Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980
THE WORKS OF
BENJAMIN DISRAELI
EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

EMBRACING
NOVELS, ROMANCES, PLAYS, POEMS,
BIOGRAPHY, SHORT STORIES
AND GREAT SPEECHES
WITH
A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION BY
EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.,
LIBRARIAN TO THE
HOUSE OF LORDS,
AND
A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE BY
ROBERT ARNOT, M.A.
AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY HERMAN ROUNTREE.

'Look here!' said Lothair, 'Here are ten ducats.'

(See page 61.)
LOTHAIR

BY

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

VOLUME II.

M. WALTER DUNNE

NEW YORK AND LONDON
CONTENTS

LOTHAIR
(Continued.)

Chapter LXII.
THE MOST FAVOURED OF MEN . . . . . . . 1

Chapter LXIII.
MORE THAN THE CHILD OF THE CHURCH 5

Chapter LXIV.
CARDINAL GRANDISON ASSISTS . . . . . 11

Chapter LXV.
THE PLOT PROGRESSES . . . . . . . . 20

Chapter LXVI.
THE GREAT THANKSGIVING . . . . . . 24

Chapter LXVII.
THE PLOT REVEALED . . . . . . . . 29

Chapter LXVIII.
A DOUBTING THOMAS . . . . . . . . 39

Chapter LXIX.
A VOICE IN THE COLISEUM . . . . . . 45

Chapter LXX.
THE ENGLISH PHYSICIAN’S ADVICE . . . . . 52

(vii)
CONTENTS

Chapter LXXI.  LOTHAI R'S ESCAPE  . . . . . . .  57
Chapter LXXII.  MR. PHŒBUS  . . . . . . . .  64
Chapter LXXIII.  HALCYON DAYS  . . . . . . .  70
Chapter LXXIV.  THE MYSTIC STATUE  . . . . . . .  78
Chapter LXXV.  A SUMMONS FROM THE CZAR  . . . .  82
Chapter LXXVI.  SYRIAN PHILOSOPHY  . . . . . . .  86
Chapter LXXVII.  THE MOUNT OF OLIVES  . . . . . . .  97
Chapter LXXVIII.  LETTERS FROM HOME  . . . . . . . 105
Chapter LXXIX.  THE GENERAL REAPPEARS  . . . . . 112
Chapter LXXX.  LOTHAI R RETURNS TO ENGLAND  . . . 118
Chapter LXXXI.  A LITTLE DINNER WITH PINTO  . . . 124
Chapter LXXXII.  LOTHAI R MEETS HIS ZEALOUS FRIENDS AGAIN  131
Chapter LXXXIII.  THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY  . . . . . 143
Chapter LXXXIV.  SUBLIME SAVOIR FAIRE  . . . . . . 152
Chapter LXXXV.  SORROWS OF A DUCHESS  . . . . . . 159
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LXXXVI.</td>
<td>THE UNEXPECTED</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LXXXVII.</td>
<td>BAD NEWS</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LXXXVIII.</td>
<td>MEMORY BREEDS RESOLVE</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LXXXIX.</td>
<td>AT LAST</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
'LOOK HERE! SAID LOTHAIR, 'HERE ARE TEN DUCATS.'
(See page 61) . . . . . . Frontispiece

LOTHAIR RECOGNIZED THE WELL-KNOWN VOICE OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER . . . . . . 114

'LET ME PLACE THEM ON YOU NOW,' SAID LOTHAIR. 195
LOTHAIR

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER LXII.

'The Most Favoured of Men.'

The recognition of Rome by Lothair evinced not only a consciousness of locality, but an interest in it not before exhibited; and the Monsignore soon after seized the opportunity of drawing the mind of his companion to the past, and feeling how far he now realised the occurrences that immediately preceded his arrival in the city. But Lothair would not dwell on them. 'I wish to think of nothing,' he said, 'that happened before I entered this city: all I desire now is to know those to whom I am indebted for my preservation in a condition that seemed hopeless.'

'There is nothing hopeless with Divine aid,' said the Monsignore; 'but humanly speaking, you are indebted for your preservation to English friends, long and intimately cherished. It is under their roof that you dwell, the Agostini palace, tenanted by Lord St. Jerome.'

'Lord St. Jerome!' murmured Lothair to himself.
'And the ladies of his house are those who, only with some slight assistance from my poor self, tended you throughout your most desperate state, and when we sometimes almost feared that mind and body were alike wrecked.'

'I have a dream of angels,' said Lothair; 'and sometimes I listened to heavenly voices that I seemed to have heard before.'

'I am sure you have not forgotten the ladies of that house?' said Catesby watching his countenance.

'No; one of them summoned me to meet her at Rome,' murmured Lothair, 'and I am here.'

'That summons was Divine,' said Catesby, 'and only the herald of the great event that was ordained and has since occurred. In this holy city Miss Arundel must ever count as the most sanctified of her sex.'

Lothair relapsed into silence, which subsequently appeared to be meditation, for when the carriage stopped, and the Monsignore assisted him to alight, he said, 'I must see Lord St. Jerome.'

And in the afternoon, with due and preparatory announcement, Lord St. Jerome waited on Lothair. The Monsignore ushered him into the chamber, and, though he left them, as it were, alone, never quitted it. He watched them conversing, while he seemed to be arranging books and flowers; he hovered over the conference, dropping down on them at a critical moment, when the words became either languid or embarrassing. Lord St. Jerome was a hearty man, simple and high-bred. He addressed Lothair with all his former kindness, but with some degree of reserve, and even a dash of ceremony. Lothair was not insensible to the alteration in his manner, but could ascribe it to many causes. He was himself resolved to make an
effort, when Lord St. Jerome rose to depart, and expressed the intention of Lady St. Jerome to wait on him on the morrow. 'No, my dear lord,' said Lothair; 'to-morrow I make my first visit, and it shall be to my best friends. I would try to come this evening, but they will not be alone; and I must see them alone, if it be only once.'

This visit of the morrow rather pressed on the nervous system of Lothair. It was no slight enterprise, and called up many recollections. He brooded over his engagement during the whole evening, and his night was disturbed. His memory, long in a state of apathy, or curbed and controlled into indifference, seemed endowed with unnatural vitality, reproducing the history of his past life in rapid and exhausting tumult. All its scenes rose before him, Brentham, and Vauxe, and Muriel, and closing with one absorbing spot, which, for a long time, it avoided, and in which all merged and ended, Belmont. Then came that anguish of the heart which none can feel but those who in the youth of life have lost some one infinitely fascinating and dear, and the wild query why he too had not fallen on the fatal plain which had entombed all the hope and inspiration of his existence.

The interview was not so trying an incident as Lothair anticipated, as often under such circumstances occurs. Miss Arundel was not present; and in the second place, although Lothair could not at first be insensible to a change in the manner of Lady St. Jerome, as well as in that of her lord, exhibiting as it did a degree of deference and ceremony which with her towards him were quite unusual, still the genial, gushing nature of this lively and enthusiastic
woman, full of sympathy, soon asserted itself, and her heart was overflowing with sorrow for all his sufferings, and gratitude for his escape.

'And after all,' she said, 'everything must have been ordained; and, without these trials and even calamities, that great event could not have been brought about which must make all hail you as the most favoured of men.'

Lothair stared with a look of perplexity, and then said, 'If I be the most favoured of men, it is only because two angelic beings have deigned to minister to me in my sorrow, with a sweet devotion I can never forget, and, alas! can never repay.'
CHAPTER LXIII.

'MORE THAN THE CHILD OF THE CHURCH.'

OTHAIR was not destined to meet Clare Arundel alone or only in the presence of her family. He had acceded, after a short time, to the wish of Lady St. Jerome, and the advice of Monsignore Catesby, to wait on her in the evening, when Lady St. Jerome was always at home and never alone. Her rooms were the privileged resort of the very cream of Roman society and of those English who, like herself, had returned to the Roman Church. An Italian palace supplied an excellent occasion for the display of the peculiar genius of our countrywomen to make a place habitable. Beautiful carpets, baskets of flowers, and cases of ferns, and chairs which you could sit upon, tables covered with an infinity of toys, sparkling, useful, and fantastic, huge silken screens of rich colour, and a profusion of light, produced a scene of combined comfort and brilliancy which made everyone social who entered it, and seemed to give a bright and graceful turn even to the careless remarks of ordinary gossip.
Lady St. Jerome rose the moment her eye caught the entry of Lothair, and, advancing, received him with an air of ceremony, mixed, however, with an expression of personal devotion which was distressing to him, and singularly contrasted with the easy and genial receptions that he remembered at Vauxe. Then Lady St. Jerome led Lothair to her companion whom she had just quitted, and presented him to the Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento, a dame in whose veins, it was said, flowed both consular and pontifical blood of the rarest tint.

The Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento was the greatest lady in Rome; had still vast possessions, palaces and villas and vineyards and broad farms. Notwithstanding all that had occurred, she still looked upon the kings and emperors of the world as the mere servants of the Pope, and on the old Roman nobility as still the Consular Fathers of the world. Her other characteristic was superstition. So she was most distinguished by an irrepressible haughtiness and an illimitable credulity. The only softening circumstance was that, being in the hands of the Jesuits, her religion did not assume an ascetic or gloomy character. She was fond of society, and liked to show her wondrous jewels, which were still unrivalled, although she had presented His Holiness in his troubles with a tiara of diamonds.

There were rumours that the Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento had on occasions treated even the highest nobility of England with a certain indifference; and all agreed that to laymen, however distinguished, her Highness was not prone too easily to relax. But in the present instance, it is difficult to convey a due conception of the graciousness of her
demeanour when Lothair bent before her. She appeared even agitated, almost rose from her seat, and blushed through her rouge. Lady St. Jerome, guiding Lothair into her vacant seat, walked away.

'We shall never forget what you have done for us,' said the Princess to Lothair.

'I have done nothing,' said Lothair, with a surprised air.

'Ah, that is so like gifted beings like you,' said the Princess. 'They never will think they have done anything, even were they to save the world.'

'You are too gracious, Princess,' said Lothair; 'I have no claims to esteem which all must so value.'

'Who has, if you have not?' rejoined the Princess. 'Yes, it is to you and to you alone that we must look. I am very impartial in what I say, for, to be frank, I have not been of those who believed that the great champion would rise without the patrimony of St. Peter. I am ashamed to say that I have ever looked with jealousy on the energy that has been shown by individuals in other countries; but I now confess that I was in error. I cannot resist this manifestation. It is a privilege to have lived when it happened. All that we can do now is to cherish your favoured life.'

'You are too kind, Madam,' murmured the perplexed Lothair.

'I have done nothing,' rejoined the Princess, 'and am ashamed that I have done nothing. But it is well for you, at this season, to be at Rome; and you cannot be better, I am sure, than under this roof. But when the spring breaks, I hope you will honour me by accepting for your use a villa which I have at Albano, and which at that season has many charms.'
There were other Roman ladies in the room only inferior in rank and importance to the Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento; and in the course of the evening, at their earnest request, they were made acquainted with Lothair, for it cannot be said he was presented to them. These ladies, generally so calm, would not wait for the ordinary ceremony of life, but, as he approached to be introduced, sank to the ground with the obeisance offered only to royalty.

There were some cardinals in the apartment and several monsignori. Catesby was there in close attendance on a pretty English countess who had just 'gone over.' Her husband had been at first very much distressed at the event, and tore himself from the severe duties of the House of Lords in the hope that he might yet arrive in time at Rome to save her soul. But he was too late; and, strange to say, being of a domestic turn, and disliking family disensions, he remained at Rome during the rest of the session, and finally 'went over' himself.

Later in the evening arrived his Eminence Cardinal Berwick, for our friend had gained and bravely gained the great object of a churchman's ambition, and which even our Laud was thinking at one time of accepting, although he was to remain a firm Anglican. In the death-struggle between the Church and the Secret Societies, Berwick had been the victor and no one in the Sacred College more truly deserved the scarlet hat.

His Eminence had a reverence of radiant devotion for the Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento, a glance of friendship for Lady St. Jerome, for all a courtly and benignant smile; but when he recognised Lothair, he started forward, seized and retained his hand, and
then seemed speechless with emotion. 'Ah! my comrade in the great struggle,' he at length exclaimed; 'this is indeed a pleasure, and to see you here!'

Early in the evening, while Lothair was sitting by the side of the Princess, his eye had wandered round the room, not unsuccessfully, in search of Miss Arundel; and when he was free he would immediately have approached her, but she was in conversation with a Roman prince. Then when she was for a moment free, he was himself engaged; and at last he had to quit abruptly a cardinal of taste, who was describing to him a statue just discovered in the baths of Diocletian, in order to seize the occasion that again offered itself.

Her manner was constrained when he addressed her, but she gave him her hand which he pressed to his lips. Looking deeply into her violet eyes he said, 'You summoned me to meet you at Rome; I am here.'

'And I summoned you to other things,' she answered, at first with hesitation and a blush; but then, as if rallying herself to the performance of a duty too high to allow of personal embarrassment, she added, 'all of which you will perform, as becomes one favoured by Heaven.'

'I have been favoured by you,' said Lothair, speaking low and hurriedly; 'to whom I owe my life and more than my life. Yes,' he continued, 'this is not the scene I would have chosen to express my gratitude to you for all that you have done for me, and my admiration of your sublime virtues; but I can no longer repress the feelings of my heart, though their utterance be as inadequate as your deeds have been transcendent.'
‘I was but the instrument of a higher Power.’
‘We are all instruments of a higher Power, but the instruments chosen are always choice.’
‘Ay! there it is,’ said Miss Arundel; ‘and that is what I rejoice you feel. For it is impossible that such a selection could have been made, as in your case, without your being reserved for great results.’
‘I am but a shattered actor for great results,’ said Lothair, shaking his head.
‘You have had trials,’ said Miss Arundel; ‘so had St. Ignatius, so had St. Francis, and great temptations; but these are the tests of character, of will, of spiritual power: the fine gold is searched. All things that have happened have tended and been ordained to one end, and that was to make you the champion of the Church of which you are now more than the child.’
‘More than the child?’
‘Indeed I think so. However, this is hardly the place and occasion to dwell on such matters; and, indeed, I know your friends, my friends equally, are desirous that your convalescence should not be unnecessarily disturbed by what must be, however delightful, still agitating thoughts; but you touched yourself unexpectedly on the theme, and at any rate you will pardon one who has the inconvenient quality of having only one thought.’
‘Whatever you say or think must always interest me.’
‘You are kind to say so. I suppose you know that our Cardinal, Cardinal Grandison, will be here in a few days?’
CHAPTER LXIV.

CARDINAL GRANDISON ASSISTS.

ALTHOUGH the reception of Lothair by his old friends and by the leaders of the Roman world was in the highest degree flattering, there was something in its tone which was perplexing to him and ambiguous. Could they be ignorant of his Italian antecedents? Impossible. Miss Arundel had admitted, or rather declared, that he had experienced great trials, and even temptations. She could only allude to what had occurred since their parting in England. But all this was now looked upon as satisfactory, because it was ordained, and tended to one end; and what was that end? His devotion to the Church of Rome, of which they admitted he was not formally a child.

It was true that his chief companion was a priest, and that he passed a great portion of his life within the walls of a church. But the priest was his familiar friend in England, who in a foreign land had nursed him with devotion in a desperate illness; and although in the great calamities, physical and moral, that had overwhelmed him, he had found solace in the beautiful services of a religion which he respected,
no one for a moment had taken advantage of this mood of his suffering and enfeebled mind to entrap him into controversy, or to betray him into admissions that he might afterwards consider precipitate and immature. Indeed nothing could be more delicate than the conduct of the Jesuit fathers throughout his communications with them. They seemed sincerely gratified that a suffering fellow-creature should find even temporary consolation within their fair and consecrated structure; their voices modulated with sympathy; their glances gushed with fraternal affection; their affectionate politeness contrived, in a thousand slight instances, the selection of a mass, the arrangement of a picture, the loan of a book, to contribute to the interesting or elegant distraction of his forlorn and brooding being.

And yet Lothair began to feel uneasy, and his uneasiness increased proportionately as his health improved. He sometimes thought that he should like to make an effort and get about a little in the world; but he was very weak, and without any of the resources to which he had been accustomed throughout life. He had no servants of his own, no carriages, no man of business, no banker; and when at last he tried to bring himself to write to Mr. Putney Giles, a painful task, Monsignore Catesby offered to undertake his whole correspondence for him, and announced that his medical attendants had declared that he must under no circumstances whatever attempt at present to write a letter. Hitherto he had been without money, which was lavishly supplied for his physicians and other wants; and he would have been without clothes if the most fashionable tailor in Rome, a German, had not been in frequent attendance on
him under the direction of Monsignore Catesby, who in fact had organised his wardrobe as he did everything else.

Somehow or other, Lothair never seemed alone. When he woke in the morning the Monsignore was frequently kneeling before an oratory in his room, and if by any chance Lothair was wanting at Lady St. Jerome's reception, Father Coleman, who was now on a visit to the family, would look in and pass the evening with him, as men who keep a gaming table find it discreet occasionally to change the dealer. It is a huge and even stupendous pile, that Palazzo Agostini, and yet Lothair never tried to thread his way through its vestibules and galleries, or attempt a reconnaissance of its endless chambers without some monsignore or other gliding up quite apropos, and relieving him from the dulness of solitary existence during the rest of his promenade.

Lothair was relieved by hearing that his former guardian, Cardinal Grandison, was daily expected at Rome; and he revolved in his mind whether he should not speak to his Eminence generally on the system of his life, which he felt now required some modification. In the interval, however, no change did occur. Lothair attended every day the services of the church, and every evening the receptions of Lady St. Jerome; and between the discharge of these two duties he took a drive with a priest, sometimes with more than one, but always most agreeable men, generally in the environs of the city, or visited a convent, or a villa, some beautiful gardens, or a gallery of works of art.

It was at Lady St. Jerome's that Lothair met his former guardian. The Cardinal had only arrived in
the morning. His manner to Lothair was affectionate. He retained Lothair's hand and pressed it with his pale, thin fingers; his attenuated countenance blazed for a moment with a divine light.

'I have long wished to see you, sir,' said Lothair, 'and much wish to talk with you.'

'I can hear nothing from you nor of you but what must be most pleasing to me,' said the Cardinal.

'I wish I could believe that,' said Lothair.

The Cardinal caressed him; put his arm round Lothair's neck and said, 'There is no time like the present. Let us walk together in this gallery,' and they withdrew naturally from the immediate scene.

'You know all that has happened, I dare say,' said Lothair with embarrassment and with a sigh, 'since we parted in England, sir.'

'All,' said the Cardinal. 'It has been a most striking and merciful dispensation.'

'Then I need not dwell upon it,' said Lothair, 'and naturally it would be most painful. What I wish particularly to speak to you about is my position under this roof. What I owe to those who dwell under it no language can describe, and no efforts on my part, and they shall be unceasing, can repay. But I think the time has come when I ought no longer to trespass on their affectionate devotion, though, when I allude to the topic, they seem to misinterpret the motives which influence me, and to be pained rather than relieved by my suggestions. I cannot bear being looked upon as ungrateful, when in fact I am devoted to them. I think, sir, you might help me in putting all this right.'

'If it be necessary,' said the Cardinal; 'but I apprehend you misconceive them. When I last left Rome
you were very ill, but Lady St. Jerome and others have written to me almost daily about you during my absence, so that I am familiar with all that has occurred, and quite cognisant of their feelings. Rest assured that, towards yourself, they are exactly what they ought to be and what you would desire.'

'Well, I am glad,' said Lothair, 'that you are acquainted with everything that has happened, for you can put them right if it be necessary; but I sometimes cannot help fancying that they are under some false impression both as to my conduct and my convictions.'

'Not in the slightest,' said the Cardinal, 'trust me, my dear friend, for that. They know everything and appreciate everything; and great as, no doubt, have been your sufferings, feel that everything has been ordained for the best; that the hand of the Almighty has been visible throughout all these strange events; that His Church was never more clearly built upon a rock than at this moment; that this great manifestation will revive, and even restore, the faith of Christendom; and that you yourself must be looked upon as one of the most favoured of men.'

'Everybody says that,' said Lothair rather peevishly.

'And everybody feels it,' said the Cardinal.

'Well, to revert to lesser points,' said Lothair. 'I do not say I want to return to England, for I dread returning to England, and do not know whether I shall ever go back there; and at any rate I doubt not my health at present is unequal to the effort; but I should like some change in my mode of life. I will not say it is too much controlled, for nothing seems ever done without first consulting me; but, somehow or other,
we are always in the same groove. I wish to see more of the world; I wish to see Rome, and the people of Rome. I wish to see and do many things which, if I mention, it would seem to hurt the feelings of others, and my own are misconceived, but if mentioned by you all would probably be different.'

'I understand you, my dear young friend, my child, I will still say,' said the Cardinal. 'Nothing can be more reasonable than what you suggest. No doubt our friends may be a little too anxious about you, but they are the best people in the world. You appear to me to be quite well enough now to make more exertion than hitherto they have thought you capable of. They see you every day, and cannot judge so well of you as I who have been absent. I will charge myself to effect all your wishes. And we will begin by my taking you out to-morrow and your driving with me about the city. I will show you Rome and the Roman people.'

Accordingly, on the morrow, Cardinal Grandison and his late pupil visited together Rome and the Romans. And first of all Lothair was presented to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, who presides over the ecclesiastical affairs of every country in which the Roman Church has a mission, and that includes every land between the Arctic and the Southern Pole. This glimpse of the organised correspondence with both the Americas, all Asia, all Africa, all Australia, and many European countries, carried on by a countless staff of clerks in one of the most capacious buildings in the world, was calculated to impress the visitor with a due idea of the extensive authority of the Roman Pontiff. This institution, greater, according to the Cardinal, than
any which existed in ancient Rome, was to propagate the faith, the purity of which the next establishment they visited was to maintain. According to Cardinal Grandison, there never was a body the character of which had been so wilfully and so malignantly misrepresented as that of the Roman Inquisition. Its true object is reformation not punishment, and therefore pardon was sure to follow the admission of error. True it was there were revolting stories afloat, for which there was undoubtedly some foundation, though their exaggeration and malice were evident, of the ruthless conduct of the Inquisition; but these details were entirely confined to Spain, and were the consequences not of the principles of the Holy Office, but of the Spanish race, poisoned by Moorish and Jewish blood, or by long contact with those inhuman infidels. Had it not been for the Inquisition organising and directing the mitigating influences of the Church, Spain would have been a land of wild beasts; and even in quite modern times it was the Holy Office at Rome which always stepped forward to protect the persecuted, and, by the power of appeal from Madrid to Rome, saved the lives of those who were unjustly or extravagantly accused.

'The real business however of the Holy Office now,' continued the Cardinal, 'is in reality only doctrinal; and there is something truly sublime, essentially divine, I would say, in this idea of an old man, like the Holy Father, himself the object of ceaseless persecution by all the children of Satan, never for a moment relaxing his heaven-inspired efforts to maintain the purity of the faith once delivered to the Saints, and at the same time to propa-
gate it throughout the whole world, so that there should be no land on which the sun shines that should not afford means of salvation to suffering man. Yes, the Propaganda and the Inquisition alone are sufficient to vindicate the sacred claims of Rome. Compared with them mere secular and human institutions, however exalted, sink into insignificance.'

These excursions with the Cardinal were not only repeated, but became almost of daily occurrence. The Cardinal took Lothair with him in his visits of business, and introduced him to the eminent characters of the city. Some of these priests were illustrious scholars, or votaries of science, whose names were quoted with respect and as authority in the circles of cosmopolitan philosophy. Then there were other institutions at Rome, which the Cardinal snatched occasions to visit, and which, if not so awfully venerable as the Propaganda and the Inquisition, nevertheless testified to the advanced civilisation of Rome and the Romans, and the enlightened administration of the Holy Father. According to Cardinal Grandison, all the great modern improvements in the administration of hospitals and prisons originated in the eternal city; scientific ventilation, popular lavatories, the cellular or silent system, the reformatory. And yet these were nothing compared with the achievements of the Pontifical Government in education. In short, complete popular education only existed at Rome. Its schools were more numerous even than its fountains. Gratuitous instruction originated with the ecclesiastics; and from the night school to the university here might be found the perfect type.

'I really believe,' said the Cardinal, 'that a more virtuous, a more religious, a more happy and con-
tented people than the Romans never existed. They could all be kept in order with the police of one of your counties. True it is the Holy Father is obliged to garrison the city with twelve thousand men of all arms, but not against the Romans, not against his own subjects. It is the secret societies of atheism who have established their lodges in this city, entirely consisting of foreigners, that render these lamentable precautions necessary. They will not rest until they have extirpated the religious principle from the soul of man, and until they have reduced him to the condition of wild beasts. But they will fail, as they failed the other day, as Sennacherib failed. These men may conquer Zouaves and cuirassiers, but they cannot fight against Saint Michael and all the angels. They may do mischief, they may aggravate and prolong the misery of man, but they are doomed to entire and eternal failure.'
CHAPTER LXV.

THE PLOT PROGRESSES.

ADY ST. JEROME was much interested in the accounts which the Cardinal and Lothair gave her of their excursions in the city and their visits.

'It is very true,' she said, 'I never knew such good people; and they ought to be; so favoured by Heaven, and leading a life which, if anything earthly can, must give them, however faint, some foretaste of our joys hereafter. Did your Eminence visit the Pellegrini?' This was the hospital where Miss Arundel had found Lothair.

The Cardinal looked grave. 'No,' he replied. 'My object was to secure for our young friend some interesting but not agitating distraction from certain ideas which, however admirable and transcendently important, are nevertheless too high and profound to permit their constant contemplation with impunity to our infirm natures. Besides,' he added, in a lower, but still distinct tone, 'I was myself unwilling to visit in a mere casual manner the scene of what I must consider the greatest event of this century.'

'But you have been there?' enquired Lady St. Jerome.
His Eminence crossed himself.

In the course of the evening Monsignore Catesby told Lothair that a grand service was about to be celebrated at the church of St. George: thanks were to be offered to the Blessed Virgin by Miss Arundel for the miraculous mercy vouchsafed to her in saving the life of a countryman, Lothair. ‘All her friends will make a point of being there,’ added the Monsignore, ‘even the Protestants and some Russians. Miss Arundel was very unwilling at first to fulfil this office, but the Holy Father has commanded it. I know that nothing will induce her to ask you to attend; and yet, if I were you, I would turn it over in my mind. I know she said that she would sooner that you were present than all her English friends together. However, you can think about it. One likes to do what is proper.’

One does; and yet it is difficult. Sometimes in doing what we think proper, we get into irremediable scrapes; and often, what we hold to be proper, society in its caprice resolves to be highly improper.

Lady St. Jerome had wished Lothair to see Tivoli, and they were all consulting together when they might go there. Lord St. Jerome who, besides his hunters, had his drag at Rome, wanted to drive them to the place. Lothair sat opposite Miss Arundel, gazing on her beauty. It was like being at Vauxe again. And yet a great deal had happened since they were at Vauxe; and what? So far as they two were concerned, nothing but what should create or confirm relations of confidence and affection. Whatever may have been the influence of others on his existence, hers at least had been one of infinite benignity. She had saved his life, she had cherished it. She had
raised him from the lowest depth of physical and moral prostration to health and comparative serenity. If at Vauxe he had beheld her with admiration, had listened with fascinated interest to the fervid expression of her saintly thoughts, and the large purposes of her heroic mind, all these feelings were naturally heightened now when he had witnessed her lofty and consecrated spirit in action, and when that action in his own case had only been exercised for his ineffable advantage.

'Your uncle cannot go to-morrow,' continued Lady St. Jerome, 'and on Thursday I am engaged.'

'And on Friday——' said Miss Arundel, hesitating.

'We are all engaged,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'I should hardly wish to go out before Friday anywhere,' said Miss Arundel, speaking to her aunt, and in a lower tone.

Friday was the day on which the thanksgiving service was to be celebrated in the Jesuit church of St. George of Cappadocia. Lothair knew this well enough and was embarrassed: a thanksgiving for the mercy vouchsafed to Miss Arundel in saving the life of a fellow-countryman, and that fellow-countryman not present! All her Protestant friends would be there, and some Russians. And he not there! It seemed, on his part, the most ungracious and intolerable conduct. And he knew that she would prefer his presence to that of all her acquaintances together. It was more than ungracious on his part; it was ungrateful, almost inhuman.

Lothair sat silent, and stupid, and stiff, and dissatisfied with himself. Once or twice he tried to speak, but his tongue would not move, or his throat
was not clear. And if he had spoken, he would only have made some trifling and awkward remark. In his mind's eye he saw, gliding about him, the veiled figure of his sick room, and he recalled with clearness the unceasing and angelic tenderness of which at the time he seemed hardly conscious.

Miss Arundel had risen and had proceeded some way down the room to a cabinet where she was accustomed to place her work. Suddenly Lothair rose and followed her. 'Miss Arundel!' he said, and she looked round, hardly stopping when he had reached her. 'Miss Arundel, I hope you will permit me to be present at the celebration on Friday?'

She turned round quickly, extending, even eagerly, her hand with mantling cheek. Her eyes glittered with celestial fire. The words hurried from her palpitating lips: 'And support me,' she said, 'for I need support.'

In the evening reception, Monsignore Catesby approached Father Coleman. 'It is done,' he said, with a look of saintly triumph. 'It is done at last. He will not only be present, but he will support her. There are yet eight-and-forty hours to elapse. Can anything happen to defeat us? It would seem not; yet when so much is at stake, one is fearful. He must never be out of our sight; not a human being must approach him.'

'I think we can manage that,' said Father Coleman.
CHAPTER LXVI.

THE GREAT THANKSGIVING.

The Jesuit church of St. George of Cappadocia was situate in one of the finest piazzas of Rome. It was surrounded with arcades, and in its centre the most beautiful fountain of the city spouted forth its streams to an amazing height, and in forms of graceful fancy. On Friday morning the arcades were festooned with tapestry and hangings of crimson velvet and gold. Every part was crowded, and all the rank and fashion and power of Rome seemed to be there assembling. There had been once some intention on the part of the Holy Father to be present, but a slight indisposition had rendered that not desirable. His Holiness, however, had ordered a company of his halberdiers to attend, and the ground was kept by those wonderful guards in the dress of the middle ages; halberds and ruffs, and white plumes, and party-coloured coats, a match for our beefeaters. Carriages with scarlet umbrellas on the box, and each with three serving men behind, denoted the presence of the cardinals in force. They were usually brilliant equipages, being sufficiently new, or sufficiently new (24)
purchases, Garibaldi and the late commanding officer of Lothair having burnt most of the ancient coaches in the time of the Roman Republic twenty years before. From each carriage an eminence descended with his scarlet cap and his purple train borne by two attendants. The Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento was there, and most of the Roman princes and princesses and dukes and duchesses. It seemed that the whole court of Rome was there; monsignori and prelates without end. Some of their dresses, and those of the generals of the orders, appropriately varied the general effect, for the ladies were all in black, their heads covered only with black veils.

Monsignore Catesby had arranged with Lothair that they should enter the church by their usual private way, and Lothair therefore was not in any degree prepared for the sight which awaited him on his entrance into it. The church was crowded; not a chair nor a tribune vacant. There was a suppressed gossip going on as in a public place before a performance begins, much fluttering of fans, some snuff taken, and many sugar-plums.

'Where shall we find a place?' said Lothair.

'They expect us in the sacristy,' said the Monsignore.

The sacristy of the Jesuit church of St. George of Cappadocia might have served for the ball-room of a palace. It was lofty and proportionately spacious, with a grooved ceiling painted with all the court of heaven. Above the broad and richly gilt cornice floated a company of seraphim that might have figured as the Cupids of Albano. The apartment was crowded, for there and in some adjoining chambers were assembled the cardinals and prelates, and all the dis-
tinfookish or official characters, who, in a few minutes, were about to form a procession of almost unequalled splendour and sanctity, and which was to parade the whole body of the church.

Lothair felt nervous; an indefinable depression came over him, as on the morning of a contest when a candidate enters his crowded committee-room. Considerable personages, bowing, approached to address him: the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, the Cardinal Assessor of the Holy Office, the Cardinal Pro-Datario, and the Cardinal Vicar of Rome. Monsignori the Secretary of Briefs to Princes and the Master of the Apostolic Palace were presented to him. Had this been a conclave, and Lothair the future Pope, it would have been impossible to have treated him with more consideration than he experienced. They assured him that they looked upon this day as one of the most interesting in their lives, and the importance of which to the Church could not be overrated. All this somewhat encouraged him, and he was more himself when a certain general stir, and the entrance of individuals from adjoining apartments, intimated that the proceedings were about to commence. It seemed difficult to marshal so considerable and so stately an assemblage, but those who had the management of affairs were experienced in such matters. The acolytes and the thurifers fell into their places; there seemed no end of banners and large golden crosses; great was the company of the prelates, a long purple line, some only in cassocks, some in robes, and mitred; then came a new banner of the Blessed Virgin, which excited intense interest, and every eye was strained to catch the pictured scene. After this banner, amid frequent incense, walked two of the
most beautiful children in Rome, dressed as angels with golden wings; the boy bearing a rose of Jericho, the girl a lily. After these, as was understood, dressed in black and veiled, walked six ladies, who were said to be daughters of the noblest houses of England, and then a single form with a veil touching the ground.

'Here we must go,' said Monsignore Catesby to Lothair, and he gently but irresistibly guided him into his place. 'You know you promised to support her. You had better take this,' he said, placing a lighted taper in his hand; 'it is usual, and one should never be singular.'

So they walked on, followed by the Roman princes, bearing a splendid baldachin. And then came the pomp of the cardinals, each with his train-bearers, exhibiting with the skill of artists the splendour of their violet robes.

As the head of the procession emerged from the sacristy into the church, three organs and a choir, to which all the Roman churches had lent their choicest voices, burst into the Te Deum. Round the church and to all the chapels, and then up the noble nave, the majestic procession moved, and then the gates of the holy place opening, the cardinals entered and seated themselves, their train-bearers crouching at their knees, the prelates grouped themselves, and the banners and crosses were ranged in the distance, except the new banner of the Virgin, which seemed to hang over the altar. The Holy One seemed to be in what was recently a field of battle, and was addressing a beautiful maiden in the dress of a Sister of Mercy.

'This is your place,' said Monsignore Catesby, and he guided Lothair into a prominent position.
The service was long, but sustained by exquisite music, celestial perfumes, and the graceful movements of priests in resplendent dresses continually changing, it could not be said to be wearisome. When all was over, Monsignore Catesby said to Lothair, 'I think we had better return by the public way; it seems expected.'

It was not easy to leave the church. Lothair was detained, and received the congratulations of the Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento and many others. The crowd, much excited by the carriages of the cardinals, had not diminished when they came forth, and they were obliged to linger some little time upon the steps, the Monsignore making difficulties when Lothair more than once proposed to advance.

'I think we may go now,' said Catesby, and they descended into the piazza. Immediately many persons in their immediate neighbourhood fell upon their knees, many asked a blessing from Lothair, and some rushed forward to kiss the hem of his garment.
CHAPTER LXVII.

THE PLOT REVEALED.

HE Princess Tarpeia-Cinque Cento gave an entertainment in the evening in honor of 'the great event.' Italian palaces are so vast, are so ill-adapted to the moderate establishments of modern times, that their grand style in general only impresses those who visit them with a feeling of disappointment and even mortification. The meagre retinue are almost invisible as they creep about the corridors and galleries, and linger in the sequence of lofty chambers. These should be filled with crowds of serving men and groups of splendid retainers. They were built for the days when a great man was obliged to have a great following; and when the safety of his person, as well as the success of his career, depended on the number and the lustre of his train.

The palace of the Princess Tarpeia was the most celebrated in Rome, one of the most ancient, and certainly the most beautiful. She dwelt in it in a manner not unworthy of her consular blood and her modern income. To-night her guests were received
by a long line of foot servants in showy liveries, and bearing the badge of her house, while in every convenient spot pages and gentlemen ushers in courtly dress guided the guests to their place of destination. The palace blazed with light, and showed to advantage the thousand pictures which, it is said, were there enshrined, and the long galleries full of the pale statues of Grecian gods and goddesses and the busts of the former rulers of Rome and the Romans. The atmosphere was fragrant with rare odours, and music was heard amid the fall of fountains in the dim but fancifully illumined gardens.

The Princess herself wore all those famous jewels which had been spared by all the Goths from the days of Brennus to those of Garibaldi, and on her bosom reposed the celebrated transparent cameo of Augustus, which Caesar himself is said to have presented to Livia, and which Benvenuto Cellini had set in a framework of Cupids and rubies. If the weight of her magnificence were sometimes distressing, she had the consolation of being supported by the arm of Lothair.

Two young Roman princes, members of the Guardia Nobile, discussed the situation.

'The English here say,' said one, 'that he is their richest man.'

'And very noble, too,' said the other.

'Certainly, truly noble; a kind of cousin of the Queen.'

'This great event must have an effect upon all their nobility. I cannot doubt they will all return to the Holy Father.'

'They would if they were not afraid of having to restore their Church lands. But they would be much
more happy if Rome were again the capital of the world.'

'No shadow of doubt. I wonder if this young prince will hunt in the Campagna?'

'All Englishmen hunt.'

'I make no doubt he rides well, and has famous horses, and will sometimes lend us one. I am glad his soul is saved.'

'Yes; it is well, when the Blessed Virgin interposes, it should be in favour of princes. When princes become good Christians it is an example. It does good. And this man will give an impulse to our opera, which wants it, and, as you say, he will have many horses.'

In the course of the evening Miss Arundel, with a beaming face but of deep expression, said to Lothair, 'I could tell you some good news had I not promised the Cardinal that he should communicate it to you himself. He will see you to-morrow. Although it does not affect me personally, it will be to me the happiest event that ever occurred, except, of course, one.'

'What can she mean?' thought Lothair. But at that moment Cardinal Berwick approached him, and Miss Arundel glided away.

Father Coleman attended Lothair home to the Agostini Palace, and when they parted said with much emphasis, 'I must congratulate you once more on the great event.'

On the following morning, Lothair found on his table a number of the Roman journal published that day. It was customary to place it there, but in general he only glanced at it, and scarcely that. On the present occasion his own name immediately caught his eye. It figured in a long account of the celebra-
tion of the preceding day. It was with a continually changing countenance, now scarlet, now pallid as death; with a palpitating heart, a trembling hand, a cold perspiration, and at length a disordered vision, that Lothair read the whole of an article, of which we now give a summary:

'Rome was congratulated on the service of yesterday, which celebrated the greatest event of this century. And it came to pass in this wise. It seems that a young English noble, of the highest rank, family, and fortune (and here the name and titles of Lothair were accurately given), like many of the scions of the illustrious and influential families of Britain, was impelled by an irresistible motive to enlist as a volunteer in the service of the Pope, when the Holy Father was recently attacked by the Secret Societies of Atheism. This gallant and gifted youth, after prodigies of valour and devotion, had fallen at Mentana in the sacred cause, and was given up for lost. The day after the battle, when the ambulances laden with the wounded were hourly arriving at Rome from the field, an English lady, daughter of an illustrious house, celebrated throughout centuries for its devotion to the Holy See, and who during the present awful trial had never ceased in her efforts to support the cause of Christianity, was employed, as was her wont, in offices of charity and was tending with her companion sisters her wounded countrymen at the hospital La Consolazione, in the new ward which has been recently added to that establishment by the Holy Father.

'While she was leaning over one of the beds, she felt a gentle and peculiar pressure on her shoulder,
and, looking round, beheld a most beautiful woman, with a countenance of singular sweetness and yet majesty. And the visitor said, "You are attending to those English who believe in the Virgin Mary. Now at the Hospital Santissima Trinità di Pellegrini there is in an ambulance a young Englishman apparently dead, but who will not die if you go to him immediately and say you came in the name of the Virgin."

'The influence of the stranger was so irresistible that the young English lady, attended by a nurse and one of the porters of La Consolazione, repaired instantly to the Di Pellegrini, and there they found in the courtyard, as they had been told, an ambulance, in form and colour and equipment unlike any ambulance used by the papal troops, and in the ambulance the senseless body of a youth, who was recognised by the English lady as her young and gallant countryman. She claimed him in the name of the Blessed Virgin, and, after due remedies, was permitted to take him at once to his noble relatives, who lived in the Palazzo Agostini.

'After a short time much conversation began to circulate about this incident. The family wished to testify their gratitude to the individual whose information had led to the recovery of the body, and subsequently of the life of their relation; but all that they could at first learn at La Consolazione was, that the porter believed the woman was Maria Serafina de Angelis, the handsome wife of a tailor in the Strada di Ripetta. But it was soon shown that this could not be true, for it was proved that, on the day in question, Maria Serafina de Angelis was on a visit to a friend at La Riccia; and, in the second place, that
she did not bear the slightest resemblance to the stranger who had given the news. Moreover, the porter of the gate being required to state why he had admitted any stranger without the accustomed order, denied that he had so done; that he was in his lodge and the gates were locked, and the stranger had passed through without his knowledge.

'Two priests were descending the stairs when the stranger came upon them, and they were so struck by the peculiarity of her carriage, that they turned round and looked at her, and clearly observed at the back of her head a sort of halo. She was out of their sight while they were making this observation, but in consequence of it they made enquiries of the porter of the gate, and remained in the courtyard till she returned.

'This she did a few minutes before the English lady and her attendants came down, as they had been detained by the preparation of some bandages and other remedies, without which they never moved. The porter of the gate having his attention called to the circumstance by the priests, was most careful in his observations as to the halo, and described it as distinct. The priests then followed the stranger, who proceeded down a long and solitary street, made up in a great degree of garden and convent walls, and without a turning. They observed her stop and speak to two children, and then, though there was no house to enter and no street to turn into, she vanished.

'When they had reached the children they found each of them holding in the hand a beautiful flower. It seems the lady had given the boy a rose of Jericho, and to his sister a white and golden lily. Enquiring
whether she had spoken to them, they answered that she had said, "Let these flowers be kept in remembrance of me; they will never fade." And truly, though months had elapsed, these flowers had never faded, and, after the procession of yesterday, they were placed under crystal in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin in the Jesuit church of St. George of Cappadocia, and may be seen every day, and will be seen for ever in primeval freshness.

'This is the truthful account of what really occurred with respect to this memorable event, and as it was ascertained by a Consulta of the Holy Office, presided over by the Cardinal Prefect himself. The Holy Office is most severe in its inquisition of the truth, and though it well knows that the Divine presence never leaves His Church, it is most scrupulous in its investigations whenever any miraculous interposition is alleged. It was entirely by its exertions that the somewhat inconsistent and unsatisfactory evidence of the porter of the gate, in the first instance, was explained, cleared, and established; the whole chain of evidence worked out; all idle gossip and mere rumours rejected; and the evidence obtained of above twenty witnesses of all ranks of life, some of them members of the learned profession, and others military officers of undoubted honour and veracity, who witnessed the first appearance of the stranger at the Pellegrini, and the undoubted fact of the halo playing round her temples.

'The Consulta of the Holy Office could only draw one inference, sanctioned by the Holy Father himself, as to the character of the personage who thus deigned to appear and interpose; and no wonder that in the great function of yesterday, the eyes of all Rome
were fixed upon Lothair as the most favoured of living men.'

He himself now felt as one sinking into an unfathomable abyss. The despair came over him that involves a man engaged in a hopeless contest with a remorseless power. All his life during the last year passed rushingly across his mind. He recalled the wiles that had been employed to induce him to attend a function in a Jesuits' chapel in an obscure nook of London; the same agencies had been employed there; then, as now, the influence of Clare Arundel had been introduced to sway him when all others had failed. Belmont had saved him then. There was no Belmont now. The last words of Theodora murmured in his ear like the awful voice of a distant sea. They were the diapason of all the thought and feeling of that profound and passionate spirit.

That seemed only a petty plot in London, and he had since sometimes smiled when he remembered how it had been baffled. Shallow apprehension! The petty plot was only part of a great and unceasing and triumphant conspiracy, and the obscure and inferior agencies which he had been rash enough to deride had consummated their commanded purpose in the eyes of all Europe, and with the aid of the great powers of the world.

He felt all the indignation natural to a sincere and high-spirited man, who finds that he has been fooled by those whom he has trusted; but summoning all his powers to extricate himself from his desolate dilemma, he found himself without resource. What public declaration on his part could alter the undeniable
fact, now circulating throughout the world, that in the supernatural scene of yesterday he was the willing and the principal actor? Unquestionably he had been very imprudent, not only in that instance but in his habitual visits to the church; he felt all that now. But he was lorn and shattered, infinitely distressed both in body and in mind; weak and miserable; and he thought he was leaning on angelic hearts, when he found himself in the embrace of spirits of another sphere.

In what a position of unexampled pain did he not now find himself! To feel it your duty to quit the faith in which you have been bred must involve an awful pang; but to be a renegade without the consolation of conscience, against your sense, against your will, alike for no celestial hope and no earthly object, this was agony mixed with self-contempt.

He remembered what Lady Corisande had once said to him about those who quitted their native church for the Roman communion. What would she say now? He marked in imagination the cloud of sorrow on her imperial brow and the scorn of her curled lip.

Whatever happened he could never return to England, at least for many years, when all the things and persons he cared for would have disappeared, or changed, which is worse; and then what would be the use of returning? He would go to America, or Australia, or the Indian Ocean, or the interior of Africa; but even in all these places, according to the correspondence of the Propaganda, he would find Roman priests and active priests. He felt himself a lost man; not free from faults in this matter, but punished beyond his errors. But this is the fate of
men who think they can struggle successfully with a supernatural power.

A servant opened a door and said in a loud voice, that, with his permission, his Eminence, the English Cardinal, would wait on him.
CHAPTER LXVIII.

A DOUBTING THOMAS!

T IS proverbial to what drowning men will cling. Lothair, in his utter hopelessness, made a distinction between the Cardinal and the conspirators. The Cardinal had been absent from Rome during the greater portion of the residence of Lothair in that city. The Cardinal was his father's friend, an English gentleman, with an English education, once an Anglican, a man of the world, a man of honour, a good, kind-hearted man. Lothair explained the apparent and occasional co-operation of his Eminence with the others, by their making use of him without a due consciousness of their purpose on his part. Lothair remembered how delicately his former guardian had always treated the subject of religion in their conversations. The announcement of his visit instead of aggravating the distresses of Lothair, seemed, as all these considerations rapidly occurred to him, almost to impart a ray of hope.

