evening-dress, for which he had exchanged his uniform and all the insignia of royalty, — no more orders, no more royal crowns, with which his coat had hitherto always been decorated. Soon after dinner, the King, holding the Duc de Bordeaux by the hand, went to the bivouac of the Body-Guards.

When they perceived him, they were about to present arms; but he forbade it, and, approaching them, he announced to the assembled troops his abdication in favour of his grandson, whom he presented to them as their king, asking for him the same fidelity, the same devotion, of which the Body-Guards and the Royal Guard had never ceased to give him proofs up to the present time. Every sabre and every sword was raised in token of an oath of fidelity; the excitement became general, even deafening. A timid child might easily have been terrified by it, but Monseigneur remained unmoved. An oath of fidelity pronounced by twelve hundred men, backed up by more than thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, a loyal army, which as I knew, was approaching Paris by forced marches, — with all this, could I not reasonably hope that this child-king, my heart's treasure, might have a peaceable and happy reign?

An abbé whose mouth was as large as his head, with a voice like thunder, nearly deafened me by roaring out, "À la Vendée! À la Vendée! Henri V. and his mother! We want nothing but that!" This mention

of La Vendée roused an echo among the troops; but it did not last long. The Dauphin kept Henri V. constantly beside him; I heard him proclaim him, asking of the troops that fidelity towards him from which the Royal Guard had never departed. It was a touching scene; the Dauphiness said a few encouraging, dignified, affectionate words to each. The Duchesse de Berry seemed to electrify them, for she spoke of glory and hope. Among the soldiers she was more than the timid, anxious mother,—she was a mother who had faith and hope. I was greatly touched by her manner. The sight of her so excited the abbé that he was quite beside himself, and they had to take him away; we did not see him again.

The countersign was given that very evening by Baron de Damas in the name of Henri V. Thus ended this day, which we then thought was the beginning of the new reign. But already there were fresh dangers in store for us. A threatening body of men had been mustering during the night, and marched towards Rambouillet. The King had not heard of it, and I was just going to inform him of it, when General Vincent arrived to tell him the particulars. That very night the postmasters of Dreux, Chartres, etc., had received orders to have in readiness carriages, chariots, and, in short, all means of transportation from Paris to Rambouillet. Already Place Louis XV. was thronged with a frantic multitude of the very dregs of the people, who were only waiting for the promised conveyances. They

were commanded by Colonel Poque, — a very painful circumstance for General Vincent, as Colonel Poque had been his aide-de-camp.

At ten o'clock he had arrived at the château, and announcing himself as a *parlementaire*, as such demanded an interview with his General, who summoned him to withdraw, together with the troop which he commanded. This order having been given three times in succession and not obeyed, the General then threatened to fire. Instead of obeying, M. Poque planted the tricoloured flag in the grand avenue of the château; without taking a step, crossing his arms with cool intrepidity, he looked his Colonel straight in the face, who then, with bitter regret, was obliged to pronounce the fatal word, "Fire!"

The horse of the brigadier who accompanied him was killed, and the Colonel himself received a bullet in his left ankle; he was carried to the out-houses of the château, where he had every care, the King sending him his own surgeon.

Colonel Poque had a mother whom he adored, who lived in Pau, where my family were at this time. He wrote her a touching letter, which he asked General Trogoff to give to me, begging me to send it to her. I promised him I would, and kept my word; some people blamed me for this "sentimentality," but they were persons who had no mother. The King had given his permission.

Many persons arrived at the château, among others

the Duc de Laval, who came from London, and the Duc de Coigny, who, after having seen the King, disappeared, and I have never seen him since. The Duc de Noailles spent part of the day with us.

They all brought news and gave advice, but without any particular aim; the anxiety then seemed to me to become general. At length, after dinner, about nine o'clock in the evening it was announced that commissioners coming by order of the Regent desired to see the King; they were taken to the great *salon*, where every one repaired to meet them. I was close by his Majesty when Maréchal Maison, MM. Schonen and Odilon Barrot approached him.

"What do you wish with me, gentlemen?" said the King; "as I have had an understanding with the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, everything is now arranged."

"It is he, Sire," replied M. Odilon Barrot, respectfully, but in a voice shaken with emotion, "who has sent us here to try to protect the young King and his august family against the fury of a raging mob who are now rushing upon Rambouillet; a hundred thousand men have followed us, and are only a short distance off. Oh, Sire," he said, clasping his hands with an air of entreaty, "spare the nation further crime; save the life of this precious child!"

At these words, the King turned to Maréchal Maison and said, "Maréchal, upon your honour as a soldier, I demand of you to tell me the truth: is it true, as has

just been stated, that the whole population of Paris is on the way here, a lawless mob?"

In reply, without the slightest hesitation (I saw him, for I was looking straight in his face), Maréchal Maison replied, "I swear it, Sire! They have not told half the truth!" The King then said, "I believe in the honour and the word of a soldier, and on account of this I consent to go away."

I ought to say here, that what the Commissioners represented as being the entire population of Paris was in reality only a very small part of the Insurgents coming in carts and cabs, prepared in advance, as I have already related, and exhausted with fatigue from the three days' journey from Paris; and that a demonstration made by one or two cannon, loaded with powder alone, would have scattered the whole mob.

In speaking before of Maréchal Maison I made use of a terrible word, which I will not utter a second time. Alas! it can be only too easily imagined.

The Commissioners withdrew; the King, meeting the Duc de Noailles, said to him in a tone of affectionate friendship, "My dear Duc, in order to avoid great misfortunes, I have decided to go away; will you receive us at Maintenon?" The Duc bowed respectfully, and hastened on in advance to be ready to meet the King.

His Majesty said to the Baron and to me, "Prepare everything for departure." I went to waken Mademoiselle. Poor little Princess! She was sleeping so sweetly, so soundly, that she could not even take in

those cruel words, "going away!" I was obliged to repeat them. She, who had always been so sweet and so resigned to the duty marked out for her, burst into sobs, and cried out, "No, no, don't go away!" I made up a sort of little sofa for her, out of five or six pairs of sheets which I hastily took off the beds in our apartment. In going out to the carriage, we had to pass through the court-yard, where they were melting down the royal silver to procure money to provide food for the soldiers.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Charles X. reached Maintenon; he was received with royal honours; the château was brilliantly illuminated as if for a festival,—it was the last of his reign.

They assembled in the *salon*, and the Commissioners arrived. The King, observing that the Duchesse de Noailles seemed to be ill, persuaded her to withdraw, and, with his Majesty's permission, she charged her niece to represent her.

The Duc de Noailles accompanied the King to the apartment of honour which was destined for him. During this time the Commissioners, seated about a round table, were already busy in marking out the itinerary of the journey which the King was to undertake; they were constantly sending off and receiving despatches. I was near them, writing my sad farewells to my dear daughter, the Duchesse de Rohan. I told them this, and asked them to send my letter to Dieppe. M. Schonen promised to do so.

During the first hours of the night the graceful niece of the Duchesse de Noailles came and talked to me; understanding my distress, she said everything comforting she could. She was then about seventeen, and was a charming girl. She was Mademoiselle de Beauvilliers de Saint Aignan, the last of that illustrious family. In 1832 she married the Prince de Chalais, eldest son of the Duc de Périgord, and died in 1834. Her death was a genuine loss to society, a profound grief to her family, and a misfortune to the poor. An elegant and graceful pen¹ gave the portrait of the Princesse de Chalais in a few words, at the time of her death. "Her life," he said, "was like the apparition of an angel on the earth."

As the night wore on, the Commissioners separated, and I returned to Mademoiselle just as the King and the Duchesse de Berry came in. "We have come," said the King, "to talk over with you our future arrangements; as we find it necessary to restrict as much as possible the number of persons who will accompany us, we think Mademoiselle Vachon will suffice to perfect Louise in the lessons and accomplishments she has already begun, and therefore she alone will go with us. The same plan will be adopted for Henri; as M. de Barande is perfectly fitted for the duties I shall intrust to him, he will come with us. You will readily understand that we are forced into a separation, which I know will be painful to you, from Madame de Rivera. Pray announce

¹ That of the Duc de Noailles, her uncle.

it to her, adding at the same time our sincere regrets at being obliged to make this sacrifice."