' I see,' said the Cardinal, as he entered serene and graceful as usual, and glancing at the table, 'that you have been reading the account of our great act of yesterday.'
'Yes; and I have been reading it,' said Lothair reddening, 'with indignation; with alarm; I should add, with disgust.'

'How is this?' said the Cardinal, feeling or affecting surprise.

'It is a tissue of falsehood and imposture,' continued Lothair; 'and I will take care that my opinion is known of it.'

'Do nothing rashly,' said the Cardinal. 'This is an official journal, and I have reason to believe that nothing appears in it which is not drawn up, or well considered, by truly pious men.'

'You yourself, sir, must know,' continued Lothair, 'that the whole of this statement is founded on falsehood.'

'Indeed I should be sorry to believe,' said the Cardinal, 'that there was a particle of misstatement, or even exaggeration, either in the base or the superstructure of the narrative.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Lothair. 'Why! take the very first allegation, that I fell at Mentana fighting in the ranks of the Holy Father. Every one knows that I fell fighting against him, and that I was almost slain by one of his chassepots. It is notorious; and though, as a matter of taste, I have not obtruded the fact in the society in which I have been recently living, I have never attempted to conceal it, and have not the slightest doubt that it must be as familiar to every member of that society as to your Eminence.'

'I know there are two narratives of your relations with the battle of Mentana,' observed the Cardinal quietly. 'The one accepted as authentic is that which appears in this journal; the other account, which can only be traced to yourself, bears no doubt a some-
what different character; but considering that it is in
the highest degree improbable, and that there is not
a tittle of confirmatory or collateral evidence to ex-
tenuate its absolute unlikelihood, I hardly think you
are justified in using, with reference to the statement
in this article, the harsh expression which I am per-
suaded, on reflection, you will feel you have hastily
used.'

'I think,' said Lothair with a kindling eye and a
burning cheek, 'that I am the best judge of what I
did at Mentana.'

'Well, well,' said the Cardinal with dulcet calm-
ness, 'you naturally think so; but you must remem-
ber you have been very ill, my dear young friend,
and labouring under much excitement. If I were you,
and I speak as your friend, I hope your best one, I
would not dwell too much on this fancy of yours
about the battle of Mentana. I would myself always
deal tenderly with a fixed idea: harsh attempts to ter-
minate hallucination are seldom successful. Neverthe-
less, in the case of a public event, a matter of fact,
if a man finds that he is of one opinion and all orders
of society of another, he should not be encouraged to
dwell on a perverted view; he should be gradually
weaned from it.'

'You amaze me!' said Lothair.

'Not at all,' said the Cardinal. 'I am sure you
will benefit by my advice. And you must already
perceive that, assuming the interpretation which the
world without exception places on your conduct in
the field to be the just one, there really is not a
single circumstance in the whole of this interesting
and important statement, the accuracy of which you
yourself would for a moment dispute.'
‘What is there said about me at Mentana makes me doubt of all the rest,’ said Lothair.

‘Well, we will not dwell on Mentana,’ said the Cardinal with a sweet smile; ‘I have treated of that point. Your case is by no means an uncommon one. It will wear off with returning health. King George IV. believed that he was at the battle of Waterloo, and indeed commanded there; and his friends were at one time a little alarmed; but Knighton, who was a sensible man, said, “His Majesty has only to leave off curaçoa, and rest assured he will gain no more victories.” The rest of this statement, which is to-day officially communicated to the whole world, and which in its results will probably be not less important even than the celebration of the centenary of St. Peter, is established by evidence so incontestable, by witnesses so numerous, so various, in all the circumstances and accidents of testimony so satisfactory, I may say so irresistible, that controversy on this head would be a mere impertinence and waste of time.’

‘I am not convinced,’ said Lothair.

‘Hush!’ said the Cardinal, ‘the freaks of your own mind about personal incidents, however lamentable, may be viewed with indulgence, at least for a time. But you cannot be permitted to doubt of the rest. You must be convinced, and on reflection you will be convinced. Remember, sir, where you are. You are in the centre of Christendom, where truth, and where alone truth resides. Divine authority has perused this paper and approved it. It is published for the joy and satisfaction of two hundred millions of Christians, and for the salvation of all those who unhappily for themselves are not
yet converted to the faith. It records the most memorable event of this century. Our Blessed Lady has personally appeared to her votaries before during that period, but never at Rome. Wisely and well she has worked in villages and among the illiterate, as at the beginning did her Divine Son. But the time is now ripe for terminating the infidelity of the world. In the eternal city, amid all its matchless learning and profound theology, in the sight of thousands, this great act has been accomplished, in a manner which can admit of no doubt, and which can lead to no controversy. Some of the most notorious atheists of Rome have already solicited to be admitted to the offices of the Church; the secret societies have received their death-blow; I look to the alienation of England as virtually over. I am panting to see you return to the home of your fathers and reconquer it for the Church in the name of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Never was a man in a greater position since Godfrey or Ignatius. The eyes of all Christendom are upon you as the most favoured of men, and you stand there like St. Thomas.

'Perhaps he was as bewildered as I am,' said Lothair.

'Well, his bewilderment ended in his becoming an apostle, as yours will. I am glad we have had this conversation, and that we agree; I knew we should. But now I wish to speak to you on business, and very grave. The world assumes that being the favoured of Heaven you are naturally and necessarily a member of the Church. I, your late guardian, know that is not the case, and sometimes I blame myself that it is not so. But I have ever scrupulously refrained from attempting to con-
trol your convictions; and the result has justified me. Heaven has directed your life, and I have now to impart to you the most gratifying intelligence that can be communicated by man, and that the Holy Father will to-morrow himself receive you into the bosom of that Church of which he is the Divine head. Christendom will then hail you as its champion and regenerator, and thus will be realised the divine dream with which you were inspired in our morning walk in the park at Vauxe.'
CHAPTER LXIX.

A Voice in the Coliseum.

T WAS the darkest hour in Lothair's life. He had become acquainted with sorrow; he had experienced calamities physical and moral. The death of Theodora had shaken him to the centre. It was that first great grief which makes a man acquainted with his deepest feelings, which detracts something from the buoyancy of the youngest life, and dims, to a certain degree, the lustre of existence. But even that bereavement was mitigated by distractions alike inevitable and ennobling. The sternest and highest of all obligations, military duty, claimed him with an unfltering grasp, and the clarion sounded almost as he closed her eyes. Then he went forth to struggle for a cause which at least she believed to be just and sublime; and if his own convictions on that head might be less assured or precise, still there was doubtless much that was inspiring in the contest, and much dependent on the success of himself and his comrades that tended to the elevation of man.

But, now, there was not a single circumstance to sustain his involved and sinking life. A renegade, a
renegade without conviction, without necessity, in absolute violation of the pledge he had given to the person he most honoured and most loved, as he received her parting spirit! And why was all this? and how was all this? What system of sorcery had encompassed his existence? For he was spell-bound, as much as any knight in fairy tale whom malignant influences had robbed of his valour and will and virtue. No sane person could credit, even comprehend, his position. Had he the opportunity of stating it in a court of justice to-morrow, he could only enter into a narrative which would decide his lot as an insane being. The magical rites had been so gradual, so subtle, so multifarious, all in appearance independent of each other, though in reality scientifically combined, that while the conspirators had probably effected his ruin both in body and in soul, the only charges he could make against them would be acts of exquisite charity, tenderness, self-sacrifice, personal devotion, refined piety, and religious sentiment of the most exalted character.

What was to be done? And could anything be done? Could he escape? Where from and where to? He was certain, and had been for some time, from many circumstances, that he was watched. Could he hope that the vigilance which observed all his movements would scruple to prevent any which might be inconvenient? He felt assured that to quit that palace alone was not in his power. And were it, whither could he go? To whom was he to appeal? And about what was he to appeal? Should he appeal to the Holy Father? There would be an opportunity for that to-morrow. To the College of Cardinals, who had solemnised yesterday with gra-
cious unction his spiritual triumph? To those congenial spirits, the mild Assessor of the Inquisition, or the President of the Propaganda, who was busied at that moment in circulating throughout both the Americas, all Asia, all Africa, all Australia, and parts of Europe, for the edification of distant millions, the particulars of the miraculous scene in which he was the principal actor? Should he throw himself on the protection of the ambiguous minister of the British Crown, and invoke his aid against a conspiracy touching the rights, reason, and freedom of one of Her Majesty's subjects? He would probably find that functionary inditing a private letter to the English Secretary of State, giving the minister a graphic account of the rare doings of yesterday, and assuring the minister, from his own personal and ocular experience, that a member of one of the highest orders of the British peerage carried in the procession a lighted taper after two angels with amaranthine flowers and golden wings.

Lothair remained in his apartments; no one approached him. It was the only day that the Monsignore had not waited on him. Father Coleman was equally reserved. Strange to say, not one of those agreeable and polite gentlemen, fathers of the oratory, who talked about gems, torsos, and excavations, and who always more or less attended his levée, troubled him this morning. With that exquisite tact which pervades the hierarchical circles of Rome, everyone felt that Lothair, on the eve of that event of his life, which Providence had so long and so mysteriously prepared, would wish to be undisturbed.

Restless, disquieted, revolving all the incidents of his last year, trying, by terrible analysis, to ascertain
how he ever could have got into such a false position, and how he could yet possibly extricate himself from it, not shrinking in many things from self-blame, and yet not recognising on his part such a degree of deviation from the standard of right feeling, or even of common sense, as would authorise such an overthrow as that awaiting him, high rank and boundless wealth, a station of duty and of honour, some gifts of nature, and golden youth, and a disposition that at least aspired, in the employment of these accidents of life and fortune, to something better than selfish gratification, all smashed, the day drew on.

Drew on the day, and every hour it seemed his spirit was more lone and dark. For the first time the thought of death occurred to him as a relief from the perplexities of existence. How much better had he died at Mentana! To this pass had arrived the cordial and brilliant Lord of Muriel, who enjoyed and adorned life, and wished others to adorn and to enjoy it; the individual whom, probably, were the majority of the English people polled, they would have fixed upon as filling the most enviable of all positions, and holding out a hope that he was not unworthy of it. Born with every advantage that could command the sympathies of his fellow-men, with a quick intelligence and a noble disposition, here he was at one-and-twenty ready to welcome death, perhaps even to devise it, as the only rescue from a doom of confusion, degradation, and remorse.

He had thrown himself on a sofa, and had buried his face in his hands to assist the abstraction which he demanded. There was not an incident of his life that escaped the painful inquisition of his memory. He passed his childhood once more in that
stern Scotch home, that, after all, had been so kind, and, as it would seem, so wise. The last words of counsel and of warning from his uncle, expressed at Muriel, came back to him. And yet there seemed a destiny throughout these transactions which was irresistible! The last words of Theodora, her look, even more solemn than her tone, might have been breathed over a tripod, for they were a prophecy, not a warning.

How long he had been absorbed in this passionate reverie he knew not, but when he looked up again it was night, and the moon had touched his window. He rose and walked up and down the room, and then went into the corridor. All was silent; not an attendant was visible; the sky was clear and starry, and the moonlight fell on the tall, still cypresses in the vast quadrangle.

Lothair leant over the balustrade and gazed upon the moonlit fountains. The change of scene, silent and yet not voiceless, and the softening spell of the tranquillising hour were a relief to him. And after a time he wandered about the corridors, and after a time he descended into the court. The tall Swiss, in his grand uniform, was closing the gates which had just released a visitor. Lothair motioned that he too wished to go forth, and the Swiss obeyed him. The threshold was passed, and Lothair found himself for the first time alone in Rome.

Utterly reckless, he cared not where he went or what might happen. The streets were quite deserted, and he wandered about with a strange curiosity, gratified as he sometimes encountered famous objects he had read of, and yet the true character of which no reading ever realises.
The moonlight becomes the proud palaces of Rome, their corniced and balcony fronts rich with deep shadows in the blaze. Sometimes he encountered an imperial column; sometimes he came to an arcadian square flooded with light and resonant with the fall of statued fountains. Emerging from a long straggling street of convents and gardens, he found himself in an open space full of antique ruins, and among them the form of a colossal amphitheatre that he at once recognised.

It rose with its three tiers of arches and the huge wall that crowns them, black and complete in the air; and not until Lothair had entered it could he perceive the portion of the outer wall that was in ruins, and now bathed with the silver light. Lothair was alone. In that huge creation, once echoing with the shouts, and even the agonies, of thousands, Lothair was alone.

He sat him down on a block of stone in that sublime and desolate arena, and asked himself the secret spell of this Rome that had already so agitated his young life, and probably was about critically to affect it. Theodora lived for Rome and died for Rome. And the Cardinal, born and bred an English gentleman, with many hopes and honours, had renounced his religion, and, it might be said, his country, for Rome. And for Rome, to-morrow, Catesby would die without a pang, and sacrifice himself for Rome, as his race for three hundred years had given, for the same cause, honour and broad estates and unhesitating lives. And these very people were influenced by different motives, and thought they were devoting themselves to opposite ends. But still it was Rome: Republican or Cæsarian, papal or pagan, it still was Rome.
Was it a breeze in a breezeless night that was sighing amid these ruins? A pine tree moved its head on a broken arch, and there was a stir among the plants that hung on the ancient walls. It was a breeze in a breezeless night that was sighing amid the ruins.

There was a tall crag of ancient building contiguous to the block on which Lothair was seated, and which on his arrival he had noted, although, long lost in reverie, he had not recently turned his glance in that direction. He was roused from that reverie by the indefinite sense of some change having occurred which often disturbs and terminates one's brooding thoughts. And looking round, he felt, he saw, he was no longer alone. The moonbeams fell upon a figure that was observing him from the crag of ruin that was near, and as the light clustered and gathered round the form, it became every moment more definite and distinct.

Lothair would have sprung forward, but he could only extend his arms: he would have spoken, but his tongue was paralysed.

'Lothair,' said a deep, sweet voice that never could be forgotten.

'I am here,' he at last replied.

'Remember!' and she threw upon him that glance, at once serene and solemn, that had been her last, and was impressed indelibly upon his heart of hearts.

Now he could spring forward and throw himself at her feet; but alas! as he reached her, the figure melted into the moonlight, and she was gone: that divine Theodora, who, let us hope, returned at least to those Elysian fields she so well deserved.
CHAPTER LXX.

THE ENGLISH PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

'Hey have overdone it, Gertrude, with Lothair,' said Lord St. Jerome to his wife. 'I spoke to Monsignore Catesby about it some time ago, but he would not listen to me; I had more confidence in the Cardinal and am disappointed; but a priest is ever too hot. His nervous system has been tried too much.'

Lady St. Jerome still hoped the best, and believed in it. She was prepared to accept the way Lothair was found senseless in the Coliseum as a continuance of miraculous interpositions. He might have remained there for a day or days and never have been recognised when discovered. How marvellously providential that Father Coleman should have been in the vicinity and tempted to visit the great ruin that very night!

Lord St. Jerome was devout, and easy in his temper. Priests and women seemed to have no difficulty in managing him. But he was an English gentleman, and there was at the bottom of his character a fund of courage, firmness, and common sense, that sometimes startled and sometimes perplexed those who
assumed that he could be easily controlled. He was not satisfied with the condition of Lothair, 'a peer of England and my connection;' and he had not unlimited confidence in those who had been hitherto consulted as to his state. There was a celebrated English physician at that time visiting Rome, and Lord St. Jerome, notwithstanding the multiform resistance of Monsignore Catesby, insisted he should be called in to Lothair.

The English physician was one of those men who abhor priests, and do not particularly admire ladies. The latter, in revenge, denounced his manners as brutal, though they always sent for him, and were always trying, though vainly, to pique him into sympathy. He rarely spoke, but he listened to everyone with entire patience. He sometimes asked a question, but he never made a remark.

Lord St. Jerome had seen the physician alone before he visited the Palazzo Agostini, and had talked to him freely about Lothair. The physician saw at once that Lord St. Jerome was truthful, and that though his intelligence might be limited, it was pure and direct. Appreciating Lord St. Jerome, that nobleman found the redoubtable doctor not ungenial, and assured his wife that she would meet on the morrow by no means so savage a being as she anticipated. She received him accordingly, and in the presence of Monsignore Catesby. Never had she exercised her distinguished powers of social rhetoric with more art and fervour, and never apparently had they proved less productive of the intended consequences. The physician said not a word, and merely bowed when exhausted nature consigned the luminous and impassioned Lady St. Jerome to inevitable
silence. Monsignore Catesby felt he was bound in
honour to make some diversion in her favour; repeat
some of her unanswered inquiries, and reiterate some
of her unnoticed views; but the only return he re-
ceived was silence without a bow, and then the physi-
cian remarked, 'I presume I can now see the patient.'

The English physician was alone with Lothair for
some time, and then he met in consultation the usual
attendants. The result of all these proceedings was
that he returned to the saloon, in which he found
Lord and Lady St. Jerome, Monsignore Catesby, and
Father Coleman, and he then said, 'My opinion is
that his lordship should quit Rome immediately, and
I think he had better return at once to his own
country.'

All the efforts of the English Propaganda were
now directed to prevent the return of Lothair to his
own country. The Cardinal and Lady St. Jerome, and
the Monsignore, and Father Coleman, all the beau-
tiful young countesses who had 'gone over' to Rome,
and all the spirited young earls who had come over
to bring their wives back, but had unfortunately re-
mained themselves, looked very serious, and spoke
much in whispers. Lord St. Jerome was firm that
Lothair should immediately leave the city, and find
that change of scene and air which were declared by
authority to be indispensable for his health, both of
mind and body. But his return to England, at this
moment, was an affair of serious difficulty. He could
not return unattended, and attended too by some inti-
mate and devoted friend. Besides, it was very doubt-
ful whether Lothair had strength remaining to bear so
great an exertion, and at such a season of the year;
and he seemed disinclined to it himself. He also
LOTHAIR

wished to leave Rome, but he wished also in time to extend his travels. Amidst these difficulties a Neapolitan duke, a great friend of Monsignore Catesby, a gentleman who always had a friend in need, offered to the young English noble, the interesting young Englishman so favoured by heaven, the use of his villa on the coast of the remotest part of Sicily, near Syracuse. Here was a solution of many difficulties: departure from Rome, change of scene and air (sea air, too, particularly recommended), and almost the same as a return to England, without an effort; for was it not an island, only with a better climate, and a people with free institutions, or a taste for them, which is the same?

The mode in which Lady St. Jerome and Monsignore Catesby consulted Lord St. Jerome on the subject, took the adroit but insidious form of congratulating him on the entire and unexpected fulfilment of his purpose. ‘Are we not fortunate?’ exclaimed her ladyship, looking up brightly in his face, and gently pressing one of his arms.

‘Exactly everything your lordship required,’ echoed Monsignore Catesby, congratulating him by pressing the other.

The Cardinal said to Lord St. Jerome in the course of the morning, in an easy way, and as if he were not thinking too much of the matter, ‘So you have got out of all your difficulties.’

Lord St. Jerome was not entirely satisfied, but he thought he had done a great deal, and, to say the truth, the effort for him had not been inconsiderable; and so the result was that Lothair, accompanied by Monsignore Catesby and Father Coleman, travelled by easy stages, and chiefly on horseback, through a de-
licious and romantic country, which alone did Lothair a great deal of good, to the coast; crossed the straits on a serene afternoon, visited Messina and Palermo, and finally settled at their point of destination, the Villa Catalano.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the Monsignore's bulletin, announcing to his friends at Rome their ultimate arrangements. Three weeks' travel, air, horse exercise, the inspiration of the landscape and the clime, had wonderfully restored Lothair, and they might entirely count on his passing Holy Week at Rome, when all they had hoped and prayed for would, by the blessing of the Holy Virgin, be accomplished.
CHAPTER LXXI.

Lothair's Escape.

The terrace of the Villa Catalano, with its orange and palm trees, looked upon a sea of lapis lazuli, and rose from a shelving shore of aloes and arbutus. The waters reflected the colour of the sky, and all the foliage was bedewed with the same violet light of morn which bathed the softness of the distant mountains, and the undulating beauty of the ever-varying coast.

Lothair was walking on the terrace, his favourite walk, for it was the only occasion on which he ever found himself alone. Not that he had any reason to complain of his companions. More complete ones could scarcely be selected. Travel, which they say tries all tempers, had only proved the engaging equanimity of Catesby, and had never disturbed the amiable repose of his brother priest: and then they were so entertaining and so instructive, as well as handy and experienced in all common things. The Monsignore had so much taste and feeling and various knowledge; and as for the reverend father, all the antiquaries they daily encountered were mere children in his hands.
who, without effort, could explain and illustrate every scene and object, and spoke as if he had never given a thought to any other theme than Sicily and Syracuse, the expedition of Nicias and the adventures of Agathocles. And yet during all their travels Lothair felt that he never was alone. This was remarkable at the great cities such as Messina and Palermo, but it was a prevalent habit in less frequented places. There was a petty town near them, which he had never visited alone, although he had made more than one attempt with that view; and it was only on the terrace in the early morn, a spot whence he could be observed from the villa, and which did not easily communicate with the precipitous and surrounding scenery, that Lothair would indulge that habit of introspection which he had pursued through many a long ride, and which to him was a never-failing source of interest and even excitement.

He wanted to ascertain the causes of what he deemed the failure of his life, and of the dangers and discomfiture that were still impending over him. Were these causes to be found in any peculiarity of his disposition, or in the general inexperience and incompetence of youth? The latter he was now quite willing to believe would lead their possessors into any amount of disaster, but his ingenuous nature hesitated before it accepted them as the self-complacent solution of his present deplorable position.

Of a nature profound and inquisitive, though with a great fund of reverence which had been developed by an ecclesiastical education, Lothair now felt that he had started in life with an extravagant appreciation of the influence of the religious principle on the conduct of human affairs. With him, when heaven was
so nigh, earth could not be remembered; and yet experience showed that, so long as one was on the earth, the incidents of this planet considerably controlled one's existence, both in behaviour and in thought. All the world could not retire to Mount Athos. It was clear, therefore, that there was a juster conception of the relations between religion and life than that which he had at first adopted.

Practically, Theodora had led or was leading him to this result; but Theodora, though religious, did not bow before those altars to which he for a moment had never been faithless. Theodora believed in her immortality, and did not believe in death according to the ecclesiastical interpretation. But her departure from the scene, and the circumstances under which it had taken place, had unexpectedly and violently restored the course of his life to its old bent. Shattered and shorn, he was willing to believe that he was again entering the kingdom of heaven, but found he was only under the gilded dome of a Jesuit's church, and woke to reality, from a scene of magical deceptions, with a sad conviction that even cardinals and fathers of the Church were inevitably influenced in this life by its interests and its passions.

But the incident of his life that most occupied, it might be said engrossed, his meditation was the midnight apparition in the Coliseum. Making every allowance that a candid nature and an ingenious mind could suggest for explicatory circumstances; the tension of his nervous system, which was then doubtless strained to its last point; the memory of her death-scene, which always harrowed and haunted him; and that dark collision between his promise and his life which then, after so many efforts, appeared by
some supernatural ordination to be about inevitably to occur in that very Rome whose gigantic shades surrounded him; he still could not resist the conviction that he had seen the form of Theodora and had listened to her voice. Often the whole day when they were travelling, and his companions watched him on his saddle in silent thought, his mind in reality was fixed on this single incident, and he was cross-examining his memory, as some adroit and ruthless advocate deals with the witness in the box, and tries to demonstrate his infidelity or his weakness.

But whether it were indeed the apparition of his adored friend or a distempered dream, Lothair not less recognised the warning as divine, and the only conviction he had arrived at throughout his Sicilian travels was a determination that, however tragical the cost, his promise to Theodora should never be broken.

The beautiful terrace of the Villa Catalano over-looked a small bay to which it descended by winding walks. The water was deep, and in any other country the bay might have been turned to good account, but bays abounded on this coast, and the people, with many harbours, had no freights to occupy them. This morn, this violet morn, when the balm of the soft breeze refreshed Lothair, and the splendour of the rising sun began to throw a flashing line upon the azure waters, a few fishermen in one of the country boats happened to come in, about to dry a net upon a sunny bank. The boat was what is called a speronaro; an open boat worked with oars, but with a lateen sail at the same time when the breeze served.
Lothair admired the trim of the vessel, and got talking with the men as they ate their bread and olives, and a small fish or two.

'And your lateen sail——?' continued Lothair.

'Is the best thing in the world, except in a white squall,' replied the sailor, 'and then everything is queer in these seas with an open boat, though I am not afraid of Santa Agnese, and that is her name. But I took two English officers who came over here for sport, and whose leave of absence was out; I took them over in her to Malta, and did it in ten hours. I believe it had never been done in an open boat before, but it was neck or nothing with them.'

'And you saved them?'

'With the lateen up the whole way.'

'They owed you much, and I hope they paid you well.'

'I asked them ten ducats,' said the man, 'and they paid me ten ducats.'

Lothair had his hand in his pocket all this time, feeling, but imperceptibly, for his purse, and when he had found it, feeling how it was lined. He generally carried about him as much as Fortunatus.

'What are you going to do with yourselves this morning?' said Lothair.

'Well, not much; we thought of throwing the net, but we have had one dip, and no great luck.'

'Are you inclined to give me a sail?'

'Certainly, signor.'

'Have you a mind to go to Malta?'

'That is business, signor.'

'Look here,' said Lothair, 'here are ten ducats in this purse, and a little more. I will give them to you if you will take me to Malta at once, but if you
will start in a hundred seconds, before the sun touches that rock, and the waves just beyond it are already bright, you shall have ten more ducats when you reach the isle.'

'Step in, signor.'

From the nature of the course, which was not in the direction of the open sea, for they had to double Cape Passaro, the speronaro was out of sight of the villa in a few minutes. They rowed only till they had doubled the cape, and then set the lateen sail, the breeze being light but steady and favourable. They were soon in open sea, no land in sight. 'And if a white squall does rise,' thought Lothair, 'it will only settle many difficulties.'

But no white squall came; everything was favourable to their progress: the wind, the current, the courage and spirit of the men, who liked the adventure and liked Lothair. Night came on, but they were as tender to him as women, fed him with their least coarse food, and covered him with a cloak made of stuff spun by their mothers and their sisters.

Lothair was slumbering when the patron of the boat roused him, and he saw at hand many lights, and in a few minutes was in still water. They were in one of the harbours of Malta, but not permitted to land at midnight, and when the morn arrived, the obstacles to the release of Lothair were not easily removed. A speronaro, an open boat from Sicily, of course with no papers to prove their point of departure: here were materials for doubt and difficulty, of which the petty officers of the port knew how to avail themselves. They might come from Barbary, from an infected port; plague might be aboard, a question of quarantine. Lothair observed that they
were nearly alongside of a fine steam yacht, English, for it bore the cross of St. George, and while on the quay, he and the patron of the speronaro arguing with the officers of the port, a gentleman from the yacht put ashore in a boat, of which the bright equipment immediately attracted attention. The gentleman landed almost close to the point where the controversy was carrying on. The excited manner and voice of the Sicilian mariner could not escape notice. The gentleman stopped and looked at the group, and then suddenly exclaimed, 'Good heavens! my lord, can it be you?'

'Ah! Mr. Phæbus, you will help me,' said Lothair, and then he went up to him and told him everything. All difficulties of course vanished before the presence of Mr. Phæbus, whom the officers of the port evidently looked upon as a being beyond criticism and control.

'And now,' said Mr. Phæbus, 'about your people and your baggage.'

'I have neither servants nor clothes,' said Lothair, 'and if it had not been for these good people, I should not have had food.'
CHAPTER LXXII.

Mr. PHŒBUS.

R. PHŒBUS in his steam yacht Pan, of considerable admeasurement and fitted up with every luxury and convenience that science and experience could suggest, was on his way to an island which he occasionally inhabited, near the Asian coast of the Ægean Sea, and which he rented from the chief of his wife's house, the Prince of Samos. Mr. Phœbus, by his genius and fame, commanded a large income, and he spent it freely and fully. There was nothing of which he more disapproved than accumulation. It was a practice which led to sordid habits and was fatal to the beautiful. On the whole, he thought it more odious even than debt, more permanently degrading. Mr. Phœbus liked pomp and graceful ceremony, and he was of opinion that great artists should lead a princely life, so that in their manners and method of existence they might furnish models to mankind in general, and elevate the tone and taste of nations.

Sometimes when he observed a friend noticing with admiration, perhaps with astonishment, the splendour or finish of his equipments, he would say,
'The world thinks I had a large fortune with Madame Phœbus. I had nothing. I understand that a fortune, and no inconsiderable one, would have been given, had I chosen to ask for it. But I did not choose to ask for it. I made Madame Phœbus my wife because she was the finest specimen of the Aryan race that I was acquainted with, and I would have no considerations mixed up with the high motive that influenced me. My father-in-law Cantacuzene, whether from a feeling of gratitude or remorse, is always making us magnificent presents. I like to receive magnificent presents, but also to make them; and I presented him with a picture which is the gem of his gallery, and which, if he ever part with it, will in another generation be contended for by kings and peoples.

'On her last birthday we breakfasted with my father-in-law Cantacuzene, and Madame Phœbus found in her napkin a cheque for five thousand pounds. I expended it immediately in jewels for her personal use; for I wished my father-in-law to understand that there are other princely families in the world besides the Cantacuzenes.'

A friend once ventured enquiringly to suggest whether his way of life might not be conducive to envy and so disturb that serenity of sentiment necessary to the complete life of an artist. But Mr. Phœbus would not for a moment admit the soundness of the objection. 'No,' he said, 'envy is a purely intellectual process. Splendour never excites it: a man of splendour is looked upon always with favour; his appearance exhilarates the heart of man. He is always popular. People wish to dine with him, to borrow his money, but they do not envy him. If you want
to know what envy is, you should live among artists. You should hear me lecture at the Academy. I have sometimes suddenly turned round and caught countenances like that of the man who was waiting at the corner of the street for Benvenuto Cellini, in order to assassinate the great Florentine.'

It was impossible for Lothair in his present condition to have fallen upon a more suitable companion than Mr. Phœbus. It is not merely change of scene and air that we sometimes want, but a revolution in the atmosphere of thought and feeling in which we live and breathe. Besides his great intelligence and fancy, and his peculiar views on art and man and affairs in general, which always interested their hearer and sometimes convinced, there was a general vivacity in Mr. Phœbus and a vigorous sense of life which were inspiriting to his companions. When there was anything to be done, great or small, Mr. Phœbus liked to do it; and this, as he averred, from a sense of duty, since, if anything is to be done, it should be done in the best manner, and no one could do it so well as Mr. Phœbus. He always acted as if he had been created to be the oracle and model of the human race, but the oracle was never pompous or solemn, and the model was always beaming with good nature and high spirits.

Mr. Phœbus liked Lothair. He liked youth, and good-looking youth; and youth that was intelligent and engaging and well-mannered. He also liked old men. But between fifty and seventy, he saw little to approve of in the dark sex. They had lost their good looks if they ever had any, their wits were on the wane, and they were invariably selfish. When they attained second childhood the charm often returned.
Age was frequently beautiful, wisdom appeared like an aftermath, and the heart which seemed dry and deadened suddenly put forth shoots of sympathy.

Mr. Phœbus postponed his voyage in order that Lothair might make his preparations to become his guest in his island. ‘I cannot take you to a banker,’ said Mr. Phœbus, ‘for I have none; but I wish you would share my purse. Nothing will ever induce me to use what they call paper money. It is the worst thing that what they call civilisation has produced; neither hue nor shape, and yet a substitute for the richest colour, and, where the arts flourish, the finest forms.’

The telegraph which brought an order to the bankers at Malta to give an unlimited credit to Lothair rendered it unnecessary for our friend to share what Mr. Phœbus called his purse, and yet he was glad to have the opportunity of seeing it, as Mr. Phœbus one morning opened his chest in his cabin and produced several velvet bags, one full of pearls, another of rubies, others of Venetian sequins, Napoleons, and golden piastres. ‘I like to look at them,’ said Mr. Phœbus, ‘and find life more intense when they are about my person. But bank notes, so cold and thin, they give me an ague.’

Madame Phœbus and her sister Euphrosyne welcomed Lothair in maritime costumes which were absolutely bewitching; wondrous jackets with loops of pearls, girdles defended by dirks with handles of turquoises, and tilted hats that, while they screened their long eyelashes from the sun, crowned the longer braids of their never-ending hair. Mr. Phœbus gave banquets every day on board his yacht, attended by the chief personages of the island and the most agreeable officers of the garrison. They dined upon deck,
and it delighted him, with a surface of *sang-froid*, to produce a repast which both in its material and its treatment was equal to the refined festivals of Paris. Sometimes they had a dance; sometimes in his barge, rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses, his guests glided on the tranquil waters, under a starry sky, and listened to the exquisite melodies of their hostess and her sister.

At length the day of departure arrived. It was bright, with a breeze favourable to the sail and opportune for the occasion. For all the officers of the garrison and all beautiful Valetta itself seemed present in their yachts and barges to pay their last tribute of admiration to the enchanting sisters and the all-accomplished owner of the Pan. Placed on the gallery of his yacht, Mr. Phœbus surveyed the brilliant and animated scene with delight. 'This is the way to conduct life,' he said. 'If, fortunately for them, I could have passed another month among these people, I could have developed a feeling equal to the old regattas of the Venetians.'

The Ægean isle occupied by Mr. Phœbus was of no inconsiderable dimensions. A chain of mountains of white marble intersected it, covered with forests of oak, though in parts precipitous and bare. The low-lands, while they produced some good crops of grain, and even cotton and silk, were chiefly clothed with fruit trees: orange and lemon, and the fig, the olive, and the vine. Sometimes the land was uncultivated, and was principally covered with myrtles of large size and oleanders and arbutus and thorny brooms. Here game abounded, while from the mountain forests the wolf sometimes descended, and despoiled and scared the islanders.
On the seashore, yet not too near the wave, and on a sylvan declivity, was a long pavilion-looking building, painted in white and arabesque. It was backed by the forest, which had a park-like character from its partial clearance, and which, after a convenient slip of even land, ascended the steeper country and took the form of wooded hills, backed in due time by still sylvan yet loftier elevations, and sometimes a glittering peak.

'Welcome, my friend!' said Mr. Phœbus to Lothair. ‘Welcome to an Aryan clime, an Aryan landscape, and an Aryan race. It will do you good after your Semitic hallucinations.'
CHAPTER LXXIII.

HALCYON DAYS.

R. PHŒBUS pursued a life in his island partly feudal, partly oriental, partly Venetian, and partly idiosyncratic. He had a grand studio where he could always find interesting occupation in drawing every fine face and form in his dominions. Then he hunted, and that was a remarkable scene. The ladies, looking like Diana or her nymphs, were mounted on cream-coloured Anatolian chargers with golden bells; while Mr. Phæbus himself, in green velvet and seven-leagued boots, sounded a wondrous twisted horn rife with all the inspiring or directing notes of musical and learned venerie. His neighbours of condition came mounted, but the field was by no means confined to cavaliers. A vast crowd of men in small caps and jackets and huge white breeches, and armed with all the weapons of Palikari, handjars and yataghans and silver sheathed muskets of uncommon length and almost as old as the battle of Lepanto, always rallied around his standard. The equestrians caracoled about the park, and the horns sounded and the hounds bayed and the
men shouted till the deer had all scudded away. Then, by degrees, the hunters entered the forest, and the notes of venerie became more faint and the shouts more distant. Then for two or three hours all was silent, save the sound of an occasional shot or the note of a stray hound, until the human stragglers began to reappear emerging from the forest, and in due time the great body of the hunt, and a gilded cart drawn by mules and carrying the prostrate forms of fallow deer and roebuck. None of the ceremonies of the chase were omitted, and the crowd dispersed, refreshed by Samian wine, which Mr. Phœbus was teaching them to make without resin, and which they quaffed with shrugging shoulders.

'We must have a wolf-hunt for you,' said Euphrosyne to Lothair. 'You like excitement, I believe?'

'Well, I am rather inclined for repose at present, and I came here with the hope of obtaining it.'

'We are never idle here; in fact that would be impossible with Gaston. He has established here an academy of the fine arts and also revived the gymnasia; and my sister and myself have schools, only music and dancing; Gaston does not approve of letters. The poor people have of course their primary schools with their priests, and Gaston does not interfere with them, but he regrets their existence. He looks upon reading and writing as very injurious to education.'

Sometimes reposing on divans, the sisters received the chief persons of the isle, and regaled them with fruits and sweetmeats and coffee and sherbets, while Gaston's chibouques and tobacco of Salonica were a proverb. These meetings always ended with
dance and song, replete, according to Mr. Phœbus, with studies of Aryan life.

'I believe these islanders to be an unmixed race,' said Mr. Phœbus. 'The same form and visage prevails throughout; and very little changed in anything, even in their religion.'

'Unchanged in their religion!' said Lothair with some astonishment.

'Yes; you will find it so. Their existence is easy; their wants are not great, and their means of subsistence plentiful. They pass much of their life in what is called amusement: and what is it? They make parties of pleasure; they go in procession to a fountain or a grove. They dance and eat fruit, and they return home singing songs. They have, in fact, been performing unconsciously the religious ceremonies of their ancestors, and which they pursue, and will for ever, though they may have forgotten the name of the dryad or the nymph who presides over their waters.'

'I should think their priests would guard them from these errors,' said Lothair.

'The Greek priests, particularly in these Asian islands, are good sort of people,' said Mr. Phœbus. 'They marry and have generally large families, often very beautiful. They have no sacerdotal feelings, for they never can have any preferment; all the high posts in the Greek Church being reserved for the monks, who study what is called theology. The Greek parish priest is not at all Semitic; there is nothing to counteract his Aryan tendencies. I have already raised the statue of a nymph at one of their favourite springs and places of pleasant pilgrimage, and I have a statue now in the island, still in its
case, which I contemplate installing in a famous grove of laurel not far off and very much resorted to.'

'And what then?' enquired Lothair.

'Well, I have a conviction that among the great races the old creeds will come back,' said Mr. Phœbus, 'and it will be acknowledged that true religion is the worship of the beautiful. For the beautiful cannot be attained without virtue, if virtue consists, as I believe, in the control of the passions, in the sentiment of repose, and the avoidance in all things of excess.'

One night Lothair was walking home with the sisters from a village festival, where they had been much amused.

'You have had a great many adventures since we first met?' said Madame Phœbus.

'Which makes it seem longer ago than it really is,' said Lothair.

'You count time by emotion then?' said Euphrosyne.

'Well, it is a wonderful thing, however it be computed,' said Lothair.

'For my part, I do not think that it ought to be counted at all,' said Madame Phœbus; 'and there is nothing to me so detestable in Europe as the quantity of clocks and watches.'

'Do you use a watch, my lord?' asked Euphrosyne in a tone which always seemed to Lothair one of mocking artlessness.

'I believe I never wound it up when I had one,' said Lothair.

'But you make such good use of your time,' said Madame Phœbus, 'you do not require watches.'

'I am glad to hear I make good use of my time,' said Lothair, but a little surprised.
‘But you are so good, so religious,’ said Madame Phœbus. ‘That is a great thing; especially for one so young.’

‘Hem!’ said Lothair.

‘That must have been a beautiful procession at Rome,’ said Euphrosyne.

‘I was rather a spectator of it than an actor in it,’ said Lothair with some seriousness. ‘It is too long a tale to enter into, but my part in those proceedings was entirely misrepresented.’

‘I believe that nothing in the newspapers is ever true,’ said Madame Phœbus.

‘And that is why they are so popular,’ added Euphrosyne; ‘the taste of the age being so decidedly for fiction.’

‘Is it true that you escaped from a convent to Malta?’ said Madame Phœbus.

‘Not quite,’ said Lothair, ‘but true enough for conversation.’

‘As confidential as the present, I suppose?’ said Euphrosyne.

‘Yes, when we are grave, as we are inclined to be now,’ said Lothair.

‘Then, you have been fighting a good deal,’ said Madame Phœbus.

‘You are putting me on a court-martial, Madame Phœbus,’ said Lothair.

‘But we do not know on which side you were,’ said Euphrosyne.

‘That is a matter of history,’ said Lothair, ‘and that, you know, is always doubtful.’

‘Well, I do not like fighting,’ said Madame Phœbus, ‘and for my part I never could find out that it did any good.’
'And what do you like?' said Lothair. 'Tell me how would you pass your life?'
'Well, much as I do. I do not know that I want any change, except I think I should like it to be always summer.'
'And I would have perpetual spring,' said Euphrosyne.
'But, summer or spring, what would be your favourite pursuit?'
'Well, dancing is very nice,' said Madame Phœbus.
'But we cannot always be dancing,' said Lothair.
'Then we would sing,' said Euphrosyne.
'But the time comes when one can neither dance nor sing,' said Lothair.
'Oh! then we become part of the audience,' said Madame Phœbus, 'the people for whose amusement everybody labours.'
'And enjoy power without responsibility,' said Euphrosyne, 'detect false notes and mark awkward gestures. How can anyone doubt of Providence with such a system of constant compensation!'

There was something in the society of these two sisters that Lothair began to find highly attractive. Their extraordinary beauty, their genuine and unflagging gaiety, their thorough enjoyment of existence, and the variety of resources with which they made life amusing and graceful, all contributed to captivate him. They had, too, a great love and knowledge both of art and nature, and insensibly they weaned Lothair from that habit of introspection which, though natural to him, he had too much indulged, and taught him to find sources of interest and delight in external objects. He was beginning to feel happy in this island, and wishing that his life might never change,
when one day Mr. Phœbus informed them that the Prince Agathonides, the eldest son of the Prince of Samos, would arrive from Constantinople in a few days, and would pay them a visit. ‘He will come with some retinue,’ said Mr. Phœbus, ‘but I trust we shall be able by our reception to show that the Cantacuzenes are not the only princely family in the world.’

Mr. Phœbus was confident in his resources in this respect, for his yacht’s crew in their Venetian dresses could always furnish a guard of honour which no Grecian prince or Turkish pasha could easily rival. When the eventful day arrived he was quite equal to the occasion. The yacht was dressed in every part with the streaming colours of all nations, the banner of Gaston Phœbus waved from his pavilion, the guard of honour kept the ground, but the population of the isle were present in numbers and in their most showy costume, and a battery of ancient Turkish guns fired a salute without an accident.

The Prince Agathonides was a youth, good-looking and dressed in a splendid Palikar costume, though his manners were quite European, being an attaché to the Turkish embassy at Vienna. He had with him a sort of governor, a secretary, servants in Mamlouk dresses, pipe-bearers, and grooms, there being some horses as presents from his father to Mr. Phœbus, and some rarely embroidered kerchiefs and choice perfumes and Persian greyhounds for the ladies.

The arrival of the young Prince was the signal for a series of entertainments in the island. First of all Mr. Phœbus resolved to give a dinner in the Frank style, to prove to Agathonides that there were other members of the Cantacuzene family besides himself
who comprehended a firstrate Frank dinner. The chief people of the island were invited to this banquet. They drank the choicest grapes of France and Germany, were stuffed with truffles, and sat on little cane chairs. But one might detect in their countenances how they sighed for their easy divans, their simple dishes, and their resinous wine. Then there was a wolf-hunt, and other sport; a great day of gymnasia, many dances and much music; in fact, there were choruses all over the island, and every night was a serenade.

Why such general joy? Because it was understood that the heir apparent of the isle, their future sovereign, had in fact arrived to make his bow to the beautiful Euphrosyne, though he saw her for the first time.
CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE MYSTIC STATUE.

ERY shortly after his arrival at Malta, Mr. Phœbus had spoken to Lothair about Theodora. It appeared that Lucien Campian, though severely wounded, had escaped with Garibaldi after the battle of Mentana into the Italian territories. Here they were at once arrested, but not severely detained, and Colonel Campian took the first opportunity of revisiting England, where, after settling his affairs, he had returned to his native country, from which he had been separated for many years. Mr. Phœbus during the interval had seen a great deal of him, and the Colonel departed for America under the impression that Lothair had been among the slain at the final struggle.

‘Campion is one of the best men I ever knew,’ said Phœbus. ‘He was a remarkable instance of energy combined with softness of disposition. In my opinion, however, he ought never to have visited Europe: he was made to clear the back woods, and govern man by the power of his hatchet and the mildness of his words. He was fighting for freedom all his life, yet slavery made and slavery destroyed him.' (78)
Among all the freaks of fate nothing is more surprising than that this transatlantic planter should have been ordained to be the husband of a divine being, a true Hellenic goddess, who in the good days would have been worshipped in this country and have inspired her race to actions of grace, wisdom, and beauty.

'I greatly esteem him,' said Lothair, 'and I shall write to him directly.'

'Except by Campian, who spoke probably about you to no one save myself,' continued Phœbus, 'your name has never been mentioned with reference to those strange transactions. Once there was a sort of rumour that you had met with some mishap, but these things were contradicted and explained, and then forgotten: and people were all out of town. I believe that Cardinal Grandison communicated with your man of business, and between them everything was kept quiet, until this portentous account of your doings at Rome, which transpired after we left England and which met us at Malta.'

'I have written to my man of business about that,' said Lothair, 'but I think it will tax all his ingenuity to explain, or to mystify it as successfully as he did the preceding adventures. At any rate, he will not have the assistance of my Lord Cardinal.'

'Theodora was a remarkable woman on many accounts,' said Mr. Phœbus, 'but particularly on this, that, although one of the most beautiful women that ever existed, she was adored by beautiful women. My wife adored her; Euphrosyne, who has no enthusiasm, adored her; the Princess of Tivoli, the most capricious being probably that ever existed, adored, and always adored, Theodora. I think it
must have been that there was on her part a total absence of vanity, and this the more strange in one whose vocation in her earlier life had been to attract and live on popular applause; but I have seen her quit theatres ringing with admiration and enter her carriage with the serenity of a Phidian muse.

'I adored her,' said Lothair, 'but I never could quite solve her character. Perhaps it was too rich and deep for rapid comprehension.'

'We shall never perhaps see her like again,' said Mr. Phœbus. 'It was a rare combination, peculiar to the Tyrrhenian sea. I am satisfied that we must go there to find the pure Hellenic blood, and from thence it got to Rome.'

'We may not see her like again, but we may see her again,' said Lothair; 'and sometimes I think she is always hovering over me.'

In this vein, when they were alone, they were frequently speaking of the departed; and one day (it was before the arrival of Prince Agathonides), Mr. Phœbus said to Lothair, 'We will ride this morning to what we call the grove of Daphne. It is a real laurel grove. Some of the trees must be immemorial, and deserve to have been sacred, if once they were not so. In their huge grotesque forms you would not easily recognise your polished friends of Europe, so trim and glossy and shrublike. The people are very fond of this grove and make frequent processions there. Once a year they must be headed by their priest. No one knows why, nor has he the slightest idea of the reason of the various ceremonies which he that day performs. But we know, and some day he or his successors will equally understand them. Yes, if I remain here long enough, and
I sometimes think I will never again quit the isle, I shall expect some fine summer night, when there is that rich stillness which the whispering waves only render more intense, to hear a voice of music on the mountains declaring that the god Pan has returned to earth.'

It was a picturesque ride, as every ride was on this island, skirting the sylvan hills with the sea glimmering in the distance. Lothair was pleased with the approaches to the sacred grove: now and then a single tree with grey branches and a green head, then a great spread of underwood, all laurel, and then spontaneous plantations of young trees.

'There was always a vacant space in the centre of the grove,' said Mr. Phæbus, 'once sadly overrun with wild shrubs, but I have cleared it and restored the genius of the spot. See!'

They entered the sacred circle and beheld a statue raised on a porphyry pedestal. The light fell with magical effect on the face of the statue. It was the statue of Theodora, the placing of which in the pavilion of Belmont Mr. Phæbus was superintending when Lothair first made his acquaintance.
A Summons from the Czar.

HE Prince Agathonides seemed quite to monopolise the attention of Madame Phœbus and her sister. This was not very unreasonable, considering that he was their visitor, the future chief of their house, and had brought them so many embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, choice scents and fancy dogs. But Lothair thought it quite disgusting, nor could he conceive what they saw in him, what they were talking about or laughing about, for, so far as he had been able to form any opinion on the subject, the Prince was a shallow-pated coxcomb without a single quality to charm any woman of sense and spirit. Lothair began to consider how he could pursue his travels, where he should go, and when that was settled, how he should get there.

Just at this moment of perplexity, as is often the case, something occurred which no one could foresee, but which like every event removed some difficulties and introduced others.

There arrived at the island a despatch forwarded to Mr. Phœbus by the Russian Ambassador at Con-
stantinople, who had received it from his colleague at London. This despatch contained a proposition to Mr. Phœbus to repair to the Court of St. Petersburg, and accept appointments of high distinction and emolument. Without in any way restricting the independent pursuit of his profession, he was offered a large salary, the post of Court painter, and the Presidency of the Academy of Fine Arts. Of such moment did the Russian Government deem the official presence of this illustrious artist in their country, that it was intimated, if the arrangement could be effected, its conclusion might be celebrated by conferring on Mr. Phœbus a patent of nobility and a decoration of a high class. The despatch contained a private letter from an exalted member of the Imperial family, who had had the high and gratifying distinction of making Mr. Phœbus’s acquaintance in London, personally pressing the acceptance by him of the general proposition, assuring him of cordial welcome and support, and informing Mr. Phœbus that what was particularly desired at this moment was a series of paintings illustrative of some of the most memorable scenes in the Holy Land and especially the arrival of the pilgrims of the Greek rite at Jerusalem. As for this purpose he would probably like to visit Palestine, the whole of the autumn or even a longer period was placed at his disposal, so that, enriched with all necessary drawings and studies, he might achieve his more elaborate performances in Russia at his leisure and with every advantage.

Considering that the great objects in life with Mr. Phœbus were to live in an Aryan country, amid an Aryan race, and produce works which should revive for the benefit of human nature Aryan creeds, a propo-
sition to pass some of the prime years of his life among the Mongolian race, and at the same time devote his pencil to the celebration of Semitic subjects, was startling.

'I shall say nothing to Madame Phœbus until the Prince has gone,' he remarked to Lothair: 'he will go the day after to-morrow. I do not know what they may offer to make me; probably only a Baron, perhaps a Count. But you know in Russia a man may become a Prince, and I certainly should like those Cantacuzenes to feel that after all their daughter is a Princess with no thanks to them. The climate is detestable, but one owes much to one's profession. Art would be honoured at a great, perhaps the greatest, Court. There would not be a fellow at his easel in the streets about Fitzroy Square who would not be prouder. I wonder what the decoration will be. "Of a high class;" vague. It might be Alexander Newsky. You know you have a right, whatever your decoration, to have it expressed, of course at your own expense, in brilliants. I confess I have my weaknesses. I should like to get over to the Academy dinner (one can do anything in these days of railroads) and dine with the R. A.s in my ribbon and the star of the Alexander Newsky in brilliants. I think every Academician would feel elevated. What I detest are their Semitic subjects, nothing but drapery. They cover even their heads in those scorching climes. Can anyone make anything of a caravan of pilgrims? To be sure, they say no one can draw a camel. If I went to Jerusalem a camel would at last be drawn. There is something in that. We must think over these things, and when the Prince has gone talk it over with Madame Phœbus.
I wish you all to come to a wise decision, without the slightest reference to my individual tastes or, it may be, prejudices.'

The result of all this was that Mr. Phœbus, without absolutely committing himself, favourably entertained the general proposition of the Russian Court; while, with respect to their particular object in art, he agreed to visit Palestine and execute at least one work for his Imperial friend and patron. He counted on reaching Jerusalem before the Easter pilgrims returned to their homes.

'If they would make me a Prince at once and give me the Alexander Newsky in brilliants it might be worth thinking of,' he said to Lothair.

The ladies, though they loved their isle, were quite delighted with the thought of going to Jerusalem. Madame Phœbus knew a Russian Grand Duchess who had boasted to her that she had been both to Jerusalem and Torquay, and Madame Phœbus had felt quite ashamed that she had been to neither.

'I suppose you will feel quite at home there,' said Euphrosyne to Lothair.

'No; I never was there.'

'No; but you know all about those places and people, holy places and holy persons. The Blessed Virgin did not, I believe, appear to you. It was to a young lady, was it not? We were asking each other last night who the young lady could be.'
CHAPTER LXXVI.

SYRIAN PHILOSOPHY.

IME, which changes everything, is changing even the traditionary appearance of forlorn Jerusalem. Not that its mien, after all, was ever very sad. Its airy site, its splendid mosque, its vast monasteries, the bright material of which the whole city is built, its cupola'd houses of freestone, and above all the towers and gates and battlements of its lofty and complete walls, always rendered it a handsome city. Jerusalem has not been sacked so often or so recently as the other two great ancient cities, Rome and Athens. Its vicinage was never more desolate than the Campagna, or the state of Attica and the Morea in 1830.

The battlefield of western Asia from the days of the Assyrian kings to those of Mehemet Ali, Palestine endured the same devastation as in modern times has been the doom of Flanders and the Milanese; but the years of havoc in the Low Countries and Lombardy must be counted in Palestine by centuries. Yet the wide plains of the Holy Land, Sharon and Shechem and Esdraelon, have recovered; they are as fer-
tile and as fair as in old days; it is the hill culture that has been destroyed, and that is the culture on which Jerusalem mainly depended. Its hills were terraced gardens, vineyards, and groves of olive trees. And here it is that we find renovation. The terraces are again ascending the stony heights, and the eye is frequently gladdened with young plantations. Fruit trees, the peach and the pomegranate, the almond and the fig, offer gracious groups; and the true children of the land, the vine and the olive, are again exulting in their native soil.

There is one spot, however, which has been neglected, and yet the one that should have been the first remembered, as it has been the most rudely wasted. Blessed be the hand that plants trees upon Olivet! Blessed be the hand that builds gardens about Sion!

The most remarkable creation, however, in modern Jerusalem is the Russian settlement which within a few years has risen on the elevated ground on the western side of the city. The Latin, the Greek, and the Armenian Churches had for centuries possessed enclosed establishments in the city, which, under the name of monasteries, provided shelter and protection for hundreds, it might be said even thousands, of pilgrims belonging to their respective rites. The great scale, therefore, on which Russia secured hospitality for her subjects was not in reality so remarkable as the fact that it seemed to indicate a settled determination to separate the Muscovite Church altogether from the Greek, and throw off what little dependence is still acknowledged on the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Whatever the motive, the design has been accomplished on a large scale. The Russian
buildings, all well defended, are a caravanserai, a cathedral, a citadel. The consular flag crowns the height and indicates the office of administration; priests and monks are permanent inhabitants, and a whole caravan of Muscovite pilgrims, and the trades on which they depend, can be accommodated within the precinct.

Mr. Phæbus, his family and suite were to be the guests of the Russian Consul, and every preparation was made to insure the celebrated painter a becoming reception. Frequent telegrams had duly impressed the representative of all the Russias in the Holy Land with the importance of his impending visitor. Even the qualified and strictly provisional acceptance of the Russian proposition by Mr. Phæbus had agitated the wires of Europe scarcely less than a suggested conference.

'An artist should always remember what he owes to posterity and his profession,' said Mr. Phæbus to Lothair, as they were walking the deck, 'even if you can distinguish between them, which I doubt, for it is only by a sense of the beautiful that the human family can be sustained in its proper place in the scale of creation, and the sense of the beautiful is a result of the study of the fine arts. It would be something to sow the seeds of organic change in the Mongolian type, but I am not sanguine of success. There is no original fund of aptitude to act upon. The most ancient of existing communities is Turanian, and yet though they could invent gunpowder and the mariner's compass, they never could understand perspective. Man a-head there! tell Madame Phæbus to come on deck for the first sight of Mount Lebanon.'
When the Pan entered the port of Joppa they observed another English yacht in those waters; but before they could speculate on its owner they were involved in all the complications of landing. On the quay, the Russian Vice-Consul was in attendance with horses and mules, and donkeys handsomer than either. The ladies were delighted with the vast orange gardens of Joppa, which Madame Phœbus said quite realised her idea of the Holy Land.

'I was prepared for milk and honey,' said Euphrosyne, 'but this is too delightful,' as she travelled through lanes of date-bearing palm trees, and sniffed with her almond-shaped nostrils the all-pervading fragrance.

They passed the night at Arimathea, a pretty village surrounded with gardens enclosed with hedges of prickly pear. Here they found hospitality in an old convent, but all the comforts of Europe and many of the refinements of Asia had been forwarded for their accommodation.

'It is a great homage to art,' said Mr. Phœbus, as he scattered his gold like a great seigneur of Gascony.

The next day, two miles from Jerusalem, the Consul met them with a cavalcade, and the ladies assured their host that they were not at all wearied with their journey, but were quite prepared, in due time, to join his dinner party, which he was most anxious they should attend, as he had 'two English lords' who had arrived, and whom he had invited to meet them. They were all curious to know their names, though that, unfortunately, the Consul could not tell them, but he had sent to the English Consulate to have them written down. All he could as-
sure them was that they were real English lords, not travelling English lords, but in sober earnestness great personages.

Mr. Phœbus was highly gratified. He was pleased with his reception. There was nothing he liked much more than a procession. He was also a sincere admirer of the aristocracy of his country. 'On the whole,' he would say, 'they most resemble the old Hellenic race; excelling in athletic sports, speaking no other language than their own, and never reading.'

'Your fault,' he would sometimes say to Lothair, 'and the cause of many of your sorrows, is the habit of mental introspection. Man is born to observe, but if he falls into psychology he observes nothing, and then he is astonished that life has no charms for him, or that, never seizing the occasion, his career is a failure. No, sir, it is the eye that must be occupied and cultivated; no one knows the capacity of the eye who has not developed it, or the visions of beauty and delight and inexhaustible interest which it commands. To a man who observes, life is as different as the existence of a dreaming psychologist is to that of the animals of the field.'

'I fear,' said Lothair, 'that I have at length found out the truth, and that I am a dreaming psychologist.'

'You are young and not irremediably lost,' said Mr. Phœbus. 'Fortunately you have received the admirable though partial education of your class. You are a good shot, you can ride, you can row, you can swim. That imperfect secretion of the brain which is called thought has not yet bowed your frame. You have not had time to read much. Give it up
altogether. The conversation of a woman like Theodora is worth all the libraries in the world. If it were only for her sake, I should wish to save you, but I wish to do it for your own. Yes, profit by the vast though calamitous experience which you have gained in a short time. We may know a great deal about our bodies, we can know very little about our minds.'

The 'real English lords' turned out to be Bertram and St. Aldegonde returning from Nubia. They had left England about the same time as Lothair, and had paired together on the Irish Church till Easter, with a sort of secret hope on the part of St. Aldegonde that they might neither of them reappear in the House of Commons again until the Irish Church were either saved or subverted. Holy Week had long passed, and they were at Jerusalem, not quite so near the House of Commons as the Reform Club or the Carlton, but still St. Aldegonde had mentioned that he was beginning to be bored with Jerusalem, and Bertram counted on their immediate departure when they accepted the invitation to dine with the Russian Consul.

Lothair was unaffectedly delighted to meet Bertram and glad to see St. Aldegonde, but he was a little nervous and embarrassed as to the probable tone of his reception by them. But their manner relieved him in an instant, for he saw they knew nothing of his adventures.

'Well,' said St. Aldegonde, 'what have you been doing with yourself since we last met? I wish you had come with us and had a shot at a crocodile.'

Bertram told Lothair in the course of the evening that he found letters at Cairo from Corisande, on his
return, in which there was a good deal about Lothair, and which had made him rather uneasy. 'That there was a rumour you had been badly wounded, and some other things,' and Bertram looked him full in the face; 'but I dare say not a word of truth.'

'I was never better in my life,' said Lothair, 'and I have been in Sicily and in Greece. However, we will talk over all this another time.'

The dinner at the Consulate was one of the most successful banquets that were ever given, if to please your guests be the test of good fortune in such enterprises. St. Aldegonde was perfectly charmed with the Phœbus family. He did not know which to admire most: the great artist, who was in remarkable spirits to-day, considering he was in a Semitic country, or his radiant wife, or his brilliant sister-in-law. St. Aldegonde took an early opportunity of informing Bertram that if he liked to go over and vote for the Irish Church he would release him from his pair with the greatest pleasure, but for his part he had not the slightest intention of leaving Jerusalem at present. Strange to say, Bertram received this intimation without a murmur. He was not so loud in his admiration of the Phœbus family as St. Aldegonde, but there is a silent sentiment sometimes more expressive than the noisiest applause, and more dangerous. Bertram had sat next to Euphrosyne and was entirely spell-bound.

The Consul's wife, a hostess not unworthy of such guests, had entertained her friends in the European style. The dinner-hour was not late, and the gentlemen who attended the ladies from the dinner-table were allowed to remain some time in the saloon. Lothair talked much to the Consul's wife, by whose side
sat Madame Phœbus. St. Aldegonde was always on his legs, distracted by the rival attractions of that lady and her husband. More remote, Bertram whispered to Euphroisyne, who answered him with laughing eyes.

At a certain hour, the Consul, attended by his male guests, crossing a court, proceeded to his divan, a lofty and capacious chamber painted in fresco, and with no furniture except the low but broad raised seat that surrounded the room. Here, when they were seated, an equal number of attendants (Arabs in Arab dress, blue gowns and red slippers and red caps) entered, each proffering a long pipe of cherry or jasmine wood. Then in a short time guests dropped in, and pipes and coffee were immediately brought to them. Any person who had been formally presented to the Consul had this privilege, without any further invitation. The society often found in these consular divans in the more remote places of the east, Cairo, Damascus, Jerusalem, is often extremely entertaining and instructive. Celebrated travellers, distinguished men of science, artists, adventurers who ultimately turn out to be heroes, eccentric characters of all kinds, are here encountered, and give the fruits of their original or experienced observation without reserve.

'It is the smoking-room over again,' whispered St. Aldegonde to Lothair, 'only in England one is so glad to get away from the women, but here, I must say, I should have liked to remain behind.'

An individual in a Syrian dress, fawn-coloured robes girdled with a rich shawl, and a white turban, entered. He made his salute with grace and dignity to the Consul, touching his forehead, his lip, and his heart, and took his seat with the air of one not un-
accustomed to be received, playing, until he received his chibouque, with a chaplet of beads.

'That is a good-looking fellow, Lothair,' said St. Aldegonde; 'or is it the dress that turns them out such swells? I feel quite a lout by some of these fellows.'

'I think he would be good-looking in any dress,' said Lothair. 'A remarkable countenance.'

It was an oval visage, with features in harmony with that form; large dark-brown eyes and lashes, and brows delicately but completely defined; no hair upon the face except a beard, full but not long. He seemed about the same age as Mr. Phœbus, and his complexion, though pale, was clear and fair.

The conversation, after some rambling, had got upon the Suez Canal. Mr. Phœbus did not care for the political or the commercial consequences of that great enterprise, but he was glad that a natural division should be established between the greater races and the Ethiopian. It might not lead to any considerable result, but it asserted a principle. He looked upon that trench as a protest.

'But would you place the Nilotic family in the Ethiopian race?' enquired the Syrian in a voice commanding from its deep sweetness.

'I would certainly. They were Cushim, and that means negroes.'

The Syrian did not agree with Mr. Phœbus; he stated his views firmly and clearly, but without urging them. He thought that we must look to the Pelasgi as the colonising race that had peopled and produced Egypt. The mention of the Pelasgi fired Mr. Phœbus to even unusual eloquence. He denounced the Pelasgi as a barbarous race: men of
gloomy superstitions who, had it not been for the Hellenes, might have fatally arrested the human development. The triumph of the Hellenes was the triumph of the beautiful and all that is great and good in life was owing to their victory.

‘It is difficult to ascertain what is great in life,’ said the Syrian, ‘because nations differ on the subject and ages. Some, for example, consider war to be a great thing, others condemn it. I remember also when patriotism was a boast, and now it is a controversy. But it is not so difficult to ascertain what is good. For man has in his own being some guide to such knowledge, and Divine aid to acquire it has not been wanting to him. For my part I could not maintain that the Hellenic system led to virtue.’

The conversation was assuming an ardent character when the Consul, as a diplomatist, turned the channel. Mr. Phœbus had vindicated the Hellenic religion, the Syrian, with a terse protest against the religion of nature, however idealised, as tending to the corruption of man, had let the question die away, and the divan were discussing dromedaries, and dancing girls, and sherbet made of pomegranate which the Consul recommended and ordered to be produced. Some of the guests retired, and among them the Syrian, with the same salute and the same graceful dignity as had distinguished his entrance.

‘Who is that man?’ said Mr. Phœbus. ‘I met him at Rome ten years ago. Baron Mecklenburg brought him to me to paint for my great picture of St. John, which is in the gallery of Munich. He said in his way (you remember his way) that he would bring me a face of Paradise.’
'I cannot exactly tell you his name,' said the Consul. 'Prince Galitzin brought him here and thought highly of him. I believe he is one of the old Syrian families in the mountain; but whether he be a Maronite, or a Druse, or anything else, I really cannot say. Now try the sherbet.'
CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

HERE are few things finer than the morning view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. The fresh and golden light falls on a walled city with turrets and towers and frequent gates: the houses of freestone, with terraced or oval roofs, sparkle in the sun, while the cupolaed pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the vast monasteries, and the broad steep of Sion crowned with the Tower of David, vary the monotony of the general masses of building. But the glory of the scene is the Mosque of Omar as it rises on its broad platform of marble from the deep ravine of Kedron, with its magnificent dome high in the air, its arches and gardened courts, and its crescents glittering amid the cedar, the cypress, and the palm.

Reclining on Olivet, Lothair, alone and in charmed abstraction, gazed on the wondrous scene. Since his arrival at Jerusalem he lived much apart, nor had he found difficulty in effecting this isolation. Mr. Phœbus had already established a studio on a considerable scale, and was engaged in making sketches of
pilgrims and monks, tall donkeys of Bethlehem with starry fronts, in which he much delighted, and grave Jellaheen sheiks who were hanging about the convents in the hopes of obtaining a convoy to the Dead Sea. As for St. Aldegonde and Bertram, they passed their lives at the Russian Consulate, or with its most charming inhabitants. This morning, with the Consul and his wife and the matchless sisters, as St. Aldegonde always termed them, they had gone on an excursion to the Convent of the Nativity. Dinner usually reassembled all the party, and then the divan followed.

'I say, Bertram,' said St. Aldegonde, 'what a lucky thing we paired and went to Nubia! I rejoice in the divan, and yet somehow I cannot bear leaving those women. If the matchless sisters would only smoke, by Jove they would be perfect!'

'I should not like Euphrosyne to smoke,' said Bertram.

A person approached Lothair by the pathway from Bethany. It was the Syrian gentleman whom he had met at the Consulate. As he was passing Lothair, he saluted him with the grace which had been before remarked, and Lothair, who was by nature courteous, and even inclined a little to ceremony in his manners, especially with those with whom he was not intimate, immediately rose, as he would not receive such a salutation in a reclining posture.

'Let me not disturb you,' said the stranger, 'or if we must be on equal terms, let me also be seated, for this is a view that never palls.'

'It is perhaps familiar to you,' said Lothair, 'but with me, only a pilgrim, its effect is fascinating, almost overwhelming.'
'The view of Jerusalem never becomes familiar,' said the Syrian, 'for its associations are so transcendent, so various, so inexhaustible, that the mind can never anticipate its course of thought and feeling, when one sits, as we do now, on this immortal mount.'

'I presume you live here?' said Lothair.

'Not exactly,' said his companion. 'I have recently built a house without the walls, and I have planted my hill with fruit-trees and made vineyards and olive-grounds; but I have done this as much, perhaps more, to set an example, which I am glad to say has been followed, as for my own convenience or pleasure. My home is in the North of Palestine on the other side of Jordan, beyond the Sea of Galilee. My family has dwelt there from time immemorial; but they always loved this city, and have a legend that they dwelt occasionally within its walls, even in the days when Titus from that hill looked down upon the temple.'

'I have often wished to visit the Sea of Galilee,' said Lothair.

'Well, you have now an opportunity,' said the Syrian; 'the North of Palestine, though it has no tropical splendour, has much variety and a peculiar natural charm. The burst and brightness of spring have not yet quite vanished: you would find our plains radiant with wild flowers, and our hills green with young crops; and though we cannot rival Lebanon, we have forest glades among our famous hills that when once seen are remembered.'

'But there is something to me more interesting than the splendour of tropical scenery,' said Lothair, 'even if Galilee could offer it. I wish to visit the cradle of my faith.'
‘And you would do wisely,’ said the Syrian, ‘for there is no doubt the spiritual nature of man is developed in this land.’

‘And yet there are persons at the present day who doubt, even deny, the spiritual nature of man,’ said Lothair. ‘I do not, I could not; there are reasons why I could not.’

‘There are some things I know, and some things I believe,’ said the Syrian. ‘I know that I have a soul, and I believe that it is immortal.’

‘It is science that, by demonstrating the insignificance of this globe in the vast scale of creation, has led to this infidelity,’ said Lothair.

‘Science may prove the insignificance of this globe in the scale of creation,’ said the stranger, ‘but it cannot prove the insignificance of man. What is the earth compared with the sun? a molehill by a mountain; yet the inhabitants of this earth can discover the elements of which the great orb consists, and will probably ere long ascertain all the conditions of its being. Nay, the human mind can penetrate far beyond the sun. There is no relation therefore between the faculties of man and the scale in creation of the planet which he inhabits.’

‘I was glad to hear you assert the other night the spiritual nature of man in opposition to Mr. Phœbus.’

‘Ah! Mr. Phœbus!’ said the stranger with a smile. ‘He is an old acquaintance of mine. And I must say he is very consistent, except in paying a visit to Jerusalem. That does surprise me. He said to me the other night the same things as he said to me at Rome many years ago. He would revive the worship of nature. The deities whom he so eloquently de-
scribes and so exquisitely delineates are the ideal personifications of the most eminent human qualities, and chiefly the physical. Physical beauty is his standard of excellence, and he has a fanciful theory that moral order would be the consequence of the worship of physical beauty, for without moral order he holds physical beauty cannot be maintained. But the answer to Mr. Phœbus is, that his system has been tried and has failed, and under conditions more favourable than are likely to exist again; the worship of nature ended in the degradation of the human race.'

'But Mr. Phœbus cannot really believe in Apollo and Venus,' said Lothair. 'These are phrases. He is, I suppose, what is called a Pantheist.'

'No doubt the Olympus of Mr. Phœbus is the creation of his easel,' replied the Syrian. 'I should not, however, describe him as a Pantheist, whose creed requires more abstraction than Mr. Phœbus, the worshipper of nature, would tolerate. His school never care to pursue any investigation which cannot be followed by the eye, and the worship of the beautiful always ends in an orgy. As for Pantheism, it is Atheism in domino. The belief in a Creator who is unconscious of creating is more monstrous than any dogma of any of the Churches in this city, and we have them all here.'

'But there are people now who tell you that there never was any Creation, and therefore there never could have been a Creator,' said Lothair.

'And which is now advanced with the confidence of novelty,' said the Syrian, 'though all of it has been urged, and vainly urged, thousands of years ago. There must be design, or all we see would be without sense, and I do not believe in the unmeaning.
As for the natural forces to which all creation is now attributed, we know they are unconscious, while consciousness is as inevitable a portion of our existence as the eye or the hand. The conscious cannot be derived from the unconscious. Man is divine.

'I wish I could assure myself of the personality of the Creator,' said Lothair. 'I cling to that, but they say it is unphilosophical.'

'In what sense?' asked the Syrian. 'Is it more unphilosophical to believe in a personal God, omnipotent and omniscient, than in natural forces unconscious and irresistible? Is it unphilosophical to combine power with intelligence? Goethe, a Spinozist who did not believe in Spinoza, said that he could bring his mind to the conception that in the centre of space we might meet with a monad of pure intelligence. What may be the centre of space I leave to the deudal imagination of the author of "Faust;" but a monad of pure intelligence, is that more philosophical than the truth, first revealed to man amid these everlasting hills,' said the Syrian, 'that God made man in His own image?'

'I have often found in that assurance a source of sublime consolation,' said Lothair.

'It is the charter of the nobility of man,' said the Syrian, 'one of the divine dogmas revealed in this land; not the invention of Councils, not one of which was held on his sacred soil: confused assemblies first got together by the Greeks, and then by barbarous nations in barbarous times.'

'Yet the divine land no longer tells us divine things,' said Lothair.

'It may, or it may not, have fulfilled its destiny,' said the Syrian. 'In my Father's house are many
mansions," and by the various families of nations the designs of the Creator are accomplished. God works by races, and one was appointed in due season and after many developments to reveal and expound in this land the spiritual nature of man. The Aryan and the Semite are of the same blood and origin, but when they quitted their central land they were ordained to follow opposite courses. Each division of the great race has developed one portion of the double nature of humanity, till after all their wanderings they met again, and, represented by their two choicest families, the Hellenes and the Hebrews, brought together the treasures of their accumulated wisdom and secured the civilisation of man.

'Those among whom I have lived of late,' said Lothair, 'have taught me to trust much in councils, and to believe that without them there could be no foundation for the Church. I observe you do not speak in that vein, though like myself you find solace in those dogmas which recognise the relations between the created and the Creator.'

'There can be no religion without that recognition,' said the Syrian, 'and no creed can possibly be devised without such a recognition that would satisfy man. Why we are here, whence we come, whither we go, these are questions which man is organically framed and forced to ask himself, and that would not be the case if they could not be answered. As for Churches depending on councils, the first council was held more than three centuries after the Sermon on the Mount. We Syrians had churches in the interval: no one can deny that. I bow before the Divine decree that swept them away from Antioch to Jerusalem, but I am not prepared to transfer my spiritual
allegiance to Italian Popes and Greek Patriarchs. We believe that our family were among the first followers of Jesus, and that we then held lands in Bashan which we hold now. We had a gospel once in our district where there was some allusion to this, and being written by neighbours, and probably at the time, I dare say it was accurate, but the Western Churches declared our gospel was not authentic, though why I cannot tell, and they succeeded in extirpating it. It was not an additional reason why we should enter into their fold. So I am content to dwell in Galilee and trace the foot-steps of my Divine Master; musing over His life and pregnant sayings amid the mounts He sanctified and the waters He loved so well.'

The sun was now rising in the heavens, and the hour had arrived when it became expedient to seek the shade. Lothair and the Syrian rose at the same time.

'I shall not easily forget our conversation on the Mount of Olives,' said Lothair, 'and I would ask you to add to this kindness by permitting me, before I leave Jerusalem, to pay my respects to you under your roof.'

'Peace be with you!' said the Syrian. 'I live without the gate of Damascus, on a hill which you will easily recognise, and my name is Paraclete.'
CHAPTER LXXVIII.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

IME passed very agreeably to St. Aldegonde and Bertram at Jerusalem, for it was passed entirely at the Russian Consulate, or with its interesting and charming inmates, who were always making excursions, or, as they styled them, pilgrimages. They saw little of Lothair, who would willingly have conversed with his friend on many topics, but his friend was almost always engaged, and if by some chance they succeeded in finding themselves alone, Bertram appeared to be always preoccupied. One day he said to Lothair, 'I tell you what, old fellow, if you want to know all about what has happened at home, I will give you Corisande's letters. They are a sort of journal which she promised to keep for me, and they will tell you everything. I found an immense packet of them on our return from Cairo, and I meant to have read them here; but I do not know how it is, I suppose there is so much to be seen here, but I never seem to have a moment to myself. I have got an engagement now at the Consulate. We are
going to Elisha's fountain to-day. Why do not you come?'

'Well, I am engaged too,' said Lothair. 'I have settled to go to the Tombs of the Kings to-day, with Signor Paraclete, and I cannot well get off; but remember the letters.'

The box of letters arrived at Lothair's rooms in due season, and their perusal deeply interested him. In their pages, alike earnest and lively, and a picture of a mind of high intelligence adorned with fancy and feeling, the name of Lothair frequently appeared, and sometimes accompanied with expressions that made his heart beat. All the rumours of his adventures as they gradually arrived in England, generally distorted, were duly chronicled, and sometimes with comments which intimated the interest they occasioned to the correspondent of Bertram. More than once she could not refrain from reproaching her brother for having left his friend so much to himself. 'Of all your friends,' she said, 'the one who always most interested me, and seemed most worthy of your affection.' And then she deplored the absolute ruin of Lothair, for such she deemed his entrance into the Roman Church.

'I was right in my appreciation of that woman, though I was utterly inexperienced in life,' thought Lothair. 'If her mother had only favoured my views two years ago, affairs would have been different. Would they have been better? Can they be worse? But I have gained experience. Certainly; and paid for it with my heart's blood. And might I not have gained experience tranquilly, in the discharge of the duties of my position at home, dear home? Perhaps not. And suppose I never had gained experience, I
still might have been happy? And what am I now? Most lone and sad. So lone and sad that nothing but the magical influence of the scene around me saves me from an overwhelming despondency.'

Lothair passed his life chiefly with Paraclete, and a few weeks after their first acquaintance, they left Jerusalem together for Galilee.

The month of May had disappeared and June was advancing. Bertram and St. Aldegonde no longer talked about their pair, and their engagements in the House of Commons. There seemed a tacit understanding between them to avoid the subject; remarkable on the part of Bertram, for he had always been urgent on his brother-in-law to fulfil their parliamentary obligation.

The party at the Russian Consulate had gone on a grand expedition to the Dead Sea, and had been absent for many days from Jerusalem. They were conveyed by one of the sheikhs of the Jordan valley. It was a most successful expedition: constant adventure, novel objects and habits, all the spell of a romantic life. The ladies were delighted with the scenery of the Jordan valley, and the gentlemen had good sport; St. Aldegonde had killed a wild boar, and Bertram an ibex, whose horns were preserved for Brentham. Mr. Phœbus intensely studied the camel and its habits. He persuaded himself that the ship of the desert entirely understood him. 'But it is always so,' he added. 'There is no animal that in a week does not perfectly comprehend me. Had I time and could give myself up to it, I have no doubt I could make them speak. Nature has endowed me, so far as dumb animals are concerned, with a peculiar mesmeric power.'
At last this happy caravan was again within sight of the walls of Jerusalem.

'I should like to have remained in the valley of the Jordan for ever,' said St. Aldegonde.

'And so should I,' whispered Bertram to Euphrosyne, 'with the same companions.'

When they had returned to the Consulate, they found the post from England had arrived during their absence. There were despatches for all. It is an agitating moment, that arrival of letters in a distant land. Lord St. Aldegonde seemed much disturbed when he tore open and perused his. His countenance became clouded; he dashed his hand through his dishevelled locks; he pouted; and then he said to Bertram, 'Come to my room.'

'Anything wrong at home?'

'Not at home,' said St. Aldegonde. 'Bertha is all right. But a most infernal letter from Glyn, most insolent. If I do return I will vote against them. But I will not return. I have made up my mind to that. People are so selfish,' exclaimed St. Aldegonde with indignation. 'They never think of anything but themselves.'

'Show me his letter,' said Bertram. 'I have got a letter too; it is from the Duke.'

The letter of the opposition whip did not deserve the epithets ascribed to it by St. Aldegonde. It was urgent and courteously peremptory; but, considering the circumstances of the case, by no means too absolute. Paired to Easter by great indulgence, St. Aldegonde was passing Whitsuntide at Jerusalem. The parliamentary position was critical, and the future of the opposition seemed to depend on the majority
by which their resolutions on the Irish Church were sent up to the House of Lords.

'Well,' said Bertram. 'I see nothing to complain of in that letter. Except a little more urgency, it is almost the same language as reached us at Cairo, and then you said Glyn was a capital fellow, and seemed quite pleased.'

'Yes, because I hated Egypt,' said St. Aldegonde. 'I hated the pyramids, and I was disappointed with the dancing-girls; and it seemed to me that, if it had not been for the whip, we never should have been able to escape. But things are very different now.'

'Yes, they are,' said Bertram in a melancholy tone.

'You do not think of returning?' said St. Aldegonde.

'Instantly,' replied Bertram. 'I have a letter from the Duke which is peremptory. The county is dissatisfied with my absence. And mine is a queer constituency; very numerous and several large towns; the popularity of my family gained me the seat, not their absolute influence.'

'My constituents never trouble me,' said St. Aldegonde.

'You have none,' said Bertram.

'Well, if I were member for a metropolitan district I would not budge. And I little thought you would have deserted me.'

'Ah!' sighed Bertram. 'You are discontented, because your amusements are interrupted. But think of my position, torn from a woman whom I adore.'

'Well, you know you must have left her sooner or later,' urged St. Aldegonde.
'Why?' asked Bertram.

'You know what Lothair told us. She is engaged to her cousin, the Prince of Samos, and——'

'If I had only the Prince of Samos to deal with I should care little,' said Bertram.

'Why, what do you mean?'

'That Euphrosyne is mine, if my family will sanction our union, but not otherwise.'

St. Aldegonde gave a long whistle, and he added, 'I wish Bertha were here. She is the only person I know who has a head.'

'You see, my dear Granville, while you are talking of your little disappointments, I am involved in awful difficulties.'

'You are sure about the Prince of Samos?'

'Clear your head of that. There is no engagement of any kind between him and Euphrosyne. The visit to the island was only a preliminary ceremony, just to show himself. No doubt the father wishes the alliance; nor is there any reason to suppose that it would be disagreeable to the son; but I repeat it, no engagement exists.'

'If I were not your brother-in-law, I should have been very glad to have married Euphrosyne myself,' said St. Aldegonde.

'Yes, but what am I to do?' asked Bertram rather impatiently.

'It will not do to write to Brentham,' said St. Aldegonde, gravely; 'that I see clearly.' Then after musing a while, he added, 'I am vexed to leave our friends here and shall miss them sadly. They are the most agreeable people I ever knew. I never enjoyed myself so much. But we must think of nothing but your affairs. We must return instantly. The whip
will be an excuse, but the real business will be Euphrosyne. I should delight in having her for a sister-in-law, but the affair will require management. We can make short work of getting home: steam to Marseilles, leave the yacht there, and take the railroad. I have half a mind to telegraph to Bertha to meet us there. She would be of great use.'
CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE GENERAL REAPPEARS.

OTHAIR was delighted with Galilee, and particularly with the blue waters of its lake slumbering beneath the surrounding hills. Of all its once pleasant towns, Tiberias alone remains, and that in ruins from a recent earthquake. But where are Chorazin, and Bethesda, and Capernaum? A group of hovels and an ancient tower still bear the magic name of Magdala, and all around are green mounts and gentle slopes, the scenes of miracles that softened the heart of man, and of sermons that never tire his ear. Dreams passed over Lothair of settling for ever on the shores of these waters and of reproducing all their vanished happiness: rebuilding their memorable cities, reviving their fisheries, cultivating the plain of Gennesaret and the country of the Gadarenes, and making researches in this cradle of pure and primitive Christianity.

The heritage of Paraclete was among the oaks of Bashan, a lofty land, rising suddenly from the Jordan valley, verdant and well watered, and clothed in many parts with forest; there the host of Lothair resided among his lands and people, and himself dwelt in a stone and castellated building, a portion
of which was of immemorial antiquity, and where he could rally his forces and defend himself in case of the irruption and invasion of the desert tribes. And here one morn arrived a messenger from Jerusalem summoning Lothair back to that city, in consequence of the intended departure of his friends.

The call was urgent and was obeyed immediately with that promptitude which the manners of the East, requiring no preparation, admit. Paraclete accompanied his guest. They had to cross the Jordan, and then to trace their way till they reached the southern limit of the plain of Esdraelon, from whence they counted on the following day to reach Jerusalem. While they were encamped on this spot, a body of Turkish soldiery seized all their horses, which were required, they said, by the Pasha of Damascus, who was proceeding to Jerusalem attending a great Turkish general, who was on a mission to examine the means of defence of Palestine on the Egyptian side. This was very vexatious, but one of those incidents of Eastern life against which it is impossible to contend; so Lothair and Paraclete were obliged to take refuge in their pipes beneath a huge and solitary sycamore tree, awaiting the arrival of the Ottoman magnificoes.

They came at last, a considerable force of cavalry, then mules and barbarous carriages with the harem, all the riders and inmates enveloped in what appeared to be winding-sheets, white and shapeless; about them eunuchs and servants. The staff of the Pashas followed, preceding the grandees who closed the march, mounted on Anatolian chargers.

Paraclete and Lothair had been obliged to leave the grateful shade of the sycamore tree, as the spot
had been fixed on by the commander of the advanced guard for the resting-place of the Pashas. They were standing aside and watching the progress of the procession, and contemplating the earliest opportunity of representing their grievances to high authority, when the Turkish general, or the Seraskier, as the Syrians inaccurately styled him, suddenly reined in his steed, and said in a loud voice, 'Captain Muriel.'

Lothair recognised the well-known voice of his commanding officer in the Apennines, and advanced to him with a military salute. 'I must first congratulate you on being alive, which I hardly hoped,' said the General. 'Then let me know why you are here.'

And Lothair told him.

'Well, you shall have back your horses,' said the General; 'and I will escort you to El Khuds. In the meantime you must be our guest;' and he presented him to the Pasha of Damascus with some form. 'You and I have bivouacked in the open air before this, and not in so bland a clime.'

Beneath the shade of the patriarchal sycamore, the General narrated to Lothair his adventures since they were fellow-combatants on the fatal field of Mentana.

'When all was over,' continued the General, 'I fled with Garibaldi, and gained the Italian frontier at Terni. Here we were of course arrested by the authorities; but not very maliciously. I escaped one morning, and got among the mountains in the neighbourhood of our old camp. I had to wander about these parts for some time, for the Papalini were in the vicinity, and there was danger. It was a hard time; but I found a friend now and then among the country people, though they are dreadfully superstitious. At last I got to the shore, and induced an honest
Lothair recognized the well-known voice of his commanding officer.
fellow to put to sea in an open boat on the chance of something turning up. It did in the shape of a brigantine from Elba bound for Corfu. Here I was sure to find friends, for the brotherhood are strong in the Ionian Isles. And I began to look about for business. The Greeks made me some offers, but their schemes were all vanity, worse than the Irish. You remember our Fenian squabble? From something that transpired, I had made up my mind, so soon as I was well equipped, to go to Turkey. I had had some transactions with the house of Cantacuzuzene, through the kindness of our dear friend whom we will never forget, but will never mention; and through them I became acquainted with the Prince of Samos, who is the chief of their house. He is in the entire confidence of Aali Pasha. I soon found out that there was real business on the carpet. The Ottoman army, after many trials and vicissitudes, is now in good case; and the Porte has resolved to stand no more nonsense, either, in this direction,' and the General gave a significant glance, 'or in any other. But they wanted a general, and a man who knew his business.

'I am not a Garibaldi, you know, and I never pretended to be. I have no genius, or volcanic fire, or that sort of thing; but I do presume to say, with fair troops, paid with tolerable regularity, a battery or two of rifled cannon, and a well-organised commissariat, I am not afraid of meeting any captain of my acquaintance, whatever his land or language. The Turks are a brave people, and there is nothing in their system, political or religious, which jars with my convictions. In the army, which is all that I much care for, there is the career of merit, and I can promote any able man that I recognise. As for
their religion, they are tolerant and exact nothing from me; and if I had any religion except Madre Natura, I am not sure I would not prefer Islamism, which is at least simple, and as little sacerdotal as any organised creed can be. The Porte made me a liberal offer and I accepted it. It so happened that, the moment I entered their service, I was wanted. They had a difficulty on their Dalmatian frontier; I settled it in a way they liked. And now I am sent here with full powers, and am a pasha of the highest class, and with a prospect of some warm work. I do not know what your views are, but, if you would like a little more soldiering, I will put you on my staff; and, for aught I know, we may find our winter quarters at Grand Cairo, they say a pleasant place for such a season.

‘My soldiering has not been very fortunate,’ said Lothair; ‘and I am not quite so great an admirer of the Turks as you are, General. My mind is rather on the pursuits of peace, and twenty hours ago I had a dream of settling on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.’

‘Whatever you do,’ said the General, ‘give up dreams.’

‘I think you may be right in that,’ said Lothair, with half a sigh.

‘Action may not always be happiness,’ said the General; ‘but there is no happiness without action. If you will not fight the Egyptians, were I you, I would return home and plunge into affairs. That was a fine castle of yours I visited one morning; a man who lives in such a place must be able to find a great deal to do.’

‘I almost wish I were there, with you for my companion,’ said Lothair.
'The wheel may turn,' said the General; 'but I begin to think I shall not see much of Europe again. I have given it some of my best years and best blood; and if I had assisted in establishing the Roman republic, I should not have lived in vain; but the old imposture seems to me stronger than ever. I have got ten good years in me yet; and, if I be well supported and in luck (for, after all, everything depends on fortune), and manage to put a couple of hundred thousand men in perfect discipline, I may find some consolation for not blowing up St. Peter's, and may do something for the freedom of mankind on the banks of the Danube.'
CHAPTER LXXX.

Lothair Returns to England.

RS. PUTNEY GILES in full toilette was standing before the mantelpiece of her drawing-room in Hyde Park Gardens, and watching with some anxiety the clock that rested on it. It was the dinner hour, and Mr. Putney Giles, particular in such matters, had not returned. No one looked forward to his dinner and a chat with his wife with greater zest than Mr. Putney Giles; and he deserved the gratification which both incidents afforded him, for he fairly earned it. Full of news and bustle, brimful of importance and prosperity, sunshiny and successful, his daily return home, which, with many, perhaps most, men is a process lugubriously monotonous, was in Hyde Park Gardens, even to Apollonia, who possessed many means of amusement and occupation, a source ever of interest and excitement.

To-day too, particularly, for their great client, friend, and patron, Lothair, had arrived last night from the Continent at Muriel House, and had directed Mr. Putney Giles to be in attendance on him on the afternoon of this day.

(118)
LOTHAIR

Muriel House was a family mansion in the Green Park. It was built of hewn stone during the last century; a Palladian edifice, for a time much neglected, but now restored and duly prepared for the reception of its lord and master by the same combined energy and taste which had proved so satisfactory and successful at Muriel Towers.

It was a long room, the front saloon at Hyde Park Gardens, and the door was as remote as possible from the mantelpiece. It opened suddenly, but only the panting face of Mr. Putney Giles was seen, as he poured forth in hurried words: 'My dear, dreadfully late, but I can dress in five minutes. I only opened the door in passing to tell you that I have seen our great friend; wonderful man! but I will tell you all at dinner, or after. It was not he who kept me, but the Duke of Brecon. The Duke has been with me two hours. I had a good mind to bring him home to dinner, and give him a bottle of my '48. They like that sort of thing; but it will keep,' and the head vanished.

The Duke of Brecon would not have dined ill had he honoured this household. It is a pleasant thing to see an opulent and prosperous man of business, sanguine and full of health, and a little overworked, at that royal meal, dinner. How he enjoys his soup! And how curious in his fish! How critical in his entrée, and how nice in his Welsh mutton! His exhausted brain rallies under the glass of dry sherry, and he realises all his dreams with the aid of claret that has the true flavour of the violet.

'And now, my dear Apollonia,' said Mr. Putney Giles, when the servants had retired, and he turned his chair and played with a new nut from the Bra-
zils, 'about our great friend. Well, I was there at two o'clock, and found him at breakfast. Indeed, he said that had he not given me an appointment, he thought he should not have risen at all, so delighted he was to find himself again in an English bed. Well, he told me everything, that had happened. I never knew a man so unreserved, and so different from what he was when I first knew him, for he never much cared then to talk about himself. But no egotism, nothing of that sort of thing: all his mistakes, all his blunders, as he called them. He told me everything, that I might thoroughly understand his position, and that he might judge whether the steps I had taken in reference to it were adequate.'

'I suppose about his religion,' said Apollonia. 'What is he, after all?'

'As sound as you are. But you are right; that was the point on which he was most anxious. He wrote, you know, to me from Malta, when the account of his conversion first appeared, to take all necessary steps to contradict the announcement, and counteract its consequences. He gave me carte blanche, and was anxious to know precisely what I had done. I told him that a mere contradiction, anonymous or from a third person, however unqualified its language, would have no effect in the face of a detailed narrative, like that in all the papers, of his walking in procession and holding a lighted taper, and all that sort of thing. What I did was this. I commenced building, by his direction, two new churches on his estate, and announced in the local journals, copied in London, that he would be present at the consecration of both. I subscribed in his name, and largely, to all the diocesan societies, gave
a thousand pounds to the Bishop of London's fund, and accepted for him the office of steward for this year for the Sons of the Clergy. Then, when the public feeling was ripe, relieved from all its anxieties, and beginning to get indignant at the calumnies that had been so freely circulated, the time for paragraphs had arrived, and one appeared stating that a discovery had taken place of the means by which an unfounded and preposterous account of the conversion of a distinguished young English nobleman at Rome had been invented and circulated, and would probably furnish the occasion for an action for libel. And now his return and appearance at the Chapel Royal next Sunday will clinch the whole business.'