"What," I exclaimed impetuously, "abandon her like this!"

"She will not be abandoned," replied the King; "we are leaving her for the present in a most comfortable home, that which, as you know, I chose only yesterday for myself. She will stay here with the friend of her early youth until we can send for her. This decision is irrevocable; pray have the courage to carry it out."

The King then said to me, in a tone of the deepest sadness, that he was quite unaware of what fate was in store for himself. I repeated to him the conversation of the Commissioners, who had openly marked out on a map before me his route by short stages from Maintenon to Cherbourg, where he could embark.

The words "Cherbourg" and "embark," which had affected me so deeply, seemed not to disturb the King in the least; but the Duchesse de Berry could not conceal her emotion.

The King then left us, looking quite crushed. He turned towards his own room, painfully ascending those same stairs which Louis XIV. had so often mounted, recalling great and generous memories.

The Duchesse de Berry, taking my hand, said, "Come, take courage; it is only a temporary separation, — or at least I hope so."

This unexpected interview, this painful decision announced to me when I had just written my last fare-

wells to my daughter, seemed to overwhelm me with a discouragement quite foreign to my character. But I soon began to feel it my duty to endure, without shrinking, whatever future God might see fit to mark out for me. I submitted, resigned myself, and from that moment I found strength to bear whatever might come. It was a victory which may be gained by any Christian.

To announce our approaching separation to Madame de Rivera was a very difficult task for me. Without doubt she had a right to count on the affection of her friends, who had never ceased to give her many proofs of it. Her affectionate devotion would have triumphed over every obstacle. She would gladly have toiled for her Princess; but to leave her as she was going into exile was a bitter grief to her, and she even expressed herself rather severely in regard to it.

Dear Eugenia, in our grief we were both unaware that God's hand was to be seen in this affliction, that His providence was watching over you. This desertion that I so grieved over placed you in a high position, and gave you the opportunity to make the husband who was given to you happy to the last day of his life. This Divine Providence gave you daughters, the very perfection of daughters, friends who loved you, and whom you loved. Let us then bless the hand of God, which protected the orphan in the hour of her need.

The next morning the King heard mass in the small chapel of the château. Then, having been informed

that everything was ready for his departure, he spoke touching words of farewell to the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles. The grace and nobility of his manner were still admired. At this last moment he knew, as he had always done, how to speak comforting words which one could never forget.

The loyal remnant of a once brilliant army, ranged around the château, stood waiting, ready to follow to its last day this monarchy which they regretted.

The King appeared, and got into his carriage, which the guards surrounded in silence. The Dauphin's carriage came next, then that of the Duchesse de Berry, the Duc de Bordeaux, and Mademoiselle. The Dauphin was on horseback, surrounded by several of the first gentlemen of his household, together with the Duc de Raguse, who accompanied them. A squadron of Body-Guards led the way. The royal *cortège* advanced slowly on the road to Dreux, where the royal guards stood sad and silent. The carriage of the Commissioners preceded that of the King; all proceeded in silence, never faster than a walk. Thus passed each day of that sad journey.

When we reached Dreux, M. Odilon Barrot harangued the people, and, approaching the carriage of the King, informed him that he would have to put up with the sight of the tricolour flying everywhere. The King replied, "It is a matter of indifference to me."

The first stopping-place for the night was at Dreux. The next morning we were awakened by the noise —

alas! now only too familiar to our ears — of an *émeute*. I ran to the window, and saw the hotel surrounded by peasants armed with scythes. Not understanding the cause of this, I felt rather anxious for a little while, but was soon reassured when some one came to tell me that politics had nothing to do with this popular movement. They were simply the reapers of this district, who, wishing to have their wages raised, had rebelled, in imitation of the people of Paris. This disturbance, which lasted part of the day, was disagreeable, but not dangerous.

Between Dreux and Laigle we spent several nights on the road, in the little villages. The best room was always assigned to the King. He wished, during this long journey, to have the Duc de Bordeaux always with him. After him the beds were of course given to the Princesses, and also, of course, finally to Mademoiselle, who was considered of the least consequence, and therefore, coming last, sometimes had very poor accommodations. Five of us were reduced to simple mattresses, which soon dwindled down to straw beds; and even this object of luxury was often gayly disputed between us.

Maréchal Marmont, who had a fixed idea that he ran great risk of being carried off by the popular party, and delivered up as a sacrifice for his past misdeeds, concealed himself wherever he could,—often near us, and even on the mattress destined for the lady's maid or Mademoiselle Vachon. I used to relate these little

intestine broils to the Dauphiness, who was greatly amused by them. But one incident occurred which gave me some uneasiness, as it might have had unpleasant consequences.

Vicomte Hocquart, one of the *maitres d'hôtel* of the King, charged to watch over the general safety, was travelling with us. He came one day after dinner to inform me that a packet of arsenic had been found broken open on the kitchen table. There was a general alarm, as it was impossible to obtain milk as an antidote. Colics attacked the lodgers on every story; first over our heads, where the Duc de Luxembourg slept. The gaping seams in the floor of his wretched garret would not allow us to ignore the smallest detail of his sufferings. The Duchesse de Berry was also very ill. This crime, attempted by a cruel hand which forever remained unknown to us, had for result the serious and long-continued illness of the Duc de Luxembourg alone.

During the day which followed this eventful night, Mademoiselle was attacked by slight pains, which occasioned me some anxiety, but which soon passed off.

When we reached Argentan the King wished to spend the day there and leave early the next morning. As night came on, I was informed that a person, who seemed to be of importance, had arrived from Paris, and wished to see me, in order to give me a message from the Duchesse d'Orléans. One of the Body-Guards had brought him to my door. I was lying

down in my clothes, as I had always done throughout the journey, and therefore I was able to see him at once. It was M. Dumas. "I have been sent," he said, "by the Duchesse d'Orléans to give you the news from the camp at Lunéville, and Général de Bourbon-Busset will probably come soon to tell you them himself."

Then perceiving Mademoiselle, who was asleep on her little mattress on the floor, he told me what a deep interest the Duchesse d'Orléans took in her, "and in you too, Madame," he added.

I had had the King informed of the arrival of M. Dumas. The person whom I had sent with the message returned and told us that the sight of an envoy from Paris, and the cockades with which his suite were decorated, had created quite an excitement among the Body-Guards; and the King advised him to depart as quickly as he could, which he accordingly did.

It was not until the following morning that I was able to inform the King of the object of M. Dumas' mission; probably his Majesty knew it, for he made no remark.

During this journey, made at a snail's pace and in silence, the King often rode on horseback behind the carriage of his grandchildren. At the sight of this sad and imposing *cortège*, all heads uncovered, and some tears flowed, in return for which the gracious little Princes kissed their hands. It was thus that every day of this long journey passed.

Morel, secretary to Maréchale Oudinot, having followed the route of the King, rejoined Madame at Vire, and gave her a letter from the Maréchale, expressing "an ardent desire to follow her wherever she went, to a foreign land, or even to a prison." To this touching and sincere proof of attachment Madame replied by entreating the Duchesse de Reggio to remain at Jand'heure until she should know what fate was reserved for herself. At a later period the Duchesse de Reggio, always faithful and true, endeavoured to give to Madame fresh proofs of her devotion.

One day, on the road to St. Lô, where we were all walking, we suddenly saw before us the Duc de Rohan and Comte de Bourbon-Busset. When I saw them, I had one moment of such happiness as made me weep with gratitude and love. They had not then forgotten us poor exiles. It was the third time since the Revolution that Fernand had come to see us. The King, recognising them, met them with cordial affection. After the first moments of mutual emotion, the King said to M. de Bourbon-Busset, "Now tell me all the particulars, which I have not heard, of the movements of the camp at Lunéville."

A very touching picture might have been made of this scene,—the King standing, the Princesses seated on the grass beside him, the escort and horses reposing under the shade of the great trees. The whole company drew nearer together; there was a pause, and M. de Bourbon-Busset began his story thus:—

"Having received a letter from my mother-in-law, written on the 26th of July, telling me of the ordinances, I immediately made my preparations for departure at the first summons, which I hoped soon to receive from your Majesty. That order, through M. de Polignac's neglect, was delayed three mortal and precious days." Here the King said sharply, and with an impatient movement, "I know all that, — go on."