'And he was satisfied?'

'Most satisfied; a little anxious whether his personal friends, and particularly the Brentham family, were assured of the truth. He travelled home with the Duke's son and Lord St. Aldegonde; but they came from remote parts, and their news from home was not very recent.'

'And how does he look?'

'Very well; never saw him look better. He is handsomer than he was. But he is changed. I could not conceive that in a year anyone could be so changed. He was young for his years; he is now old for his years. He was, in fact, a boy; he is now a man; and yet it is only a year. He said it seemed to him ten.'

'He has been through a fiery furnace,' said Apollonia.

'Well, he has borne it well,' said Mr. Giles. 'It is worth while serving such a client, so cordial, so frank, and yet so full of thought. He says he does
not in the least regret all the money he has wasted. Had he remained at home, it would have gone to building a cathedral.'

'And a Popish one!' said Apollonia. 'I cannot agree with him,' she continued, 'that his Italian campaign was a waste of money. It will bear fruit. We shall still see the end of the "abomination of desolation."'

'Very likely,' said Mr. Giles; 'but I trust my client will have no more to do with such questions either way.'

'And did he ask after his friends?' said Apollonia.

'Very much: he asked after you. I think he went through all the guests at Muriel Towers except the poor Campians. He spoke to me about the Colonel, to whom it appears he has written; but Theodora he never mentioned, except by some periphrasis, some allusion to a great sorrow, or to some dear friend whom he had lost. He seems a little embarrassed about the St. Jeromes, and said more than once that he owed his life to Miss Arundel. He dwelt a good deal upon this. He asked also a great deal about the Brentham family. They seem the people whom he most affects. When I told him of Lady Corisande's approaching union with the Duke of Brecon, I did not think he half liked it.'

'But is it settled?'

'The same as. The Duke has been with me two hours to-day about his arrangements. He has proposed to the parents, who are delighted with the match, and has received every encouragement from the young lady. He looks upon it as certain.'

'I wish our kind friend had not gone abroad,' said Apollonia.
'Well, at any rate, he has come back,' said Mr. Giles; 'that is something. I am sure I more than once never expected to see him again.'

'He has every virtue and every charm,' said Apolloboa, 'and principles that are now proved. I shall never forget his kindness at the Towers. I wish he were settled for life. But who is worthy of him? I hope he will not fall into the clutches of that Popish girl. I have sometimes, from what I observed at Muriel and other reasons, a dread misgiving.'
CHAPTER LXXXI.

A Little Dinner with Pinto.

T WAS the first night that Lothair had slept in his own house, and, when he awoke in the morning, he was quite bewildered, and thought for a moment he was in the Palazzo Agostini. He had not reposed in so spacious and lofty a chamber since he was at Rome. And this brought all his recollection to his Roman life, and everything that had happened there. 'And yet, after all,' he said, 'had it not been for Clare Arundel, I should never have seen Muriel House. I owe to her my life.' His relations with the St. Jerome family were doubtless embarrassing, even painful; and yet his tender and susceptible nature could not for a moment tolerate that he should passively submit to an estrangement from those who had conferred on him so much kindness, and whose ill-considered and injurious courses, as he now esteemed them, were perhaps, and probably, influenced and inspired by exalted, even sacred motives.

He wondered whether they were in London; and if so, what should he do? Should he call, or should he write? He wished he could do something to show to Miss Arundel how much he appreciated her kind-
ness, and how grateful he was. She was a fine creature, and all her errors were noble ones: enthusiasm, energy, devotion to a sublime cause. Errors, but are these errors? Are they not, on the contrary, qualities which should command admiration in anyone? and in a woman and a beautiful woman, more than admiration?

There is always something to worry you. It comes as regularly as sunrise. Here was Lothair under his own roof again, after strange and trying vicissitudes, with his health restored, his youth little diminished, with some strange memories and many sweet ones; on the whole, once more in great prosperity, and yet his mind harped only on one vexing thought, and that was his painful and perplexed relations with the St. Jerome family.

His thoughts were a little distracted from this harassing theme by the novelty of his house and the pleasure it gave him. He admired the double staircase and the somewhat heavy yet richly carved ceilings; and the look into the park, shadowy and green, with a rich summer sun and the palace in the distance. What an agreeable contrast to his hard, noisy sojourn in a brand-new, Brobdingnagian hotel, as was his coarse fate when he was launched into London life. This made him think of many comforts for which he ought to be grateful; and then he remembered Muriel Towers, and how completely and capitaly everything was there prepared and appointed; and while he was thinking over all this, and kindly of the chief author of these satisfactory arrangements, and the instances in which that individual had shown, not merely professional dexterity and devotion, but some of the higher qualities that make life sweet and pleasant, Mr. Putney
Giles was announced, and Lothair sprang forward and gave him his hand with a cordiality which repaid at once that perfect but large-hearted lawyer for all his exertions, and some anxieties that he had never expressed even to Apollonia.

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure, and generally occasion ourselves. Between four and five o'clock, having concluded his long conference with Mr. Putney Giles, Lothair, as if he were traversing the principal street of a foreign town, or rather treading on tip-toe like a prince in some enchanted castle, ventured to walk down St. James's Street, and the very first person he met was Lord St. Jerome!

Nothing could be more unaffectedly hearty than his greeting by that good man and thorough gentleman. 'I saw by the Post you had arrived,' said Lord St. Jerome, 'and we were all saying at breakfast how glad we should be to see you again. And looking so well. Quite yourself! I never saw you looking better. You have been to Egypt with Lord St. Aldegonde, I think? It was the wisest thing you could do. I said to Gertrude when you went to Sicily, "If I were Lothair, I would go a good deal farther than Sicily." You wanted change of scene and air, more than any man I know.'

'And how are they all?' said Lothair; 'my first visit will be to them.'

'And they will be delighted to see you. Lady St. Jerome is a little indisposed; a cold caught at one of her bazaars. She will hold them, and they say that no one ever sells so much. But still, as I often say, "My dear Gertrude, would it not be better if I were to give you a cheque for the institution; it
would be the same to them, and would save you a great deal of trouble." But she fancies her presence inspires others, and perhaps there is something in it.'

'I doubt not; and Miss Arundel?'

'Clare is quite well, and I am hurrying home now to ride with her. I shall tell her that you asked after her.'

'And offer her my kindest remembrances.'

'What a relief!' exclaimed Lothair when once more alone. 'I thought I should have sunk into the earth when he first addressed me, and now I would not have missed this meeting for any consideration.'

He had not the courage to go into White's. He was under a vague impression that the whole population of the metropolis, and especially those who reside in the sacred land bounded on the one side by Piccadilly and on the other by Pall Mall, were unceasingly talking of his scrapes and misadventures; but he met Lord Carisbrooke and Mr. Brancepeth.

'Ah! Lothair,' said Carisbrooke; 'I do not think we have seen you this season; certainly not since Easter. What have you been doing with yourself?'

'You have been in Egypt?' said Mr. Brancepeth. 'The Duke was mentioning at White's to-day that you had returned with his son and Lord St. Aldegonde.'

'And does it pay?' enquired Carisbrooke. 'Egypt? What I have found generally in this sort of thing is, that one hardly knows what to do with one's evenings.'

'There is something in that,' said Lothair, 'and perhaps it applies to other countries besides Egypt. However, though it is true I did return with St. Aldegonde and Bertram, I have myself not been to Egypt.'
'And where did you pick them up?'
'At Jerusalem.'
'Jerusalem! What on earth could they go to Jerusalem for?' said Lord Carisbrooke. 'I am told there is no sort of sport there. They say, in the Upper Nile there is good shooting.'
'St. Aldegonde was disappointed. I suppose our countrymen have disturbed the crocodiles and frightened away the pelicans?'
'We were going to look in at White's; come with us.'

Lothair was greeted with general kindness; but nobody seemed aware that he had been long and unusually absent from them. Some had themselves not come up to town till after Easter, and had therefore less cause to miss him. The great majority, however, were so engrossed with themselves that they never missed anybody. The Duke of Brecon appealed to Lothair about something that had happened at the last Derby, and was under the impression, until better informed, that Lothair had been one of his party. There were some exceptions to this general unacquaintance with events which an hour before Lothair had feared fearfully engrossed society. Hugo Bohun was doubly charmed to see him, 'because we were all in a fright one day that they were going to make you a cardinal, and it turned out that, at the very time they said you were about to enter the conclave, you happened to be at the second cataract. What lies these newspapers do tell!'

But the climax of relief was reached when the noble and grey-headed patron of the arts in Great Britain approached him with polished benignity, and
said, 'I can give you perhaps even later news than you can give me of our friends at Jerusalem. I had a letter from Madame Phœbus this morning, and she mentioned with great regret that you had just left them. Your first travels, I believe?'

'My first.'

'And wisely planned. You were right in starting out and seeing the distant parts. One may not always have the energy which such an expedition requires. You can keep Italy for a later and calmer day.'

Thus, one by one, all the cerulean demons of the morn had vanished, and Lothair had nothing to worry him. He felt a little dull as the dinner hour approached. Bertram was to dine at home, and then go to the House of Commons; St. Aldegonde concluding the day with the same catastrophe, had in the most immoral manner, in the interval, gone to the play to see 'School,' of which he had read an account in Galignani when he was in quarantine. Lothair was so displeased with this unfeeling conduct on his part that he declined to accompany him: but Lady St. Aldegonde, who dined at Crecy House, defended her husband, and thought it very right and reasonable that one so fond of the drama as he, who had been so long deprived of gratifying his taste in that respect, should take the first opportunity of enjoying this innocent amusement. A solitary dinner at Muriel House, in one of those spacious and lofty chambers, rather appalled Lothair, and he was getting low again, remembering nothing but his sorrows, when Mr. Pinto came up to him and said, 'The impromptu is always successful in life; you cannot be engaged to dinner, for everybody believes you
are at Jericho. What say you to dining with me? Less than the Muses and more than the Graces, certainly, if you come. Lady Beatrice has invited herself, and she is to pick up a lady, and I was to look out for a couple of agreeable men. Hugo is coming, and you will complete the charm.'

'The spell, then, is complete,' said Lothair; 'I suppose a late eight.'
CHAPTER LXXXII.

Lothair Meets His Zealous Friends Again.

Lothair was breakfasting alone on the morrow, when his servant announced the arrival of Mr. Ruby, who had been ordered to be in attendance.

'Show him up,' said Lothair, 'and bring me the despatch-box which is in my dressing-room.'

Mr. Ruby was deeply gratified to be again in the presence of a nobleman so eminently distinguished, both for his property and his taste, as Lothair. He was profuse in his congratulations to his Lordship on his return to his native land, while at the same time he was opening a bag, from which he extracted a variety of beautiful objects, none of them for sale, all executed commissions, which were destined to adorn the fortunate and the fair. 'This is lovely, my lord, quite new, for the Queen of Madagascar; for the Empress this, Her Majesty's own design, at least almost. Lady Melton's bridal necklace, and my Lord's George, the last given by King James II.; broken up during the Revolution, but re-set by us from an old drawing with picked stones.'

(131)
Very pretty,' said Lothair; 'but it is not exactly this sort of thing that I want. See,' and he opened the despatch-box, and took from out of it a crucifix. It was made of some Eastern wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the figure carved in brass, though not without power, and at the end of each of the four terminations of the cross was a small cavity enclosing something, and covered with glass.

'See,' continued Lothair, 'this is the crucifix given with a carved shell to each pilgrim who visits the Holy Sepulchre. Within these four cavities is earth from the four holy places: Calvary, Sion, Bethlehem, and Gethsemane. Now what I want is a crucifix, something of this dimension, but made of the most costly materials; the figure must be of pure gold; I should like the cross to be of choice emeralds, which I am told are now more precious even than brilliants, and I wish the earth of the sacred places to be removed from this crucifix, and introduced in a similar manner into the one which you are to make; and each cavity must be covered with a slit diamond. Do you understand?'

'I follow you, my lord,' said Mr. Ruby, with glistening eyes. 'It will be a rare jewel. Is there to be a limit as to the cost?'

'None but such as taste and propriety suggest,' said Lothair. 'You will of course make a drawing and an estimate, and send them to me; but I desire despatch.'

When Mr. Ruby had retired, Lothair took from the despatch-box a sealed packet, and looked at it for some moments, and then pressed it to his lips.

In the afternoon, Lothair found himself again in the saddle, and was riding about London, as if he had
never quitted it. He left his cards at Crecy House, and many other houses, and he called at the St. Jeromes' late, but asked if they were at home. He had reckoned that they would not be, and his reckoning was right. It was impossible to conceal from himself that it was a relief. Mr. Putney Giles dined alone with Lothair this evening, and they talked over many things; among others the approaching marriage of Lady Corisande with the Duke of Brecon.

'Everybody marries except myself,' said Lothair rather peevishly.

'But your lordship is too young to think of that yet,' said Mr. Putney Giles.

'I feel very old,' said Lothair.

At this moment there arrived a note from Bertram, saying his mother was quite surprised and disappointed that Lothair had not asked to see her in the morning. She had expected him as a matter of course at luncheon, and begged that he would come on the morrow.

'I have had many pleasant luncheons in that house,' said Lothair, 'but this will be the last. When all the daughters are married nobody eats luncheon.'

'That would hardly apply to this family,' said Mr. Putney Giles, who always affected to know everything, and generally did. 'They are so united that I fancy the famous luncheons at Crecy House will always go on, and be a popular mode of their all meeting.'

'I half agree with St. Aldegonde,' said Lothair grumbling to himself, 'that if one is to meet that Duke of Brecon every day at luncheon, for my part I had rather stay away.'

In the course of the evening there also arrived invitations to all the impending balls and assemblies for
Lothair, and there seemed little prospect of his again being forced to dine with his faithful solicitor as a refuge from melancholy.

On the morrow he went in his brougham to Crecy House, and he had such a palpitation of the heart when he arrived, that for a moment he absolutely thought he must retire. His mind was full of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, and the Sea of Galilee. He was never nervous there, never agitated, never harassed, no palpitations of the heart, no dread suspense. There was repose alike of body and soul. Why did he ever leave Palestine and Paraclete? He should have remained in Syria for ever, cherishing in a hallowed scene a hallowed sorrow, of which even the bitterness was exalted and ennobling.

He stood for a moment in the great hall at Crecy House, and the groom of the chambers in vain solicited his attention. It was astonishing how much passed through his mind while the great clock hardly described sixty seconds. But in that space he had reviewed his life, arrived at the conclusion that all was vanity and bitterness, that he had failed in everything, was misplaced, had no object and no hope, and that a distant and unbroken solitude in some scene where either the majesty of nature was overwhelming or its moral associations were equally sublime, must be his only refuge. In the meditation of the Cosmos, or in the divine reverie of sacred lands, the burthen of existence might be endured.

'Her Grace is at luncheon, my lord,' at length said the groom of the chambers, and Lothair was ushered into the gay and festive and cordial scene. The number of the self-invited guests alone saved
him. His confusion was absolute, and the Duchess remarked afterwards that Lothair seemed to have regained all his shyness.

When Lothair had rallied and could survey the scene, he found he was sitting by his hostess; that the Duke, not a luncheon man, was present, and, as it turned out afterwards, for the pleasure of meeting Lothair. Bertram also was present, and several married daughters, and Lord Montairy, and Captain Mildmay, and one or two others; and next to Lady Corisande was the Duke of Brecon.

So far as Lothair was concerned, the luncheon was unsuccessful. His conversational powers deserted him. He answered in monosyllables, and never originated a remark. He was greatly relieved when they rose and returned to the gallery, in which they seemed all disposed to linger. The Duke approached him, and in his mood he found it easier to talk to men than to women. Male conversation is of a coarser grain, and does not require so much play of thought and manner: discourse about Suez Canal, and Arab horses, and pipes and pashas, can be carried on without any psychological effort, and by degrees banishes all sensibility. And yet he was rather dreamy, talked better than he listened, did not look his companion in the face as the Duke spoke, which was his custom, and his eye was wandering. Suddenly, Bertram having joined them and speaking to his father, Lothair darted away and approached Lady Corisande, whom Lady Montairy had just quitted.

'As I may never have the opportunity again,' said Lothair, 'let me thank you, Lady Corisande, for some kind thoughts which you deigned to bestow on me in my absence.'
His look was serious; his tone almost sad. Neither was in keeping with the scene and the apparent occasion; and Lady Corisande, not displeased, but troubled, murmured, 'Since I last met you, I heard you had seen much and suffered much.'

'And that makes the kind thoughts of friends more precious,' said Lothair. 'I have few: your brother is the chief, but even he never did me any kindness so great as when he told me that you had spoken of me with sympathy.'

'Bertram's friends are mine,' said Lady Corisande, 'but, otherwise, it would seem impossible for us all not to feel an interest in—one of whom we had seen so much,' she added with some hesitation.

'Ah! Brentham!' said Lothair. 'dear Brentham! Do you remember once saying to me that you hoped you should never leave Brentham?'

'Did I say so?' said Lady Corisande.

'I wish I had never left Brentham,' said Lothair; 'it was the happiest time of my life. I had not then a sorrow or a care.'

'But everybody has sorrows and cares,' said Lady Corisande; 'you have, however, a great many things which ought to make you happy.'

'I do not deserve to be happy,' said Lothair, 'for I have made so many mistakes. My only consolation is that one great error which you most deprecated I have escaped.'

'Take a brighter and a nobler view of your life,' said Lady Corisande; 'feel rather you have been tried and not found wanting.'

At this moment the Duchess approached them and interrupted their conversation; and soon after
this Lothair left Crecy House, still moody but less despondent.

There was a ball at Lady Clanmorne's in the evening, and Lothair was present. He was astonished at the number of new faces he saw, the new phrases he heard, the new fashions alike in dress and manner. He could not believe it was the same world that he had quitted only a year ago. He was glad to take refuge with Hugo Bohun as with an old friend, and could not well refrain from expressing to that eminent person his surprise at the novelty of all around him.

'It is you, my dear Lothair,' replied Hugo, 'that is surprising, not the world; that has only developed in your absence. What could have induced a man like you to be away for a whole season from the scene! Our forefathers might afford to travel; the world was then stereotyped. It will not do to be out of sight now. It is very well for St. Aldegonde to do these things, for the great object of St. Aldegonde is not to be in society, and he has never succeeded in his object. But here is the new beauty.'

There was a stir and a sensation. Men made way and even women retreated; and, leaning on the arm of Lord Carisbrooke, in an exquisite costume that happily displayed her splendid figure, and radiant with many charms, swept by a lady of commanding mien and stature, self-possessed and even grave, when suddenly turning her head, her pretty face broke into enchanting dimples as she exclaimed, 'O! cousin Lothair!'

Yes, the beautiful giantesses of Muriel Towers had become the beauties of the season. Their success
had been as sudden and immediate as it was complete and sustained.

'Well, this is stranger than all!' said Lothair to Hugo Bohun when Lady Flora had passed on.

'The only persons talked of,' said Hugo. 'I am proud of my previous acquaintance with them. I think Carisbrooke has serious thoughts; but there are some who prefer Lady Grizell.'

'Lady Corisande was your idol last season,' said Lothair.

'Oh! she is out of the running,' said Hugo; 'she is finished. But I have not heard yet of any day being fixed. I wonder, when he marries, whether Brecon will keep on his theatre.'

'His theatre!'

'Yes; the high mode now for a real swell is to have a theatre. Brecon has the Frolic; Kate Simmons is his manager, who calls herself Athalie de Montfort. You ought to have a theatre, Lothair; and if there is not one to hire, you should build one. It would show that you were alive again and had the spirit of an English noble, and atone for some of your eccentricities.'

'But I have no Kate Simmons who calls herself Athalie de Montfort,' said Lothair; 'I am not so favoured, Hugo. However, I might succeed Brecon, as I hardly suppose he will maintain such an establishment when he is married.'

'I beg your pardon,' rejoined Hugo. 'It is the thing. Several of our greatest swells have theatres and are married. In fact, a firstrate man should have everything, and therefore he ought to have both a theatre and a wife.'
'Well, I do not think your manners have improved since last year, or your morals,' said Lothair. 'I have half a mind to go down to Muriel, and shut myself up there.'

He walked away and sauntered into the ball-room. The first forms he recognised were Lady Corisande waltzing with the Duke of Brecon, who was renowned for this accomplishment. The heart of Lothair felt bitter. He remembered his stroll to the dairy with the Duchess at Brentham, and their conversation. Had his views then been acceded to how different would have been his lot! And it was not his fault that they had been rejected. And yet, had they been accomplished, would they have been happy? The character of Corisande, according to her mother, was not then formed, nor easily scrutable. Was it formed now? and what were its bent and genius? And his own character? It could not be denied that his mind was somewhat crude then, and his general conclusions on life and duty hardly sufficiently matured and developed to offer a basis for domestic happiness on which one might confidently depend.

And Theodora? Had he married then he should never have known Theodora. In this bright saloon, amid the gaiety of festive music, and surrounded by gliding forms of elegance and brilliancy, his heart was full of anguish when he thought of Theodora. To have known such a woman and to have lost her! Why should a man live after this? Yes, he would retire to Muriel, once hallowed by her presence, and he would raise to her memory some monumental fane, beyond the dreams even of Artemisia, and which
should commemorate alike her wondrous life and wondrous mind.

A beautiful hand was extended to him, and a fair face, animated with intelligence, welcomed him without a word. It was Lady St. Jerome. Lothair bowed lowly and touched her hand with his lips.

'I was sorry to have missed you yesterday. We had gone down to Vauxe for the day, but I heard of you from my lord with great pleasure. We are all of us so happy that you have entirely recovered your health.'

'I owe that to you, dearest lady,' said Lothair, 'and to those under your roof. I can never forget your goodness to me. Had it not been for you, I should not have been here or anywhere else.'

'No, no; we did our best for the moment. But I quite agree with my lord, now, that you stayed too long at Rome, under the circumstances. It was a good move, that going to Sicily, and so wise of you to travel in Egypt. Men should travel.'

'I have not been to Egypt,' said Lothair; 'I have been to the Holy Land, and am a pilgrim. I wish you would tell Miss Arundel that I shall ask her permission to present her with my crucifix, which contains the earth of the Holy Places. I should have told her this myself, if I had seen her yesterday. Is she here?'

'She is at Vauxe; she could not tear herself away from the roses.'

'But she might have brought them with her as companions,' said Lothair, 'as you have, I apprehend, yourself.'

'I will give you this in Clare's name,' said Lady St. Jerome, as she selected a beautiful flower and
presented it to Lothair. 'It is in return for your crucifix, which I am sure she will highly esteem. I only wish it were a rose of Jericho.'

Lothair started. The name brought up strange and disturbing associations: the procession in the Jesuits' Church, the lighted tapers, the consecrated children, one of whom had been supernaturally presented with the flower in question. There was an awkward silence, until Lothair, almost without intending it, expressed a hope that the Cardinal was well.

'Immersed in affairs, but I hope well,' replied Lady St. Jerome. 'You know what has happened? But you will see him. He will speak to you of these matters himself.'

'But I should like also to hear from you.'

'Well, they are scarcely yet to be spoken of,' said Lady St. Jerome. 'I ought not perhaps even to have alluded to the subject; but I know how deeply devoted you are to religion. We are on the eve of the greatest event of this century. When I wake in the morning, I always fancy that I have heard of it only in dreams. And many, all this room, will not believe in the possibility of its happening. They smile when the contingency is alluded to, and if I were not present they would mock. But it will happen, I am assured it will happen,' exclaimed Lady St. Jerome, speaking with earnestness, though in a hushed voice. 'And no human imagination can calculate or conceive what may be its effect on the destiny of the human race.'

'You excite my utmost curiosity,' said Lothair.

'Hush! there are listeners. But we shall soon meet again. You will come and see us, and soon. Come down to Vauxe on Saturday; the Cardinal will
be there. And the place is so lovely now. I always say Vauxe at Whitsuntide, or a little later, is a scene for Shakespeare. You know you always liked Vauxe.'

'More than liked it,' said Lothair; 'I have passed at Vauxe some of the happiest hours of my life.'
CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

In the morning of the very Saturday on which Lothair was to pay his visit to Vauxe, riding in the park, he was joined by that polished and venerable nobleman who presides over the destinies of art in Great Britain. This distinguished person had taken rather a fancy to Lothair, and liked to talk to him about the Phœbus family; about the great artist himself, and all his theories and styles; but especially about the fascinating Madame Phœbus and the captivating Euphrosyne.

'You have not found time, I dare say,' said the nobleman, 'to visit the exhibition of the Royal Academy?'

'Well, I have only been here a week,' said Lothair, 'and have had so many things to think of, and so many persons to see.'

'Naturally,' said the nobleman; 'but I recommend you to go. I am now about to make my fifth visit there; but it is only to a single picture and I envy its owner.'

'Indeed!' said Lothair. 'Pray tell me its subject, that I may not fail to see it.'
'It is a portrait,' said the nobleman; 'only a portrait, some would say, as if the finest pictures in the world were not only portraits. The masterpieces of the English school are portraits, and some day when you have leisure and inclination, and visit Italy, you will see portraits by Titian and Raffaelle and others, which are the masterpieces of art. Well, the picture in question is a portrait by a young English painter at Rome and of an English lady. I doubt not the subject was equal to the genius of the artist, but I do not think that the modern pencil has produced anything equal to it, both in design and colour, and expression. You should see it, by all means, and I have that opinion of your taste that I do not think you will be content by seeing it once. The real taste for fine art in this country is proved by the crowd that always surrounds that picture; and yet only a portrait of an English lady, a Miss Arundel.'

'A Miss Arundel?' said Lothair.

'Yes, of a Roman Catholic family; I believe a relative of the St. Jeromes. They were at Rome last year, when this portrait was executed.'

'If you will permit me,' said Lothair, 'I should like to accompany you to the Academy. I am going out of town this afternoon, but not far, and could manage it.'

So they went together. It was the last exhibition of the Academy in Trafalgar Square. The portrait in question was in the large room, and hung on the eye line; so, as the throng about it was great, it was not easy immediately to inspect it. But one or two R.A.'s who were gliding about, and who looked upon the noble patron of art as a sort of divinity, insensibly controlled the crowd, and secured for their
friend and his companion the opportunity which they desired.

'It is the finest thing since the portrait of the Cenci,' said the noble patron.

The painter had represented Miss Arundel in her robe of a sister of mercy, but with uncovered head. A wallet was at her side, and she held a crucifix. Her beautiful eyes, full of mystic devotion, met those of the spectator with a fascinating power that kept many spell-bound. In the background of the picture was a masterly glimpse of the papal gardens and the wondrous dome.

'That must be a great woman,' said the noble patron of art.

Lothair nodded assent in silence.

The crowd about the picture seemed breathless and awestruck. There were many women, and in some eyes there were tears.

'I shall go home,' said one of the spectators; 'I do not wish to see anything else.'

'That is religion,' murmured her companion.

'They may say what they like, but it would be well for us if we were all like her.'

It was a short half hour by the railroad to Vauxe, and the station was close to the park gates. The sun was in its last hour when Lothair arrived, but he was captivated by the beauty of the scene, which he had never witnessed in its summer splendour. The rich foliage of the great avenues, the immense oaks that stood alone, the deer glancing in the golden light, and the quaint and stately edifice itself, so finished and so fair, with its freestone pinnacles and its gilded vanes glistening and sparkling in the warm and lucid sky, contrasted with the chilly hours when the Car-
dinal and himself had first strolled together in that park, and when they tried to flatter themselves that the morning mist clinging to the skeleton trees was perhaps the burst of spring.

Lothair found himself again in his old rooms, and as his valet unpacked his toilette, he fell into one of his reveries.

'What,' he thought to himself, 'if life after all be only a dream. I can scarcely realise what is going on. It seems to me I have passed through a year of visions. That I should be at Vauxe again! A roof I once thought rife with my destiny. And perhaps it may prove so. And were it not for the memory of one event, I should be a ship without a rudder.'

There were several guests in the house, and when Lothair entered the drawing-room, he was glad to find that it was rather full. The Cardinal was by the side of Lady St. Jerome when Lothair entered, and immediately after saluting his hostess it was his duty to address his late guardian. Lothair had looked forward to this meeting with apprehension. It seemed impossible that it should not to a certain degree be annoying. Nothing of the kind. It was impossible to greet him more cordially, more affectionately than did Cardinal Grandison.

'You have seen a great deal since we parted,' said the Cardinal. 'Nothing could be wiser than your travelling. You remember that at Muriel I recommended you to go to Egypt, but I thought it better that you should see Rome first. And it answered: you made the acquaintance of its eminent men, men whose names will be soon in everybody's mouth, for before another year elapses Rome will be the cynosure of the world. Then, when the great questions
come on which will decide the fate of the human race for centuries, you will feel the inestimable advantage of being master of the situation, and that you are familiar with every place and every individual. I think you were not very well at Rome; but next time you must choose your season. However, I may congratulate you on your present looks. The air of the Levant seems to have agreed with you.'

Dinner was announced almost at this moment, and Lothair, who had to take out Lady Clanmorne, had no opportunity before dinner of addressing anyone else except his hostess and the Cardinal. The dinner party was large, and it took some time to reconnoitre all the guests. Lothair observed Miss Arundel, who was distant from him and on the same side of the table, but neither Monsignore Catesby nor Father Coleman was present.

Lady Clanmorne chatted agreeably. She was content to talk, and did not insist on conversational reciprocity. She was a pure freetrader in gossip. This rather suited Lothair. It pleased Lady Clanmorne today to dilate upon marriage and the married state, but especially on all her acquaintances, male and female, who were meditating the surrender of their liberty and about to secure the happiness of their lives.

'I suppose the wedding of the season, the wedding of weddings, will be the Duke of Brecon's,' she said. 'But I do not hear of any day being fixed.'

'Ah!' said Lothair, 'I have been abroad and am very deficient in these matters. But I was travelling with the lady's brother, and he has never yet told me that his sister is going to be married.'
'There is no doubt about that,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'The Duchess said to a friend of mine the other day, who congratulated her, that there was no person in whom she should have more confidence as a son-in-law than the Duke.'

'Most marriages turn out unhappy,' said Lothair, rather morosely.

'Oh! my dear lord, what can you mean?'

'Well, I think so,' he said doggedly. 'Among the lower orders, if we may judge from the newspapers, they are always killing their wives, and in our class we get rid of them in a more polished way, or they get rid of us.'

'You quite astonish me with such sentiments,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'What would Lady St. Jerome think if she heard you, who told me the other day that she believed you to be a faultless character? And the Duchess too, your friend's mamma, who thinks you so good, and that it is so fortunate for her son to have such a companion?'

'As for Lady St. Jerome, she believes in everything,' said Lothair; 'and it is no compliment that she believes in me. As for my friend's mamma, her ideal character, according to you, is the Duke of Brecon, and I cannot pretend to compete with him. He may please the Duchess, but I cannot say the Duke of Brecon is a sort of man I admire.'

'Well, he is no great favourite of mine,' said Lady Clanmorne; 'I think him overbearing and selfish, and I should not like at all to be his wife.'

'What do you think of Lady Corisande?' said Lothair.

'I admire her more than any girl in society, and I think she will be thrown away on the Duke of
Brecon. She is clever and she has strong character, and, I am told, is capable of great affections. Her manners are good, finished and natural; and she is beloved by her young friends, which I always think a test.

'Do you think her handsome?'
'There can be no question about that: she is beautiful, and her beauty is of a high class. I admire her much more than all her sisters. She has a grander mien.'
'Have you seen Miss Arundel's picture at the Academy?'
'Everybody has seen that: it has made a fury.'
'I heard an eminent judge say to-day, that it was the portrait of one who must be a great woman.'
'Well, Miss Arundel is a remarkable person.'
'Do you admire her?'
'I have heard first-rate critics say that there was no person to be compared to Miss Arundel. And unquestionably it is a most striking countenance: that profound brow and those large deep eyes; and then her figure is so fine. But, to tell you the truth, Miss Arundel is a person I never could make out.'
'I wonder she does not marry,' said Lothair.
'She is very difficult,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'Perhaps, too, she is of your opinion about marriage.'
'I have a good mind to ask her after dinner whether she is,' said Lothair. 'I fancy she would not marry a Protestant?'
'I am no judge of such matters,' said Lady Clanmorne; 'only I cannot help thinking that there would be more chance of a happy marriage when both were of the same religion.'
I wish we were all of the same religion. Do not you?’

‘Well, that depends a little on what the religion might be.’

‘Ah!’ sighed Lothair, ‘what between religion and marriage and some other things, it appears to me one never has a tranquil moment. I wonder what religious school the Duke of Brecon belongs to? Very high and dry, I should think.’

The moment the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room Lothair singled out Miss Arundel, and attached himself to her.

‘I have been to see your portrait to-day,’ he said. She changed colour.

‘I think it,’ he continued, ‘the triumph of modern art, and I could not easily fix on any production of the old masters that excels it.’

‘It was painted at Rome,’ she said in a low voice.

‘So I understood. I regret that when I was at Rome I saw so little of its art. But my health you know was wretched. Indeed, if it had not been for some friends, I might say for one friend, I should not have been here or in this world. I can never express to that person my gratitude, and it increases every day. All that I have dreamed of angels was then realised.’

‘You think too kindly of us.’

‘Did Lady St. Jerome give you my message about the earth from the Holy Places which I had placed in a crucifix, and which I hope you will accept from me, in remembrance of the past and your Christian kindness to me? I should have left it at St. James’s Square before this, but it required some little arrangement after its travels.’
'I shall prize it most dearly, both on account of its consecrated character and for the donor's sake, whom I have ever wished to see the champion of our Master.'

'You never had a wish, I am sure,' said Lothair, 'that was not sublime and pure.'
CHAPTER LXXXIV.

SUBLIME SAVOIR FAIRE.

HEY breakfasted at Vauxe in the long gallery. It was always a merry meal, and it was the fashion of the house that all should be present. The Cardinal was seldom absent. He used to say, 'I feel more on equal terms with my friends at breakfast, and rather look forward to my banquet of dry toast.'

Lord St. Jerome was quite proud of receiving his letters and newspapers at Vauxe earlier by far than he did at St. James's Square; and as all were supplied with their letters and journals, there was a great demand for news, and a proportional circulation of it. Lady Clanmorne indulged this passion for gossip amusingly one morning, and read a letter from her correspondent, written with the grace of a Sevigné, but which contained details of marriages, elopements, and a murder among their intimate acquaintance, which made all the real intelligence quite insipid, and was credited for at least half an hour.

The gallery at Vauxe was of great length, and the breakfast table was laid at one end of it. The gallery
was of panelled oak, with windows of stained glass in the upper panes, and the ceiling, richly and heavily carved, was entirely gilt, but with deadened gold. Though stately, the general effect was not free from a certain character of gloom. Lighted, as it was, by sconces, this was at night much softened; but on a rich summer morn, the gravity and repose of this noble chamber were grateful to the senses.

The breakfast was over; the ladies had retired, stealing off with the *Morning Post*, the gentlemen gradually disappearing for the solace of their cigars. The Cardinal, who was conversing with Lothair, continued their conversation while walking up and down the gallery, far from the hearing of the servants, who were disembarrassing the breakfast-table, and preparing it for luncheon. A visit to a country house, as Pinto says, is a series of meals mitigated by the new dresses of the ladies.

'The more I reflect on your travels,' said the Cardinal, 'the more I am satisfied with what has happened. I recognise the hand of Providence in your preliminary visit to Rome and your subsequent one to Jerusalem. In the vast events which are impending, that man is in a strong position who has made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. You remember our walk in the park here,' continued the Cardinal; 'I felt then that we were on the eve of some mighty change, but it was then indefinite, though to me inevitable. You were destined, I was persuaded, to witness it, even, as I hoped, to take no inconsiderable share in its fulfilment. But I hardly believed that I should have been spared for this transcendent day, and when it is consummated, I will gratefully exclaim, *Nunc me dimittis!*'
‘You allude, sir, to some important matter which Lady St. Jerome a few days ago intimated to me, but it was only an intimation, and purposely very vague.’

‘There is no doubt,’ said the Cardinal, speaking with solemnity, ‘of what I now communicate to you. The Holy Father, Pius IX., has resolved to summon an Œcumenical Council.’

‘An Œcumenical Council!’ said Lothair.

‘It is a weak phrase,’ resumed the Cardinal, ‘to say it will be the greatest event of this century. I believe it will be the greatest event since the Episcopate of St. Peter; greater, in its consequences to the human race, than the fall of the Roman Empire, the pseudo-Reformation, or the Revolution of France. It is much more than three hundred years since the last Œcumenical Council, the Council of Trent, and the world still vibrates with its decisions. But the Council of Trent, compared with the impending Council of the Vatican, will be as the mediaeval world of Europe compared with the vast and complete globe which man has since discovered and mastered.’

‘Indeed!’ said Lothair.

‘Why the very assembly of the Fathers of the Church will astound the Freemasons, and the secret societies, and the atheists. That alone will be a demonstration of power on the part of the Holy Father which no conqueror from Sesostris to Napoleon has ever equalled. It was only the bishops of Europe that assembled at Trent, and, inspired by the Holy Spirit, their decisions have governed man for more than three hundred years. But now the bishops of the whole world will assemble round the chair of
St. Peter, and prove by their presence the catholic character of the Church. Asia will send its patriarchs and pontiffs, and America and Australia its prelates; and at home, my dear young friend, the Council of the Vatican will offer a striking contrast to the Council of Trent; Great Britain will be powerfully represented. The bishops of Ireland might have been counted on, but it is England also that will send her prelates now, and some of them will take no ordinary share in transactions that will give a new form and colour to human existence.'

'Is it true, sir, that the object of the Council is to declare the infallibility of the Pope?'

'In matters of faith and morals,' said the Cardinal quickly. 'There is no other infallibility. That is a secret with God. All that we can know of the decision of the Council on this awful head is that its decision, inspired by the Holy Spirit, must infallibly be right. We must await that decision, and, when made known, we must embrace it, not only with obedience, but with the interior assent of mind and will. But there are other results of the Council on which we may speculate; and which, I believe, it will certainly accomplish: first, it will show in a manner that cannot be mistaken that there is only one alternative for the human intellect: Rationalism or Faith; and, secondly, it will exhibit to the Christian powers the inevitable future they are now preparing for themselves.'

'I am among the faithful,' said Lothair.

'Then you must be a member of the Church Catholic,' said the Cardinal. 'The basis on which God has willed that His revelation should rest in the world is the testimony of the Catholic Church,
which, if considered only as a human and historical witness, affords the highest and most certain evidence for the fact and the contents of the Christian religion. If this be denied, there is no such thing as history. But the Catholic Church is not only a human and historical witness of its own origin, constitution, and authority, it is also a supernatural and Divine witness, which can neither fail nor err. When it oecumenically speaks, it is not merely the voice of the Fathers of the world; it declares what "it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

There was a pause, and then Lothair remarked: 'You said, sir, that the Council would show to the civil powers of the Christian world the inevitable future they are preparing for themselves?'

'Even so. Now mark this, my child. At the Council of Trent the Christian powers were represented, and properly so. Their seats will be empty at the Council of the Vatican. What does that mean? The separation between Church and State, talked of for a long time, now demonstrated. And what does separation between Church and State mean? That society is no longer consecrated. The civil governments of the world no longer profess to be Catholic. The faithful, indeed, among their subjects will be represented at the Council by their pastors, but the civil powers have separated themselves from the Church; either by royal edict, or legislative enactment, or revolutionary changes, they have abolished the legal status of the Catholic Church within their territory. It is not their choice; they are urged on by an invisible power that is anti-Christian, and which is the true, natural, and implacable enemy of the one visible and universal Church. The coming anarchy is called
progress, because it advances along the line of departure from the old Christian order of the world. Christendom was the offspring of the Christian family, and the foundation of the Christian family is the sacrament of matrimony, the spring of all domestic and public morals. The anti-Christian societies are opposed to the principle of home. When they have destroyed the hearth, the morality of society will perish. A settlement in the foundations may be slow in sinking, but it brings all down at last. The next step in de-Christianising the political life of nations is to establish national education without Christianity. This is systematically aimed at wherever the revolution has its way. The period and policy of Julian are returning. Some think this bodes ill for the Church; no, it is the State that will suffer. The secret societies are hurrying the civil governments of the world, and mostly the governments who disbelieve in their existence, to the brink of a precipice, over which monarchies and law and civil order will ultimately fall and perish together.'

'Then all is hopeless,' said Lothair.

'To human speculation,' said the Cardinal; 'but none can fathom the mysteries of Divine interposition. This coming Council may save society, and on that I would speak to you most earnestly. His Holiness has resolved to invite the schismatic priesthods to attend it and labour to bring about the unity of Christendom. He will send an ambassador to the Patriarch of the heresy of Photius, which is called the Greek Church. He will approach Lambeth. I have little hope of the latter, though there is more than one of the Anglican bishops who revere the memory and example of Laud. But I by no means despair of your communion being
present in some form at the Council. There are true spirits at Oxford who sigh for unity. They will form, I hope, a considerable deputation; but as, not yet being prelates, they cannot take their seats formally in the Council, I wish, in order to increase and assert their influence, that they should be accompanied by a band of powerful laymen, who shall represent the pious and pure mind of England, the coming guardians of the land in the dark hour that may be at hand. Considering your previous knowledge of Rome, your acquaintance with its eminent men and its language, and considering too, as I well know, that the Holy Father looks to you as one marked out by Providence to assert the truth, it would please me, and, trust me, it would be wise in you, were you to visit Rome on this sublime occasion, and perhaps put your mark on the world's history.'

'It must yet be a long time before the Council meets,' said Lothair, after a pause.

'Not too long for preparation,' replied the Cardinal. 'From this hour, until its assembling, the pulse of humanity will throb. Even at this hour, they are speaking of the same matters as ourselves alike on the Euphrates and the St. Lawrence. The good Catesby is in Ireland, conferring with the bishops, and awakening them to the occasion. There is a party among them narrow-minded and local, the effects of their education. There ought not to be an Irish priest who was not brought up at the Propaganda. You know that admirable institution. We had some happy hours at Rome together, may we soon repeat them! You were very unwell there; next time you will judge of Rome in health and vigour.'
CHAPTER LX XXV.

Sorrows of a Duchess.

Hey say there is a skeleton in every house; it may be doubted. What is more certain are the sorrow and perplexity which sometimes, without a warning and preparation, suddenly fall upon a family living in the world of happiness and ease, and merit their felicity by every gift of fortune and disposition.

Perhaps there never was a circle that enjoyed life more, and deserved to enjoy life more, than the Brentham family. Never was a family more admired and less envied. Nobody grudged them their happy gifts and accidents, for their demeanour was so winning, and their manners so cordial and sympathetic, that everyone felt as if he shared their amiable prosperity. And yet, at this moment, the Duchess, whose countenance was always as serene as her soul, was walking with disturbed visage and agitated step up and down the private room of the Duke; while his Grace, seated, his head upon his arm, and with his eyes on the ground, was apparently in anxious thought.

Now what had happened? It seems that these excellent parents had become acquainted, almost at
the same moment, with two astounding and disturbing facts: their son wanted to marry Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, and their daughter would not marry the Duke of Brecon.

'I was so perfectly unprepared for the communication,' said the Duke, looking up, 'that I have no doubt I did not express myself as I ought to have done. But I do not think I said anything wrong. I showed surprise, sorrow; no anger. I was careful not to say anything to hurt his feelings; that is a great point in these matters: nothing disrespectful of the young lady. I invited him to speak to me again about it when I had a little got over my surprise.'

'It is really a catastrophe,' exclaimed the Duchess; 'and only think I came to you for sympathy in my sorrow, which, after all, though distressing, is only a mortification!'

'I am very sorry about Brecon,' said the Duke, 'who is a man of honour, and who would have suited us very well; but, my dear Augusta, I never took exactly the same view of this affair as you did: I was never satisfied that Corisande returned his evident, I might say avowed, admiration of her.'

'She spoke of him always with great respect,' said the Duchess, 'and that is much in a girl of Corisande's disposition. I never heard her speak of any of her admirers in the same tone; certainly not of Lord Carisbrooke; I was quite prepared for her rejection of him. She never encouraged him.'

'Well,' said the Duke, 'I grant you it is mortifying, infinitely distressing; and Brecon is the last man I could have wished that it should occur to; but, after all, our daughter must decide for herself in such affairs.
She is the person most interested in the event. I never influenced her sisters in their choice, and she also must be free. The other subject is more grave. ‘If we could only ascertain who she really is,’ said the Duchess.

‘According to Bertram, fully our equal; but I confess I am no judge of Levantine nobility,’ his Grace added, with a mingled expression of pride and despair.

‘That dreadful travelling abroad!’ exclaimed the Duchess. ‘I always had a foreboding of something disastrous from it. Why should he have gone abroad, who has never been to Ireland, or seen half the counties of his own country?’

‘They all will go,’ said the Duke; ‘and I thought, with St. Aldegonde, he was safe from getting into any scrape of this kind.’

‘I should like to speak to Granville about it,’ said the Duchess. ‘When he is serious, his judgment is good.’

‘I am to see St. Aldegonde before I speak to Bertram,’ said the Duke. ‘I should not be surprised if he were here immediately.’

One of the social mysteries is, ‘how things get about!’ It was not the interest of any of the persons immediately connected with the subject that society should be aware that the Lady Corisande had declined the proposal of the Duke of Brecon. Society had no right even to assume that such a proposal was either expected or contemplated. The Duke of Brecon admired Lady Corisande, so did many others; and many others were admired by the Duke of Brecon. The Duchess even hoped that, as the season was waning, it might break up, and people go into the
country or abroad, and nothing be observed. And yet it 'got about.' The way things get about is through the Hugo Bohuns. Nothing escapes their quick eyes and slow hearts. Their mission is to peer into society, like professional astronomers ever on the watch to detect the slightest change in the phenomena. Never embarrassed by any passion of their own, and their only social scheming being to maintain their transcendent position, all their life and energy are devoted to the discovery of what is taking place around them; and experience, combined with natural tact, invests them with almost a supernatural skill in the detection of social secrets. And so it happened that scarcely a week had passed before Hugo began to sniff the air, and then to make fine observations at balls, as to whom certain persons danced with, or did not dance with; and then he began the curious process of what he called putting two and two together, and putting two and two together proved in about a fortnight that it was all up between Lady Corisande and the Duke of Brecon.