"After this, M. de Parazza, in disguise, at length succeeded in reaching me, though with great difficulty. The camp, animated by the greatest enthusiasm, and hoping to save the cause of the King, began the march immediately. The brigade of the advanced guard was already on the heights of Verdun, and that of the centre at St. Mihiel, where I was, when I received a despatch from the Baron de Damas, commanding me, over the signature of the King, to obey the orders of the *Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom*. These orders were to return to Lunéville, with all the troops under my command. Several officers, whom I had taken the precaution to send privately to receive verbally the orders of your Majesty, confirmed this in the most positive manner. What remained for me to do? Could I refuse to obey the powers *de jure* and the powers *de facto*, which seemed to agree in these peculiar circumstances? No, certainly not. I had to repress my suspicions and the voice of my heart, which still kept urging me not to stop."

The King, painfully moved, after a moment of profound silence said to M. de Bourbon-Busset, "What did you do then?" "I assembled the general officers and the corps commanders, and after having made known to them the orders of your Majesty and of the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, — to fall back upon Lunéville, — I ordered the immediate execution of this movement, but charged them particularly to maintain the most rigorous discipline during the march, and wherever they went to make their flags and their cockades respected till they reached Lunéville, where they would find new commanders and fresh orders."

After this report the King, appearing painfully pre-occupied, walked away thoughtfully by himself. The Dauphiness then called M. de Bourbon-Busset to her, and they had a long and sad conversation together. She wept over the weaknesses of the past, and spoke anxiously of the fate without a future for all the dear ones who remained to her in this country, which they were so soon to leave, without the certainty of ever returning.

Eager to hear the news of my dear Josephine, Fernand then told me that during his absence from Dieppe, being quite unaware of my fate and the fate of the royal family, she, with the Princesse de Bauffremont, had spent her days watching the road to Paris, whence nothing arrived; when, at length, seeing a cabriolet approaching, and recognising the Comte

Louis de La Tour du Pin, they both rushed to meet him, crying out, "Where is the King?" "Where is my mother?" said my daughter.

Then imprudently clasping his hands, he replied, "Oh, your poor mother!"

Hearing these words, she thought some frightful misfortune must have happened to me, and she fainted. Madame de Bauffremont supported her, and she was carried into a hut, where she had all possible care.

This proof of my darling daughter's tender attachment to me did not surprise me, but it touched me even to tears.

Fernand had a great deal to tell us. I reminded him that we had heard nothing of his brother, Cardinal de Rohan, since he left St. Cloud. He then told us that his brilliant equipage at the time of the insurrection had produced a bad effect in that quarter, as he had already been spoken of as in league with the court. Groups of men had kept constantly assembling under his windows. His timid mother-in-law, greatly terrified, begged him to fly; and he finally consented, taking with him Abbé Perrin, his secretary. When they reached the barrier of Vaugirard, they were stopped by an armed crowd. They asked the Cardinal his name, which he thought he ought not to conceal. His reply was the signal for his arrest. They struck him violently, even in the face. Dragged out of his carriage, he had to look on while it was entirely plundered,—even his sacerdotal ornaments and his sacred

chalices profaned by this maddened mob, who were deprived of all sense of honour, of faith, or even of humanity.

The tumult increased in violence every moment, as well as the threats, which went so far as to suggest that he ought to be shot. Persuaded then that he was destined to fall a victim to their barbarity, he prepared himself to receive absolution from his secretary and to give it to him; when the mayor of Vaugirard,—a very worthy man, although he sympathised with the “movement,”—hearing that the Cardinal was in the power of the insurgents, hurried to the spot, harangued the people, entering adroitly into their views, taking good care not to deny the guilt of the prisoner, promised to try him, but declared that they ought to give justice her rights. Having succeeded in thus quieting the mob, he took the Cardinal into his own house; but hardly had he taken refuge there when he heard again the cries of the mob, who had already repented having allowed their prey to escape, and clamoured for him again, apparently having determined to commit their crime in their own way. The Cardinal opened a door, not knowing whether it would bring him into the midst of the mob or would furnish a way of escape. But Providence had reserved for him this last means of safety. The door opened into a field, where he hid himself, with the Abbé Perrin. Descrying a manufactory in the distance, they walked towards it. It was a long way off, and the heat was very great; but

though nearly exhausted with fatigue, they at last succeeded in reaching it. The proprietor, who was as compassionate as the mayor, received them very kindly, but declared that it was necessary for the Cardinal's safety that he should be disguised. They cut off his hair, and he dressed himself in the clothes of a butcher. Thus transformed, he was asked to enter an adjoining room, and share the meal of all the workmen, among whom he recognised, not without a shudder, a great number of the men who had just been pursuing him, clamouring for his head; but, thanks to his disguise, they did not recognise him.

A passport under a false name having been sent to him by his man of business, he was at last able to get away; and directing his course towards Belgium, he stopped on the way at Notre Dame de Halle, having made a vow to try to get there if it should be possible. Here this Prince of the Church took the sacrament, surrounded by the peasants of the place, and thanked God for having been protected in the midst of the dangers through which he had passed.

At this moment Comte d'Estournel, prefect of St. Lô, came in official costume to put the hôtel of the prefecture at the King's disposal. His offer was accepted, and Madame d'Estournel, the Duc de Rohan's sister, did the honours.

During the brief stay of the royal family at St. Lô, we heard that the Revolutionary party had begun to feel disturbed at the extreme leisureliness of the King's journey.

In order to hasten it, General Hulot organised a slight insurrection, the aim of which was nothing less than to free himself from the royal family in their journey from St. Lô to Cherbourg. The King when informed of it was not in the least disturbed, and nothing was changed in the route he had marked out; one can look boldly in the face a danger that is known.

The Duc de Rohan and M. de Bourbon-Busset did not leave us for a moment, but accompanied the King until his embarkation.

At Carentan the King read in the "Moniteur" that the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, which he had bestowed on his cousin, the Duc d'Orléans, had been changed to that of King. He did not believe it, and spoke of it simply as a rumour which had not been confirmed by any one whom he had seen. He only learned the truth of it later from M. Dumont d'Urville.

On leaving Carentan, the royal family went to Valognes, where the King received the standards of the Body-Guards, which were brought to him by the commanders of each company. Nothing could be more touching than this farewell between the King and his faithful subjects. The King could scarcely master his emotion sufficiently to enable him to express his regrets and his lasting attachment to this honourable portion of the French army. They all bent over the hand of the King and that of the Dauphiness, which they covered with their tears.

It was then that the Commissioners asked the King

for a word, testifying to the respect which they had shown him during their painful mission. The King took his pen and wrote it, and at the same request, the Dauphiness simply signed her name.

August 16. — As we drew nearer to Cherbourg, the people of the country round about, and especially those of the city itself, who had preserved a grateful remembrance of the benefits received from the royal family, to whom they owed the creation of their port, had ranged themselves ever since daybreak all along the road, waiting in silence and profound respect for one last look, one last farewell.

As soon as the *cortège* appeared, the officers of the 64th respectfully lowered their swords before the King, who then perceived the ships that were waiting for his arrival.

The carriages advanced to a little bridge covered with blue cloth, and there stopped. The King descended; the Baron de Damas took the Duc de Bordeaux in his arms, and carried him to the ship; Charles X. moved towards it, the Dauphiness followed with the Duchesse de Berry, and I held Mademoiselle by the hand. The Duc de Rohan and M. de Bourbon-Busset assisted me, and I stepped on board calmly and courageously. But at a given signal we were forced to separate; and this was one of the most painful moments of my long life.

The King stood up and uttered his last farewell to that France which was so dear to him, and made his last sign of attachment and friendship to the guard and

to those who had accompanied him up to this moment. The sails were set, and the spectators of this mournful scene saw the vessels depart in sad silence.