Among others he imparted this information to Lothair, and it set Lothair a-thinking; and he went to a ball that evening solely with the purpose of making social observations like Hugo Bohun. But Lady Corisande was not there, though the Duke of Brecon was, apparently in high spirits, and waltzing more than once with Lady Grizell Falkirk. Lothair was not very fortunate in his attempts to see Bertram. He called more than once at Crecy House too, but in vain. The fact is, Bertram was naturally entirely engrossed with his own difficulties, and the Duchess, harassed and mortified, could no longer be at home in the morning.
Her Grace, however, evinced the just appreciation of character for which women are remarkable, in the confidence which she reposed in the good sense of Lord St. Aldegonde at this crisis. St. Aldegonde was the only one of his sons-in-law whom the Duke really considered and a little feared. When St. Aldegonde was serious, his influence over men was powerful. And he was serious now. St. Aldegonde, who was not conventional, had made the acquaintance of Mr. Cantacuzene immediately on his return to England, and they had become friends. He dined in the Tyburnian palace of the descendant of the Greek Emperors more than once, and had determined to make his second son, who was only four years of age, a Greek merchant. When the Duke therefore consulted him on 'the catastrophe,' St. Aldegonde took high ground, spoke of Euphrosyne in the way she deserved, as one equal to an elevated social position, and deserving it. 'But if you ask me my opinion, sir,' he continued, 'I do not think, except for Bertram's sake, that you have any cause to fret yourself. The family wish her to marry her cousin, the eldest son of the Prince of Samos. It is an alliance of the highest, and suits them much better than any connection with us. Besides, Cantacuzene will give his children large fortunes, and they like the money to remain in the family. A hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, perhaps more, goes a great way on the coast of Asia Minor. You might buy up half the Archipelago. The Cantacuzenes are coming to dine with us next week. Bertha is delighted with them. Mr. Cantacuzene is so kind as to say he will take Clovis into his counting-house. I wish I could induce your Grace to come and meet
him: then you could judge for yourself. You would not be in the least shocked were Bertram to marry the daughter of some of our great merchants or bankers. This is a great merchant and banker, and the descendant of princes, and his daughter one of the most beautiful and gifted of women, and worthy to be a princess.'

'There is a good deal in what St. Aldegonde says,' said the Duke afterwards to his wife. 'The affair takes rather a different aspect. It appears they are really people of high consideration, and great wealth too. Nobody could describe them as adventurers.'

'We might gain a little time,' said the Duchess. 'I dislike peremptory decisions. It is a pity we have not an opportunity of seeing the young lady.'

'Granville says she is the most beautiful woman he ever met, except her sister.'

'That is the artist's wife?' said the Duchess.

'Yes,' said the Duke; 'I believe a most distinguished man, but it rather adds to the imbroglio. Perhaps things may turn out better than they first promised. The fact is, I am more amazed than annoyed. Granville knows the father, it seems, intimately. He knows so many odd people. He wants me to meet him at dinner. What do you think about it? It is a good thing sometimes to judge for oneself. They say this Prince of Samos she is half betrothed to is attaché to the Turkish Embassy at Vienna, and is to visit England.'

'My nervous system is quite shaken,' said the Duchess. 'I wish we could all go to Brentham. I mentioned it to Corisande this morning, and I was surprised to find that she wished to remain in town.'
'Well, we will decide nothing, my dear, in a hurry. St. Aldegonde says that if we decide in that sense, he will undertake to break off the whole affair. We may rely on that. We need consider the business only with reference to Bertram's happiness and feelings. This is an important issue, no doubt, but it is a limited one. The business is not of so disagreeable a nature as it seemed. It is not an affair of a rash engagement, in a discreditable quarter, from which he cannot extricate himself. There is no doubt they are thoroughly reputable people, and will sanction nothing which is not decorous and honourable. St. Aldegonde has been a comfort to me in this matter; and you will find out a great deal when you speak to him about it. Things might be worse. I wish I was as easy about the Duke of Brecon. I met him this morning and rode with him, to show there was no change in my feelings.'
CHAPTER LXXXVI.

The Unexpected.

HE world goes on with its aching hearts and its smiling faces, and very often, when a year has revolved, the world finds out there was no sufficient cause for the sorrows or the smiles. There is much unnecessary anxiety in the world, which is apt too hastily to calculate the consequences of any unforeseen event, quite forgetting that, acute as it is in observation, the world, where the future is concerned, is generally wrong. The Duchess would have liked to bury herself in the shades of Brencham, but Lady Corisande, who deported herself as if there were no care at Crecy House except that occasioned by her brother’s rash engagement, was of opinion that ‘Mamma would only brood over this vexation in the country,’ and that it would be much better not to anticipate the close of the waning season. So the Duchess and her lovely daughter were seen everywhere where they ought to be seen, and appeared the pictures of serenity and satisfaction.

As for Bertram’s affair itself, under the manipulation of St. Aldegonde it began to assume a less anx-
ious and more practicable aspect. The Duke was desirous to secure his son's happiness, but wished nothing to be done rashly. If, for example, in a year's time or so, Bertram continued in the same mind, his father would never be an obstacle to his well-considered wishes. In the meantime an opportunity might offer of making the acquaintance of the young lady and her friends.

And in the meantime the world went on, dancing and betting and banqueting, and making speeches, and breaking hearts and heads, till the time arrived when social stock is taken, the results of the campaign estimated and ascertained, and the dark question asked, 'Where do you think of going this year?'

'We shall certainly winter at Rome,' said Lady St. Jerome to Lady Clanmorne, who was paying a morning visit. 'I wish you could induce Lord Clanmorne to join us.'

'I wish so too,' said the lady, 'but that is impossible. He never will give up his hunting.'

'I am sure there are more foxes in the Campagna than at Vauxe,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'I suppose you have heard of what they call the double event?' said Lady Clanmorne.

'No.'

'Well, it is quite true; Mr. Bohun told me last night, and he always knows everything.'

'Everything!' said Lady St. Jerome; 'but what is it that he knows now?'

'Both the Ladies Falkirk are to be married, and on the same day.'

'But to whom?'

'Whom should you think?'

'I will not even guess,' said Lady St. Jerome.
'Clare,' she said to Miss Arundel, who was engaged apart, 'you always find out conundrums. Lady Clanmorne has got some news for us. Lady Flora Falkirk and her sister are going to be married, and on the same day. And to whom, think you?'

'Well, I should think that somebody has made Lord Carisbrooke a happy man,' said Miss Arundel.

'Very good,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'I think Lady Flora will make an excellent Lady Carisbrooke. He is not quite as tall as she is, but he is a man of inches. And now for Lady Grizell.'

'My powers of divination are quite exhausted,' said Miss Arundel.

'Well, I will not keep you in suspense,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'Lady Grizell is to be Duchess of Brecon.'

'Duchess of Brecon!' exclaimed both Miss Arundel and Lady St. Jerome.

'I always admired the ladies,' said Miss Arundel. 'We met them at a country house last year, and I thought them pleasing in every way, artless and yet piquant; but I did not anticipate their fate being so soon sealed.'

'And so brilliantly,' added Lady St. Jerome.

'You met them at Muriel Towers,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'I heard of you there: a most distinguished party. There was an American lady there, was there not? a charming person, who sang and acted, and did all sorts of things.'

'Yes; there was. I believe, however, she was an Italian, married to an American.'

'Have you seen much of your host at Muriel Towers?' said Lady Clanmorne.

'We see him frequently,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'Ah! yes, I remember; I met him at Vauxe the
other day. He is a great admirer of yours,' Lady Clanmorne added, addressing Miss Arundel.

'Oh! we are friends, and have long been so,' said Miss Arundel, and she left the room.

'Clare does not recognise admirers,' said Lady St. Jerome gravely.

'I hope the ecclesiastical fancy is not reviving,' said Lady Clanmorne. 'I was half in hopes that the lord of Muriel Towers might have deprived the Church of its bride.'

'That could never be,' said Lady St. Jerome; 'though, if it could have been, a source of happiness to Lord St. Jerome and myself would not have been wanting. We greatly regard our kinsman, but between ourselves,' added Lady St. Jerome in a low voice, 'it was supposed that he was attached to the American lady of whom you were speaking.'

'And where is she now?'

'I have heard nothing of late. Lothair was in Italy at the same time as ourselves, and was ill there, under our roof; so we saw a great deal of him. Afterwards he travelled for his health, and has now just returned from the East.'

A visitor was announced, and Lady Clanmorne retired.

Nothing happens as you expect. On his voyage home Lothair had indulged in dreams of renewing his intimacy at Crecy House, around whose hearth all his sympathies were prepared to cluster. The first shock to this romance was the news he received of the impending union of Lady Corisande with the Duke of Brecon. And what with this unexpected obstacle to intimacy, and the domestic embarrassments occasioned by Bertram's declaration, he had become a stranger
to a roof which had so filled his thoughts. It seemed to him that he could not enter the house either as the admirer of the daughter or as the friend of her brother. She was probably engaged to another, and as Bertram's friend and fellow-traveller, he fancied he was looked upon by the family as one who had in some degree contributed to their mortification. Much of this was imaginary, but Lothair was very sensitive, and the result was that he ceased to call at Crecy House, and for some time kept aloof from the Duchess and her daughter, when he met them in general society. He was glad to hear from Bertram and St. Aldegonde that the position of the former was beginning to soften at home, and that the sharpness of his announcement was passing away. And when he had clearly ascertained that the contemplated union of Lady Corisande with the Duke was certainly not to take place, Lothair began to reconnoitre, and try to resume his original position. But his reception was not encouraging, at least not sufficiently cordial for one who by nature was retiring and reserved. Lady Corisande was always kind, and after some time he danced with her again. But there were no invitations to luncheon from the Duchess; they never asked him to dinner. His approaches were received with courtesy, but he was not courted.

The announcement of the marriage of the Duke of Brecon did not, apparently, in any degree distress Lady Corisande. On the contrary, she expressed much satisfaction at her two young friends settling in life with such success and splendour. The ambition both of Lady Flora and Lady Grizell was that Corisande should be a bridesmaid. This would be a rather awkward post to occupy, under the circum-
stances, so she embraced both, and said that she loved them both so equally that she would not give a preference to either, and therefore, though she certainly would attend their weddings, she would refrain from taking part in the ceremony.

The Duchess went with Lady Corisande one morning to Mr. Ruby's to choose a present from her daughter to each of the young ladies. Mr. Ruby in a back shop poured forth his treasures of bracelets, and rings, and lockets. The presents must be similar in value and in beauty, and yet there must be some difference between them; so it was a rather long and troublesome investigation, Mr. Ruby as usual varying its monotony, or mitigating its wearisomeness, by occasionally, or suddenly, exhibiting some splendid or startling production of his art. The parure of an Empress, the bracelets of Grand-Duchesses, a wonderful fan that was to flutter in the hands of Majesty, had all in due course appeared, as well as the black pearls and yellow diamonds that figure and flash on such occasions, before eyes so favoured and so fair.

At last (for, like a prudent general, Mr. Ruby had always a great reserve), opening a case, he said, 'There!' and displayed a crucifix of the most exquisite workmanship and the most precious materials.

'I have no hesitation in saying the rarest jewel which this century has produced. See! the figure by Monti; a masterpiece. Every emerald in the cross a picked stone. These corners, your Grace is aware,' said Mr. Ruby condescendingly, 'contain the earth of the Holy Places at Jerusalem. It has been shown to no one but your Grace.'

'It is indeed most rare and beautiful,' said the Duchess, 'and most interesting too, from containing
the earth of the Holy Places. A commission, of course?'

'From one of our most eminent patrons,' and then he mentioned Lothair's name.

Lady Corisande looked agitated.

'Not for himself,' said Mr. Ruby.

Lady Corisande seemed relieved.

'It is a present to a young lady, Miss Arundel.'

Lady Corisande changed colour, and turning away, walked towards a case of works of art, which was in the centre of the shop, and appeared to be engrossed in their examination.
CHAPTER LXXXVII.

BAD NEWS.

DAY or two after this adventure of the crucifix, Lothair met Bertram, who said to him, 'By-the-bye, if you want to see my people before they leave town you must call at once.'

'You do not mean that,' replied Lothair, much surprised. 'Why, the Duchess told me, only three or four days ago, that they should not leave town until the end of the first week of August. They are going to the weddings.'

'I do not know what my mother said to you, my dear fellow, but they go to Brentham the day after to-morrow, and will not return. The Duchess has been for a long time wishing this, but Corisande would stay. She thought they would only bother themselves about my affairs, and there was more distraction for them in town. But now they are going, and it is for Corisande they go. She is not well, and they have suddenly resolved to depart.'

'Well, I am very sorry to hear it,' said Lothair; 'I shall call at Crecy House. Do you think they will see me?'

(173)
'Certain.'

'And what are your plans?'

'I have none,' said Bertram. 'I suppose I must not leave my father alone at this moment. He has behaved well; very kindly, indeed. I have nothing to complain of. But still all is vague, and I feel somehow or other I ought to be about him.'

'Have you heard from our dear friends abroad?'

'Yes,' said Bertram, with a sigh, 'Euphrosyne writes to me; but I believe St. Aldegonde knows more about their views and plans than I do. He and Mr. Phæbus correspond much. I wish to heaven they were here, or rather that we were with them,' he added, with another sigh. 'How happy we all were at Jerusalem! How I hate London! And Brentham worse. I shall have to go to a lot of agricultural dinners and all sorts of things. The Duke expects it, and I am bound now to do everything to please him. What do you think of doing?'

'I neither know nor care,' said Lothair, in a tone of great despondency.

'You are a little hipped.'

'Not a little. I suppose it is the excitement of the last two years that has spoiled me for ordinary life. But I find the whole thing utterly intolerable, and regret now that I did not rejoin the staff of the General. I shall never have such a chance again. It was a mistake; but one is born to blunder.'

Lothair called at Crecy House. The hall-porter was not sure whether the Duchess was at home, and the groom of the chambers went to see. Lothair had never experienced this form. When the groom of the chambers came down again, he gave her Grace's compliments, but she had a headache, and was
obliged to lie down, and was sorry she could not see Lothair, who went away livid.

Crecy House was only a few hundred yards from St. James's Square and Lothair repaired to an accustomed haunt. He was not in a humour for society, and yet he required sympathy. There were some painful associations with the St. Jerome family, and yet they had many charms. And the painful associations had been greatly removed by their easy and cordial reception of him, and the charms had been renewed and increased by subsequent intercourse. After all, they were the only people who had always been kind to him. And if they had erred in a great particular, they had been animated by pure, and even sacred, motives. And had they erred? Were not his present feelings of something approaching to desolation a fresh proof that the spirit of man can alone be sustained by higher relations than merely human ones? So he knocked at the door, and Lady St. Jerome was at home. She had not a headache; there were no mysterious whisperings between hall-porters and grooms of the chamber, to ascertain whether he was one of the initiated. Whether it were London or Vauxe, the eyes of the household proved that he was ever a welcome and cherished guest.

Lady St. Jerome was alone, and rose from her writing-table to receive him. And then, for she was a lady who never lost a moment, she resumed some work, which did not interfere with their conversation. Her talking resources were so happy and inexhaustible that it signified little that her visitor, who was bound in that character to have something to say, was silent and moody.
'My lord,' she continued, 'has taken the Palazzo Agostini for a term. I think we should always pass our winters at Rome under any circumstances; but (the Cardinal has spoken to you about the great event) if that comes off, of which, between ourselves, whatever the world may say, I believe there is no sort of doubt, we should not think of being absent from Rome for a day during the Council.'

'Why! it may last years,' said Lothair. 'There is no reason why it should not last as long as the Council of Trent. It has in reality much more to do.'

'We do things quicker now,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'That depends on what there is to do. To revive faith is more difficult than to create it.'

'There will be no difficulty when the Church has assembled,' said Lady St. Jerome. 'This sight of the universal Fathers coming from the uttermost ends of the earth to bear witness to the truth will at once sweep away all the vain words and vainer thoughts of this unhappy century. It will be what they call a great fact, dear Lothair; and when the Holy Spirit descends upon their decrees, my firm belief is the whole world will rise as it were from a trance, and kneel before the Divine tomb of St. Peter.'

'Well, we shall see,' said Lothair.

'The Cardinal wishes you very much to attend the Council. He wishes you to attend it as an Anglican, representing with a few others our laity. He says it would have the very best effect for religion.'

'He spoke to me.'

'And you agreed to go?'

'I have not refused him. If I thought I could do any good, I am not sure I would not go,' said Lothair;
"but from what I have seen of the Roman Court, there is little hope of reconciling our differences. Rome is stubborn. Now, look at the difficulties they make about the marriage of a Protestant and one of their own communion. It is cruel, and I think on their part unwise."

'The sacrament of marriage is of ineffable holiness,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'I do not wish to deny that,' said Lothair, 'but I see no reason why I should not marry a Roman Catholic if I liked, without the Roman Church interfering and entirely regulating my house and home.'

'I wish you would speak to Father Coleman about this,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'I have had much talk with Father Coleman about many things in my time,' said Lothair, 'but not about this. By-the-bye, have you any news of the Monsignore?'

'He is in Ireland, arranging about the Œcumenical Council. They do not understand these matters there as well as we do in England, and his Holiness, by the Cardinal's advice, has sent the Monsignore to put things right.'

'All the Father Coleman's in the world cannot alter the state of affairs about mixed marriages,' said Lothair; 'they can explain, but they cannot alter. I want change in this matter, and Rome never changes.'

'It is impossible for the Church to change,' said Lady St. Jerome, 'because it is truth.'

'Is Miss Arundel at home?' said Lothair.

'I believe so,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'I never see her now,' he said discontentedly. 'She never goes to balls, and she never rides. Except occasionally under this roof, she is invisible.'
'Clare does not go any longer into society,' said Lady St. Jerome.

'Why?'

'Well, it is a secret,' said Lady St. Jerome, with some disturbance of countenance, and speaking in a lower tone, 'at least, at present; and yet I can hardly on such a subject wish that there should be a secret from you: Clare is about to take the veil.'

'Then I have not a friend left in the world,' said Lothair, in a despairing tone.

Lady St. Jerome looked at him with an anxious glance. 'Yes,' she continued, 'I do not wish to conceal it from you that for a time we could have wished it otherwise; it has been, it is a trying event for my lord and myself: but the predisposition, which was always strong, has ended in a determination so absolute, that we recognise the Divine purpose in her decision, and we bow to it.'

'I do not bow to it,' said Lothair; 'I think it barbarous and unwise.'

'Hush! hush! dear friend.'

'And does the Cardinal approve of this step?'

'Entirely.'

'Then my confidence in him is entirely destroyed,' said Lothair.
CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Memory Breeds Resolve.

T WAS August, and town was thinning fast. Parliament still lingered, but only for technical purposes; the political struggle of the session having terminated at the end of July. One social event was yet to be consummated: the marriages of Lothair's cousins. They were to be married on the same day, at the same time, and in the same place. Westminster Abbey was to be the scene, and as it was understood that the service was to be choral, great expectations of ecclesiastical splendour and effect were much anticipated by the fair sex. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, for although the day was fine, the attendance numerous and brilliant beyond precedent, Lord Culloden would have 'no popery.' Lord Carisbrooke, who was a ritualist, murmured, and was encouraged in his resistance by Lady Clanmorne, and a party, but as the Duke of Brecon was high and dry, there was a want of united action, and Lord Culloden had his way.

After the ceremony, the world repaired to the mansion of Lord Culloden in Belgrave Square, to (179)
inspect the presents, and to partake of a dinner called a breakfast. Cousin Lothair wandered about the rooms, and had the satisfaction of seeing a bracelet with a rare and splendid sapphire which he had given to Lady Flora, and a circlet of diamond stars which he had placed on the brow of the Duchess of Brecon. The St. Aldegondes were the only members of the Brenham family who were present. St. Aldegonde had a taste for marriages and public executions, and Lady St. Aldegonde wandered about with Lothair, and pointed out to him Corisande's presents to his cousins.

'I never was more disappointed than by your family leaving town so early this year,' he said.

'We were quite surprised.'

'I am sorry to hear your sister is indisposed.'

'Corisande! she is perfectly well.'

'I hope the Duchess's headache is better,' said Lothair. 'She could not receive me when I called to say farewell, because she had a headache.'

'I never knew mamma to have a headache,' said Lady St. Aldegonde.

'I suppose you will be going to Brenham?'

'Next week.'

'And Bertram too?'

'I fancy that we shall all be there.'

'I suppose we may consider now that the season is really over?'

'Yes; they stayed for this. I should not be surprised if everyone in these rooms had disappeared by to-morrow.'

'Except myself,' said Lothair.

'Do you think of going abroad again?'
'One might as well go,' said Lothair, 'as remain.'
'I wish Granville would take me to Paris. It seems so odd not to have seen Paris. All I want is to see the new streets and dine at a café.'
'Well, you have an object; that is something,' said Lothair. 'I have none.'
'Men have always objects,' said Lady St. Aldegonde. 'They make business when they have none, or it makes itself. They move about, and it comes.'
'I have moved about a great deal,' said Lothair, 'and nothing has come to me but disappointment. I think I shall take to croquet, like that curious gentleman I remember at Brentham.'
'Ah! you remember everything.'
'It is not easy to forget anything at Brentham,' said Lothair. 'It is just two years ago. That was a happy time.'
'I doubt whether our re-assembling will be quite as happy this year,' said Lady St. Aldegonde, in a serious tone. 'This engagement of Bertram is an anxious business; I never saw papa before really fret. And there are other things which are not without vexation; at least to mamma.'
'I do not think I am a great favourite of your mamma,' said Lothair. 'She once used to be very kind to me, but she is so no longer.'
'I am sure you mistake her,' said Lady St. Aldegonde, but not in a tone which indicated any confidence in her remark. 'Mamma is anxious about my brother, and all that.'
'I believe the Duchess thinks that I am in some way or other connected with this embarrassment; but
I really had nothing to do with it, though I could not refuse my testimony to the charms of the young lady, and my belief she would make Bertram a happy man.'

'As for that, you know, Granville saw a great deal more of her, at least at Jerusalem, than you did, and he has said to mamma a great deal more than you have.'

'Yes; but she thinks that had it not been for me, Bertram would never have known the Phæbus family. She could not conceal that from me, and it has poisoned her mind.'

'Oh! do not use such words.'

'Yes; but they are true. And your sister is prejudiced against me also.'

'That I am sure she is not,' said Lady St. Aldenonde quickly. 'Corisande was always your friend.'

'Well, they refused to see me, when we may never meet again for months, perhaps for years,' said Lothair, 'perhaps never.'

'What shocking things you are saying, my dear lord, to-day! Here, Lord Culloden wants you to return thanks for the bridesmaids. You must put on a merry face.'

The dreary day at last arrived, and very quickly, when Lothair was the only person left in town. When there is nobody you know in London, the million that go about are only voiceless phantoms. Solitude in a city is a trance. The motion of the silent beings with whom you have no speech or sympathy only makes the dreamlike existence more intense. It is not so in the country: the voices of nature are abundant, and from the hum of insects to the fall of the avalanche, something is always talking to you.
Lothair shrank from the streets. He could not endure the dreary glare of St. James's and the desert sheen of Pall Mall. He could mount his horse in the Park, and soon lose himself in suburban roads that he once loved. Yes! it was irresistible; and he made a visit to Belmont. The house was dismantled, and the gardens shorn of their lustre; but still it was there, very fair in the sunshine, and sanctified in his heart. He visited every room that he had frequented, and lingered in her boudoir. He did not forget the now empty pavilion, and he plucked some flowers that she once loved, and pressed them to his lips, and placed them near his heart. He felt now what it was that made him unhappy: it was the want of sympathy.

He walked through the Park to the residence of Mr. Phœbus, where he had directed his groom to meet him. His heart beat as he wandered along, and his eye was dim with tears. What characters and what scenes had he not become acquainted with since his first visit to Belmont! And even now, when they had departed, or were absent, what influence were they not exercising over his life, and the lives of those most intimate with him! Had it not been for his pledge to Theodora, it was far from improbable that he would now have been a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and all his hopes at Brentham, and his intimacy with the family on which he had most reckoned in life for permanent friendship and support, seemed to be marred and blighted by the witching eyes of that mirthful Euphrosyne, whose mocking words on the moonlit terrace at Belmont first attracted his notice to her. And then, by association of ideas, he thought of the General, and
what his old commander had said at their last interview, reminding him of his fine castle, and expressing his conviction that the lord of such a domain must have much to do.

'I will try to do it,' said Lothair, 'and I will go down to Muriel to-morrow.'
CHAPTER LXXXIX.

At Last.

OTHAIR, who was very sensible to the charms of nature, found at first relief in the beauties of Muriel. The season was propitious to the scene. August is a rich and leafy month, and the glades and avenues and stately trees of his parks and pleasances seemed at the same time to soothe and gladden his perturbed spirit. Muriel was still new to him, and there was much to examine and explore for the first time. He found a consolation also in the frequent remembrance that these scenes had been known to those whom he loved. Often in the chamber, and often in the bower, their forms arose; sometimes their voices lingered in his ear; a frolic laugh, or whispered words of kindness and enjoyment. Such a place as Muriel should always be so peopled. But that is impossible. One cannot always have the most agreeable people in the world assembled under one's roof. And yet the alternative should not be the loneliness he now experienced. The analytical Lothair resolved that there was no happiness without sympathy.

The most trying time were the evenings. A man likes to be alone in the morning. He writes his let-
ters and reads the newspapers, attempts to examine his steward's accounts, and if he wants society can gossip with his stud-groom. But a solitary evening in the country is gloomy, however brilliant the accessories. As Mr. Phœbus was not present, Lothair violated the prime principles of a first-class Aryan education, and ventured to read a little. It is difficult to decide which is the most valuable companion to a country eremite at his nightly studies, the volume that keeps him awake or the one that sets him a-slumbering.

At the end of a week Lothair had some good sport on his moors, and this reminded him of the excellent Campian, who had received and answered his letter. The Colonel, however, held out but a faint prospect of returning at present to Europe, though, whenever he did, he promised to be the guest of Lothair. Lothair asked some of his neighbours to dinner, and he made two large parties to slaughter his grouse. They were grateful and he was popular, but 'we have not an idea in common,' thought Lothair, as wearied and uninterested he bade his last guest good-night. Then Lothair paid a short visit to the Lord Lieutenant, and stayed two nights at Agramont Castle. Here he met many county notables, and 'great was the company of the preachers;' but the talk was local or ecclesiastical, and after the high-spiced condiments of the conversation to which he was accustomed, the present discourse was insipid even to nausea. He sought some relief in the society of Lady Ida Alice, but she blushed when she spoke to him, and tittered when he replied to her; and at last he found refuge in pretty Mrs. Ardenne, who concluded by asking him for his photograph.
On the morrow of his return to Muriel, the servant bringing in his letters, he seized one in the handwriting of Bertram, and discarding the rest, devoured the communication of his friend, which was eventful.

It seems that the Phæbus family had returned to England, and were at Brentham, and had been there a week. The family were delighted with them, and Euphrosyne was an especial favourite. But this was not all. It seems that Mr. Cantacuzene had been down to Brentham, and stayed, which he never did anywhere, a couple of days. And the Duke was particularly charmed with Mr. Cantacuzene. This gentleman, who was only in the earlier term of middle age, and looked younger than his age, was distinguished in appearance, highly polished, and singularly acute. He appeared to be the master of great wealth, for he offered to make upon Euphrosyne any settlement which the Duke desired. He had no son, and did not wish his sons-in-law to be sighing for his death. He wished his daughters, therefore, to enjoy the bulk of their inheritance in his lifetime. He told the Duke that he had placed one hundred thousand pounds in the names of trustees on the marriage of Madame Phæbus, to accumulate, 'and when the genius and vanity of her husband are both exhausted, though I believe they are inexhaustible,' remarked Mr. Cantacuzene, 'it will be a nest-egg for them to fall back upon, and at least save them from penury.' The Duke had no doubt that Mr. Cantacuzene was of imperial lineage. But the latter portion of the letter was the most deeply interesting to Lothair. Bertram wrote that his mother had just observed that she thought the Phæbus family would
like to meet Lothair, and begged Bertram to invite him to Brentham. The letter ended by an urgent request that, if disengaged, he should arrive immediately.

Mr. Phœbus highly approved of Brentham. All was art, and art of a high character. He knew no residence with an aspect so thoroughly Aryan. Though it was really a family party, the house was quite full; at least, as Bertram said to Lothair on his arrival, ‘there is only room for you, and you are in your old quarters.’

‘That is exactly what I wished,’ said Lothair.

He had to escort the Duchess to dinner. Her manner was of old days. ‘I thought you would like to meet your friends,’ she said.

‘It gives me much pleasure, but much more to find myself again at Brentham.’

‘There seems every prospect of Bertram being happy. We are enchanted with the young lady. You know her, I believe, well? The Duke is highly pleased with her father, Mr. Cantacuzene; he says one of the most sensible men he ever met, and a thorough gentleman, which he may well be, for I believe there is no doubt he is of the highest descent: emperors they say, princes even now. I wish you could have met him, but he would only stay eight-and-forty hours. I understand his affairs are vast.’

‘I have always heard a considerable person; quite the head of the Greek community in this country; indeed, in Europe generally.’

‘I see by the morning papers that Miss Arundel has taken the veil.’

‘I missed my papers to-day,’ said Lothair, a little
agitated, 'but I have long been aware of her intention of doing so.'

'Lady St. Jerome will miss her very much. She was quite the soul of the house.'

'It must be a great and painful sacrifice,' said Lothair; 'but, I believe, long meditated. I remember when I was at Vauxe, nearly two years ago, that I was told this was to be her fate. She was quite determined on it.'

'I saw the beautiful crucifix you gave her at Mr. Ruby's.'

'It was a homage to her for her great goodness to me when I was ill at Rome: and it was difficult to find anything that would please or suit her. I fixed on the crucifix, because it permitted me to transfer to it the earth of the Holy Places, which were included in the crucifix, that was given to me by the monks of the Holy Sepulchre when I made my pilgrimage to Jerusalem.'

In the evening St. Aldegonde insisted on their dancing, and he engaged himself to Madame Phœbus. Bertram and Euphrosyne seemed never separated; Lothair was successful in inducing Lady Corisande to be his partner.

'Do you remember your first ball at Crecy House?' asked Lothair. 'You are not nervous now?'

'I would hardly say that,' said Lady Corisande, 'though I try not to show it.'

'It was the first ball for both of us,' said Lothair. 'I have not danced so much in the interval as you have. Do you know, I was thinking just now, I have danced oftener with you than with anyone else?'

'Are not you glad about Bertram's affair ending so well?'
‘Very; he will be a happy man. Everybody is happy, I think, except myself.’

In the course of the evening, Lady St. Aldegonde, on the arm of Lord Montairy, stopped for a moment as she passed Lothair, and said: ‘Do you remember our conversation at Lord Culloden’s breakfast? Who was right about mamma?’

They passed their long summer days in rambling and riding, and in wondrous new games which they played in the hall. The striking feature, however, were the matches at battledore and shuttlecock between Madame Phœbus and Lord St. Aldegonde, in which the skill and energy displayed were supernatural, and led to betting. The evenings were always gay; sometimes they danced; more or less they always had some delicious singing. And Mr. Phœbus arranged some tableaux most successfully.

All this time Lothair hung much about Lady Corisande; he was by her side in the riding parties, always very near her when they walked, and sometimes he managed unconsciously to detach her from the main party, and they almost walked alone. If he could not sit by her at dinner, he joined her immediately afterwards, and whether it were a dance, a tableau, or a new game, somehow or other he seemed always to be her companion.

It was about a week after the arrival of Lothair, and they were at breakfast at Brentham, in that bright room full of little round tables which Lothair always admired, looking, as it did, upon a garden of many colours.

‘How I hate modern gardens,’ said St. Aldegonde. ‘What a horrid thing this is! One might as well
LOTHAIR

have a mosaic pavement there. Give me cabbage-roses, sweet-peas, and wallflowers. That is my idea of a garden. Corisande’s garden is the only sensible thing of the sort.’

‘One likes a mosaic pavement to look like a garden,’ said Euphrosyne, ‘but not a garden like a mosaic pavement.’

‘The worst of these mosaic beds,’ said Madame Phœbus, ‘is, you can never get a nosegay, and if it were not for the kitchen-garden, we should be destitute of that gayest and sweetest of creations.’

‘Corisande’s garden is, since your first visit to Brentham,’ said the Duchess to Lothair. ‘No flowers are admitted that have not perfume. It is very old-fashioned. You must get her to show it you.’

It was agreed that after breakfast they should go and see Corisande’s garden. And a party did go: all the Phœbus family, and Lord and Lady St. Aldegonde, and Lady Corisande, and Bertram and Lothair.

In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present Duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed, and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed, as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century. It was formed upon a gentle southern slope, with turfèn terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The Duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande,
in order that she might practise her theory, that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses: huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweetbriar and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognised in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall, and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air, but their homes were near, and you might watch them labouring in their glassy hives.

'Now, is not Corisande quite right?' said Lord St. Aldegonde, as he presented Madame Phœbus with a garland of woodbine, with which she said she would dress her head at dinner. All agreed with him, and Bertram and Euphrosyne adorned each other with carnations, and Mr. Phœbus placed a flower on the uncovered head of Lady St. Aldegonde, according to the principles of high art, and they sauntered and rambled in the sweet and sunny air amid a blaze of butterflies and the ceaseless hum of bees.

Bertram and Euphrosyne had disappeared, and the rest were lingering about the hives while Mr. Phœbus gave them a lecture on the apiary and its marvellous life. The bees understood Mr. Phœbus, at least he
said so, and thus his friends had considerable advantage in this lesson in entomology. Lady Corisande and Lothair were in a distant corner of the garden, and she was explaining to him her plans; what she had done and what she meant to do.

'I wish I had a garden like this at Muriel,' said Lothair.

'You could easily make one.'

'If you helped me.'

'I have told you all my plans,' said Lady Corisande.

'Yes; but I was thinking of something else when you spoke,' said Lothair.

'That is not very complimentary.'

'I do not wish to be complimentary,' said Lothair, 'if compliments mean less than they declare. I was not thinking of your garden, but of you.'

'Where can they have all gone?' said Lady Corisande, looking round. 'We must find them.'

'And leave this garden?' said Lothair. 'And I without a flower, the only one without a flower? I am afraid that is significant of my lot.'

'You shall choose a rose,' said Lady Corisande.

'Nay; the charm is that it should be your choice.'

But choosing the rose lost more time, and when Corisande and Lothair reached the arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

'I think I hear sounds this way,' said Lothair, and he led his companion farther from home.

'I see no one,' said Lady Corisande, distressed, when they had advanced a little way.

'We are sure to find them in good time,' said Lothair. 'Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go
there and help me to make it. Yes,' he added, after
some hesitation, 'on this spot, I believe on this very
spot, I asked the permission of your mother two
years ago to express to you my love. She thought
me a boy, and she treated me as a boy. She said
I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters
were unformed. I know the world now. I have
committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies,
have formed many opinions, and have changed many
opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one
I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love for
you.'

She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking
his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

He soothed and sustained her agitated frame, and
sealed with an embrace her speechless form. Then,
with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him
he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of
them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed.
They had arrived at the limit of the pleasure-grounds,
and they wandered into the park and into its most
sequestered parts. All this time Lothair spoke much,
and gave her the history of his life since he first vis-
ited her home. Lady Corisande said little, but when
she was more composed, she told him that from the
first her heart had been his, but everything seemed
to go against her hopes. Perhaps at last, to please
her parents, she would have married the Duke of
Brecon, had not Lothair returned; and what he had
said to her that morning at Crecy House had decided
her resolution, whatever might be her lot, to unite it
to no one else but him. But then came the adven-
ture of the crucifix, and she thought all was over for
her, and she quitted town in despair.
‘Let me place them on you now,’ said Lothair.
'Let us rest here for a while,' said Lothair, 'under the shade of this oak;' and Lady Corisande reclined against its mighty trunk, and Lothair threw himself at her feet. He had a great deal still to tell her, and among other things, the story of the pearls, which he had wished to give to Theodora.

'She was, after all, your good genius,' said Lady Corisande. 'I always liked her.'

'Well now,' said Lothair, 'that case has never been opened. The year has elapsed, but I would not open it, for I had always a wild wish that the person who opened it should be yourself. See, here it is.' And he gave her the case.

'We will not break the seal,' said Lady Corisande. 'Let us respect it for her sake: Roma!' she said, examining it; and then they opened the case. There was the slip of paper which Theodora at the time had placed upon the pearls, and on which she had written some unseen words. They were read now, and ran thus:

'The Offering of Theodora to Lothair's Bride.'

'Let me place them on you now,' said Lothair.

'I will wear them as your chains,' said Corisande.

The sun began to tell them that some hours had elapsed since they quitted Brentham House. At last a soft hand, which Lothair retained, gave him a slight pressure, and a sweet voice whispered, 'Dearest, I think we ought to return.'

And they returned almost in silence. They rather calculated that, taking advantage of the luncheon-hour, Corisande might escape to her room; but they were
a little too late. Luncheon was over, and they met the Duchess and a large party on the terrace.

'What has become of you, my good people?' said her Grace; 'bells have been ringing for you in every direction. Where can you have been!'

'I have been in Corisande's garden,' said Lothair, 'and she has given me a rose.'
The Letters of
Benjamin Disraeli
To His Sister

1832—1852

M. Walter Dunne
New York and London
TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE DEAR SISTER
TO WHOM THE FOLLOWING LETTERS
WERE ADDRESSED
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
PREFACE

This volume is a reply to the numerous requests I have received for more of my Brother's letters.

After much consideration and careful examination, I have been induced to publish what I trust may interest the public, while not trenching on the family privacy; and it is this difficulty of the private character of so many of these letters which prevents me from allowing them to pass out of my possession for any purpose whatever.

To some their tone may be thought egotistical; but it must be remembered they were written without thought of publication, and to a sister who fully believed in the writer's power, and who happily lived just long enough to see him Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

Those who only knew him in his later days will be interested in the fresh enjoyment of his entrance into society, and even more in that first step of parliamentary struggle which eventually was crowned with such success.

I trust that in the letters as published there is nothing to give personal annoyance to anyone, this being so often forgotten in the 'Memoirs' of the present day. The falling off of the correspondence in the later years must be accounted for by my sister (after our father's death) residing in or near London.

RALPH DISRAELI

(vii)
CONTENTS

1832.


1833.

Visit to Bath with Bulwer—Writing Alroy—Iskander—Fam-ily dinner with Bulwer—Opera, the Brahmns—Debate in House of Commons—Macaulay—Sheil, &c.—Prophetic re-marks—Ixion—Fame of Maclise—Charles Mathews—Dinner with the Nortons—The Sheridan family—Alroy published—Asked to stand for Marylebone—Public amusements—'What is He?—Love and marriage—Invitations—Caledonian ball—Marquise de Montalembert—Godolphin—Southend—Lady Cork—Malibran—Return to Bradenham . . . 12

1834.

Out with the hounds—Engaged in writing—Dinner at Gore House—Focus of Durham party—Fears of a dissolution—Interviews with three remarkable men—Society—Meets Lynd-nurst—Political agitation—Water party—Portrait taken by D'Orsay—Issues address to electors of High Wycombe . 20

(ix)
**CONTENTS**

1835.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dinner to Lord Abinger — Meets Gladstone — Criticisms — Stands for Taunton — Too late — Attack of O'Connell — Bound over to keep the peace — Great fancy ball — Costumes — Supper at Lyndhurst's — Rosebank — Visits Bradenham — Lyndhurst's triumph — Annoyance of Melbourne</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1836.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

1837.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

1838.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
CONTENTS

1839.


1840.

Prince Albert — Privilege — Visit to Sheriffs in prison — Address to Queen on her marriage — Good speech — Speaker's levée — Brighton — Death of Lady Cork — Meets Rogers — Prince Albert at Exeter Hall — Ministers defeated — Scene in House — Crockford retires — Two speeches — Ball to Queen Dowager — Fiasco of Louis Napoleon — Breakfast with the nineteenth-century Walpole — Beyrout taken — Death of Lord Holland — Deepdene — Cambridge election for High Steward — Excitement — Lyndhurst returned with triumph — Birth of Princess Royal — Spanish pudding — Christmas party at Deepdene

1841.

Cecil — Lord Jocelyn's book — Speech on Sugar Duties — Dinner at Peel's — Peel's speech — Prepared for a dissolution — Canvass at Shrewsbury — Returned — Triumph — Elections successful — Marriage of Peel's daughter — Election of Speaker — Bernal Osborne
CONTENTS

1842.


1843.

Opening of the Chambers — Dinner with Odilon-Barrot — Reschid Pasha — Hôtel de Ville — Masque ball at Opera House — Dinner with Molé — Return to England — Speech — Peel frigid — Speech on Boundary Question — Visit to Shrewsbury — Ball and races — King of Hanover's visit to London — Daily fêtes — Speech on Ireland and Servia — Deepdene — Bradenham 140

1844.

Coningsby — Reviews — Sydney Smith — Manchester Literary meeting — Fatiguing visit to Shrewsbury — Return to Bradenham 147

1845.

Visit to meet her Majesty at Stowe — Dinner at Stationers' Hall — Vestiges of Natural History — Spread of Young England — Scene in House — Sybil — Cassel — Description — Paris — Audience of the King — Conversation with St.-Aulaire — Confusion in the Cabinet 149

1846.

Belvoir 155
CONTENTS

1848.

Speech on Finance — Anxious times — Mob in possession of Vienna — Visit from Guizot — State of Paris alarming — Interview with Metternich — Summary of session — Visit to Claremont — Erlestoke — Quarter Sessions at Aylesbury — New edition of Curiosities of Literature . . . . . . . . 157

1849.


1850.

Burghley — State rooms — Siberian scene — Danish Embassy — Thackeray — The cold — Lyndhurst — Academy dinner — American Minister — Peabody — Professor Aytoun — Sin and Sorrow — Knebworth — Hudson — Bentinck Papers — Writing . . 177

1851.


1852.

LETTERS OF
BENJAMIN DISRAELI
TO HIS SISTER, 1832–1852

1832.


LONDON: February 18, 1832.

MY DEAREST SA:

I am most comfortably located in Duke Street. . . . I hear that Douce* has just purchased the Vellum Pliny of Payne, who procured it from Italy. It is said to be one of the finest MS. in the world, and Douce gave 300 guineas for it. My manuscript† has been most graciously received, and is now passing the Albemarle

* The literary antiquary, who left his collection to the Bodleian.
† Contarini Fleming.

(1)
Street ordeal. ... We had a very brilliant reunion at Bulwer's last night. Among the notables were Lords Strangford and Mulgrave, with the latter of whom I had a great deal of conversation; Count D'Orsay, the famous Parisian dandy; there was a large sprinkling of blues—Lady Morgan, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., &c. Bulwer came up to me, said 'There is one blue who insists upon an introduction.' 'Oh, my dear fellow, I cannot really, the power of repartee has deserted me.' 'I have pledged myself you must come;' so he led me up to a very sumptuous personage, looking like a full-blown rose, Mrs. Gore.* Albany Fonblanque,† my critic, was in the room, but I did not see him. ... The Mr. Hawkins who made a wonderful speech, and who, although he squinted horribly, was the next day voted a Cupidon, and has since lost his beauty by a failure, and many others, whom in this hurry I cannot recall—Charles Villiers, Henry Ellis, &c. I avoided L. E. L., who looked the very personification of Brompton—pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose and her hair à la Sappho.

February 22, 1832.

I am writing a very John Bull book,‡ which will quite delight you and my mother. I am still a Reformer, but shall destroy the foreign policy of the Grey faction. They seem firmly fixed at home, although a storm is without doubt brewing abroad. I

---

* Authoress of several fashionable novels.
† Editor of the Examiner.
‡ England and France; or, a Cure for the Ministerial Gal·lomania.
think peers will be created, and Charley Gore has promised to let me have timely notice if Baring* be one. He called upon me, and said that Lord John often asked how I was getting on at Wycombe. He fished as to whether I should support them. I answered, 'They had one claim upon my support; they needed it,' and no more.

March 1, 1832.

I dined with Bulwer yesterday, and met a French nobleman, one of the Guizot school, paying a visit to this constitutional country. Lord Mulgrave was to have formed one of the party, but was unfortunately pre-engaged to Sir George Warrender, or rather Provender. Luttrell says that the two most disgusting things in the world, because you cannot deny them, are Warrender's wealth and Croker's talents. We had some amusing conversation, and our host, whatever may be his situation, is more sumptuous and fantastic than ever. Mrs. B. was a blaze of jewels, and looked like Juno; only instead of a peacock, she had a dog in her lap, called Fairy, and not bigger than a bird of paradise, and quite as brilliant. We drank champagne out of a saucer of ground glass mounted on a pedestal of cut glass.†

March 5, 1832.

I intend, if possible, to get down at the end of this week—Thursday or Friday—for a few days to

* Sir T. Baring, then M. P. for Wycombe; his elevation to the Peerage causing a vacancy for that borough.
† Open champagne glasses were then evidently a novelty.
see my constituents*—my constituents I hope they will be, although the Reform Bill is in a most crazy state, and now that the King has given the Earl a carte blanche, which he has undoubtedly, Lord Grey does not know what to do with it. I should not be overwhelmed if the Bill failed altogether. There will, however, be a dissolution at all events.

The critic has responded, and beyond all our hopes. He was Milman, and the reason of his delay was that from a disorder in his eyes he cannot read, and therefore the work was read to him by Madame, which took time. I have not read his letter yet, because Murray gave it to Lockhart. I can therefore only collect a general impression from J. M., who, you know, is very vague; but he said that there had been nothing like the descriptions and pictures of oriental life since Bruce. This is the only particular trait that I could extract, and that he looked forward to it with the same confidence as to Childe Harold in spite of the times. Milman opposes the word ‘Romance’ in the title.† He says that nothing should disturb the reality of the impression or make the common reader for a moment suppose that every word is not true.