This squadron consisted of two vessels, the "Great Britain" and the "Charles Carrol," both under command of Captain Dumont d'Urville; a brig, commanded by Captain Thibault, had received orders, they said then, to escort the "Great Britain," and to run it down if Charles X. should attempt to land on the coast of La Vendée. This story, whispered about (I never could believe it myself), spread throughout France, and had a great circulation in England. And in fact the brig, which mounted two guns that were always turned on the "Great Britain," kept us busy with conjectures; for we could not give ourselves any satisfactory reason for its presence.

The "Great Britain," a superb vessel, which had made the voyage to the United States several times, belonged to one of the Princes Bonaparte, who had furnished it for this sad expedition at a very high price, it was said.

The "Charles Carrol," which had three decks, was intended for the suite of the Princes; but the Chevalier de Lavillate was not separated from the Duc de Bordeaux.

The weather was fine, and the sea calm; the ships sailed away majestically. Captain Dumont d'Urville occupied himself with making the arrangements necessary for a long crossing, and flattered himself that

everything had been provided for, when some one came to tell him that, of all the carefully chosen provisions, nothing was wanting but — bread. He was forced to stop the ship, and send back to port to repair this omission. This incident, which was observed at Cherbourg without being understood, was soon explained. The sails were again set, and the “Great Britain” disappeared, carrying away from the fair land of France the noble scion of the ancient race of the Bourbons.

Then Captain Dumont d’Urville busied himself in giving out the cabins and berths. The King wished to be near the Duc de Bordeaux. Every one had a little alcove; pointing out mine, he said, “Of course the *gouvernante* will wish to be with her Princess and opposite the governor.” I was placed in such a position that, that night, the cabin being lighted by a hanging lamp, we were always in full view of one another. This was intolerable to me; and I obtained for the future a large curtain, which separated the side of the men from that of the women.

From this time forward our life was monotonous, the sea quiet, the weather superb, and not a single event to chronicle. But how many touching things I could say if I could hope to make any one appreciate the admirable sweetness of the King, — the true Christian resignation, which even went so far as to endure the remarks on what had passed, which Dumont d’Urville never ceased to make as he walked constantly on deck beside his Majesty. I will here confess to you that these

conversations were a torture to me. I considered them insolent and cruel. The King, perceiving this, scolded me gently, and even jested a little about my want of sympathy for the guardian who had been set over us, and who, having observed my displeasure, took a dislike to me, and, out of revenge, tried to forbid conversations in English between the sailors and ourselves. This tyranny exasperated me all the more because an intelligent young sailor used to tell me all he knew, and even some things he did not know; and these conversations amused the Dauphiness. She said to me one day: "Never mind; keep on talking just the same, and try to find out what our destination is."

I chose a good opportunity, and our friend confided to me that he had just been told to steer the course for St. Helena, where we might stop *on our way*. Quite terrified, I ran to the Dauphiness, with clasped hands, exclaiming: "Mercy! we are going to St. Helena, and are not going to stop even *there*."

She cast down her eyes and did not say a word. I fell on my knees beside her, admiring the resignation and submission to the will of God of this saintly Princess. My nature was quite of another order. My active zeal succeeded in discovering that the sailor was right, — that our course at this moment was towards St. Helena, but St. Helena, one of the ports of the Isle of Wight, to stop there for provisions. This mistake being explained, I was the first one to laugh at it.

From this time I watched through a telescope for the

Isle of Wight and the opposite coast of England, — Southampton, for instance.

"Perhaps," I said to myself, "some of our friends are there who still remember us." I was so occupied with this idea that I rarely quitted the beneficent telescope, through which one day, one happy day, I saw a boat rowed by men in red uniform, looking brilliant in the sunlight. My heart beat violently; fearing the surveillance of our severe guardian, I concealed my delight, and without losing sight of the object of my hopes, I succeeded in making a sign which was understood by the King and my Princesses. They came close up to me, and could see for themselves what had occasioned my delight, and they very soon realised it for themselves. The precious boat stopped opposite the gangway, which had not been crossed by any one since our embarkation. An officer in an aide-de-camp's uniform then said in a loud voice, "A letter for the Duchesse de Gontaut!"

Our persecutor tried to seize it, but it was already in my possession. I gave it to the King, who, seeing that it was addressed to me, gave it back to me. I then gave it to the Dauphiness, but she said, "It is for you, read it." We went away together to read it, and we learned from it that the King was not forgotten. This letter was from the Duke of Wellington, who was authorised to offer to the King and his family any refuge in England which they might select. This offer seemed to me rather friendly than official, as the Duke

requested that the answer should be addressed to him.

During this time, the aide-de-camp was talking with the King and the young Princes; he told them that the brother of the Duke of Wellington had come to Southampton in the hope of being able to convey to them the offer contained in this letter. The aide-de-camp then said to me in a very low tone, "In two hours you will receive some fruit for the young Princes, and I beg you to give to the man who brings it the King's answer to the letters I have brought."

The King said to me that just at present he only wished to be able to send the children and the Princesses ashore at the Isle of Wight if they wished it, and requested that some boats might be sent to facilitate the transport from the vessel to the island, adding that later he would correspond directly with the Duke of Wellington with regard to his future; but for the moment he only desired me to express to him how deeply sensible he was of the proofs of interest which he and his brother had just given him, and which he should never forget.

After the departure of the aide-de-camp, Dumont d'Urville was like a veritable watch-dog, growling and all ready to bite, as the King said to me. I could see that he was not mistaken in his premises. How was I to reply? My Argus never left me. I confided my difficulty to Baron de Damas; he put pen, ink, and paper on a small window-sill opening from his alcove

on the deck, where the King and the captain were continually walking up and down. I then took the same promenade, and when they turned their backs to go in the other direction, I wrote my letter. Dumont d'Urville perceiving that I was occupied at this window, I took my letter, which I had finished, and ran away; but in my haste, as I walked on and kept looking backward, I ran my head into the alarm bell,—an episode which made the King laugh, and amused the children and the Princesses. I had no difficulty in giving my letter, which was addressed to the Duke of Wellington, to the person charged with bringing to the young Princes the fruit that had been promised them.

A few days after, we saw several small boats, which gave great delight to the young Princes as they came alongside. The King then said to me in confidence: "I want Henri to have the pleasure of running about on shore, and resting himself after being shut up in this prison. I fear the opposition of Dumont d'Urville, so try to distract his attention from the boats; get up a little quarrel with him, if nothing else will serve,—nothing can be easier."

The Princesses were already in their boats, with their suites; the Baron de Damas was waiting beside Monseigneur; but when my turn came, the captain said to me, "Descend." "What, by this ladder!" I exclaimed. "Never! I am much too heavy and too awkward. It is impossible. But I know that down in the hold there is an arm-chair arranged with pulleys,

so that it will be very easy and comfortable; go and find that and have it brought here, and then you will be rid of me."

He could not resist this last temptation, and went off to find the arm-chair. During his momentary absence, the Baron de Damas had taken the young Prince, descended the ladder with him, got into a canoe, and given orders to row away; and he was already at some little distance when Dumont d'Urville came back, happy in the hope of getting me out of his sight forever.

Getting into my arm-chair with Mademoiselle, whom, fortunately, I had had tied in very strongly, I held her tightly in my arms and recommended myself to God. At this moment our guardian perceived that Monseigneur had not only left the ship, but had actually reached the shores of the Isle of Wight, and was then in his mother's arms, under the Baron's protection, far out of his reach; for the English sailors, delighted at having in their boat the young King of France, were giving loud hurrahs.

The captain, in a violent rage, ordered them to send me off, and he gave the chair such a violent push that it turned quite round in the air. I was afraid on Mademoiselle's account; but I had the comfort of thinking that if we were thrown out, as I was heavier than she, I should reach the boat first, and could break her fall.

We were received at Cowes by the Marquis of Anglesea, Governor of the Isle of Wight. I found there his family and his young daughters; they were full of

attentions for the Princesses, going so far as to furnish the Duchesse de Berry with linen, and even with dresses, as she had taken nothing away from Paris.

Charles X. sent us word that he was going to stay for a time in a castle belonging to Cardinal Weld, a Catholic prelate then living in Rome.

We then rejoined the King at Lullworth, and a few days after, the Duc de Rohan and my beloved daughter arrived. It was a great pleasure for the Princes, and for me a comfort and happiness beyond expression.

The Castle of Lullworth is on the sea, and not having been inhabited for many years, it was in a ruinous condition; but as the weather was fine we could sleep there, and even in a storm we could always put up umbrellas. The King made no complaints; the touching attentions of his grandchildren had soothed his deep grief, which had left no traces on his worn features. No one saw there the heroic effort which he made to console the friends who had not abandoned him.

The King was in need of everything, having taken away, at the moment of his departure, only what his attendants had foreseen would be actually necessary. No luxuries had been thought of; so that on the first day the Duc de Rohan observed that the King had on his table steel or plated forks. He then remembered that at the first outbreak of the revolt part of the royal silver had been deposited in the Château d'Eu for safe-keeping, and that soon after a devoted

royalist had collected it and concealed it in the cellar of his château, where it must be still.

M. de Rohan thought he ought to mention this to his Majesty when he saw him using the modest service I have described.

The King was touched by this proof of devotion, but added, "It will be more prudent not to speak of it, however; but I shall, and ought never to forget it." The King kept on using steel and plated ware, therefore, until he bought from the Duchesse de Berry her silver service, which was then at her disposal, and was in safe-keeping at Rosny, where she usually spent her summers. I thought this self-denial of the King very touching, showing what a noble heart he possessed, who, for fear of compromising a friend, preferred to go without even the necessities of existence.

The King said to me one day, "Without knowing it, you have put me on the track of something which at present is the only resource I have." Seeing my astonishment depicted on my face, he replied, "Have you forgotten, then, that tall English guard who had charge of a box, and with a likeness of whom Louise, with her talent for caricatures, amused us so much? Well, that box, which was intrusted to him on the coast of France, contained a considerable sum of money which came from the Tuileries, and was immediately put into the English funds. This fund, which belonged to my brother, will now prove invaluable to me."

I was very far from thinking, when Madame de Castellane told me her story, that the King could ever be in a position to rejoice at possessing a similar resource.

While we were at Lullworth, we heard of the frightful catastrophe of the death of the Duc de Bourbon. I then recalled the circumstance which I believe I mentioned in describing our visit to St. Leu, — the donkey-ride in which M. Hennequin joined, the morning spent with him at St. Leu, and many observations which I had made on the room occupied by the Prince.

I heard afterwards other particulars of the deepest interest to me, which I wish to communicate to my readers. I will ask permission to transport them to a period several years later, when I returned to France, where I happened to meet M. Hennequin one evening at the Dowager Duchesse de Fitz-James's. He remembered our former meeting, and told me that immediately after the death of the Duc de Bourbon he had been sent to St. Leu by the Princes de Rohan, his heirs on the maternal side. He arrived at the same time with the persons sent by M. de Sémonville to make investigations into the cause of the Prince's death. The Duc de Bourbon had been placed on his bed, which still bore traces of violence, — such as the visible imprint of shoes, which seemed to have sunk into the mattress.

The persons sent by M. de Sémonville declared that

on the door of the secret staircase there was a round and flexible bolt of copper, which could be shut from the inside of the room, but could also be opened and closed from the outside by means of a horse-hair which could be attached to it. This extraordinary circumstance made them reflect. Had not the bolt been fastened in order to lull suspicion?

"When I entered the room," continued M. Hennequin, "my first impulse was to rush towards the alcove, where I found the private staircase just as I had seen it before.

"You remember," he added, "that isolated room, so favourably situated for a crime; that low window which, by its want of height, renders the theory of suicide improbable, — suicide, with which they wished to stain the memory of the last of the Condé.

"The surgeon, who was summoned at the same time as myself, had already declared that from the position of the feet, which were trailing on the floor, strangulation was impossible."

Such was M. Hennequin's story. Others have already spoken at length of this terrible and mysterious catastrophe, and it does not become me to offer any opinion on this subject. I only wished to give you the story as it was told to me at that time.

But we will now return to Lullworth, where we left the King.

In one of his solitary walks in the park itself, at the turning-point of a path, the King was stopped by his

creditors, — the commissaries of the army of Condé, — who had formerly persecuted him. They surrounded him. The King, listening quietly, represented to them that their demands having been heard by the lawyers in Paris and thrown out by the tribunals as exorbitant, he could do nothing about it. They had the cruelty to threaten the King to renew their persecutions, which determined him to ask again from the court at London the same refuge which had already been granted to him with so much respect in Scotland. Despatches were sent in accordance with his wish. Everything was granted to him with extreme graciousness and sincere interest by the King of England, who felt a strong attachment and respect for the illustrious exile.

Hardly had the King of England's answer been received, when our preparations for departure were made. The thought of trusting myself again to the sea, where I had suffered so much, made me heave a deep sigh, which the King heard, and in his extreme kindness he tried to comfort me. "Take comfort," he said; "this torment is not in store for you. Like a true governess, you have given us a noble example of suffering without complaining, and like a good father, I am going to give you your reward. You will go to Holyrood by land, and I will give you the pleasure of taking Louise with you. You shall make the journey from England, stopping to visit the numerous friends who have never ceased to give you proofs of their attachment and

respect. I shall charge my dear granddaughter to thank them, as I am unable to do so myself. Write to them from me beforehand, and begin your preparations at once." Mademoiselle was delighted. I was grateful, and we started in a very short time.

The King wished that Mademoiselle's first visit should be paid to Lady Mornington, to thank her for the journey she had made to Portsmouth to convey to his Majesty the offer of a refuge made to him by the British Government.

The second visit was to Lady Clarendon, her sister, who received Mademoiselle with great pleasure. The Duke of Wellington gave a dinner to Mademoiselle, who was charming, full of tact and grace. The Duke, leading her to the seat of honour, said, "Mademoiselle is at home." She spoke to Lady Mornington, and then whispered to me, "I should like to have the Duke of Wellington on my left." I approved of this. They put me opposite Mademoiselle, and placed beside me Sir Charles Stuart, the English ambassador. Mademoiselle was all the princess, with her gracious and polished manners, full of charm. She talked interestingly, modestly, and was never embarrassed. I must confess I was proud of her.

They alluded, though with reserve, to the troubles which had brought us there. Mademoiselle said to the Duke, with a smile; "M. le Duc, you who are such a great soldier, why did you not come to our assistance when we were so unhappy?"

"I was not then so fortunate as to have the right to do so," he said sadly.

She sighed, and said with a smile, "Alas! I know it very well. I was only jesting."

My sweet Princess! She blushed, looked at me, and was reassured by seeing me smile.

It was at this same dinner that Sir Charles Stuart, who sat beside me, talked to me about our departure from St. Cloud, and told me in what a singular manner he had heard of it.

Feeling very uneasy at what was going on, he went to Boulogne, to M. de Rothschild's, to ask for news. He had scarcely entered the house when he saw a secretary of the latter arrive, who had just come from St. Cloud, and announced the departure of the court on the previous night. He brought back a sum of money with which M. de Rothschild had intrusted him. This sum, he said, was intended for me; and the latter, with a friend's foresight, had told this to Sir Charles Stuart. Knowing that the previous evening I had been heard to say to the footmen, who demanded their wages, that I had nothing, not even a franc to dispose of, M. de Rothschild had hastened to send me this money, which his secretary had not been able to give to me, as he had found it gone, and which he gave back to M. de Rothschild of Sir Charles Stuart's presence. I had been quite aware of this delicate attention on the part of M. de Rothschild, and I was grateful for it, though not attached; for

he had never ceased to feel anxious as to our fate. Deeply moved, I related this to the King, who said to me, "It was admirable in him, and I am not surprised at it."

A short time after our arrival at Holyrood I fell ill. All the trouble I had gone through, my distress at the separation from my children, had worn upon me. I sank into a condition of languor which made every one about me anxious. It was thought that I could not go on with Mademoiselle's education without danger to myself. The King gave me leave of absence, and thanks to the care and skill of Dr. Abercromby and two months* of rest spent with Lady Hampden, I was completely restored. I hastened to return to Scotland, where my presence had become necessary to my Princess. At this time she made her first communion at Edinburgh, and I ought to mention the Abbé Busson's devotion, who, for this important ceremony, left his position at the archbishopric, and sacrificed his future with the most noble disinterestedness. From that moment his career was at an end. He retired to his native village; and there, in the midst of the poor, whom he consoles, and the deaf mutes, whom he instructs, he consecrates his noble intellect to the task of solacing his fellow-beings. Beloved and revered by numerous friends, he is an example of all Christian virtues.