I shall be down at Bradenham on Sunday, and able to remain a week, but shall be very busy, and employ you to your heart’s content. With regard to politics, I flatter myself I know as much as ‘Bob,’‡ but I really cannot pretend to say what is going to happen, although I may ascertain before to-mor-

* Electors of High Wycombe.
† Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Romance.
‡ Robert Smith, afterwards Lord Carrington.
row. If Lord Grey do not make peers he will go out, and perhaps finish his mortal as well as political career at the same time.

April 8, 1832.

Herewith you receive what was not in time for yesterday's coach, the 'Gallomania.' I long to be with you. It is a great pleasure at last to come down with an empty head, and to feel that both books are completed. Washington Irving's works have been read of late only by the author, who is daily more enamoured of these heavy tomes. He demanded for the new one a large price. Murray murmured. Irving talked of posterity and the badness of the public taste, and Murray said that authors who wrote for posterity must publish on their own account.

In the last *Omnibus* is an alphabetical poetical list of authors: —

\[I\] is Israeli, a man of great gumption,
To leave out the \(D\) is a piece of assumption.

April 28, 1832.

The soirée last night at Bulwer's was really brilliant, much more so than the first. There were a great many dames there of distinction, and no blues. I should, perhaps, except Sappho, who was quite changed; she had thrown off her Greco-Bromptonian costume and was perfectly \(à la Française\), and really looked pretty. At the end of the evening I addressed a few words to her, of the value of which

---

* A cheap literary satirical paper of the time.
she seemed sensible. I was introduced, 'by particular desire,' to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she 'liked silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt of it.' . . . I did not observe many persons that I had seen before. People address you without ceremony. A lady of more than certain age, but very fantastically dressed, came up to me to ask my opinion about a Leonardo da Vinci. She paid me the most ludicrous compliments. This was Lady Stepney.

I had a long conversation with Lord Mulgrave, and a man talked to me very much, who turned out to be Lord William Lennox. In the course of the evening I stumbled over Tom Moore, to whom I introduced myself. It is evident that he has read or heard of The Young Duke, as his courtesy was marked. 'How is your head?' he inquired. 'I have heard of you, as everybody has. Did we not meet at Murray's once?' He has taken his name off the Athenaeum, 'really Brooks's is sufficient, so I shall not see your father any more.' Romohun Roy was there, and Hajji Baba Morier. A man addressed me by name and talked to me some time. I think it was George Lamb; the face I know, and he was evidently a man of distinction, a wit and a fine scholar. I remained in Hertford Street after the breaking-up, smoking. Colonel Webster, who married Boddington's daughter, said to me, 'Take care, my good fellow, I lost the most beautiful woman in the world by smoking. It has prevented more liaisons than the dread of a duel or Doctors' Commons.' Then I replied, 'You have proved
that it is a very moral habit.' W. you know, although no Adonis, is a terrible roué.

May 9, 1832.

I write to tell you that the Ministers were turned out this morning at 12.30, and that the King has sent for Lord Harrowby. What is going to happen no one can predict . . . .

May 12, 1832.

This morning will settle the fate of the Ministry. I dine at Lord Eliot's * sans façon, and shall hear the result. The Duke is Premier, having once refused on account of his unwillingness to pass a Reform Bill. Peel will not join them, for the same reason, but is to work for them in the Lower House; Alexander Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carnarvon, probably President; Leach, Chancellor. . . . Contarini published next week. The review in the Literary Gazette is by L. E. L., so Bulwer says.

May 15, 1832.

I very much fear that the Whigs are again in, and on their own terms. Such indeed is the report, but that is only a shot founded on last night's debate; but it is, I apprehend, a conjecture that will turn out to be a prophecy. I dined at Eliot's on Saturday and met Colonel and Captain A'Court, brothers of Lord Heytesbury, and Lord Strangford. We had some delightful conversation and remained till a late hour. Strangford is an aristocratic Tom Moore; his flow is

* Afterwards Earl of St. Germains.
incessant and brilliant. The A'Courts very unaffected, hearty fellows.

May 24, 1832.

Yesterday I dined at Eliot's, a male party consisting of eight. I sat between Peel and Herries, but cannot tell you the names of the other guests, although they were all members of one or other House; but I detected among them Captain York, whom I had met in the Levant. Peel was most gracious. He is a very great man indeed, and they all seem afraid of him. By-the-bye I observed that he attacked his turbot most entirely with his knife, so Walker's* story is true. I can easily conceive that he could be very disagreeable, but yesterday he was in a most condescending mood and unbent with becoming haughtiness. I reminded him by my dignified familiarity both that he was ex-minister and I a present Radical. Herries—old, grey-headed, financial Herries—turned out quite a literary man—so false are one's impressions. The dinner was sumptuous, and we broke up late. Several persons came in in the evening, although Lady Jemima herself went off to Lady Salisbury's.

May 26, 1832.

I received your letter yesterday, and the note you enclosed was from Beckford, to whom I had sent a copy of Contarini. His answer is short, but very courteous. It commences with four exclamations. 'How wildly original! How full of intense thought! How awakening! How delightful!' This really con-

*Editor of the Original.
soles one for Mr. Patmore's criticism in the *Court Journal*. On Thursday I dined at the Polish Club, with Montague Gore, Tom Campbell in the chair, and the guests, Prince Czartoriski, Mr. Thomas Attwood, and the rest of the Birmingham Deputation. Although domestic politics are forbidden, on this day they could not refrain from breaking into them, and there was a consequent tumult. The Prince is a dignified and melancholy man, with fine head. None of the Birmingham heroes are above par, although there is a simplicity about Attwood which is pleasing. His organisation very inferior, his voice good, his pronunciation most vicious and Warwickshire, altogether a third-rate man. His colleague Scholesfield quite devoid of talent, and the rest poor things. The Rev. Dr. Wade, a drunken parson without an idea, but with the voice of a bullock, which they mistake for oratory. I had my health drunk by the Poles, and made a speech. Campbell was quite idiotic. Among the guests was little Fox, the Unitarian minister, who is a capital fellow, and likes my novels, which for a Radical, a Unitarian, and a Utilitarian is pretty well.

May 28, 1832.

Amid abundance of praise and blame of Contarini, one thing which we all expected is very evident, that not one of the writers has the slightest idea of the nature or purposes of the work. As far as I can learn, it has met with decided success. Among others Tom Campbell, who, as he says, never reads any books but his own, is delighted with it. 'I shall review it myself,' he exclaims, 'and it will be a psychological review.' Have you read the review in
the *Monthly*, where I am accused of atheism because I retire into solitude to write novels?

July 5, 1832.

I hear Miss Laurence* has turned violent Tory and *chasséd* Spence and Petit from Ripon. Giovanni called on me (announced by the servant as *Don Giovanni*). He has left Clay, and brought me a lock of Byron's hair, from Venice, which he cut himself off the corpse at Missolonghi.

*Contarini* seems universally liked, but moves slowly. The staunchest admirer I have in London, and the most discerning appreciator of *Contarini*, is old Madame d'Arblay. I have a long letter, which I will show you—capital! I hope to be down in a few days. I have been very idle, the natural consequence of former exertion, but shall soon buckle to among our beeches. Mind I tell you a good story about myself and Tom Ashburnham—a story of resemblance and mistakes, as good as the Dromios. It is very good, but too long for a letter.

August 4, 1832.

Town is fast emptying. I have been lately at the House of Commons, and one night had a long conversation with my late antagonist and present representative.† We are more than friendly. Did I tell you I saw Maclise, who is very amusing, and tells me much about L. E. L. and the Bromptonian coteries? There is no doubt that Lockhart has been

---

* The owner of Studley Royal.
† Colonel the Honourable Charles Grey.
principal contributor to Fraser and one of the assailants of Bulwer. I shall have plenty of work for you when I come down.

August 8, 1832.

On Friday I shall pitch my tent in the green retreats of Bradenham, and Bulwer accompanies me. He wants absolute retirement really to write, and all that. He is to do what he likes, and wander about the woods like a madman.

I am anxious that he and my father should become better acquainted. Our sire never had a warmer votary. He said yesterday, 'If I were to fix, I should say your father was decidedly now at the top of the tree; I tell you where he beats us all—in style. There is nothing like it.'

I saw Tita to-day, who suggests that he shall return with me to Bradenham, and try our place.
1833.


Bath: January 19, 1833.

ULWER and I arrived here on Monday, and have found the change very beneficial and refreshing. Such is the power of novelty, that the four or five days seem an age. I have written about fifty pages of a pretty tale about Iskander, which will form a fine contrast to Alroy. The type and page of Alroy most original, striking, and beautiful.

We are great lions here, as you may imagine, but have not been anywhere, though we have received several invitations, preferring the relaxation of our own society and smoking Latakia, which as a source of amusement, I suppose, will last a week. I like Bath very much. Bulwer and I went in late to one public ball, and got quite mobbed.
January 29, 1833.

I dined with Bulwer *en famille* on Sunday, 'to meet some truffles'—very agreeable company. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Wheeler, was there; not so pleasant, something between Jeremy Bentham and Meg Merrilies, very clever, but awfully revolutionary. She poured forth all her systems upon my novitiate ear, and while she advocated the rights of woman, Bulwer abused system-mongers and the sex, and Rosina played with her dog.

February 7, 1833.

Tuesday I went to the new opera at Drury Lane, and was introduced to the Brahams, on whom I have promised to call. Went to the House of Commons afterwards to hear Bulwer adjourn the House; was there yesterday during the whole debate—one of the finest we have had for years. Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator, and, in spite of all his exertions, never can succeed. He was heard with great attention, and is evidently backed by a party. Heard Macaulay's best speech, Sheil and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable; but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This *entre nous*: I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House.* The time will come. . . .

Grey spoke highly of my oratorical powers to Bulwer, said he never heard 'finer command of words.' *Ixion* is thought the best thing I ever wrote, and two vols. of *Alroy* are printed. Maclise is making

*Thirty-five years after he was Prime Minister.*
a noise. His Mokanna is exhibiting at the British Gallery, and is *the* picture of the year.

February 28, 1833.

On Monday I met the Nortons, and Charles Mathews, who was very amusing. After dinner we went off to see Miss Kelly, whom they thought very clever, but I thought a degrading imitation of old Mathews. Yesterday I dined with the Nortons; it was her eldest brother's birthday, who, she says, is 'the only respectable one of the family, and that is because he has a liver complaint.' There were there, her brother Charles and old Charles Sheridan, the uncle, and others. The only lady besides Mrs. Norton, her sister Mrs. Blackwood, also very handsome and very Sheridanic. She told me she was nothing. 'You see Georgy's the beauty, and Carry's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, but then I am not.' I must say I liked her exceedingly, besides she knows all my works by heart, and spouts whole pages of 'V. G.' and 'C. F.' and the 'Y. D.' In the evening came the beauty, Lady St. Maur, and anything so splendid I never gazed upon. Even the handsomest family in the world, which I think the Sheridans are, all looked dull. Clusters of the darkest hair, the most brilliant complexion, a contour of face perfectly ideal. In the evening Mrs. Norton sang and acted, and did everything that was delightful. Ossulston came in—a very fine singer, unaffected and good-looking. Old Mrs. Sheridan—who, by-the-bye, is young and pretty, and authoress of *Carwell*—is my greatest admirer; in fact the whole family have a very proper idea of my merits! and I like them all.
March 6, 1833.

*Alroy* was published yesterday; half the edition subscribed, which in these times is very good. I dined with my new friend Munro, a bachelor, who lives in Park Street in a gallery of magnificent pictures. The company: Lord Arthur Lennox, General Phipps, Poulett Scrope, Wilkie, Turner, Westmacott, and Pickersgill. A costly banquet.

Beckford has sent me a large-paper copy of *Vathek* in French; only twenty-five printed. At Forbes' I met, amongst others, Castlereagh, whom I like; he is full of animal spirits, unaffected and amusing, but with no ballast.

March 26, 1833.

Of *Alroy* I hear golden opinions, and I doubt not of its success. I send you the review in the *Atlas*. There was also one in the *Town* still more eulogistic. I hear no complaints of its style, except from the critics. The common readers seem to like the poetry and the excitement. Mrs. Jameson told Otley that 'reading it was like riding an Arab.' Slade, the traveller, said 'it was the most thoroughly Oriental book he had ever read.'

April 8, 1833.

I have agreed to stand for Marylebone, but I shall not go to the poll unless I am certain, or very confident; there is even a chance of my not being opposed. In the *Town* yesterday, I am told, 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended to stand. "On my head," was the reply.'
I have heard nothing more from ——, who appears to have pocketed more than I should like to do. It was impossible to pass over attacks from such a quarter in silence. The only way to secure future ease is to take up a proper position early in life, and show that you will not be insulted with impunity.

April 25, 1833.

I have done nothing but go to the play lately, one night with Mrs. Norton to see Sheridan Knowles's new play, which was successful. Public amusements are tedious, but in a private box with a fair companion, less so. To-morrow, great breakfast at the Wyndham Lewis's, when magnificent plate is to be presented from Maidstone to our host, the defeated Conservative.

April 30, 1833.

There is an attack in the Morning Herald on 'What is He?' where the author is advised to adhere to the region of romance. Such attacks are not very disagreeable, for you have no idea of the success of the pamphlet, which is as much a favourite with the Tories as the Rads. The recent exposé of the Whigs proves me a prophet.

May 22.

There was a review in Hyde Park, and the Wyndham Lewis's gave a déjeuner, to which I went. By-the-bye, would you like Lady Z—— for a sister-in-law, very clever, 25,000l., and domestic? As for 'love,' all my friends who married for love and
beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guaranty of infelicity.

June 29.

I intend to write a short tale for your bazaar, and will let you have it in a week or so. My table is literally covered with invitations, and some from people I do not know. I dined yesterday with the St. Maurs, to meet Mrs. Sheridan. An agreeable party; the other guests, Lady Westmoreland, very clever; Mrs. Blackwood, Lord Clements, and Brinsley. Lord St. Maur,* great talent, which develops itself in a domestic circle, though otherwise shy-mannered. In the evening a good soirée at Lady Charleville's. I met Lady Aldboro', but the lion of the evening was Lucien Bonaparte, the Prince of Canino. I went to the Caledonian ball after all, in a dress from my Oriental collection. Particulars when we meet. Yesterday at Mrs. Wyndham's, I met Joseph Bonaparte and his beautiful daughter.

Have you read England and the English? I think it is delightful. Bulwer has written to me to say that understanding that I give my opinion in society that he is 'Godolphin,' and that is quite enough from our intimacy to convince everyone, he solemnly assures me he is not the author, &c., &c. There now can be no doubt of it.

I was at 'the cream of blueism' the other night, at Madame la Marquise de Montalembert's, but can

*The late Duke of Somerset.
hardly tell you who was there, as I was instantly presented to Lady Lincoln, Beckford’s granddaughter, and she engrossed my attention. Handsome, brilliant, and young, but with one great fault, a rabbit mouth.

July 8, 1833.

I can answer for Southend being very pretty. I am staying at an old grange, with gable ends and antique windows, which Alderman Heygate turned into a very comfortable residence, and which is about half a mile from the town,—a row of houses called a town. Sir W. Heygate passing through dined here yesterday. He says that he received upwards of 1,200 letters in one year, in consequence of Ady the Quaker * describing him in his circulars as his ‘voluntary referee;’ letters from all classes, bishops, generals, even royalty, the Princess Augusta. I have been introduced by Mrs. Norton to a rival poetess, Lady Emmeline Wortley, her person more beautiful than her poetry.

July 20, 1833.

I am putting my house in order and preparing for a six months’ sojourn and solitude amid the groves of Bradenham. As far as one can form any calculations in this sublunary world, I shall pitch my tent among you the end of July, but this need not interfere with your visit to Oxford, as, with deference be it spoken, I am not frightened at being alone. London is emptying fast, but gay. Lady Cork had two routs. ‘All my best people, no blues.’ At a concert at Mrs.

* The then notorious Joseph Ady.
Mitford's I was introduced to Malibran, who is to be the heroine of my opera. She is a very interesting person.

August 4, 1833.

My letters are shorter than Napoleon's, but I love you more than he did Josephine. I shall be down to-morrow, but very likely by the mail, as I have a great many things to attend to.
1834.

Out with the hounds—Engaged in writing—Dinner at Gore House—Focus of Durham party—Fears of a dissolution—Interviews with three remarkable men—Society—Meets Lyndhurst—Political agitation—Water party—Portrait taken by D'Orsay—Issues address to electors of High Wycombe.

SOUTHEND, February 15, 1834.

HUNTED the other day with Sir Henry Smythe's hounds, and although not in pink, was the best mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare, which I nearly killed; a run of thirty miles, and I stopped at nothing. The only Londoner I met was Henry Manners Sutton, who had come over from Mistley Hall. He asked me to return with him; but as Lady Manners was not there, I saw no fun and refused. Write and tell me what you are doing. As for myself, I pass my days in constant composition. I live solely on snipes, and ride a good deal. You could not have a softer climate or sunnier skies than this much abused Southend. Here there are myrtles in the open air in profusion.

May —, 1834.

I am so busy with my poem, which I hope to have out in a fortnight, if things are quiet. But the
Ministry at present are quite broken up; there is no Government, and perhaps there will be a dissolution. I hope not. On Monday I dined with Lady Blessington, the Prince of Moskova, Charles Lafitte, Lords Castlereagh, Elphinstone, and Allen, Mr. Talbot, myself. Lord Wilton was the absent guest, having to dine with the king; but he came in the evening. He is very handsome. Hope's ball on Monday was the finest thing this year—supped off gold and danced in the sculpture gallery. To-day is the Drawing-room; but nobody thinks of anything but politics. I dine with O'Connell on Saturday. I breakfasted with Castlereagh a few days back. He has a fine collection of turquoise Sèvres.

June 4, 1834.

There is a lull in the storm; it is supposed the session will now be hurried over quietly, and then something must be determined on. The Whigs cannot exist as a party without taking in Lord Durham, and the King will not consent to it. Durham is not in a hurry, and becomes each day more violent in his demands. Triennial parliaments to be a Cabinet measure, and an extension of the constituency, the ballot to stand on its merits—in short, a revolution; for this must lead to a fatal collision with the House of Lords. The Tories will not take office unless the Whigs give it up in despair. My own opinion is that in the recess the King will make an effort to try to form a Conservative Government with Peel and Stanley; but the Tories think that Durham will have his way. I fear a dissolution must be the end of it. I was at Lady Dudley Stuart's on Sunday—a pleasant
circle — and made the acquaintance of Lord Hertford. I dine with Lady Cork to-day, to meet the Mulgraves, Tavistocks, and Lincolns.

June 16, 1834.

I made Beckford's acquaintance at the opera on Thursday. He told me that he would send a copy of his travels to my father as well as one to myself, but neither has yet arrived. He says Mejnoum and Leila* is capital, and he amused me very much.

Gore House is the great focus of the Durham party. I dined yesterday with Lady Blessington, and Durham among the guests, and he talked to me nearly the whole evening; afterwards to Lady Salisbury's.

Thus I have had three interviews of late with three remarkable men who fill the public ear at present—O'Connell, Beckford, and Lord Durham. The first is the man of the greatest genius, the second of the greatest taste, and the last of the greatest ambition.

June 19, 1834.

I was at the Duchess of St. Albans' on Monday, but rather too late for the fun. I missed the morris-dancers. Tuesday Lady Essex and opera, and tonight I am going to the Duchess of Hamilton's. I have had great success in society this year. I am as popular with the dandies as I was hated by the second-rate men. I make my way easily in the highest set, where there is no envy, malice, &c., and where they like to admire and be amused.

* A Persian romance by Isaac D'Israeli.
July 11, 1834.

We remain here in breathless agitation.* I can give you no idea of the state of excitement. At this moment nothing is settled. Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne were with the King all yesterday. Massey Stanley brought the news to the opera on Tuesday at nine o'clock. I was in Lady B.'s box. No one would believe it. On Wednesday at Lady Cork's was the Duke of Wellington, in high spirits, but saying everywhere the Tories would not take office. Fonblanque, who was there, said the Tories were like a woman who fancies herself enceinte and goes about saying it is not yet her time. . . . I made my début at Almack's with a subscription from Lady Tankerville, but it was not a very brilliant reunion. Yesterday I met Lord Lyndhurst, whom I like very much. The next time he goes the Norfolk circuit he is to sleep at Bradenham. He says the Duke of Wellington never reads any book but the 'Commentaries,' and assured me it was a positive fact!

July 23, 1834.

I still adhere to my plan of being down with you in a week or ten days, and tell Tita to get my pipes in order, as I look forward to a batch of smoking with great zest.

I go every day to fêtes and water parties. Lady Tavistock's at Richmond on Saturday. Monday another party to Blackwall with D'Orsay. To-morrow to Lord Hertford's. I find the end of the season more fatiguing than the beginning, owing to the

*Lord Grey having resigned, Lord Melbourne became Premier.
morning festivities. The water party at the 'Cedars' most delightful. We embarked at five o'clock, the heavens very favourable, sang all the way down, wandered in beautiful gardens worthy of Paul Veronese full not only of flowers, but fountains and parroquets: the dinner first-rate and much better than cold, miserable picnics, in which all bring the same things. People are still in town, but Goodwood will, I think, clear us.

November 4, 1834.

I dined on Saturday with Lyndhurst en famille. A more amiable and agreeable family I never met. The eldest daughter, 'Sa,' is just like her mother, and although only thirteen, rules everything and everybody—a most astounding little woman.

Yesterday I went to see the new actor, Denvil. He is deplorable, has not the slightest feeling, nor one physical or mental qualification for the stage. I saw Chandos* to-day and had a long conversation with him on politics. He has no head, but I flatter myself I opened his mind a little... D'Orsay has taken my portrait.

November 28, 1834.

The Duke and the Chancellor† are besetting old Carrington in my favour, that they say he must yield. I am not sanguine, but was recommended to issue

---

*Late Duke of Buckingham.
†Lord Spencer having died, and Lord Althorp being no longer Leader of the House of Commons, the King dismissed Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and sent to Rome for Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst being made Chancellor.
the address.* D'Orsay is working Bob Smith very hard. The Duke wrote a strong letter to the chairman of election committees, saying that if Wycombe were not insured something else must be done for Disraeli, as 'a man of his acquirements and reputation must not be thrown away.' L. showed me the letter, but it is impossible to say how things will go. Entre nous, Parliament will not be dissolved as speedily as is imagined, which is all in my favour, both as regards Wycombe or any other place. It is impossible for anyone to be warmer than the Duke or Lyndhurst, and I ought to say the same of Chandos. I had a long conversation to-day with Charles Grey. He is bitter against the Smiths, but says they can only command ten or twelve votes.

*To the electors of High Wycombe.
1835.


January 20, 1835.

CANNOT bother myself with the Bucks Gazette. I doubt not the impertinence was from Grey, who, however, praises me much at Crockford's, &c. Last Saturday a dinner by the Chancellor to Lord Abinger* and the Barons of the Exchequer. There were also George Dawson, myself, Praed, young Gladstone, Sir M. Shee, Sir J. Beresford, and Pemberton: rather dull, but we had a swan, very white and tender, and stuffed with truffles, the best company there. The book is now fairly published; there was a review of it in the Chronicle to-day, and though of course hostile, calculated to advance it. I hear yesterday there was a notice in the Courier, but the Times is silent, why I know not. I cannot give you any

*Sir James Scarlett, appointed Chief Baron, vice Lord Lyndhurst.
news of its progress; I always avoid my publishers at these times, and the praises of friends are nothing. I have had letters from D'Orsay, Strangford, Chandos, all full of eulogium, but as to the result I can say nothing.

February 7, 1835.

I dined with — yesterday, a male party, and amongst others a man of the name of Warren, author of the 'Diary of a Physician,' and more amusing than Charles Mathews. I called at Lady B.'s on my way home. Jekyll met Scarlett at her house for the first time after his elevation, and thus saluted him: 'I say, Scarlett, how came you to get hold of your new name? I have heard of Porringer before and Scavenger, but never yet of Abinger!' My portrait, engraved by Lane from D'Orsay's picture, is finished, and everybody who has seen it admires it; I hope to bring it down to you in a few days. I met a Miss Bissett the other day out at dinner, who is a great friend of the Dashwoods, and stays at Wycombe and knows Bradenham, &c., and makes out Dashwood is a great admirer of mine and reads Contarini out loud to the family circle. Perhaps a fudge. Strangford is educating his second daughter himself, and they read the Curiosities every morning.

Castle Taunton: April 27, 1835.

The county gentlemen for ten miles round flock to me every day, but I am obliged to decline all their invitations. As for Taunton itself, the enthusiasm of Wycombe is a miniature to it; and I believe in point of energy, eloquence, and effect I have far
exceeded all my former efforts. Had I arrived twenty hours sooner the result might have been in my favour; but my lateness in the field, the opposition of Ashburton's agent, and the remembrance of Montague Gore's cowardice have been great stumbling-blocks. It is astonishing how well they are informed in London of all that passes here, and how greatly they appreciate my exertions. They have opened a subscription for me at the Carlton, headed by Chandos, who has written twice to me in the warmest manner. Tomorrow is nomination day.

April 28, 1835.

I have just left the hustings, and have gained the show of hands, which no 'blue' candidate ever did before. This, though an idle ceremony in most places, is of great account here, for the potwallopers of Taunton are as eloquent as those of Athens, and we gain votes by such a demonstration. I thought you would like to hear this, though I can write no more.

Wednesday night: April 30, 1835.

There is no place like Taunton, not that I can win this time, for Labouchere, who was twenty-four hours in advance of me, has picked up many 'blues' (my colour); but come in at the general election I must, for I have promises of two-thirds of the electors. I live in a rage of enthusiasm; even my opponents promise to vote for me next time. The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours' canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted and can scarcely see to write.
CORRESPONDENCE

May 6, 1835.

I did not know yesterday, when I wrote, of the attack of O'Connell; it has engaged me ever since. I send you *Times* and *Morning Post*. There is but one opinion among all parties, viz., that I have *squabashed* them. I went to D'Orsay immediately. He sent for Henry Baillie for my second, as he thought a foreigner should not interfere in a political duel, but he took the management of everything. I never quitted his house till ten o'clock, when I dressed and went to the opera, and everyone says I have done it in firstrate style. All particulars when we meet.

May 9, 1835.

This morning as I was lying in bed, thankful that I had kicked all the O'Connells and that I was at length to have a quiet morning, Mr. Collard, the police officer of Marylebone, rushed into my chamber and took me into custody. In about an hour and a half, being dressed (having previously sent to S——), we all went in a hackney coach to the office, and where I found that the articles were presented by a Mr. Bennett, residing in some street in Westminster, and an acquaintance of the O'Connells. We were soon dismissed, but I am now bound to keep the peace in 500l. sureties. As far as the present affair was concerned, it was a most unnecessary precaution, as, if all the O'Connells were to challenge me, I could not think of meeting them *now*. I consider, and everyone else, that they are lynched. It is very easy for you to criticise, but I do not regret the letter: the expressions were well weighed, and without it the affair was but clever pamphleteering. Critics you must always meet.
W. told me the last letter was the finest thing in the English language, but that the letter to Dan was too long; others think that perfect. One does not like the Yahoo, as coarse; others think it worthy of Swift, and so on. . . . The general effect is the thing, and that is, that all men agree I have shown pluck.

July 20, 1835.

Nothing has been talked of but the great fancy ball* which came off last night, and exceeded in splendour anything ever known in London. My dress was very good, with some additions, such as a silken shirt with long sleeves, lent me by Henry Bailie. D'Orsay, Henry Bulwer, myself, Massey Stanley, Talbot, Herbert, and Regina went in a party with the Chesterfields, Ansons, and Worcesters. We flattered ourselves we were by far the most distinguished there. Lady Chesterfield was a sultana, and Mrs. Anson a Greek, with her own hair lower than the calf of her leg. She was the most brilliant in the room. Lady Burghersh Lady Fitzroy Somerset and Lady Sykes wore powder, the first two Louis XIV., the last a complete copy of a Sir Joshua. Lady Londonderry, as Cleopatra, was in a dress literally embroidered with emeralds and diamonds from top to toe. Castlereagh introduced me to her by her desire, and I was with her a great deal. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood beautiful Greeks; but the finest thing was that at half-past two Lyndhurst gave a supper in George Street to eighty of the supremest ton and

* At the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music.
CORRESPONDENCE

beauty, and you can conceive nothing more brilliant than his house illuminated with a banquet to a company so fancifully dressed. The Duke of Wellington, who was at the ball, was too tired to come. This great secession rather knocked up the ball, however, and everybody looked blue who was not going to Lyndhurst's. He looked like a French marshal. Wilton was Philip IV., and the Duke lent him his Golden Fleece set in diamonds for the evening.

July 24.

I have since dined at Rosebank with the Londerrys. 'Tis the prettiest baby-house in the world—a pavilion rather than a villa, all green paint, white chintz, and looking-glass. The grounds, however, are considerable, and very rich, bordering the Thames. The dinner was admirable, but no plate; porcelain fresh as the room, with a bouquet by every guest, and fine immense pyramids of roses down the table. . . . Lyndhurst was quite delighted with his visit, and certainly Bradenham never looked to greater advantage. Yesterday he and I went to Richmond.

I think it will be all over with the Ministry in the course of a fortnight; but the Tories will not dissolve Parliament until after the registration; this is the universal impression, but Peel frowns. I hope soon to be with you, but I cannot leave town till Lyndhurst has made his great speech.

August 5, 1835.

I can hardly trust myself to write about politics; the debate was dashing in the extreme. Lyndhurst's
speech* by far the crack one—most bold and triumphant, and received with tumultuous cheering. I can give you no idea of the excited and at the same time depressed state of Melbourne. He seemed quite wild and scared. Brougham spoke very well, but his conduct is perplexing. He rather assists us than the reverse. The course taken was kept secret, and perfectly confounded the Whigs. It is an awful crisis whatever may be the result. I cannot think of the hot weather or anything else.

August 12, 1835.

Lyndhurst has been very ill, and unable to go to the Lords, where he ought not to be absent a moment, as all depends upon him. However, Saturday and Sunday's nursing brought him round. The Duke has formally resigned to him the leadership of the House of Lords, and there is every probability of his being Prime Minister; his own disinclination alone stands in the way. To-morrow the war begins in the Lords. The speeches of counsel made a great impression; the evidence was capital, the Lords united, and Lyndhurst has with his own hand drawn up their counter project. He could get nobody to assist him. His private secretary turned out an ass. Then he sent instructions to Merewether; the result of M.'s labours, who has studied the subject all his life, arrived when I was with Lyndhurst. They were put in the fire, or rather fireplace, about ten minutes afterwards. Time pressed, and L. literally had to draw every clause himself. This, with having to manage

---

*Municipal Corporations.
three agitated meetings, and to sit and watch the examination of witnesses from ten in the morning until twelve at night, knocked him up; but he is quite himself again, and full of force and spirit. But for him all would have been lost, and now everybody praises the stand the Lords have made, and the Whigs have entirely failed in getting up a crisis.

August 14, 1835.

There was a sharp engagement in the House of Lords last night. Melbourne is evidently so annoyed that I cannot help fancying he will come down tonight and withdraw the Bill. The newspapers will give you the division; it is quite overwhelming, and proves that it is utterly useless to talk of swamping the House of Lords any more. Why I think Melbourne will not proceed with the Bill, is the evident mortification he expressed in countenance at the majority, and his refusal to divide again, on the more important clauses too. Yet this majority he will have to face every night.

Brougham was terribly tipsy. He shook his fist at Lord Wicklow, and quoted Ciceronian braggadocios. When he sat down he seemed quite maudlin, and all about nothing, for Lyndhurst spoke of him very gingerly, as he was absent, and he could not reply to him the night before, for B. always speaks to twelve o'clock, after which the House will listen to no one. It is wished the Whigs should resign on the Church question, which is the reason that makes me think they will go out on the Corporations.

After all this is over, Lyndhurst will like to come down with me for a quiet week at Bradenham.
August 20, 1835.

There will be a division on Monday on the appropriation clause, when I suppose the Government will resign. I am strengthened in this supposition by the extraordinary fact that the King has just asked all the Ministers to dine with him, which is the only time he has done it since they have been in office. He evidently, for he is very cunning, does not wish them to say when out that they were never once asked, during the whole administration, to the royal table.

I have sent you the Morning Post every day, which is the only paper now read, and in whose columns some great unknown has suddenly risen, whose exploits form almost the sole staple of political conversation, and all conversation is now political. The back numbers for the last week cannot be obtained for love or money, and the sale has increased nearly one-third. All attempts at discovering the writer have been baffled, and the mystery adds to the keen interest which the articles excite.

To form any idea of our movements in this great 'crisis' is very difficult. It was whispered the Whigs meant to swallow the Corporation leek, not resign, and prorogue on Thursday; but the Radicals and Repealers will not bate a jot, and are as firm as the Lords. Should they continue intractable, Melbourne will immediately resign.

D.

January 4, 1836.

The letters in the Times have made a great sensation.* I am the first individual who has silenced the press with its own weapons. On Thursday the Globe made no answer; on Friday, in consequence of the taunting talk at the clubs, it reprinted my letter, with a snivelling leader, asking time (till to-day) to answer it; but I feel confident that any fresh movement will only bring it fresh discomfiture. There are not two opinions about the result. The Chronicle quite silent; the writers in that paper are known, and they absolutely fear being shown up by me. 'Tis a great thing to have such an organ for response as the Times. This the Globe did not count on.

* This refers to his replies to certain abusive letters written in the Whig Globe of the day.
There was an article in *The Age* yesterday, which I meant to have sent you to-day; but I fear I shall not get it in time.

Yesterday I dined with Lyndhurst, and he gives his first political party for the season on Tuesday, when all the Tories in town will be scraped together. . . .

I read Heine, 'another one' as Botta says. I have also read Henry Bulwer's *France*, very amusing, and Raumer's *Historical Illustrations*, very curious, especially about Mary Queen of Scots.

January 9, 1836.

MY DEAR SA:

It is so cold I can hardly write. What you say about Hallam surprises me. He is a very slow worker, and I have not seen the *Athenæum*, by which to judge whether it were an official paragraph or some blundering gossip.

On Tuesday I dined at Lyndhurst's, and met Lords Roden, Lowther, and Rosslyn, Sir E. Sugden, Sir H. Hardinge, Courtenay, Alderson, &c., and Lockhart, whom L. asked, that he might review my last work. Chance! he never spoke a word. He is known in society by the name of 'The Viper'; but if he tries to sting me, he will find my heel of iron.

Did I tell you the Duchess of St. Albans had sent me invitations to her Christmas festivities? . . . I have just heard Mrs. Copley* has died, of pure old age. She was only ailing three or four days; her appetite quite failed, and she expired without a struggle.

D.

*The mother of Lord Lyndhurst.
January, 1836.

The *Letters of Runnymede* are the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones. The author is unknown, and will probably so remain. One or two papers have foolishly ascribed them to me. There is certainly some imitation of my style, and the writer is familiar with my works.

Lyndhurst returned last night, with the Duke, from Oatlands, where there has been a great gathering of Tories. Sa has had the measles slightly, Su so severely that her life was despaired of. Sophy is only ill from eating cocoa sweetmeat!

At Lady Blessington's last night I passed two or three hours with Burdett, who was very engaging. He says he shall withdraw from Brooks's if they don't take up the business when the club meets, and that there has been nothing so bad as O'Connell since Robespierre. Jekyll, who was there, says of the new Lord Chancellor, that Pepys, being bread to the bar, naturally took to the rolls, and now is turned into cheese.

Bulwer returned from Paris yesterday. Lord Carrington's* marriage much talked of. Lady Stanhope was sent down to break it off, and he so humbugged her that she thought she had succeeded, till the fatal morn. He has made a great settlement on the widow, who has nine children, all of whom Lady B. says in time she will persuade him are his.

January, 1836.

Dearest:

There is every indication of a crash in the political world. It is understood that the Whigs have at

---

*The first Lord Carrington.
length resolved to dissolve Parliament. The law appointments excite great odium. Bickersteth is to be Lord Langdale; the Chancellor, Lord Cottenham; and Lady Campbell, Baroness Edendale. One can scarcely credit such buffooneries until we see them in the *Gazette.*

Pozzo di Borgo, dining at Holland House, was complimented by miladi, who wished to pump him on his prophetic State paper in the 'Portfolio.' He replied: 'I am indifferent to any reputation I may obtain, either for what I write or for what I don't write.' Then my lord tried; and he thought the Duke of Wellington must be very much annoyed. 'Bagatelle,' said Pozzo; 'he has had to do with too many State papers, real and false, to be annoyed by them.' 'But he is very susceptible for a great man,' rejoined my lord. 'As for his susceptibility I have my doubts,' replied Pozzo; 'as to his being a great man I have none.' So they could get nothing out of him. . . .

The M.P. for Cambridgeshire, who franks this letter, is living at Long's, and is an old Malta friend of mine, a very good, agreeable young fellow.

March 5, 1836.

The 'Letters of Runnymede' are still making a great sensation. They are considered as rising regularly in power, and the last two, the characters of Lord J. R. and O'C., are generally esteemed the most powerful. The *London Review* is published; it is by Roebuck & Co. *Fraser,* which is making some noise, is the highest eulogy I ever received, saying: 'Swift observes, the appearance of a great genius in
the world may always be known by the virulence of
the dunces,' and that this has been singularly illus-
trated in my case, &c. Peel told Lyndhurst the last
letter was the most powerful of all, so it is generally
esteemed. The incognito begins to make way; other
names are mentioned, and Westmacott, whom I met
yesterday, said at the theatre, Joe Parkes had asked
him if he really knew as a fact who Runnymede
was. Now if Parkes hesitates, the mass must of
course be mystified. My father told you of Warren;
there is also a Mr. Harris who lives at Staines, I sup-
pose near Runnymede, whom Lady Burghersh said
she had heard was the author.

I met Eliot yesterday, who congratulated me on
my speedy prospect of Parliament. I stared, and
regretted there was no foundation for it, but pumped
to discover if he had learnt any details; he had not.
I attribute these indiscreet whisperings to Chandos;
and Fremantle told Eaton at the Carlton it was all
settled, and gave him a long history of the Aylesbury
row, adding I was the only man who could floor
O'Connell.

I carried the Carlton; the opposition was not
inconsiderable in the committee, but my friends were
firm—400 candidates, and all in their own opinion
with equal claims. Though they elected me, I am
sorry to say they blackballed H.

London is full, but dull as to politics for the mo-
ment. To-night I am going to the Duchess of Kent's
bear-garden, and I am writing now at past six
o'clock; but I went out at four o'clock to take caudle
at Lady Londonderry's, and have been detained until
this moment.

D.
March 26, 1836.

My thoughts are ever with you, though I write little, and cannot venture to write on things I wish. I think a catastrophe in foreign politics is impending; it looks as if it were all up with the Queen of Spain, and, after all, this may turn out the Whigs. If things go on as they promise, you will never regret my long visit to London, and I can assure you I shall enjoy the day when I may come and have a quiet smoke at Bradenham, first embracing you all, before my lips are tainted with the fumes of Gibel. I want information as to the superstitions and other qualities ascribed to precious stones. Can you put your hand easily upon anything of the kind?

I dined the other day with Henry Baillie, who has taken D'Orsay's old house in Curzon Street. Lord Ashley, D'Anschald, Charles Forrester, Dr. Quin, who is the most amusing personage possible, Costa, the director of the opera, and others. At the great meeting at Apsley House, Lyndhurst developed his plan, and they entered into an engagement on no account to falter. A dissolution is generally apprehended among the well-informed.

The Carlton: April 18, 1836.

My darling Sister:

Ralph tells me you are about to become a traveller; I hope you will remember me en route, and send me a letter from every inn and resting-place. The Whigs have announced that they are prepared to give up the Appropriation Clause, vide the Times. I have just now learnt from a member come up from the House, that they have introduced the Appropria-
tion Clause this afternoon. Can you conceive a more perfect exposure? O'Connell must have threatened them in the interim to some effect; besides, it proves the loudly whispered differences in the Cabinet.

The opera is very good this year, and Carlotta Grisi, the great dancer. There is a report in *Times* of the Lewes banquet. About my pledging myself to come forward is a mendacious flourish, but does not matter. The Carlton is a great lounge, and I have found a kind friend in Francis Baring—Lord Ashburton's eldest son.

April 30, 1836.

Your violets were most acceptable, in fact, the spring this year seems postponed; if it were not for your flowers, I should believe it was still winter. S., who has gone to Paris for a week, writes that he has suffered from snow on his road. There is nothing in politics; the debate in the Lords the other night was spirited, and has put our party in good courage. Lord Holland, however, spoke well, the Chancellor contemptible. Lyndhurst has on both occasions greatly distinguished himself.

June 13, 1836.

The crisis goes on. The general impression is that the Ministers are going to play 1832 over again, and resign with the idea we cannot form a Government. Nothing can give you an idea of the excitement prevailing in the political circles, but I am not inclined to change my opinion, viz., that there will be no dissolution. Lyndhurst, who has been dining with the Duke, confirms what I have heard; the bat-
tle cannot be fought better than at present. I dine to-day at Bath House, and on Saturday with Bulwer at the Priory, with whom I shall stay a day or two.

I have agreed to let Colburn have a novel, to be published on October 1, and for a greater sum than I have ever yet received. I have a volume by me finished, but this I did not tell him. . . . Lyndhurst's speech was really a masterpiece; since Canning there has been nothing like it. O'Connell came into the House, but, he will have it, after L. had done speaking about him. However, he was there, and it was a grand hit, for everybody believed him to be there. The Commons were cowed last night; Lyndhurst's dash has daunted them; John Russell was really feeble, and O'Connell furiously tame. In the meantime, I am brought forward with great trumpeting in leading articles of the Chronicle. Both Lyndhurst and Sir R. Peel are said to have adopted Mr. Disraeli's view of the Constitution, &c., &c. D.

June 15, 1836.

Chandos is going to give a grand fish dinner on the 18th to the leaders of both Houses, and has asked me, the only man not a member of the House. I have dined with Baring Wall, in a house the most beautiful I ever entered, built by Kent; domed staircases, landing-places supported by Corinthian columns, and a grand salon, which, for its height, carving, gilding, and richly painted ceiling, exceeded anything I ever saw in a private house. Our dinner was worthy of the 'veritable Amphitryon' of London, and was served off a set of Dresden china, of the most marvellous beauty; the candelabra in the middle
of immense size, and covered with groups of shepherds and shepherdesses, the whole mounted on green velvet; even the salt-cellars and handles of knives and forks were china, most charming in this weather; our party eight—Redesdale, Ashley, Fremantle, F. Baring, Mildmay, and Bagot.

July, 1836.

We had a most agreeable party at the Ashburtons. Bankes, who was there, says that in looking over his father's papers he has found some curios, of the time of Charles I., belonging to his ancestors who tried Hampden—some letters between the King, I think, and Lord Northumberland, &c.,—and that they are at my father's service. The Baring family are disposed to be very friendly. My old friend Pery, in the shape of Lord Glentworth, is going to be married to Maria Villebois—a fortunate woman, I think, to find herself a Countess after all. Lord Limerick has received the announcement amicably, but is on such bad terms with his grandson that I fear he will be cut down to the entail, not half Lord Limerick's fortune, which is upwards of 30,000l. per annum.

Chandos' dinner was a banquet. I was the only person there not an M.P. Peel and Sir James Graham were there; the first came up to me and resumed our acquaintance most flatteringly. Chandos introduced me to Graham. They went down by water, but I accompanied Lyndhurst. We came home in two omnibuses hired for the nonce.

There is a confusion in the Cabinet about the English Church; to-night was to have been a grand debate, and the Tories were to cave the Whigs; but this morning there has been a meeting at the Foreign
Office, and no house made. All is perplexity; but the Tories in high spirits. I think Parliament will soon be prorogued, but we may have some diversion before. The Ministers wish the King to introduce in his speech some reflections on the Lords, but his Majesty has refused. They ought to resign, and threaten, but I suppose will not. . . . What do you think of Spain? Trelawny, who is a republican, is in raptures with the prospects. ‘The Spaniards,’ he says, ‘are in advance of all countries; they have got their constitution of 1812!’ Says James Smith, ‘I wish I had got mine.’ Some one said that ‘after all Fraser’s is the cream of magazines.’ ‘Whipped* cream, I suppose,’ said another. I find no letter here from you.

August 20, 1836.

I suppose you have recognised four bolts of veritable Olympian thunder in the Times. It is considered worthy of Jove, and nobody can discover behind what cloud the god is shrouded.

In a few days I give my MS.† to the printer, and then I shall at once proceed to Bradenham. Lyndhurst seems half-inclined to come with me. There is no news, save a highly eulogistic review of the author of Runnymede in the Monthly Report, a Radical magazine, written by Fox the preacher.

October 15, 1836.

. . . News arrived here from Spain, from which it appears all is over with the Liberals. Gomez,

* Grantley Berkeley having horsewhipped Fraser.
† Henrietta Temple.
so often defeated, has entered Cordova, has been joined by an immense force of the old Royalist volunteers of the time of Ferdinand, and, at the head of an irresistible army, is now marching straight to Madrid, without any idea of opposition. Peel is in town, but Lyndhurst still at Paris. O'Connell makes no reply; all the Irish papers taunt him. The Warder says 'He can find time to attack Fraser, O'Connor, and D. W. Harvey, and to call Mr. Lascelles a blockhead, but why does he not answer Disraeli? "Will not the dog dissected alive give another howl?"' All the country papers are full of it. Lord Strangford, who came up from Strathfieldsaye last night, began, 'You have no idea of the sensation your speech has produced at Strathfieldsaye.' I said, 'Oh, my lord, you always say agreeable things.' He took me aside and said, 'I give you my honour as a gentleman that the Duke said at the dinner-table, "It was the most manly thing done yet; when will he come into Parliament?"'

Strangford said he had not yet seen my novel (Henrietta Temple), and there was only one person at the Duke's who had read it—Lady Wilton. She said she had cried so much that she had excited all their curiosity. Bulwer tells me that at Lady Charlotte Bury's the other night he only heard one report, 'Tears, tears, tears!' so he supposes I am right and he is wrong. Colburn is in high spirits about 'H. T.' He says he shall not be content unless he works it up like Pelham. There were many reviews yesterday. You have of course seen the Athenæum; they were all in that vein, but highly calculated to make people read, if that were wanted, but it is not.
The Spectator said of the Bucks meeting, that 'the speaking on the whole, was as stupid as usual, except Mr. Disraeli, who, after a little of his usual rhodomontade about the Peers being the founders of liberty, grew abusive and amusing,' and then quoted the Shakespearean passage.