In 1832 the Princes decided to go and live in Germany; and, as usual, they started off without knowing

where they were going, or how they would be received. The Dauphiness went to London by land, where she was to wait for Mademoiselle. We rejoined her by another route.

The King, his son, and his grandson embarked at Leith, where all the population were awaiting him at the port. Every heart was touched as they saw, for the second time, the noble old man leaving Scotland, where he had found hospitality. The cries of "Long live the King!" did not cease until the boat was too far away for them to be heard.

We stayed in London only a week. During this time the Queen came to call on the Princesses. We embarked afterwards for Rotterdam, and from there made an excursion to the Hague.

General de La Rochejaquelein accompanied us on this little journey; and one day he approached the very delicate subject of Louis XVII. Taking from his pocket the portrait of an interesting face, he said to the Dauphiness, "It is that of your unfortunate brother." Then followed a conversation which greatly agitated the Dauphiness. M. de La Rochejaquelein was persuaded that the Prince was still living. "How could you believe," she said vehemently, "that if there had been the slightest possible doubt, I could have hesitated a moment to proclaim it? Is it probable that I should prefer my uncle to my brother?"

Mademoiselle heard this, but without understanding a word. She timidly hazarded some questions, to

DUCHESS DE GONTAUT.

which the Dauphiness replied, "Madame de Gontaut, will tell you the cruel circumstances, which I cannot speak of to you. I shall start early to-morrow morning, and you will be alone together. You shall know all; and you will then understand, my child, a sadness which you have sometimes mistaken for *brusquerie*."

Mademoiselle loved the Dauphiness and respected her; but she had never had explained to her the moments of melancholy of which she saw the traces on this countenance stamped with woeful memories. Her aunt's countenance, which often wore a severe expression, impressed her; but as soon as I had told her of the sufferings which this admirable Princess had undergone, the memory of which would never fade, Mademoiselle joined admiration to the profound respect with which her august aunt had always inspired her. Early on the following morning the Dauphiness started off. She walked a long way alone, but suffered us to join her at breakfast-time. We followed her slowly, and finally overtook her. She had evidently been weeping bitterly. When she saw the carriage she stopped. Mademoiselle got out, rushed into her aunt's arms, and on the impulse of the moment she eagerly expressed her admiration and affection.

The Dauphiness silenced her and said, "I have suffered very much. Now that you know it, Louise, we will get into the carriage and go on together;" and we set off.

The first moments of this journey were very mourn-

ful; and Mademoiselle, who could scarcely contain herself, asked a few questions, and at length succeeded in learning the particulars of that imprisonment in the Temple. She was interested in everything, and wished to know what occupations the august victim of revolutionary madness created for herself.

Little by little the Dauphiness gently told her that one of the occupations which helped her in her misery was learning by heart the whole of that excellent book, "The Day of the Christian."

"There," she said, "I found resignation, comfort even." She afterwards related that by way of amusement she had made, unravelled out, and then worked over again incessantly, a bit of worsted work which her angelic aunt, Madame Elisabeth, had given her on parting with her. A small quantity of wool was a treasure, and afforded her diversion of which she was greatly in need. She made over and over again, she told us, the same precious wool into a hundred different designs.

One of her greatest trials came from never knowing the hours at which her gaolers would visit her cell. Madame Elisabeth had obtained a promise from the gaoler that he would never come alone, and from the Dauphiness that the guards should never find her in her bed. She had to be always up and dressed when they came, by day or by night; for they added to their cruelties by never having a fixed hour, so that she sometimes spent whole days and nights in listening, fearing,

waiting. They never did find her in bed, but always sitting in a chair beside it.

Mademoiselle never stopped asking questions, but she did it with so much tenderness, so much respect, that nothing could be more touching than to see this aunt relating her past sufferings, and this delightful charming niece listening on her knees, throwing her arms round the saintly victim, who told with simplicity and courage the smallest details of that tragedy which she had at last brought herself to touch upon. She did not forget even her laundry-work, for she washed her own linen, and then smoothed it by putting it between her mattress and her sheets.

She learned afterwards that the Queen could hear from her prison-cell the torture inflicted upon her unhappy brother. One day among others, her mother heard his brutal guards say to him, "Speak up loud, Capet, so they can hear you say, 'The Republic is eternal.'" To this the unhappy young Prince replied firmly and persistently, "Nothing is eternal but God!" For this brave reply the gaolers redoubled their ill-treatment, kicking him in the chest with such violence that the blows could be heard by the unhappy mother!

When she had told us these shocking details, the Dauphiness was forced to leave the carriage, and walk on alone for a great part of this day. When we saw her again, she was calm and tender, and asked Mademoiselle never to mention this sad subject again; but by her touching admiration and the proofs of it which

Mademoiselle gave her, the Dauphiness understood that she obeyed in silence, but that she had forgotten nothing.

At the Hague, the Dauphiness wished to see a certain picture-gallery; but desiring to preserve her incognito, she at first asked permission without giving her name. Evidently her identity was not discovered, for her request was refused. That same day the Comtesse du Cayla immediately obtained this little favour. Two days later, the presence of the Dauphiness becoming known, the King came and made a call upon her, which she returned by visiting him in the country.

We met M. de Lucchesi at the Hague, and I renewed my acquaintance with him; he often came to see me in Paris, and often was present at the assemblies and *fêtes* given at the Tuileries and at those in my apartment. We talked a great deal about the Duchesse de Berry; he had known her from her infancy, and had seen her intimately. His father was an Italian of noble descent. He had met her Royal Highness at Massa in the beginning of this year (1832) and she had charged him with carrying her manifestoes to La Vendée, his position as diplomat permitting him to travel as he pleased.

When we reached Cologne, I left Mademoiselle, having obtained leave of absence from the King to go to Baden-Baden and there join the Duc and Duchesse de Rohan and their children, with whom I was to make a journey to Italy. After having visited Genoa, Lucca,

Pisa, Florence, and Venice, I returned over the Tyrolean Alps, to rejoin the Princes in Bohemia, where they had decided to accept an asylum. We found them at Prague, in the Palace of the Hradschin, which overlooks that city. My absence had lasted two months, during which Mademoiselle had remained with the Dauphiness, who had taken pleasure in thus making it possible for me to take a vacation.

The Dauphiness took Mademoiselle to Carlsbad, where she fell ill. There she used to meet Maréchal Maison every day. This meeting was very painful to her; she could not help remembering that he owed his Marshal's *bâton* to Charles X. As for him, he had quite forgotten it; and the affectation with which he appeared before the Princesses every day seemed to me to show very bad taste, to say the least.

One evening, at a concert, M. de Bordeaux heard the well-known air, "O mon pays, sois mes amours toujours!" The Prince was deeply moved, and had the words engraved on a seal which he always used as his favorite device.

We went to join the King at Teplitz, where he had gone for his gout. The Princesse Hélène, afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans, came to call upon the Princesses with her mother. The King charged Mademoiselle to express his regrets at not having been able to receive them, as he was ill; Mademoiselle gave the message with her accustomed grace. She thought the Princesse Hélène charming. The latter was very enthusiastic

over the Duc de Bordeaux, so much so that she could scarcely find words to express her admiration. What she said, however, was so touching that I was deeply moved by it. She shared my emotion, and we rushed into each other's arms. This souvenir may be of some interest.

After having received a visit from their Royal Highnesses, the Duc and Duchesse de Lucca and the Prince, their son, afterwards the husband of Mademoiselle, the royal family returned to Prague; but their stay there was of short duration, for the arrival of the Emperor of Austria forced them to leave the Palace of the Hradschin for that of Buschtierad, which the Duc de Lucca lent to Charles X.

It was about this time that the Duchesse de Berry came to rejoin the royal family. I have not spoken of her expedition to Vendée, — an heroic enterprise, in which she displayed all her wonted courage, and which only failed through the treason of the infamous Deutz, the Jew who betrayed her. These facts are well known; they belong to history, and go beyond the limit which I have marked out for myself. I return now to my story and my royal pupil.

Mademoiselle was now fourteen years old, and her education was finished. The office of Gouvernante to the Children of France is irremovable, and no power on earth, not even that of the King, could have disposed of it without a décret from the Peers. My task was accomplished. I was free, and I could enjoy the

result of my cares, of those years devoted to one idea alone.

Mademoiselle was highly accomplished, and my object was attained. It would have been difficult to decide which was the most remarkable in her,—the justice, penetration, and brilliancy of her mind, or the goodness and tenderness of her heart. I might now have retired, happy in the success of my efforts; but other duties called for my presence. My Princes were exiled; my heart clung to them, and I could not make up my mind to leave them. Besides, the King wished to retain me beside Mademoiselle. The strong attachment which my august pupil felt for me went to my heart. I felt that I could not part with her, and I did not think of it for a moment. In her quick mind there was still room for so much growth, the seeds that I had sown had already developed so nobly in her.

I possessed the friendship and confidence of the King; the Dauphiness gave me constant and unceasing proofs of her esteem and kindly feeling towards me; the Duchesse de Berry was glad to repose in my hands the guidance of that heart which was devoted to her, and of that mind the strength of which she divined, and which in after years was to reveal itself by acts distinguished by their high-mindedness and the most noble firmness.

I had my position in this court of the exiles; and this position, I may say without vanity, obtained quite

naturally, was improved by the dignity of my conduct, and still more, perhaps, by the scrupulous exactness of my devotion.

I should have been happy then in the common misfortune; for when the heart is at rest, what does anything else matter? The noble resignation of the King, his goodness, his sweetness, possessed a wonderful charm; the admirable qualities of the Dauphiness afforded us an inimitable model; with Henri of France there was a hope of brighter days to come, and from Mademoiselle I was always sure of receiving every comfort.

It is the misfortune of kings that those who surround them can rarely agree among themselves. The clashings of ambition and self-love survive the power and government of nations, and the rumours of them penetrate even into exile, to disturb the repose and philosophy of the royal victims to the inconstancy of the people. It is the story of every age, and the court of Charles X. did not belie this sad fact. This is a fitting place to speak of my sentiments towards Charles X., and of those which he kindly felt for me.

I had inherited from my parents a sentiment of devotion for him; on his side, accustomed to seeing me from my infancy, he felt for me a liking which he was hardly even conscious of, so natural was it to him. Later on, he saw me bearing with courage the misfortunes of the emigration, and the respect which this awakened in him only confirmed the first impressions of his youth. He had great confidence in me, spoke very

frankly and freely with me about persons, things, and events, and—a circumstance at once rare and very flattering—he never said to me after having opened his heart to me, “Do not repeat this.” He would have considered such an injunction an insult to me.

I never abused this confidence; I have never sought either to influence him or to obtain favours from him, and I always have spoken to the King with great frankness and freedom. He has often said to me, “You are insufferable,” but he always listened to me; he always told me at once what was occupying his mind. I was the only person at court to whom he granted this privilege of saying everything, and he pardoned me in consideration of the devotion which he could not doubt. It was to this opinion of the King that I owed the office of *Gouvernante* to the Children of France. The Duchesse de Berry and the other members of the royal family felt safe in knowing that this trust was confided to my care.

Such, then, was my position at the court of Prague when the events of which I am about to speak happened to render it less happy and more difficult.

On the day that Monseigneur the Duc de Bordeaux attained his fourteenth year, the majority of princes, the good wishes and hopes of the royalists were directed more particularly to him. From the provinces of France, and particularly those of the West, there came a throng of young men belonging to the loyal families, to render homage to the young Prince, the object of

their affection and future hopes. M. de Chateaubriand was with them, and his captivating eloquence sustained their enthusiasm.¹

This proceeding was the signal for discord; it disturbed the peaceful reign of old courtiers, who feared to see others sharing the influence which they hoped to exert over the King alone. This movement, these hopes, which he was no longer called upon to direct himself, and of which consequently he was no longer the immediate object, had power to annoy the King. Those about him persuaded him that these proceedings were unseasonable, and he believed them to be dan-

¹ M. de Chateaubriand wished to see and make acquaintance with the Prince whose majority he had come with these young people to celebrate. As soon as he reached Prague he hastened to his apartment, but he was not admitted. "Monseigneur is at his lessons," they told him. A little piqued by this reception, he came to me. "Don't be discouraged," I said; "you shall see the Prince, and you can judge him better than if you only saw him at his lessons. He knows that you are here, and is eager to see the author of '*Le Génie du Christianisme*.' After the King's dinner, at which you will be present, the Prince has his recreation; then you can study him, question him, hear what he has to say." This idea pleased him, and when the time arrived he easily entered into conversation with the Prince. Monseigneur replied intelligently and without hesitation. Mademoiselle, eager to hear the conversation, asked my permission to join them, and I gave it. When a question was addressed to her she replied appropriately and gracefully. She was charming, and I confess I enjoyed it.

M. de Chateaubriand was sitting on a sofa, and Mademoiselle sat down beside him. The Duc de Bordeaux, in order to get nearer, established himself astride on the back of the sofa. It was a charming picture, and the delighted poet said to me, "Your Princes are charmingly intelligent, with wonderful memories, and are very witty, as is proved by every remark they make. M. de Barande, who has done so much for them, may well be proud."

gerous to the Prince. He feared the influence of the Duchesse de Berry, who, entirely devoted to the cause of her son, was dominated by this one idea. They easily succeeded in persuading the King that it was desired to withdraw the Duc de Bordeaux from his guardianship, and have him proclaimed King by La Vendée. I was not spared in these calumnies. Touched by the sentiments to which they gave expression, struck by the energy of these youthful Frenchmen, always so capable of great things, and perhaps even fired by the Duchesse de Berry, I had shared and encouraged their enthusiasm; and this was imputed to me as a crime. Absurd as these fears were, I had the grief of knowing that they were shared even by the Dauphiness.

This is what I was accused of: —

On the evening before their departure, several of the young men had urgently begged for some souvenir given by Mademoiselle. I could not refuse to lay their request before her. Mademoiselle took off her white sash, and gave it to them with that grace which had already won all hearts. They divided it among them, and each carried a bit of it in their button-holes. Great fault was found with this.

Some of them also spoke to me of the difficulties which the Austrian police threw in their way, on account of diplomatic precautions, and of the trouble they would have in getting back to their homes; and they begged me to come to their assistance. I remembered what I had done successfully at St. Cloud

in 1830, and I put on their passes the seal with the royal arms, which appertained to the Gouvernante to the Children of France, and signed them. All this was considered a serious fault.

Unfortunately, our good King had already listened to insinuations which had deprived him of honourable and devoted servants. The Baron de Damas had been dismissed, for what reason I do not know. It had been the same with M. de Trogoff, the King's aide-de-camp. I considered the dismissal of M. de Barande an absolute wrong, and it was generally looked upon in this light. A man perfectly upright, straightforward, loyal, frank even to rudeness, he not only took no part in the intrigues of the court, but he even scorned them. Learned to a degree rarely met with in these days, his removal was a genuine loss to the young Princes. I said so frankly, which gave great offence.

All this came about gradually. The Duc de Blacas alone remained in favour with Charles X., and this favour was unlimited.

I have spoken elsewhere of M. de Blacas. Cold, firm, impassive, with a powerful mind and profound learning, he had every quality necessary to obtain and keep his ascendancy.

For some time rivalries in affection had risen among this devoted *entourage*, from which ambition and self-love were not always absent. It was April, 1834, and four years of exile spent in the monotony of a confined

existence, where all were constantly together, had not contributed to the maintenance of harmony. I felt this influence as well as the rest, and why should I not confess it? I had no great liking for M. de Blacas, and he had, as I knew, but little sympathy for me. More than one circumstance had shown me this.

My daughter, the Duchesse de Rohan, had just been dangerously ill. You know, my children, my deep love for her. The heart is capable of more than one strong affection, and that which I felt for the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister left a great place in it for my children.