December, 1836.

Do write me some news. I dined tête-à-tête with Bulwer yesterday, who thinks my speech the finest in the world, and my novel the very worst! But he made me promise not to mention that he said this, as he would not have ventured to say so had the book not been successful. I boldly defended it, and he says he will read it again, for he read it at night and all three volumes at once. Lord Henniker is going to marry Miss Kerrison—Lady Mahon's sister. There is no news, and I hope to be down in a week.

The letter that was sent on to me was from Sir Robert Peel. I sent him a copy, late and grudgingly, with a cold dry note, convinced that he would never notice or even confess to having heard of it, being, as you well know, by reputation the most jealous, frigid, and haughty of men. This is what he says: 'I beg to return you my best thanks for the copy of your work that you courteously sent me, for which I am indebted to your kind attention and consideration. It is not the only one in my possession, for, attracted as well by your name as by some extracts from the work in the public papers, which struck me as very forcibly written, I had taken the first opportunity of procuring a copy, and was gratified and sur-
prised to find that a familiar and apparently exhausted topic could be treated with so much of original force of argument and novelty of illustration. I thank you, both for the work itself and the satisfaction which the reading of it has afforded me. I have the honour to be yours faithfully and obliged, Robert Peel."

Lyndhurst thinks this is much, considering the writer.

18 B. D.—17
1837.


February 6, 1837.

HERE is no news except intrigues of Lord Grey & Co. to join the Tories; the thing will crawl on a little longer, I think, and dissolve of itself. Lord Harrowby is dangerously ill, which will be awkward for Liverpool.

It is supposed the debate on Ireland that has begun may last three nights. I had a letter from Lyndhurst dated ‘Beauvais,’ therefore he may be expected daily or hourly. People are dying here by dozens. I have just heard a report that the young Lady Glen-gall is dead. D’Orsay and myself, however, defy the disorder with a first-rate cook and generous diet and medicated vapour baths. Strangford (did I tell you?) came up from Alnwick for the Kentish meet-
ing, and on his arrival in town was instantly seized and confined for eight days to his bed.

L. E. L. is at last really going to be married, but to an obscure man whom you never heard of. He has some foreign appointment, where he will take her. My father should read Chateaubriand. With all his want of knowledge, coxcombry, and book-making, there are many fine and curious passages in reference to the great subject.

February, 1837.

I have entirely baffled the influenza by the medicated air bath: otherwise I should have had a most severe attack, I am certain. All that can be done at present in politics has been arranged; we wait for events. The Whigs and Tories watch each other like a cat and dog, and neither will make the first move. The Duke is for the tactics of last session, and I think under the circumstances he is right. Melbourne is pledged to bring the Irish Question forward, and if again defeated, as is certain, he will dissolve or resign. Through the whole recess there has scarcely been a single Cabinet council, in consequence of the dissensions in the Cabinet. Melbourne yielded to the representations of Lord John in maintaining his part, as Lord John is of opinion that if the Whigs go out of office they should contrive to go out with a clap-trap, and not quietly resign from difficulties during the prorogation. This will show you on what a frail tenure the whole hinges, and what may be expected.

I am keeping well, but with the exception of seeing Lyndhurst I am devoting myself to the fair Venetia; for I can write well here, as the life suits me,
and there is a long morning, and the air bath, which is wonderful, renders exercise unnecessary. It certainly baffled the influenza, of which poor Lady Combermere has died, surviving her father, old Greville, but a few days. When D'Orsay does not dine out, which is generally every other day, there are one or two to dinner here. On Monday Ossulston dined en famille here, and gave us a very agreeable account of the Grammonts, whom he had been visiting at Versailles. The Duc de Grammont is D'Orsay's brother-in-law and Ossulston's uncle. Since the glorious days the G.'s have retired from Court, and keep themselves aloof; the Duke devoting himself entirely to the education of his three sons. The first, Agenor, the Duc de Guiche, is quiet, with great talents, and at fourteen has just passed the examination of the Ecole Polytechnique, one of the severest; the second, Augustus, the Marquis de Grammont, is a complete soldier; the third, Alfred, the Count de Grammont, is only eight years of age, but though brought up in so domestic and even severe style, is as great a roué as his illustrious ancestor. He does nothing but laugh, shrug his shoulders, and run after the maids, who complain bitterly of his rudeness.

Lyndhurst is full of his four months' adventures abroad. He has seen everyone of note and distinction, of every party and class, literary and political, Carlist, Constitutional, Republican. He was greatly feted, and enjoyed himself much.

April, 1837.

The book (Venetia) is to be out on the 11th, and now, from what I hear from Colburn, the printing will proceed so quickly there will be no good in for-
warding the proofs. It is advertised in every paper, and C. seems very sanguine and determined to omit no step that will ensure success.

May, 1837.

Town is quite full, and the only thing talked of is the Westminster election. I am on Burdett's committee and obliged to canvass. My district, which is Bolton Street, Clarges, &c., is all right, though, curious enough, Leader* is one of my list.

P. is the most wonderful person in the world. He lives in one of the most expensive houses in Portland Place, many servants in livery, a handsome wife ornately dressed, children in fancy dresses tumbling on ottomans, one swearing he is a Tory, the other a Radical, &c. An expenditure not under 5,000l. per annum, and no one is the least aware of his means. The party was very stupid. A few Carlton men, mixed up with some Marylebone and Bloomsbury slip-slop; but I like to go to a house for the first time.

I suppose the King has really rallied, as I met Tom Young, who affected that he had never even been in danger. I met Sir J. Hanmer, the youthful M.P. for Shrewsbury, and his pretty wife, and was glad to make his acquaintance, for he is full of talent and literature, and an enthusiastic admirer of mine.

The party at Bridgewater House last night turned out to be a grand concert, and the best assembly that has been given this season. There were about one thousand persons, and the suite of apartments, including the picture gallery, all thrown open and illuminated, and I enjoyed myself excessively.

* Burdett's opponent.
June 19, 1837.

There was an agreeable party at Madame Montalembert's; but whether la Comtesse had taken an extra glass of champagne, or what might be the cause, she lionised me so dreadfully that I was actually forced to run for my life. She even produced *Venetia* and was going to read a passage out loud, when I seized my hat and rushed downstairs, leaving the graceful society of Lady Egerton, much to my vexation. There have been several reviews of my book, chiefly in Radical papers, but all very laudatory. *Fraser* gave the tone to the *Sun*, &c. I shall keep this open for news of the King.

5.30 P.M.—I have just seen a very interesting letter from Munster, dated 11 last night. The King dies like an old lion. He said yesterday to his physicians, 'Only let me live through this glorious day!' This suggested to Munster to bring the tricolor flag which had just arrived from the Duke of Wellington, and show it to the King. William IV. said, 'Right, right,' and afterwards, 'Unfurl it and let me feel it,' then he pressed the eagle and said, 'Glorious day.' This may be depended on. He still lives. D.

CARLTON CLUB: June 20, 1837.

Dearest:

I write in the midst of three or four hundred persons, and in a scene of great excitement. The battle now approaches; what will be my fate I pretend not to foresee. The King died in the middle of the night. Lord Lyndhurst attended the Privy Council at Kensington, and kissed the young Queen's hand, which all agreed was remarkably sweet and soft. She read
her address well, and was perfectly composed, though alone in the council chamber, and attended by no women.

June 23.

. . . Her Majesty was proclaimed on the 21st, and appeared in the balcony of the palace. The dissolution is expected in the course of three weeks. My prospects are bright, and I hope soon to tell you they are settled. Did you ever hear that the two Praeds, the late M.P. and his brother, who were so alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish them, were called at Eton 'Noodle' and 'Doodle,' which names have stuck to them in life and death? Noodle, as you know, is no more, but Doodle remains. The Carlton is full from the hour it opens to long past midnight—deputations from the country, permanent committees, places that want candidates, and candidates that want places.

Friday.

The clouds have at length dispelled, and my prospects seem as bright as the day. At six o'clock this evening I start for Maidstone with Wyndham Lewis. and I suppose by Wednesday I shall have completed my canvass. I doubt whether there will be a contest.

Maidstone: Tuesday.

From all I can judge, my seat is secure here, Roberts having declined to interfere, and having written an address to his constituents, declaring he will not canvass or trouble himself, but they may elect him if they like. Last night there was a full meeting, and
I think I made the best speech I ever made yet—as well maintained as the Aylesbury one, and more than an hour in length; so to-day I canvassed on my own influence. I do not see how we can be defeated, but I have said little about the affair generally, as when one feels assured it is best to be quiet.

July 18, 1837.

Robarts retired from a fruitless struggle yesterday morning, the very day on which his committee had pledged themselves he should attend a meeting of the electors. His party are exposed, and confess they are utterly beaten.

July 22.

The accounts from Maidstone continue as favourable as ever. Several of Robarts's supporters have come over to me since his secession. I believe I am the only new candidate of our side who has not an opposition. It was thought impossible in these times that a man could enter Parliament for the first time and for a borough in such a manner. . . . So much for the 'maddest of all mad acts,' my uncle G.'s prescience, and B.'s unrivalled powers of encouragement! The nomination day is fixed for the 25th.

Maidstone: July 27, 1837, 11 o'clock.

Dearest:

Lewis . . . . . . . 707
Disraeli . . . . . . . 616
Colonel Thompson . . . . . . 412

The constituency nearly exhausted.

In haste, Dizzy.
I did not see the *Herald*, but I find my advent canvassed in many papers, among them the *Spectator*, which says they have no doubt I fancy I shall be the terror of the Treasury Bench, but they shall be agreeably disappointed if I 'turn out anything better than a buffoon.' This must come from Colonel Thompson & Co., who did not particularly relish my nomination jokes. Clear your head of all nonsense about scrutinies, petitions, &c. There is not a safer seat in England than mine. They have not a shadow to work upon.

I franked your letter. There is no doubt there must be 319 Tories in the House, and we shall pick up a few more. In short, the Government is done, and I doubt whether they will meet Parliament. Lanarkshire, the largest and most Radical county in Scotland, being the seat of their principal manufactures, is gained by Lockhart by a majority of one!! There is no doubt of the fact of his return, for he has notified it to the Carlton this morning by *his frank*, as well as Bateman for Tralee, whose signature was very welcome, as this is a borough rescued from O'Connell's grip. The Whigs are more than low-spirited, they are *in extremis*. . . . Peel says he can carry on the government with the present Parliament. Not the slightest doubt, so I hope we are sitting for seven years. What fun! and how lucky, after all, I should esteem myself. . . .

What do you think of Lyndhurst's marriage? I had long heard, but never credited it. I am very well and begin to enjoy my new career. I find that it makes a sensible difference in the opinion of one's friends; I can scarcely keep my countenance.
I took my seat this morning. I went down to the House with Wyndham Lewis at two o'clock, and found it very full, the members standing in groups and chatting. About three o'clock there was a cry of 'Order, order!' all took their seats (myself on the second bench, behind Sir Robert Peel), and a messenger summoned the Commons. The Government party was very strong, in consequence of an article in the *Times*, about two days back, which spread a panic through their ranks, but which I think was a hoax. Shaw-Lefevre proposed, and Strutt of Derby seconded Abercromby. Both were brief, the first commonplace, the other commonplace and coarse; all was tame. . . . Peel said a very little, very well. Then Abercromby, who looked like an old laundress, mumbled and moaned some dulness, and was then carried to the chair, and said a little more, amid a faint cheer. To me of course the scene was exciting enough, but none could share my feelings, except new members. Peel was a great deal at the Carlton yesterday. He welcomed me very warmly, and all noticed his cordial demeanour. He looks very well, and asked me to join a small dinner at the Carlton on Thursday. 'A House of Commons dinner purely,' he said; 'by that time we shall know something of the temper of the House.'

November 21, 1837.

I tried to write you a line yesterday, as I was endeavouring to eat a sandwich, which I was not permitted to finish. Affairs are in a state of great excitement, and most interesting. All Sunday our members poured in, and at 4.30 the Carlton was full.
Lyndhurst arrived rather unexpectedly on the Saturday night, and sent for me the following morning. I never saw him look so well; he really might have passed for five-and-forty, plump and rosy, and most gaily attired, and in the highest force and spirits. He was more than kind, and after paying a visit to Peel and the Duke, showed at the Carlton, where his appearance created great enthusiasm. Yesterday, after being obliged to go down to the House at eleven, to ensure a house for members to swear, I went to a great meeting at Peel’s. There must have been 300 members. Peel addressed, full of spirit, and apparently eager for action. Thence again to the House, where we were summoned to the Lords at two o’clock. The rush was terrific; Abercromby himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his mace-bearer banging the members’ heads with his gorgeous weapon, and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, and also to ensure an entry. It was a magnificent spectacle. The Queen looked admirably, no feathers, but a diamond tiara; the peers in robes, the peeresses, and the sumptuous groups of courtiers rendered the affair most glittering and imposing. The Speech was intentionally vague, that no division might possibly occur. All was mystery until five o’clock. From the Lords I escaped, almost at the hazard of our lives, with Mahon, who is now most cordial, and we at length succeeded in gaining the Carlton, having several times been obliged to call upon the police and military to protect us as we attempted to break the line; but the moment the magical words ‘Member of Parliament’ were uttered all the authorities came to our assistance, all gave
way, and we passed everywhere. You never saw two such figures, our hats crushed and covered with mud, and the mobocracy envying us our privileges, calling out 'Jim Crow' as we stalked through the envious files.

I went down, after refitting at the Carlton, for about half an hour, during which I tried to scribble to you. The seat I succeeded in securing behind Peel I intend if possible to appropriate to myself. The House was so crowded later that the galleries were all full of members; many unable to obtain seats were sitting on the stairs and on chairs and benches behind the Speaker's chair. Lyndhurst and many peers were in their seats at the bar: the strangers' gallery of course crammed.

The Address was moved by Lord Leveson,* a child apparently, in a rich diplomatic uniform, and seconded by Gibson Craig, a new member in a court dress. Leveson made a crammed speech like a schoolboy; Gibson Craig, of whom the Whigs had hopes, rose, stared like a stuck pig, and said nothing; his friends cheered, he stammered, all cheered, then there was a dead and awful pause, and then he sat down, and that was his performance. The Address was then read, and Wakley made a most Radical speech and amendment (see the papers), determined to bring affairs to a crisis. He was fluent, flippan, and vulgar; a second-rate hustings orator. He was seconded by Molesworth, a most odious speaker, who wearied the House. Still the Government was silent, and the tactics were for our side to say nothing. Great difficulty, however, in keeping H. Liddell quiet, who,

* Now Lord Granville.
flushed with his Durham triumph, had been at half-cock all day. Hume followed Molesworth and badgered the Government, and gave them every opportunity to declare themselves, announcing that the Radicals would use all their influence to induce Wakley to withdraw his amendment. Nothing now could longer restrain Liddell, who rose fluent and confident, to the infinite mortification of our side, who feared this would be a diversion for the Government. It is impossible to convey an idea of a more pitiable failure; but fortunately it was only an individual exposure and not a party injury, for John Russell rose after him and took no notice of him except by administering a sharp and deserved rebuke at the end of his speech.

John Russell threw the Radicals over in a most matured and decided manner. It was a declaration evidently the result of a Cabinet decision. The sensation was immense. Peel then rose and made one of the finest speeches I ever heard, most powerful and even brilliant. He broke the centre of the Government party for ever. The Radicals were mad. Henry Ward, looking most hideous, then rose, amid the tumult of the House, and, though nobody would listen to him, contrived to abuse Wakley for appropriating to himself questions which belonged to other persons, and announced that he for one had not intended to vote for him, but now that the Government had at length thrown off the mask, he should.

So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the House at ten o'clock, none of us having dined. The tumult and excitement great. I dined, or rather supped, at the
Carlton with a large party off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at half-past twelve o'clock. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life.

December 5, 1837.

The dinner yesterday was merely a house dinner of fourteen—all our great men, with the exception of Lord Ramsay and myself, the only two new members. Peel took wine with me.

It was rather amusing the other day in the House. The Sheriffs of London, Sir Bob or Tom, and Sir Moses, and no mistake, appeared at the bar in full state to present, according to the privilege of the city of London, some petitions, after which they took their place under the gallery and listened to the debate, which turned out to be the Jew question by a sideward. I was not at all uncomfortable, but voted in the majority with the utmost sangfroid. Sugden made a subtle and learned speech of two and a half hours, which would have done very well in the Court of Chancery, but was rather a trial. I dined during some part of it. The petitions poured in last night, the last in every sense. So all is safe for the much vilified Maidstone.

Hawes came up to me in the House and reminded me of, or rather asked whether I remembered, his taking me from school with the Gurneys 'twenty-three years ago' and giving us a dinner. He said I was not at all altered. I told him then that I had not changed, by his account, since I was seven or eight years old. He also said, 'We are all expecting to hear you lash us.' They may wait.
December 8, 1837.

I made my maiden speech last night, rising very late after O'Connell, but at the request of my party and the full sanction of Sir Robert Peel. As I wish to give you an exact idea of what occurred, I state at once that my début was a failure, so far that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended; but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. It was like my first début at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished with spirit when I found a formal display was ineffectual. My party backed me well, and no one with more zeal and kindness than Peel, cheering me repeatedly, which is not his custom. The uproar was all organised by the Rads and the Repealers. They formed a compact body near the bar of the House and seemed determined to set me down, but that they did not do. I have given you a most impartial account, stated indeed against myself.

In the lobby at the division, Chandos, who was not near me while speaking, came up and congratulated me. I replied that I thought there was no cause for congratulations, and muttered 'Failure!' 'No such thing,' said Chandos; 'you are quite wrong. I have just seen Peel, and I said to him, "Now tell me exactly what you think of D."' Peel replied, "Some of my party were disappointed and talk of
failure, I say just the reverse. He did all that he
could do under the circumstances. I say anything
but failure; he must make his way.”

The Government and their retainers behaved well.
The Attorney-General, to whom I never spoke in my
life, came up to me in the lobby and spoke to me
with great cordiality. He said, ‘Now, Mr. Disraeli,
could you just tell me how you finished one sentence
in your speech, we are anxious to know—‘In
one hand the keys of St. Peter, and in the other
—”?’ ‘In the other the cap of liberty, Sir John.’
He smiled, and said, ‘A good picture.’ I replied,
‘But your friends will not allow me to finish my
pictures.’ ‘I assure you,’ he said, ‘there was the
liveliest desire to hear you from us. It was a party
at the bar, over whom we had no control; but you
have nothing to be afraid of.’ Now I have told you
all.

Yours, D.—in very good spirits.

December 11, 1837.

I dined with Bulwer on Saturday, and, strange
enough, met Sheil. I should have been very much
surprised had I not arrived first and been apprised.
It thus arose:—On Saturday Bulwer walked into the
Athenæum. Sheil, who has just recovered from the
gout, was lounging in an easy-chair, reading the news-
paper; around him was a set of low Rads (we might
guess them) abusing me, and exulting in the dis-
 crimination of the House; probably they thought
they pleased Sheil. Bulwer drew near, but stood
apart.
Suddenly Sheil threw down the paper, and said in his shrill voice, 'Now, gentlemen, I have heard all you have to say, and what is more, I heard this same speech of Mr. Disraeli; and I tell you this, if ever the spirit of oratory was in a man, it is in that man; nothing can prevent him from being one of the first speakers in the House of Commons (great confusion). Ay! and I know something about that place, I think; and I tell you what besides, that if there had not been this interruption, Mr. Disraeli might have made a failure. I don't call this a failure, it is a crush. My début was a failure, because I was heard; but my reception was supercilious, his malignant. A début should be dull. The House will not allow a man to be a wit and an orator unless they have the credit of finding it out. There it is.' You may conceive the sensation that this speech made. I heard of it yesterday from Eaton, Winslow, and several other quarters. The crowd dispersed, but Bulwer drew near and said to Sheil, 'D. dines with me to-day; would you like to meet him?' 'In spite of my gout,' said Sheil, 'I long to know him, I long to tell him what I think.' So we met. There were besides only D'Eyncourt, always friendly to me, Mackinnon, a Tory, and one Quin, of the Danube. Sheil took an opportunity of disburthening his mind of the subject with which it was full. 'If you had been listened to, what would have been the result? You would have made the best speech that you ever would have made. It would have been received frigidly, and you would have despaired of yourself. I did. As it is, you have shown to the House that you have a fine organ, that you have an unlimited command of language, that you have courage, temper, and readiness.
Now get rid of your genius for a session. Speak often, for you must not show yourself cowed, but speak shortly. Be very quiet, try to be dull, only argue, and reason imperfectly, for if you reason with precision, they will think you are trying to be witty. Astonish them by speaking on subjects of detail. Quote figures, dates, calculations, and in a short time the House will sigh for the wit and eloquence which they all know are in you; they will encourage you to pour them forth, and then you will have the ear of the House and be a favourite.' . . . I think that altogether this is as interesting a rencontre as I have ever experienced. Yesterday I dined with Hope, a sumptuous but rather dull party. On Saturday I dine with Peel, his first party.

December 12, 1837.

I have to go down to Maidstone, but shall return on Thursday. Yesterday the House was surprised by a Royal message requesting us 'to take into consideration a suitable provision for the Duchess of Kent.' Considering that the Ministers have announced that there would be no more business of importance before the recess, this is considered a very suspicious movement. To-night we shall know what it means.

All London is mad with animal magnetism. A M. de Dupotel ceremonises in Orchard Street, and everyone flocks there. Strangford asked me to go with him to-day, but it was not in my power. Maidstone is a convert, and tells me he met there yesterday, besides many ladies, the sharp Sir H. Harding, who believes, and Eliot. Lord Stanhope is frantically mad about it, as he was about Caspar Hauser.
December, 1837.

I have received the new edition of *Curiosities*, which is indeed perfect. On Saturday I dined with Wyndham Lewis, rather an agreeable party. The guests: Lady Charlotte, much improved in appearance by the married state; Lady C. Churchill, who is still young and must have been beautiful, and who gave her name, Ethel, to L. E. L.’s novel; Miles Stapleton, the author of *Pagnell*, an agreeable person; John Lowther, &c.

Yesterday a banquet at Dick’s. Hillsboro’ and his law-papa Combermere, Exmouth, DeLisle, Hogg, little Hope, Henry Baillie, Vesey. Fine venison, though December. Dick’s room is always too much lighted, which makes it hot. Armstrong, who had given him many hints in vain, and who is a cool hand who says anything, seeing there was no change, told him the other day, ‘By Jove, Dick, this is too bad. Now if you go on in this way, I shall call you “Jolly Dick the lamplighter.”’ To enjoy the joke, you should know our host, whose appearance is a fine contrast to his nickname. — My love to all,

D.

December.

We were kept late in the House last night; the proceedings most interesting, but I cannot dwell upon them. Colquhoun, one of the new orators, made his maiden speech and with great success, a sort of Tory Roebuck; calm, unrivalled self-possession, perspicuous and logical. He rallied a nearly lost debate and more than decided the victory. To-day a great meeting at Peel’s, most stirring and important. Stanley for the
first time addressed the Conservative party in private, and explained his position and feelings towards them and Peel with extraordinary fervour.

December 18, 1837.

Nothing daunted, and acting on the advice of Sheil (a strange Parliamentary mentor for me, after all), I spoke again last night and with complete success. It was on the Copyright Bill. The House was not very full, but all the Cabinet Ministers and officials were there, and all our principal men. Talfourd, who had already made a long speech (his style flowery, with a weak and mouthing utterance), proposed the Copyright Bill very briefly, having spoken on it last session. Bulwer followed him, and confined himself to the point of international copyright, which called up Poulett Thomson. Then Peel on the copyright of art; and then I rose. I was received with the utmost curiosity and attention. As there had been no great discussion I determined not to be tempted into a speech, which everyone expected of course I rose to make. All I aimed at was to say something pointed and to the purpose. My voice, in spite of our doings at Maidstone, was in perfect condition. I suggested a clause to Talfourd, with the idea of which I had been furnished by Colburn. I noticed that the subject had already been done so much justice to on other occasions that I should not trouble the House, but I had been requested to support this Bill by many eminent persons interested in its success. Thus far I was accompanied by continual 'hear, hears,' and I concluded thus: 'I am glad to hear from her Majesty's Government that the interests of literature have at length
engaged their attention. It has been the boast of the Whig party, and a boast not without foundation, that in many brilliant periods of our literary annals they have been the patrons of letters ("Hear, hear," from John Russell & Co.). As for myself, I trust that the age of literary patronage has passed ("Hear, hear," from leader of the Rads), and it will be honourable to the present Government if, under its auspices, it be succeeded by that of legislative protection.' I sat down with a general cheer. Talfourd, in reply, noticed all the remarks of the preceding members, and when he came to me said he should avail himself of 'the excellent suggestion of the honourable member for Maidstone, himself one of the greatest ornaments of our modern literature.' Here Peel cheered loudly, and indeed throughout my remarks he backed me. So, on the whole, there was glorification. Everybody congratulated me. Colonel Lygon said, 'Well, you have got in your saddle again, and now you may ride away.' Even Granville Somerset said, 'I never heard a few sentences so admirably delivered. You will allow me to say so, after having been twenty-five years in Parliament.' But all agree that I managed in a few minutes by my voice and manner to please everyone in the House. I don't care about the meagre report, for I spoke to the House and not to the public.

I have no time to tell you about Maidstone, except that the banker gave me a banquet more splendid than many I have had in this town, that we had the largest meeting on record, and that I made a successful speech; that Wyndham Lewis is infinitely more warm than ever, and my constituents far more enthusiastic, and it is my firm opinion that the next
time I rise in the House, which will be very soon in February, I shall sit down amid loud cheers, for I really think, on the whole, though I have not time now to give you the reasons, that the effect of my début, and the circumstances that attended it, will ultimately be favourable to my career. Next to undoubted success the best thing is to make a great noise, and the many articles that are daily written to announce my failure only prove that I have not failed. One thing is curious, that the opinion of the mass is immensely affected by that of their leaders. I know a hundred little instances daily, which show me that what Peel, and Sheil, and other leading men have, said, have already greatly influenced those who are unable to form opinions for themselves.—Love to all, D.
1838.


Thursday, January 18, 1838.

MISSED the post yesterday, having been very busy, and having indeed little to tell you. We have adjourned until Monday, after two nights of the most feeble debates that can well be fancied. The frigid genius of Canada pervaded our deliberations, and even Sir Robert appeared to sink under it, for I never recollect him so inefficient.

I have no news to tell you, except that I shall go and see Kean to-morrow with Mrs. W. L., provided she get a good warm box. I understand from Chandos that the Wotton meeting takes place on the 28th, and that I am expected. I suppose I must go, in which case I will get down before to Bradenham for a couple of days. . . . I am working at the Corn Laws.

(69)
January 20, 1838.

Town is very dull; everybody is frozen to death. Brougham’s speech * on Thursday was most clever, as good as his old House of Commons harangues. Our peers mustered thick, and seemed ‘miching mallecho,’ but the Duke of Wellington rose and spoilt all with his generosity and all that. Great disgust in Tory ranks, even among the highest. Duke supposed to be passé, and to like being buttered with Whig laudation.

I had a curious adventure in the course of the evening with Cecil Forrester, both of us in search of a dinner, which I will tell you when we meet.

I went to see young Kean last night, and the theatre was full in spite of the frost, which thins all the other houses; but I will not criticise him, for one word describes all—mediocrity. We went with the Horace Twisses; Lord Chesterfield’s box, a capital fire, our own tea, and really very amusing.

D.

February, 1838.

At the levee to-day O’Connell and all his sons were presented. That looks frisky, as if he really were about to be Chief Justice of Ireland. It would keep him quiet for life, and perhaps he thinks it is time to secure himself; but the arrangement would be almost as shameful as buying off the Goths and maintaining the limits by tribute. Ewart starts for Marylebone, much to the dissatisfaction of Lord Nugent. Mr. Young says he will also stand again. If two Liberals start we may carry Teignmouth; I doubt it otherwise.

* Debate on Canadian Rebellion.
CORRESPONDENCE

February 26, 1838.

We have a prospect of some amusement to-night, as the chivalrous blood of my little friend Maidstone impelled him last night to give notice to call O'Connell to account for calling the Tory members 'perjured' at the dinner some ruffians and refuse gave him the other day. I am to second Chandos on the Corn Laws, which is fixed for next week, but will scarcely come on so soon.

March 1.

On Tuesday we beat the Government again on the O'Connell question by increasing majorities, and, to make the affair complete, they were beaten again the same evening on another question. Yesterday O'Connell received his reprimand in one of the most crowded houses I remember. He entered about 4.30, during the transaction of private business, with his usual air of bustle and indifference; but it was very obvious that his demeanour was affected, as he was so restless that he did not keep in his place for two minutes together.

At five o'clock the business commenced. The Speaker inquired whether Mr. O'Connell was in attendance, upon which O'Connell answered, 'Yes, sir,' but did not rise. The Speaker, who wore his three-cornered hat, then said, 'Sir, you must stand up.' This rather dashed Dan, who began to feel uneasy, as was very evident, standing like a culprit before several hundred individuals sitting. After all, it is a moral pillory, and I am much mistaken whether Dan did not suffer acutely. The reprimand, considering the politics and physical and intellectual qualities of the reprimanded, was not ineffective. Dan stood like
a penitent for a few minutes, then affected to look at some papers, but almost as quickly resumed his attention to the chair, as if he feared the House would notice his indifference; then he dropped the paper, then he took it up, then listened again, then took out his spectacles, wiped them, and did not put them on. At last it was finished, when he rose and made a very ruffianly acknowledgment, and here the Speaker quite failed, as he ought not to have permitted it. Just as he sat down, there appearing a great desire to renew the fight again among our youth, and Castle-reagh on his legs, a stupid deputation from the London Election Committee appeared, through an error, at the bar, robbed O'Connell of the cheers of his followers, and occasioned a dull technical debate of half an hour. At the end of this time, by the interference of our leaders, our valour had evaporated; and this was the end of an incident which has shaken the Government to its centre.

March 7.

I forgot to tell you I dined at Lyndhurst's en famille, to meet Campusano, the new Spanish Minister, also De Rothsay and Aberdeen. As miladi was very silent, and generally spoke French, I cannot draw any definite conclusion about her, except that I observed nothing to detract from the favourable impression I formed previously. Sa is at home, and grown very much, though more in breadth than height; milord a most devoted husband; Miss Copley still presides at table.

Sir George Grey* is called Mr. Pickwick in the

*An ex-Indian judge.
House, being in appearance, spectacles, and style of oratory, the 'very prototype,' as Mrs. B. says, of Samivel Veller's master and patron.

March 11, 1838.

On Saturday I dined with George Wombwell, and met De Lisle, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Auriol, and Hope. Mrs. W. I like very much. I got away to the Salisburys', where there was an agreeable party. By-the-bye, I met Strangford there and his daughter; he was full of the pamphlet. Yesterday I dined at Neeld's; all my friends—Ernest Bruce, Loftus, Sir Hugh Campbell, Percival, Eaton. The pictures exceed any I have seen in England, far beyond Lord Grosvenor's, though of course not near so numerous. His library, too, is quite august. I have never seen such bindings and such magnificent copies. He has an illustrated *Lysons*, Dent's copy, that cost, I believe, Dent originally some thousands; he has Britton's *Antiquities*, with the original drawings, and a thousand and other fine things.

March 15, 1838.

I write to say I heard yesterday of the sudden death of my colleague. I have seen Mrs. Wyndham; she is, of course, at present, extremely overwhelmed; she was sitting in the room with him when he died.

March, 1838.

I dined with the Powerscourts; Lady P. is without exception the most beautiful woman in London. The party was good, in some instances rather funny—
the Murchisons and Mrs. Somerville, Mahon, Redesdale, and Bankes. Murchison a stiff geological prig, and his wife silent. Mrs. Somerville grown very old and not very easy, but Bankes was so very agreeable that I hardly ever was at a more pleasant meeting. I hope to be with you for Easter, as I do not want to be in town during the holidays.

March 16, 1838.

You will hear that last night,* very unexpectedly—for I had given up all thought of speaking, and suffering naturally not a little both mentally and physically—I rose and made a most successful speech. I was so disturbed by deputations from Maidstone, rival candidates for the vacant post, and having nearly lost my voice, which I had been cooking with so much care for days, that at six o'clock, when I sat down in my place, I had quite given up all idea of speaking; but finding the House thin, and getting more composed, I began to think I would make a speech merely for the press. Even with this humble view I was unfortunate, for I could not catch the Speaker's eye, and time flew on, and the great guns one by one returned—Peel, Graham, Goulburn, Hardinge, Herries, &c. About ten o'clock Hardinge beckoned to me and I seated myself between him and Graham. He wanted to speak about moving the new writ for Maidstone. Just as I rose to quit my place, Clay, who was speaking, sat down; and the Speaker, imagining that I was going to rise, called my name. I was in for it, put my hat down,

* Motion on Corn Laws.
advanced to the table, and dashed along. I got the House still in a minute, and was heard with the greatest attention and good humour. I made a much shorter speech than I should have done at an early hour and a thin House; and at length sat down amid loud cheers, and really principally from the Government side; many of them shaking hands with me, and saying ‘All our people agree it was one of the best speeches made on the subject.’ Lord John said nothing, but watched me very attentively, a smile on his face, and I thought he looked malignant; but I did him injustice, for walking home with Ossulston, who was full of congratulations, he said, ‘I have only seen Johnny, and he says it was the best thing he had heard for a long time, a great thing for one so scant of laudation.’ As for our own people, Graham, Goulburn, and Hardinge, and good old Herries shook hands with me immediately when I had regained my place. In the lobby all the squires came up to shake hands with me and thank me for the good service. They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves. All our party noticed the great courtesy of the Whigs and the other side generally to me. I ascribe my popularity in the House to the smoking-room.

On Monday I shall be at Maidstone to dine with my triumphant constituents, as I hope, for up to last night Fector had no competitor.

March 19, 1838.

I write this at a Committee which I am obliged to attend on the Necropolis Bill. The ground is to
be purchased by Lord Southampton, and I attend for Henry Fitzroy, who is obliged to go to Cheltenham as his mother is dying. It is very wearisome; and the whole morning is taken up by Orator Murphy, who patriotically appears for ‘the Public,’ and beards the counsel in spite of their wigs.

The evening at Salisbury’s last Saturday was very brilliant; so many beautiful women, and among them the Princess of Capua. Her beauty is remarkable, added to in some degree by her gorgeous and fantastic dress. It was entirely of green velvet and gold; her headdress of the same material, although in shape that of a contadina. Miss Burdett-Coutts was also there, a very quiet and unpretending person; not unlike her father, nevertheless. Lady Aldboro’ made her first appearance for the season, and was very witty and amusing, and looked as fresh as ever. Lady Stanhope is the very picture of Bob Smith, but I forgot you know her. . . . She has a very pretty daughter, Lady Wilhelmina. One of the prettiest and most interesting women I ever met, however, is Lady Powerscourt. I forgot to notice the Prince of Capua, a savage, dull-looking fellow covered with moustache, and stars. He is entirely ruled by his wife.

April 26, 1838.

I made a brilliant speech* last night, the crack one of the evening, and all who spoke after me, either for or against, addressed themselves to me. C. Wynn, in speaking of Southey, confirmed ‘the statement in the eloquent speech of the hon. member

* Copyright Bill.
for Maidstone.' Poor little Milnes plastered me with compliments, but his own speech was entirely smashed by the reporters. The Ministers tried not to make a House, and we had a sharp run, and I think I may fairly claim carrying the measure. At least Talfourd gave me credit for it, as I went to the Carlton at 9.30, and got down a couple of members and absolutely converted Blackstone, if no others. Sir James Graham, who was in the House, was really most warm; but of all this when we meet.

April, 1838.

I hope to be down in a few days. There is a chance of Exmouth coming for a day or two with me, he is very unaffected and easy. I never read the 'Maidstone Journal,' but will do so when I get down. It was a very triumphant speech, but I am sick of all this provincial spouting. I hope my mother is better, or rather well. The 315 Conservative M. P.'s are to give Peel a dinner at Freemasons' Hall on the 12th of May. It is to be the most wonderful public dinner ever known.

June 24, 1838.

London is very gay now.* The whole of the line of procession is nearly covered with galleries and raised seats; when these are clothed with carpets and coloured hangings the effect will be superb. London teems with foreigners. There are full 200 (on dit) of distinction, attached to the different embassies, and lodged in every possible hotel from Mivart

*In preparation for the Queen's coronation.
to Sablonière. Lord F. Egerton told me this morning that he had just been paying a visit to a brace of Italian princes in the last-named crib on a third floor, and never in the dirtiest locanda of the Levant, Smyrna, or Alexandria, had he visited a more filthy place; but they seemed to enjoy it, and are visible every night, with their brilliant uniforms and sparkling stars, as if their carriage at break of dawn were not changed into a pumpkin.

Your geranium gave me a flower to-day, and will give me a couple more. I have bought also a promising plant myself, and so do very well.—My love to all.

D.

June, 1838.

We had a very agreeable party at D'Orsay's yesterday. Zichy, who has cut out even Esterhazy, having two jackets, one of diamonds more brilliant than E.'s, and another which he wore at the Drawing-room yesterday of turquoises. This makes the greatest sensation of the two. He speaks English perfectly; is a great traveller, been to Nubia, all over Asia, and to Canada and the United States. Then there was the Duke of Ossuna, a young man but a grandee of the highest grade. He is neither Carlist nor Christino, and does not mean to return to Spain until they have settled everything. Therefore they have confiscated his estates, but he has a large property in Italy, and also Belgium. He is a great dandy and looks like Philip II., but though the only living descendant of the Borgias, he has the reputation of being very amiable. When he was last at Paris he attended a representation of Victor Hugo's *Lucrezia*
Borgia. She says in one of the scenes, 'Great crimes are in our blood.' All his friends looked at him with an expression of fear, 'but the blood has degenerated,' he said, 'for I have committed only weaknesses.' Then there was the real Prince Poniatowsky, also young and with a most brilliant star. Then came Kissiloffs and Strogonoffs, 'and other offs and ons,' and De Belancour, a very agreeable person. Lyndhurst, Gardner, Bulwer, and myself completed the party.

I must give up going to the coronation, as we go in state, and all the M. P.'s must be in court dresses or uniforms. As I have withstood making a costume of this kind for other purposes, I will not make one now, and console myself by the conviction that to get up very early (eight o'clock), to sit dressed like a flunky in the Abbey for seven or eight hours, and to listen to a sermon by the Bishop of London, can be no great enjoyment.

Lyndhurst made a very successful speech the other night on Spain, and foreign politics are coming into fashion.

June 29, 1838.

I went to the coronation after all. I did not get a dress till 2.30 on the morning of the ceremony, but it fitted me very well. It turned out that I had a very fine leg, which I never knew before! The pageant within the Abbey was without exception the most splendid, various, and interesting affair at which I ever was present. To describe is of course useless. I had one of the best seats in the Abbey, indeed our House had the best of everything. I am very glad
indeed that Ralph persuaded me to go, for it far exceeded my expectations. The Queen looked very well, and performed her part with great grace and completeness, which cannot in general be said of the other performers; they were always in doubt as to what came next, and you saw the want of rehearsal. The Duke was loudly cheered when he made his homage. Melbourne looked very awkward and uncouth, with his coronet cocked over his nose, his robes under his feet, and holding the great sword of state like a butcher. Lyndhurst paid his homage with remarked grace, but instead of backing from the throne, turned his back on the Sovereign. The Duchess of Sutherland walked, or rather stalked, up the Abbey like Juno; she was full of her situation. Lady Jersey and Lady Londonderry blazed among the peeresses.

The Queen behaved with great grace and feeling about Lord Rolle; nothing could be more effective. She seemed for an instant to pause whether etiquette would allow her to rise from her throne, and then did so, and held out her hand with infinite dignity and yet delicate sentiment. The Marquis of Normanby did his homage well, and so did Lord Wilton, though the first, and perhaps both, were too theatrical. But Lord Audley, who is premier baron, and unknown to everyone, charmed all by his graceful youth and matchless dignity, and imposing manner in which he made the declaration of fealty for his order. Exmouth complained terribly of the weight of his robes and coronet, which were made for his grandfather at George IV.'s coronation, and the old lord was a very tall, stout, burly man. I have got a gold medal given me as M.P., but I have presented it to
Mrs. W. L. O'Connell was in a court dress, and looked very well, and was deeply interested in everything, but was hooted greatly (on dit) by the mob. I think I told you of Fector's gorgeous suit; it has been noticed in the papers. When we two got into his chariot, that cantankerous Norreys halloed out, 'Make room for the Maidstone sheriffs.' Very good, I think, though rather annoying.

The procession was a failure; heavy, want of variety, and not enough music and troops. There are so few troops in the country, that they cannot get up a review in Hyde Park for Soult, and keep on the fair, they are so ashamed. I saw Lord Ward after the ceremony, in a side room, drinking champagne out of a pewter pot, his coronet cocked aside, his robes disordered, and his arms akimbo, the very picture of Rochester. The Strogonoffs are delighted with England, and will stay the month out. I cannot, however, obtain an accurate idea of the effect produced on the ambassadors; they are so courtly and diplomatic.

D.

July, 1838.

There was a very brilliant ball at the Salisburys' the other night, with all the remarkables and illustrious in which London now abounds. I stayed till two o'clock; but there were no signs then of separation, and the supper-room only just open. By-the-bye, the Countess Zavodouska, for I believe that is her name, appears quite the reigning beauty of the season. She did me the honour of remembering me, though not in Turkish costume, and told me she had read Vivian Grey.
No dukes to be made at the coronation, and Mulgrave to be made a marquis. Exmouth came up to Theodore Hook full of indignation at the thirty-one baronets in the night's Gazette. 'Thirty-one baronets! There's a pretty game of the Whigs!' says he. 'They'll make a bloody hand of it, at any rate,' says Theodore. Luttrell's last conundrum, made in Lady B.'s box at the opera—'When is a man nearest heaven?' 'When he is on a lark.' The foreigners thought that Lord Rolle's tumble was a tenure by which he held his barony.

July, 1838.

Yesterday, the day being perfect, there was a splendid review in Hyde Park. I saw it admirably from Mrs. W. L.'s. The Delawares, Rolles, Lawrence Peels, and Dawsons were there, but no one was allowed to be on the drawing-room floor, lest there should be an appearance of a party, except old Lord Rolle, and myself to be his companion. Lord R. sat in the balcony with a footman each side of him, as is his custom. The Londonderrys after the review gave a magnificent banquet at Holderness House. There were only 150 asked, and all sat down. Londonderry's regiment being reviewed, we had the band of the 10th playing on the staircase, the whole of said staircase being crowded with orange-trees and cape jessamines. The Duke de Nemours, Soult, and all 'illustrious strangers' were there—the banquet being in the gallery of sculpture.

July, 1838.

I returned from Maidstone too late to write to you last night. I went down to Rochester by coach, posted
over to my constituents, just missed Day's dinner, which was well managed, went to the Hall reinforced after a wet journey, made a wonderful speech, though I hadn't an idea, to the most numerous assembly ever known, &c.; slept at Randall's, who has a most beautiful house. Fector very well, came from Canterbury, with that intrusive Z——, whom I snubbed very much, but he was only much civiller in consequence. On Friday the Randalls gave a grand breakfast to the principal members of the party, which was well done, and 'equal to anything of the kind' as they say. But only conceive a grand déjeuner scarcely over at 3.30, and a grand dinner at 5.30! I took a walk into the country, as it was in vain to pay visits. We dined 107, more than the room could hold. I had to make another speech; never began a sentence with the slightest idea of its termination; really in a funk, but never made a more successful one. But, to speak plainly, the two speeches cost me great efforts at the moment. I never racked my brain so much, but it answered to the helm.

August 10, 1838.

Fector is seated, and the petition voted frivolous and vexatious! Great triumph. We shall send them a bill, in addition to their own costs. I shall not be down before the 16th or 17th of Aug. The ball at Holderness House was a very brilliant affair. I was introduced to Lord Brougham by Lady William Powlett, and Sir Lytton also made his appearance. I spoke the other night after O'Connell, and with spirit and success. I thought it as well that my voice should be heard at the end of the session, and es-
especially on an Irish subject. There were only eight Tories in the House, the subject having been brought on unexpectedly and without notice, and Brougham speaking in the Lords, which takes men away. The Whig benches were tolerably full, as they had made a whip.

November 20, 1838.

There will be no real news until after the first Cabinet is held. Rumours to-day of a Russian war. Parliament is not expected to meet until January. Cutlar Fergusson being dead, the report is that Macaulay is to have the Judge-Advocateship. The few people in town, principally lawyers, talk of nothing but the Durham proclamation, which seems quite to have dished him.
1839.


February, 1839.

Here has been a row at Crockford’s and Ude dismissed. He told the committee he was worth £10,000 a year. Their new man is quite a failure; so I think the great artist may yet return from Elba. He told Wombwell that in spite of his £10,000 a year he was miserable in retirement; that he sat all day with his hands before him doing nothing. Wombwell suggested the exercise of his art, for the gratification of his own appetite. ‘Bah!’ he said, ‘I have not been into my kitchen once, I hate the sight of my kitchen; I dine on roast mutton dressed by a cookmaid.’
shed tears, and said he had only been twice in St. James’s Street since his retirement (which was in September), and that he made it a rule never to walk on the same side as the clubhouse. ‘Ah, I love that club, though they are ingrats. Do not be offended, Mr. Wombwell, if I do not take off my hat when we meet; but I have made a vow I will never take my hat off to a member of the committee.’ ‘I shall always take my hat off to you, Mr. Ude,' was the rejoinder.—Yours, D.

February, 1839.

I went up with the Duke of Buckingham, Praed, Fremantle, Christopher, Blackstone, and a host of Horwoods, Brickhills, &c., as a deputation to Lord Melbourne on the Corn Laws, which was very amusing. Melbourne, frank and rollicking, evidently in his heart a thorough Tory and agriculturist, rubbed his hands and laughed; when the evil consequences insisted on, agreed to everything. ‘And, my lord,’ said some Horwood from Ely, ‘will not the fund-holder be endangered?’ ‘Oh, of course,’ said the Prime Minister.