Madame de Rohan was to visit me. She wished to come and console me with her courage, to help me to bear the trials which she understood too well; but her health was then so broken that I feared she could not endure agitations which were constantly renewed. I wrote to my daughter, and my letter was prompted by this thought. I intrusted it to M. d'Hautpoul. No man deserved my esteem more than the Marquis d'Hautpoul, who was leaving Prague at this time to return to France. He too had worthily fulfilled his duties, and was now departing because he felt that he could no longer remain.

My affection for my daughter obliged me to withdraw from duties which up to this time I had fulfilled with willing self-sacrifice. The King's kindness would not permit him to refuse a wish which I expressed calmly and firmly, and to which M. de Bourbon-

Busset, my son-in-law, who was himself feeling uneasy about my health, joined his own urgent request.

In giving his consent to my departure, Charles X. declared that he did so with great regret, but that it was only for a time. "We shall soon meet again," he said, "and in happier circumstances." He had not thought of filling my place. The Vicomtesse d'Agoult, and, later on, Madame de Nicolaï, were attached to Mademoiselle's service, but simply as lady companions. I carried away with me the esteem and gratitude of the King and all the royal family, and, above all, that of my august pupil, whose *amie chérie* — a name which she had given me from her childhood — I am, and always shall be. The King wished these sentiments to be made public, and no separation was ever more touching or more flattering for the person who was going away.

Mademoiselle gave me one proof of her affection which touched me deeply. With surprise and emotion, I discovered her hidden behind a mirror, looking sadly at me as I was writing. She had wished to spend thus a part of that last evening near the old friend who was going to leave her. She wished also to profit by the last moment in which an interchange of thoughts was still possible to us, to join her lavish gifts to the small ones which I wished to leave for the persons who surrounded us. The King, seconding Mademoiselle's desire, permitted her to accompany me on my journey for one whole day. She was accompanied by

Mademoiselle Vachon, who took her back to Prague. Our farewells were very touching. Nothing can efface from my memory or tear from my heart this beloved Princess, over whom I had watched for so many years with tender and loving care.

M. and Madame de Bourbon-Busset left Prague at the same time, and accompanied me to Baden.¹

The morning after my departure the King wrote me a letter, which I have preserved, in which he expressed his entire satisfaction with the training I had given to Mademoiselle. He acknowledged with pleasure that the plan I had laid out from the beginning had been religiously carried out, and that, with the greatest devotion, I had not swerved from it for a single day.

Alas! I never saw the King again. Though I started to rejoin him, I arrived too late. Being taken ill, all his physicians advised him to take a journey to Goritz. The cholera broke out there and attacked the King, and when I arrived he was no more. The Dauphiness came a long way to meet me, and it was in her carriage that I rejoined Mademoiselle at Goritz, where I found the Duc de Bordeaux also. The death of our good King had cast a gloom over that home to which I had so gladly returned.

¹ I had scarcely left Prague when my beloved children the Duc and Duchesse de Rohan arrived there, hoping to find me, and, knowing my sensitiveness, hoping to soothe by their presence the annoyances caused by the intrigues — which were generally known — by which I was surrounded.

Mademoiselle had foreseen that my first desire would be to visit the tomb of the King, whom we all mourned so deeply. She told me that a mass was to be celebrated on the morning after my arrival in the Church of the Celestines, at the top of a steep hill, which the King used to walk up every day. His precious remains reposed in the crypt of a chapel, where I went to pray. The altar was adorned with artificial flowers, made by Mademoiselle herself. As I knelt in prayer, they took fire by accident, and created an illusion which made a deep impression upon my imagination.

Behind the tabernacle there was a picture which represented souls in purgatory, lifting their hands supplicatingly to heaven. As I raised my eyes I saw these figures in the midst of the flames; and one of the souls seemed to have raised itself higher than the rest. "Oh," I said to myself, "that soul is the King, — one of God's elect." Deeply moved, I redoubled my prayers, and Mademoiselle, who saw my agitation, united her prayers to mine.

The crypt where the King was laid, the only one which could be placed at his disposal, belonged to the family of Della Torre, who were allied to the family of Tour and Taxis. This was the name of one of Mademoiselle's instructresses, who was a descendant of this ancient race.

The remainder of my life, my dear children, is ~~way~~
by

known to you. I have passed it in your midst, happy in your affection, and content to look back upon a past which has left me only sweet and honourable memories. I have conscientiously fulfilled the great and glorious task which was confided to me, and success has crowned my efforts. The sweet, angelic disposition of Mademoiselle made my task an easy one. She never neglected to follow my advice and counsels. Her admirable intelligence and her strict attention to her studies made her progress in every branch rapid and lasting. The solid qualities of her mind, which were made evident in her early years, caused her to adopt firm principles, of which religion was the chief foundation. Her goodness of heart assisted in developing them, and in making of her that rare and accomplished woman she has proved herself to be in the most delicate and trying circumstances. Utterly powerless as I feel myself to make known to you all the noble qualities of my beloved Princess, I may perhaps be permitted to recall here the letter which her Royal Highness — the Duchess of Parma — wrote in May, 1854, when she became regent, after the assassination of her husband, to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., and to quote a few paragraphs of it.

“ At the most grievous and solemn moment of my life, I come to ask the blessing of your Holiness for the child whom a frightful crime has just burdened with the weight of a crown, and for myself, to whom divine Providence has intrusted the mission of moving the thorns from it.

"The infinite mercy of God has given me a great consolation in my deep affliction in the submissive piety with which he whom I mourn rendered up his soul to his Creator, blessing His divine will, and putting all his trust in the cross of our Lord.

"Again I ask your Holiness for your blessing upon my son Robert and for my three other children ; I ask it also for myself, that I may do all things for the glory of God. I ask finally for one prayer for that soul so dear to me, who left this world with a repentance and faith worthy a son of Saint Louis."

I have educated Mademoiselle from the hour of her birth, and this letter is my title of honour. She was appreciated as she deserved to be, and I cannot help transcribing here some passages from a letter which was addressed to me on this subject by an illustrious orator, in whom wit and eloquence are united with the noblest qualities of mind and heart :—

"It is a genuine pleasure to me to repeat to you, Madame, the ardent admiration which the Duchess of Parma's letter inspires in every one whom I meet and to whom I speak of it in the Academy or elsewhere. As for myself, I have had pass before my eyes a mass of letters addressed by kings and princes to the Holy See, and I cannot remember to have read one which has so completely met the exigencies of such a situation. The mother, the widow, the sovereign, here speaks a language which leaves nothing to be desired. The orthodox faith of the humble daughter of the Church is here blended perfectly with the intelligent dignity of a princess formed for ruling. It is a pleasure to see a granddaughter of Saint Louis act and speak as Saint Louis himself would do. The attention of all Europe, too, is drawn to this little State where such a noble heart is reigning.

"You, Madame la Duchesse, ought to rejoice in this general

sympathy for a Princess who is bound to you by so many ties."

Ought I to speak of the Duc de Bordeaux? He belongs to history, and God, I trust, will yet permit his great and noble qualities to be manifested to all eyes.

My mission here below has been that of education. Intrusted with that of the Princes upon whom rested all the hopes of France, this great duty did not cause me to forget what I owe to my own children. Having spoken the well-merited eulogy of my royal pupils, I am happy to be able, with equal truth, to utter that of those who hold, and have always held, the first place in my heart. The portrait of one of these has been painted by her husband, and I recall it here: "Charlotte is an angel, who touches the earth only with the tip of one foot." The other — Josephine, Duchesse de Rohan — was snatched away from my love and that of her husband. The enumeration of all her noble qualities could not enter into these pages; they could not be told in so short a space.

There is nothing left for me, therefore, but to return thanks to God for all the mercies He has granted to me in this world. The love of my children, the esteem of all, have been my recompense for a life of sacrifice. I have walked in broad daylight, holding by the hand the illustrious pupils who do me honour, and the thought of whom cheers and supports the declining days of my life.

240 MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE GONTAUT.

I trust these recollections which I have written down here may be of interest to my children, and long serve to remind them of a mother who has always kept for them the first place in the very depths of her heart.

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