I breakfasted at Milnes’ to meet Alfred de Vigny, a very pleasing personage; but I met a M. le Riou, who also spoke English, and is the most astounding littérateur I ever encountered. He is at the Athenæum, and anxious to know my father, and his original but just and profound views on English literature I reserve for another time. He says that Bishop Ken was the Fénelon of England, and that the ‘Oxford Tracts’ are a mere revival of his works; it is the non-jurors again.
I have been to the Speaker's levée. Lord Fitz-Alan, who was sent to Greece because he would marry Miss Pitt, has returned engaged to Miss Lyons, daughter of our minister there. It is said that he escaped 'from the Pit to fall into the Lion's mouth.'

—Love to all,

D.

February, 1839.

Dined at Wombwell's the other day, with Gibsons and Duke of Leeds: more noise than wit. A charming little party at the Londonderrys'—the Salisburys, Lyndhurst, George Bentinck, and H. Liddell. Nothing could be more delightful. Lyndhurst rich with fun and redolent of humour; but the debate in the Lords broke us up earlier than we liked. Tommy Duncombe told me that he should bring the actresses on the stage again about Thursday. I wish you would look into the books and let me know something about the matter. Is it 'ecclesiastical polity' or is it a puritanic innovation? If the latter I would justify my vote. How was it in James I.'s time and Elizabeth? Payne Collier, what says he? Find out what you can and let me have it on Thursday morning; that will give you a couple of days' research.

I dined last week at Peel's and came late, having mistaken the hour. I found some twenty-five gentlemen grubbing in solemn silence. I threw a shot over the table and set them going, and in time they became even noisy. Peel, I think, was quite pleased that I broke the awful stillness, as he talked to me a good deal though we were far removed, he sitting in the middle of the table. I had Sir Robert Inglis on my right hand, whose mind I somewhat opened. He
requested permission to ask after my father, and whether he was at Bradenham. The dinner was curiously sumptuous—'every delicacy of the season;' and the second course of dried salmon, olives, caviare, woodcock pie, foie gras, and every combination of cured herring, &c., was really remarkable. The drawing-rooms and picture gallery were lighted with good effect.

Lord Carrington, whom I met the other night at Lady B.'s, talked to me a great deal. He will be at the head of the county, not the head of a party in the county. Will make no tradesmen magistrates, and no clergymen but from necessitate rei. Duke of Wellington does the same. Very civil and conservative, and asked me to call on him, &c. Yesterday was a day of rumours. It began by giving the Duke of Wellington a fit and ended by burning down Clumber; but I believe they are both very safe.

D.

February 28, 1839.

A thousand thanks, you are a library and a librarian both. I paired for Scrope's dinner till 10.30, anticipating debate on Mexico; found Mexico put off, and Tommy about to jump up. Never heard a more entertaining debate; Duncombe's drollery inimitable.* Though I had not intended to speak, and had not even your notes in my pocket, it animated me, and though full-figged in costume, I rose with several men at the same time; but the House called for me, and I spoke with great effect, amid loud cheering

*Tom Duncombe's motion on theatrical amusements in Lent.
and laughter. Supposed to have settled the question, which, to the disgust of Government, was carried by a majority of twenty. Never saw Johnny in a greater rage. He sent for Alfred Paget, who was going to vote for us, and insisted that he shouldn't. I was glad Dungannon, an ultra-Churchman, took the same side. Chandos is delighted with the result, and should, he says, certainly have voted against the Government.

D.

March 9, 1839.

Bulwer's play* is very successful, but as a composition, I hear, poor stuff. It is, in fact, written by Macready, who has left out all the author's poetry which is not verse, and philosophy which is not prose. The scenery and costumes unprecedentedly gorgeous and correct; the acting very good. My last speech was very successful, the best coup I have yet made. And it was no easy task, for I spoke against the Government, the great mass of the Conservative party, and even took a different view from the small minority itself. I was listened to in silence and the utmost attention. Peel especially complimented me, sore as he was at the Conservative schism, and said, 'Disraeli, you took the only proper line of opposition to the bill;' and Hardinge, a sharp critic, said I had entirely got the ear of the House, and overcome everything. The dilemma as to O'Connell was perfect, and made a sensation. He would have replied, but Peel caught the Speaker's eye, and after him young O'Connell took the cue, and attempted to answer me.

*Richelieu.
The Duke of Buckingham talks of nothing but 'Buckinghamshire Lays.'—Love to all.

D.

March 22, 1839.

I spoke last night, but without any preparation, as I was not even aware that Hume's motion was coming on. I made some telling hits, being a réchauffé of some of the chief points in the 'Vindication of the English Constitution.' The Radicals were flustered, and as Henry Ward, who followed, succeeded in making no answer to me, were obliged to stir up O'Connell, who was inclined to be malin, but cautious. Hume was in a great rage because I said he did not know what representation and taxation really meant. On the whole, it was very amusing. The House, though so early, very full, from an idea that the Ministry are going to announce their resignation! . . .

The excitement is at the highest; the galleries filled at noon, the lobbies and passages lined, strangers in the streets appealing to you for orders; every preparation for a great battle, which will after all turn out a X. The game is in Peel's hands; but he evidently has resolved that the Ministers shall resign and not be turned out. The Radicals clamour against him for not permitting them to assist him. However, all is bustle, and 500 members at prayers, in order to secure places. This is just one of those occasions in old days when I used to feel so mortified at not being an M.P. Assisting, as the French say, at such a 'crisis' has considerable fascination, and all must feel it, though they can't and won't confess. One cannot walk down Parliament Street under such circumstances without some degree of exultation.
June 4, 1839.

A great day of hubbub. The Lord Chamberlain resigned on Saturday, and the Speaker* to-day; he holds the chair, however, till Whitsuntide. Spring Rice is the Government candidate; but there will be a battle. The Grand Duke of Russia rides, the Morning Post says, à la Russe, which means, I take it, a Mamelouk gallop. I met him at this pace to-day down Regent Street, poor Lord Torrington riding after him, and no joke, it being his own horse, and mopping his official countenance in a most unofficial manner.

The Chartists are uneasy. Old Wynn has placed himself at the head of his county and the troops, and done wonders at Llanidloes, where he has recovered the town and routed the rebels. Fine old fellow!

Dined en famille with the Duke of Buckingham, to eat venison; a regular Bucks party. Sir East and a widow daughter, enthusiastically 'blue,' and boring Chandos about my genius, who seemed quite puzzled and proud at having an author for his friend. I believe Lady Anna has not been allowed to read the tragedy (Alarco), therefore she hopes it will be acted. She is great fun. I hope your voyage was prosperous, and my father better. My love to him and my mother.—Yours,

D.

June 8, 1839.

The debate† wanted variety last night, as it may almost be said to have consisted only of two speeches, taking up more than five hours between them. I

* Abercromby; succeeded by Shaw-Lefevre.
† Fleetwood's motion for giving votes to county 10/- householders.
don't think either was very successful. Lord John is generally feeble in a studied harangue and tells better in a sharp reply. Peel was over-laboured and, though partially produced great effect, hung fire towards the end; besides, by rising directly, which he was obliged, after Johnny, the House had not dined, and were so famished before he had concluded, that the cheering was not as hearty as usual, but indicated somewhat of the faintness of their systems. I am afraid there is no chance of a division to-night. The result as to numbers is very doubtful. Bonham puts the majority from 15 to 18; I put it 22.

Douro's marriage has taken place: a great concourse and much cheering in the streets, and would have been in the church had not the Dean of Carlisle with apostolic naïveté preliminarily warned the audience. The church crowded; three or four ladies in pulpit; pews engaged weeks before. I have not seen the lady, but, according to Douro, she weighs 11 stone 5 lbs. I hear a beautiful face, and came out last year. They were married before twelve, and at four o'clock he was riding in the park. . . . These, I suppose, as Sir Hugh says, are affectations. They drove off at 5.30 to Strathfieldsaye. The Duke walked into the church star-and-gartered, and walked home much cheered: the mob wanted to take the horses out of the carriage and draw the new marchioness.

Dined at the Duke of Buckingham's; the new dining-room opened for the first time. I was the only commoner except Sir W. Fremantle. Lady Mahon full of the sonnet,* never having before had an op-

---

*Written by Mr. Disraeli on Lady Mahon's portrait in the Book of Beauty.
portunity of speaking her mind, which I don't think particularly pleased my lord.

June, 1839.

I hear that eight new peers are to be made. I was at Madame Montefiore, née De Rothschild, as she says at court: a most magnificent concert. Two royal princes (Sussex and Cambridge) and the Duke of Wellington Gartered and Fleeced. Grisi and Persiani sang a duet, and the supper very splendid. The weather is at length charming, and I think you must really look after my summer costume. Eight Radicals go against the Government, and if our own men can be kept together, instead of thirty majority as they talk of, they would not have ten. Peel made one of his great speeches; the rest very dull. I did not rise, as the only opportunity I had was after Hume, and I did not like to speak after a man who opposed the Government and really did it very well. Lord John has published his letter to his constituents and thrown over the Government. The fate of the Whigs is sealed, but the moment of their break-up depends of course on circumstances.

Social London is rather dull, in contradistinction to political London; indeed, no one thinks of anything but politics. I send you a very good thing in the shape of Theodore Hook's epitaph on Lord de Ros—'Here lies Henry, 17th Baron de Ros, in joyful expectation of the last Trump.' I am reading the Indian papers, which are the most amusing thing I have met with since the Arabian Nights.
June 23, 1839.

I didn't get home till half-past five on Friday morning, and had only time yesterday before post to receive the congratulations of my friends, which came thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. How strange that nearly in despair at the end of the session I should have made by universal consent the best speech* on our side on the most important party question. After listening to Ewart as long as he replied or attempted to reply, which was about ten minutes or so, I thought the moment he began to repeat by rote I might retire, and I went to the Carlton. The rumour of my success had preceded me. Canterbury was very warm; he has always taken an interest in my Parliamentary career. It was Charles Buller who told him it was one of the best speeches. I had touched up Charley a little, though with courtesy. He is erroneously represented in the papers as not being in the House, whereas the 'laugh' which you may observe in the report was occasioned by his taking off his hat and making me a bow. Two of my old foes, Lord Lincoln and Lord Ashley, tendered me their congratulations with extended hands. As for Alarcos, Colburn, on the strength of the speech I suppose, advertises it this morning as 'Mr. Disraeli's Tragedy.'

D.

July 3, 1839.

I dined at Greenwich with the Duke of Buckingham on Saturday. A large party embarked at White-

*June 21, on National Education.
hall in a steamer, but I went by land with Lyndhurst. A sumptuous banquet, and Brougham made nearly fifty speeches full of comic humour and fierce slashing of Whigs; declared it was impossible to turn them out of power, to Chandos's blank despair, because they were not in power, to Chandos's chuckling relief. Lyndhurst was also capital. I dined with him yesterday to meet Webster,* who is, I believe, considered a very refined and spirituel Yankee, but seemed to me a complete Brother Jonathan—a remarkable twang, as 'tyrannical' and all that; he also goes to the levée. A fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled deep-set eyes, and swarthy complexion. He is said when warmed to be their greatest orator. Strangford was there, very airy and sparkling; all the rest Americans and principally relatives. A good story and true. Brougham asked Webster verbally to dine with him, and sent him a card the next day headed 'To remind.' Webster immediately answered by another card headed 'To acknowledge'—very American, don't you think?

The great storm here was very grand, and blended with Lyndhurst's banquet. Strangford said it reminded him of Alarcos; he and 'George' think it by far the finest thing I have written, but don't like the comic parts. Wakley says it is the finest play since Shakespeare. There! Sidney Herbert quoted a long passage; just been reading it to a lady. I said I was surprised anyone could look at a tragedy not acted; he said, au contraire, it was very much read and talked about.

D.

* The American statesman, Daniel Webster.

18 B. D.—20
July 13, 1839.

I made a capital speech last night on Chartism, of which the *Times* gives a fair report. It was made under every disadvantage, for the Tories, supposing Chartism would be only a squabble between the Whigs and Radicals, were all away, while the Ministerial benches were crowded—all the Ministers, all the Whigs, and all the Radicals. Peel, however, was in the House, having come down on the Penny Postage. It was a very damaging and disagreeable speech to the Government, and they didn't like it.

I dine to-day at the Newspaper Press dinner. I go with Lyndhurst, who is in the chair. Powerscourt raves about *Alarcos*, and literally knows it by heart. Milnes, the poet, is astonished that I didn't give it Macready, as 'it would have made his fortune.'

I went down to Rosebank to a *petit bal* given by the Londonderrys, after a dinner to the Duchess of Cambridge on her birthday. The place itself is but a beautiful cottage, but there is a grand conservatory more than sixty feet long, lofty and broad in proportion, and, adorned with festoons of flowers, formed a charming ball-room, and I met a great many of my friends. In reality, the brilliant moon, the lamplit gardens, the terraces, the river, the music, the sylvan ball-room, and the bright revellers, made a scene like a festa in one of George Sand's novels.—Love to all.

D.

August 13, 1839.

I dined at Burdett's yesterday. Dinner at seven o'clock precisely; everything stately and old-fashioned,
but agreeable. The house charming; the dining-room looking into delightful gardens, with much old timber, beyond St. James's Park. I got away by 9.30, and went down to the House, which I found dozing in committee, but I made a speech. Unfortunately, as generally happens on long committee nights, there was scarcely a reporter in the gallery. I analysed all the evidence of the Constabulary Report. It made great effect, quoting all the pages and names without any document. The complete command of the House I now have is remarkable, and nothing can describe to you the mute silence which immediately ensued as I rose, broken only by members hurrying to their places to listen. On Monday I was more than four hours at Lord Palmerston's private residence on business of no slight importance. Prince Esterhazy, who came into the dining-room whilst I was waiting, said, 'I have come to introduce myself to Mr. Disraeli. I have long wished to know you; I read your speeches with admiration.'

I understand the Cabinet is to be reconstructed soon after the prorogation, which is to take place on Tuesday. Our marriage* is fixed for Wednesday. I shall write to you every day, however briefly.

My particular love to my mother, and all.

D.

Kentish Hotel, Tunbridge Wells:
September 4.

Your welcome letter reached me yesterday. We have had unceasing rain, and have therefore not left our rooms, which we find very agreeable, except to

* Married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, August 28, 1839.
drive to Bayham amid squalls, and an excursion to Penshurst yesterday amidst showers. De Lisle was out shooting, but we saw the children, whom we found quite charming. Mr. Sidney, aged thirteen, had gone to school that morning—Temple Grove to wit, but no longer kept by that wretched Pinkney. The three daughters and their governess received us. Miss Sidney, about fourteen, a most interesting girl, though not pretty; her little sisters very much so. I have only been on the Pantiles once, and have met Lord Monteagle, with whom I am very good friends, notwithstanding our skirmishing. There is scarcely anybody here that we know, or care to know. The Thomonds arrived at this hotel on Monday, and have called on us—the first visit we have received. Thank Tita for his congratulations.

SHIP INN, DOVER: September 7.

We quitted the Wells rather suddenly, resolved to take advantage of the fine weather; travelled yesterday with our own horses to Ashford, by a cross road, through the Weald of Kent. At Ashford this morning I met Knatchbull, who was about to attend a justice meeting at our inn. He came upstairs and was introduced to Mary Anne. His place is in the vicinity, a deer park, and then comes Deedes. Ashford Church is quite a minster in appearance. There is a small chapel lately and richly renovated by Lord Strangford; very beautiful, full of the tombs of the Smythes. He has repurchased part of the family estate in the neighbourhood. He has inlaid in the wall a bold brazen tripartite tablet, one side containing an inscription to the memory of his wife, who died at Con-
stantinople, the other to his eldest son, and the centre left blank for himself. From Ashford through Hythe we reached Dover to-day, and intend to cross to Calais to-morrow. Write to me, Poste Restante, Baden-Baden.


Our movements have been so rapid since we quitted England, that I have had no opportunity of writing before, with any definite idea of our progress or purposes. A rough but very rapid passage carried us to Calais, only two hours and twenty minutes, but Mary Anne suffered dreadfully, as indeed all the passengers except myself. However, we got off the evening of our arrival, and slept at Dunkerque; arrived at Ostend the next day, just as the train was about to start for Brussels; got our carriage hoisted on and reached that place at 8.30. Very hungry, for we had not dined; we drove in despair to the Bellevue and all the great hotels in turn, finding them all full; at last got lodged in an entresol at the Britannique, grateful even for this wretched shelter. From Brussels reached Liège, through Antwerp by a railroad, then posted the next day through Aix-la-Chapelle, which like every town in Belgium is wonderfully improved in external appearance since my early visit. We arrived at Cologne two hours before the steamer set off. Completed the whole passage to Pforzheim without leaving the boat, sleeping very comfortably in our carriage, and on Monday found ourselves quartered in the Baden Hof. Such are the revolutions of modern travel!
This is the most picturesque, agreeable, lounging sort of a place you can imagine. A bright little river winding about green hills, with a white sparkling town of some dozen palaces called hotels, and some lodging-houses, like the side scenes of a melodrama, and an old ruined castle or two on woody heights. I don't think we shall stay more than a week. Mary Anne says it is not much better than Cheltenham—public dinners, balls, promenades, pumps, music and gambling. The dining at the table d'hôte, an invariable custom, is amusing and cheap. We think of going from here to Munich, only about 150 or 200 miles; it would be a result. I shall arrange that any letter you have already directed here shall follow me; in the meantime direct to Munich. I got a sight of English papers and Galignani at the library here, which was of course welcome.

Yours ever affectionately,

D.

MUNICH: October 2.

We have been so constantly on the wing since we left Baden, that it has been impossible for me to write to you before. We travelled from Baden to Stuttgart, through the Black Forest for two days—a region of uninterrupted interest, most savage and picturesque, though rich from its vegetation and occasional valleys of pasture. We travelled for a whole day through an almost impenetrable forest of black pines, occasionally cleared for a few miles, and offering most charming views of villages watered by rushing streams, and backed by villages, valleys, and amphitheatres of hill over hill, all covered with the black pine; the weather cloudless and very hot.
Stuttgart a very handsome town of the Turin school, modern but improving; but the Grecian villa of the king in the park is charming, and most tastefully furnished. We fell upon great fêtes, which pleased us much. The king, surrounded by a brilliant court, sat in a pavilion in the midst of a beautiful mead, which was enclosed by tiers of covered seats, and distributed prizes to the Würtemburg peasants for oxen, horses, &c. 'Twas much finer than the tournament. More than 20,000 persons I should think present; the peasantry in rich and bright dresses, dark velvets with many large silver buttons, vivid vests, and three-cornered cocked hats. It was fine to see a family leading a bull crowned with roses, rams worthy of the antique garlanded for altars. After this races, which were not very good, though the passion of the king is for horses, and his stables are, I believe, the finest in Europe. The whole scene was very patriarchal, though her Majesty came in half-a-dozen blue carriages with scarlet liveries. The king rode a fine barb, followed by grooms, &c., in scarlet.

We visited the studio of Dannecker, and I insisted on seeing the artist, whom I found a hale old man, more than eighty, but with a disorder in his throat which prevents him from speaking. He was much affected by our wishing to see him, and when we drove off opened the window of his room, waved his hand, and managed to say, 'Viva, viva!'

I have read enough of Hallam to make me thirst for literary history in detail. He takes of all things a comprehensive view, and handles them with a vigorous grasp, but is more strong in the legal division than in others. A mere general view is all he can take of any subject. I think it will revive and
restore the taste for literary history, which all able works thereon inevitably must. I don't think his English literature his strongest point. He is very meagre and unjust—on Sir Thomas Browne for instance. Compare Hallam with Coleridge hereon. He never notices the extraordinary imagination of B. In general, I see in Hallam a dash of German affectation in his style, which he has imbibed of late years. My paper is full.—Thousand loves to all. D.

Munich: October 14, 1839.

After a fortnight's residence in this city, I find it difficult to convey to you an idea of it. Since Pericles no one has done so much for the arts as the King of Bavaria. Galleries of painting and sculpture, Grecian temples, Gothic and Byzantine churches, obelisks of bronze, equestrian statues of brass, theatres and arcades painted in fresco, are but some of the features of splendour and tasteful invention which on every side solicit the eye, and which I can only allude to. The Royal chapel has the most astonishing interior in Europe; entirely painted in fresco on a rich gold ground. This art of fresco painting he has entirely revived. His painted glass equals the most vivid of the old windows. His patronage has produced a first-rate architect in Klenze, and the most remarkable sculptor in Europe in Schwanthaler, a pupil once of Thorwaldsen, and with much of his style, though he combines with classic taste feudal genius. Our days have passed in a round of sightseeing, and Munich is not yet exhausted. The king returned, after a long absence, four days back, since which the city has been very gay: reviews, a new
statue opened, an installation of the Knights of St. Max, races, the Queen's birthday, &c. We have seen the king several times, tall, meagre, and German—a poet, which accounts for Munich, for a poet on a throne can realise his dreams. D.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue Rivoli, Paris:
November 4.

We arrived here on Saturday very well; and your very welcome letters reached me instantly. October until the last two days presented to us a cloudless sky, which rendered our travelling from Munich to Frankfort very agreeable. We visited Ratisbon, a very ancient Gothic city. Walhalla, a height on the Danube, crowned with a Grecian temple larger than the Parthenon, but of beauty not less eminent, raised to the genius of Germany by the King of Bavaria; Nuremberg, a city which retains all its olden character, the Pompeii of the middle ages, and Wurtzburg-on-the-Maine, once the capital of a princely prelate who so-journed in a much nobler palace than our sovereign's. So to Frankfort, where after a few days we crossed the Rhine, having travelled in our tour by the waters not only of that river, but of the Neckar, the Danube, and the Maine: the four principal rivers of Germany. The Neckar and the Maine are charming, though not as famous as the Rhine, nor offering at one point such an aggregate of beauties as are clustered together between Bingen and Coblenz. The famous Danube is but an uncouth stream; its bed is far too considerable for its volume, so that it presents a shallow, shoaly look, with vast patches of sand and shingle in the midst of its course.
Henry Bulwer, who is now a great man, called on us on Sunday, and we met afterwards at dinner at the Charles Gores. The Goulburns left this place this morning, and the Brinsley Sheridans are also here.

Galignani meets me every morning on the breakfast-table, which is very pleasant. I have contrived to keep pretty au fait with what has gone on, so that I shall not be a stranger when I return, which I suppose will be about the end of the month. I have got Rogers' rooms here, who quitted Paris with his sister and old Mr. and Mrs. Fonblanque on Monday. I hope my father has made progress. I think Hallam provokes the appetite for a continuous history full of biographical detail. His style is very careless at times, and often ungrammatical, but that is better than his Germanisms; but he is vigorous and comprehensive. 'Tis a review article in four volumes, not a history.

D.

Paris: November 22, 1839.

I hope to reach England in a week, and shall be very glad to find myself there again. The political horizon is cloudy and disturbed, but the serious illness of the Duke of Wellington, which has just reached our Embassy, may yet assist the Whigs on their last legs. I always hold that no one is ever missed, but he is so great a man that the world will perhaps fancy his loss irreparable. I have received all my letters from the Carlton and Grosvenor Gate through Henry Bulwer's kindness. We have been very gay in Paris and our friends very kind to us, having been invited to the Embassy, Canterburys, Sheridans, &c. One day we dined at a complete party of English
Catholics, friends of Mary Anne, at a Mr. Nangle's, who married a Miss Tichborne, daughter of Sir Henry and sister of Lady Dormer, to meet John Bennett, eldest son of Bennett of Wilts, who has just married a Tichborne, also very young and pretty, and now travelling. All of them very agreeable people, but our host after dinner called up his son to introduce to me, 'Chidiock Tichborne Nangle,' so named in consequence of the paper in the Curiosities of Literature. He said the Tichborne family would shed tears over that article. Mary Anne is particularly well, and in her new costumes looks like Madame de Pompadour, who is at present the model of Paris—at least in dress. We have been to the Grand Opera to see the 'Fairy Lake' of Auber, and to the 'Proscrit,' a new play at a small theatre, by Eugène Soulé, very Gallic and effective, i.e., affected and affecting. Paris is very much changed since my first visit; there are trottoirs in every street, and in the most ordinary corners you find shops which Regent Street cannot equal. But their efforts in the higher arts, of which they talk so much, will not pass muster after Munich. We hope to meet my father quite himself again.

D.

GROSVENOR GATE: November.

Your letter would have made me very happy had it brought more satisfactory tidings of my father. I had persuaded myself from your account that the enfeebled vision* merely arose from bodily health,

*This was the commencement of the blindness from which he never recovered.
sedentary habits, &c. We are very uneasy and unhappy about him, and we would take great care of him if he would come up for advice. Everything is very flat, and we live in the midst of perpetual fog, and shall be glad when business will let us find ourselves at Bradenham.

In spite of all the Cabinet Councils, the day for the meeting of Parliament seems as yet uncertain. The deficit in the Post Office in London this morning (i.e., London alone) was 800l. The Government are chagrined; but Maberly told a friend of mine that though it* was certain to fail they must go on, that the existence of the Government depended on it. Brougham has written to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to request that his daughter may be buried there, as he has always intended that his own ashes should repose in their sanctuary. Granted nem. con.; the first woman that has ever been interred in an inn of court.

D.

December 18, 1839.

Dearest:

Alexander has just left us; he seems to think with skill and care my father ought to recover his sight. There is no news otherwise, except my father thinks me looking very well, which makes me fear he is really blind, as this is the first time in his life he ever thought so. Last week we dined en famille with Mrs. Montefiore to meet Antony Rothschild, who is to marry one of the Montefiores, Charlotte. There were Rothschilds, Montefiores, Alberts, and

*The new Penny Post.
Disraelis—not a Christian name, but Mary Anne bears it like a philosopher.

D'Orsay sent on his horse to Wycombe Abbey, as Bob Smith has none 'worth riding,' but he could not get out of the house the whole time he was there, even to pay you a visit. It was so foggy he was obliged to give it up. They had a roaring, robustious, romping party, of which he gave very amusing details. Playing hide-and-seek, they got into the roof, and Albert Conyngham fell through the ceiling of one of the rooms. An immense long leg dangling out, Carrington came to look at it with his eye-glass, but took it very good-humouredly. Great regrets on his part that I was not at Bradenham.

Parliament fixed for January 16. D.
February 12, 1840.

DID at last succeed in seeing Prince Albert. He is very good-looking, and they are now enjoying themselves on the slopes of Windsor. The Duke of Bucks has dined with me; he was really quite gay and seemed delighted with everything, which with him is very rare, as society bores him. I have asked sixty M.P.’s to dine with me, and forty have come. I shall now rest upon my oars. We are in great confusion with Stockdale. He bore his examination with great coolness, without being audacious, and unbroken presence of mind. The sheriffs and under-sheriffs have been under examination, but the House only gets deeper in the mire, and I think the result
is that they must commit the sheriffs, which will occasion a riot, and eventually the judges, which will cause a rebellion. If Follett had not misled Peel originally, the Whigs would have been crushed. We inflicted a tremendous blow on the Government yesterday, practically more than if we had carried the non-confidence vote. Herries' speech, of its kind, was a masterpiece; perspicuous, poignant, polished, and never failing in a single point. I had no idea of his calibre. Labouchere broke down, the Chancellor of the Exchequer only floundered.

February 16.

I have been to see the sheriffs in prison. They really think themselves martyrs. I told them they would 'live in history,' and they answered 'No doubt of it.' . . . When do you come to town?—Yours, 

D.

February 18, 1840.

I went up with our House,* very strong in numbers and very brilliant in costume, and it was generally agreed that I am never to wear any other but a Court costume; being, according to Ossulston, a very Charles II. The Peers preceding our procession by only half an hour, the golden carriages of the Chancellor and the Speaker were almost blended in the same crowd, and the quantity of personages of note, to say nothing of courtiers, gentlemen-at-arms, and beef-eaters, was very fine. All our men were costumed but Scholesfield and Muntz, and a few

*Address to the Queen on her marriage.
Rads, including, to my surprise, O'Connell *en bourgeois*. The Speaker, with John Russell on his right and Peel on his left, both in the Windsor uniform, marched up to the throne in good style; we followed somewhat tumultuously. The Queen looked well; the Prince on her left in high military fig, very handsome, and the presence was altogether effective. Always having heard the palace abused, I was rather agreeably surprised. The hall is low, but the staircase is not ineffective, and I was amused, for the scene was busy and brilliant.

I have received nothing but congratulations about my speech,* and it is impossible to give you any account of all the compliments, congratulations, and shaking of hands, &c., which occurred in the lobby during the division. Continued cheering, the House very full about half-past ten, when I sat down a prime hour, and every man of distinction there. I hope my father improves.—Love to all. D.

March, 1840.

All the world of late has been talking of the Shuckboro' correspondence, which will be sent you, therefore I need not describe it. A strange medley of witty vulgarity on the part of Lady Seymour, and purse-proud ostentation on that of her correspondent. It will make you laugh, I think. To-night we are to beat the Government—*re* Newport job. It will be a sporting debate, and worth listening to. I went to the Speaker's levee, which was very full, though not a leading man on either side visible. D.

*On question of privilege.*
York Hotel, Brighton: April 20.

We have found this place pleasant enough, the weather being very fine. I have eaten a great many shrimps, which are the only things that have reminded me I am on the margin of the ocean; for it has been a dead calm the whole week, and I have not seen a wave or heard the break of the tide. There are a good many birds of passage here, like ourselves. I had a long stroll with the Speaker,* who is the most amiable of men and not one of the least agreeable, fresh as a child and enjoying his holidays.

I think the volume of miscellanies charming in appearance, and its contents most inviting. I cannot doubt of its extreme popularity when known. I hope you will give me a good bulletin of all in Half-Moon Street. I long to see you all.

D.

June 1, 1840.

No news except on dit Lowther or his son-in-law, Broadwood, has bought the opera-house and, I suppose, all the dancers besides.

After all, poor Lady Cork did not die of old age; she was arranging her plants in a new fashion and caught cold. On Saturday at Hope’s I sat next to Rogers, and he made one or two efforts at conversation which I did not encourage; but after the second course (Rogers having eaten an immense dinner), both of us in despair of our neighbours, we could no longer refrain from falling into talk, and it ended by a close alliance, the details and consequences of which are so amusing that I must reserve them for our visit.

*Shaw-Lefevre, later Viscount Eversley.
All the world has been this morning to Exeter Hall to see Prince Albert in the chair. Peel moved one of the resolutions, and produced a great effect on his Highness.

June 12, 1840.

The political world is convulsive; the Government, by extraordinary efforts and pledging themselves that if in a minority they would resign, hardly induced Howick and all the malcontents and shufflers to return to their allegiance, came to a pitched battle again last night, and were, to our surprise as much as their own consternation, ignobly defeated. After this occurred a scene which only could be compared to Donnybrook fair. O'Connell insanely savage; the floor covered with members in tumultuous groups; Stratford Canning, pale as a spectre, with outstretched and arraigning arm; hooting, cheering, groaning, and exclamations from unknown voices in the senatorial crowd. Maidstone, in full dress fresh from the Clarendon, re-enacting the part of the English Marcellus, and Norreys with a catcall.

Fancy Gordon falling asleep over his despatches in the Speaker's private room! What a droll casualty! Old Gore Langton 'lost his way.' He is eighty-five. We never have a single man absent.

One great resignation has occurred. Last night Crockford sent in a letter announcing his retirement. 'Tis a thunderbolt, and nothing else is talked of; 'tis the greatest shock to domestic credit since Howard and Gibbs. Some members are twelve years in arrear of subscriptions. One man owes 700£. to the coffee-room; all must now be booked up. The consternation is general. Moors that were hired are given up,
and yachts destined to the Mediterranean must now lie in harbour.

July 15, 1840.

These last days I have been so pressed with various affairs that I have not been able to summon spirits enough for correspondence, though I have found two occasions to make speeches. Last night I massacred Dr. Bowring. The only report that gives you the least idea of what I said is in the Morning Chronicle, for the debate came on late, unexpectedly, and in committee, when reporters are generally slack and absent, expecting nothing but conversation.

I answered the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was replied to by the President of the Board of Trade, who, however, had nothing to say for himself, and was obliged to take refuge in mere assertions. My facts flabbergasted him, as well as Bowring's champion, Hume, who was ludicrously floored. His speech is not in the least reported, but convulsed the House when he said the 'hon. and learned member for Maidstone' had taken him by surprise, quoting authors he had never read, &c., &c. Peel most gallantly came to the rescue of his 'hon. friend the member for Maidstone,' and gave me immense kudos.

D.

July 21, 1840.

I spoke again last Friday—fairly reported in the Times, but being of an ironical vein was difficult to see under. Bowring has written me a letter of Christian mildness. He has only confirmed the two points of which I was not certain. He is ruined by
my oration, and is to be employed no more. This is a fact. The other point was nothing, as he is no longer in Parliament; but everybody thought he was very learned and all that.

We had a pleasant dinner at the Horace Twisses, and Theodore Hook among the number. He was very amusing, and would not join the ladies: 'We are very comfortable here,' &c. At last a pompous butler flounced in to announce 'Coffee' (Mrs. Horace having an evening party, and being in despair at our delay). 'Sir,' said Theodore, staring the astonished butler out of countenance, 'my name is Tea Hook.'

August 7, 1840.

I am anxious to hear news of you all from Beau-maris; this charming weather is doubly agreeable when I remember how much it must contribute to your pleasure, and I rejoice that you should see some picturesque scenery under such advantages. For us, we are to go to Buckingham on Tuesday, preliminary to the ball the next night. Henry Smith gives us shelter, as lodgings are not to be obtained. I look forward to it all with anticipatory disgust. A Queen Dowager seems to me as uninteresting a person-age as can well be imagined—no power, and, in the present instance, no society, for she has not a court, although we pay for it. The Lyndhursts have gone to Stowe to-day grumbling.

I saw Lord Carrington at the opera, but I am not clear the lady with him was his bride; she had a gracious appearance. He was married to-day, the lady in dress of Bucks lace. All Foresters asked, but no Smiths, except Gardener.
The morning papers publish two editions, and Louis Napoleon, who last year at Bulwer's nearly drowned us by his bad rowing, has now upset himself at Boulogne. Never was anything so rash and crude to all appearances as this 'invasion,' for he was joined by no one. A fine house in Carlton Gardens, his Arabian horses, and excellent cook was hardly worse than his present situation.—Yours, D.

August 15, 1840.

We have returned from our Buckingham festivities. I understand the outdoor part, as far as triumphal arches, processions, crowds in the gardens, &c., was very successful. Nothing could be more dull than the indoor portion; by all accounts, and from my own observation, nothing more completely a failure than the ball itself. A party of visitors with the Queen Dowager and the Archbishop of Canterbury for principal guests was certainly not very promising, and Lyndhurst shook his head when we met with an expression which spoke volumes. There was a temporary room for the ball, which was in itself a blunder, as anybody can guinettise, and princes give balls because they have palaces. But the booth was of colossal dimensions, of immense height, and capable of holding 1,500 to 2,000 people. There were not 400, and these included the scrapings of the county, and so many priests that it had the character of the Archbishop's levee. The supper was gorgeous from the display of plate, but rather scanty in provisions. The only Whig was Verney. The Duke gave his arm to Mary Anne, and took her up to the Duchess in grandiose style. The High Sheriff sent
her home in his carriage, there being some mistake about ours. Dering, with a lady in a diamond tiara under his arm, is something too rich! I scribble in sad haste, but hope you will catch an idea. D.

**Wolbeding:** September 7, 1840.

We are staying a few days with the Maxses. There is no one here except Tom Duncombe; but, as you know, the place is very beautiful, a paradise of flowers and conservatories, fountains and vases, in the greenest valley with the prettiest river in the world. This was a former temple of Whiggery. Charles Fox's statue and portrait may be seen in every nook and every chamber, a sort of rural Brooks's.

**September, 1840.**

Walpole went to dine yesterday with the Miss Berrys, who now live at Richmond; the party consisting of Miss Montague, Guizot, and Pollington—very *recherché* and 'Strawberry Hillish.' The old ladies a little in love with the Horace Walpole of the nineteenth century, who, by-the-bye, is more elegant, fantastical, and interesting than ever, and talks of changing his name, retiring to Parma or Cremona, or some city equally decayed and unvisited. Venice too vulgar, with Monckton Milnes writing sonnets in every gondola, and making every bridge 'a bridge of sighs.' I breakfasted with him to-day, and he really was divine. I never met anything like him—such a stream of humour, fancy, philosophy, and quotation, in every language. When last in Egypt he met Botta, who talked of me much.
Peace, peace is the order of the day, and French funds have risen 5 per cent. in one day. The Princess Augusta still lives, but everybody else in London seems dead. I have not read the trial of Madame Lafarge with any attention, which I regret, but it seemed to me that the French do not acknowledge any of our principles of the law of evidence. The mysteries of Orfila and the cadaverous smell remind one of a procès in the middle ages. I met a lady a few days back who knew Madame—not pretty, but très gentille in her appearance. There is a portrait of her in the Charivari, which bears an arsenic look, taken in court. Walpole has no doubt of her guilt, and thinks she took the idea of the white powder from Vivian Grey.—Thousand loves. D.

October 15, 1840.

The King of Holland has abdicated, and Beyrout, after a bombardment of nine hours, has been taken by the English. The Cabinet have decided on 'carrying out' the treaty of July to the letter, with only four dissentients. On dit that even Lord Holland, that old Gallomaniac, ratted to Palmerston, who is quite triumphant. Great panic exists here, and even the knowing ones, who from their confidence in Louis Philippe have all along been sanguine of peace, look very pale and blue. Alas! that a Bourbon dynasty, even of Orleans, should absolutely depend for its existence on a Guizot or a Thiers, a professeur and a rédacteur. My domestic ministry, which is as troublesome as the French, is provisionally formed.
October 22, 1840.

Lord Holland was found dead in his bed this morning. This, though not considered as yet a very significant event, is in my eyes not unimportant. It breaks up an old clique of pure Whiggery, and the death of a single Minister, by causing Cabinet reconstruction, is always of some weight. The Whigs say that Lyndhurst will be beaten at Cambridge;* but affairs have not yet developed themselves, so we may hope.

We have had a delightful visit to Deepdene. In the midst of romantic grounds and picturesque park Hope has built, or rather is still building, a perfect Italian palace, full of balconies adorned with busts. On the front a terraced garden, and within a hall of tesselated pavement of mosaics, which is to hold his choicest marbles. We found there Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Hope, and Harness, now grown an oldish gentleman, but still juvenile in spirits, and even ready to act charades and spout poetry. Mrs. Adrian is French, a child of nature—never heard of Sir R. Peel. She is the daughter of the famous General Rapp. . . . My heart is with you all, though my letters are but brief.—Yours,

D.

November 6, 1840.

That latitudinarian trimmer, the Bishop of London, thinking he could at the same time please the Whigs and not mortify Peel, and thus make a hedge of Canterbury, has given in his adhesion to Lyttelton. 'Est-it possible'? as the Prince of Denmark said.

---

* Election for High Steward.
The best thing is, that the same post brought a letter from Peel of the most extraordinary warmth for Lyndhurst, offering a subscription and his unlimited services in canvassing for him, a copy of which has been sent to the Bishop with the compliments of Lyndhurst's committee. The secret history of all this movement is, that the gentlemen of Trinity were tired of waiting for loaves and fishes, and knowing that Lyndhurst was abroad, and taking it for granted that none of his friends would incur the responsibility of bringing him forward, thought it was a fine opportunity to open a book with the Government. The Duke of Wellington is canvassing, and all are now active. The absence of Lyndhurst and his ignorance of the contest is at least dignified, if injurious; but I don't think the latter.

November 8, 1840.

Lyndhurst has arrived, looking younger than ever; he goes to Cambridge to-morrow. He is perfectly safe; indeed, I have heard from a Lyttelton quarter that they could only count 600 promises, and L. has 1,500 or thereabouts.

Lyndhurst visited Metternich, who was fortunately at his Bohemian castle, where he had not been for seven years. He was very hospitable, courteous, and charming, and pledged him freely in his own Johannisberg. Lyndhurst saw a good deal of Lord Beauvale, who is a most agreeable companion; but physically, mentally, and morally the perfect double of his brother Melbourne—his very chuckle, and the same manner and expression and view of men and affairs.
November 12, 1840.

Lyndhurst's election looks safe. Nothing can exceed the rancour of the Whigs, except their efforts to crush him. It was agreed that the candidates should not go down without fair notice to each other. Lyttelton's committee at half-past twelve on Tuesday night sent a note marked 'Immediate' to Sir J. Beckett, who had gone to bed, informing him that Lord Lyttelton had just gone down to Cambridge. They knocked up Lyndhurst at half-past two, who was off at eight o'clock. Lyttelton gained little by this ruse; he appeared in the Senate when nothing was going on, and everything thin, cold, and scanty. Lyndhurst entered at three o'clock, the Senate crowded and the breeze in his favour; the tumultuous cheering of the undergraduates lasted twenty minutes. Nothing can exceed the enthusiastic popularity of our friend. Old Miss Hatch opens her mansion, beds and all, to voters for Lyndhurst; the new Tory mayor equally hospitable. Fat old Barnes, of the Times, waddled up to give his vote; he was recognised, and the undergraduates mightily cheered the Thunderer, to his infinite satisfaction.

November 13.

In haste I write another line to tell you the close of the poll by express.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th>Lyndhurst</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th>Lyttelton</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>. . . . .</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>973</td>
<td>. . . . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>. . . . .</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>487</td>
<td>. . . . .</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is considered one of the greatest triumphs; the other side are in despair. The Chronicle says 'one of the most foolish and timid contests on Lord Lyttelton's part on record,' &c., 'on Lord Lyndhurst's all
enthusiasm.' Other papers say Lyttelton was betrayed by 'Dons,' his soi-disant friends, &c. I saw Peel yesterday; most friendly, and very warm to Lyndhurst.

November 21, 1840.

The Queen was safely and rather suddenly delivered of a princess at ten minutes to two o'clock this afternoon. She is doing well, and I believe the child. I write in haste and hurry. I have just seen Sir Charles Wetherell from Hanover; pleased with his fortnight's visit to the King, who is well and content, 'as comfortable as Kew.' . . . There is no doubt that Acre has fallen, and therefore the matter is settled. What was the poor Pasha to do against all Europe? He has been infamously misled by that rascal Thiers, a thorough representative of the gaminerie of Paris. In the meantime, the Liberals are infinitely disgusted with Palmerston's triumph, and quarrel among themselves in much the same fashion as Monsieur Thiers.

The Lyndhursts have taken Turville Park unfurnished for a term; they called on us to-day. I had not seen the conqueror before since his triumph.

We intend spending Christmas at Deepdene, and from thence to Bradenham. We had the Lyndhursts and Tankervilles, with Cis Forester and Hope to dinner the other day, when we had a perfect Spanish pudding. Lyndhurst recognised his old Bradenham friend. Tankerville's French cook, he tells me to-day, has been trying his 'prentice hand' at it, but a fiasco. He says he finds a French cook can never execute out of his school, and Cis wants the receipt for the mess, but Mary Anne won't give it.—Yours, D.
Deephene: December 26, 1840.

We arrived here a week ago, with our host and Adrian Hopes. Then came Mr. Mitchell, very amusing; Baron and Baroness de Cetto, Walpole, Lord de Lisle, Sir A. Grant, and Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce; two days after came Baron Gresdorf, Sir Hume Campbell; and these formed our Christmas party, with the addition of the delectable Mr. Hayward. . . .

Our party very merry and agreeable, and we have had many Christmas gambols, charades, and ghosts; and our princely host made all the ladies a Christmas box; to Mary Anne two beautiful specimens of Dresden china, a little gentleman in cocked hat and full dress, and a most charming little lady covered with lace. A thousand loves, and good wishes for a real happy Christmas and New Year. God grant it may turn out so for all of us. D.
1841.


February 23, 1841.

AM spoken of with great kudos in Cecil (le livre du jour), which indeed was given to me for some time and is an imitation of the Vivian Grey school. But Lord Howden is now universally understood to be the author, with the exception of myself, for I am not credulous, and think the writer is nearer home;* but I shan’t whisper my suspicions. Lord Jocelyn’s book† also makes a noise, from its complete inanity; his excuse is curious and satisfactory. Lord Melbourne cut out the politics, Lord Hill the warlike details, and Lord Minto the naval, previous to their conceding an imprimatur.

* Mrs. Charles Gore.
† About China.
May 15, 1841.

I spoke with great effect last night in the House,* the best speech on our side; it even drew 'iron tears down Pluto's cheek,' alias, applause and words of praise from Peel. A full House about 9.30, and all the Ministers there. The times are terribly agitating, and I can give you no clue to what may happen. The Ministers from a technical difficulty cannot dissolve Parliament at a moment's notice, so we must at all events have the warning of ten days. Our party at Peel's was, like all such male gatherings, dull enough. I had hopes of at least eating a good dinner, for our host entertains well; but that chatterbox Milnes would sit next me, and I had not even the consolation of a silent stuff.

May 20.

The debate on Tuesday was powerful and exciting.† I dined with the Guests, but regained my post behind Sir Robert by ten o'clock, a few minutes before he rose. He spoke for three and a quarter hours, equally divided between commerce, finance, and the conduct of the Government; the latter division very happy and powerful. I think it will end in dissolution, but I am prepared for it, as, from all I can learn, Shrewsbury seems perfectly secure.‡

Lion Inn, Shrewsbury: June 21, 1841.

The canvassing here is most severe, from eight o'clock in the morn to sunset, scarcely with half an

---

*Sugar Duties.
†Continuation of debate on Sugar Duties.
‡Parliament dissolved June 23.
hour's bait. I think all looks very well indeed; all I fear is over-confidence. The gentry have all called on us and very hospitable in their offers, but which at present I cannot venture to accept.

D.

Carlton Club: July 7, 1841.

Here I am again, having been only five days out of Parliament! We had a sharp contest, but never for a moment doubtful. They did against me, and said against me, and wrote against me all they could find or invent; but I licked them, and the result is that we now know the worst; and I really think that their assaults in the long run did me good, and will do me good. After the chairing, which was gorgeous and fatiguing, after quaffing the triumphal cup at forty different spots in Salop—a dinner and a speech—we went and stayed till Monday at Loton Park, Sir Baldwin Leighton's, one of the most charming old English halls, and filled with a family in their way as perfect. A complete old English gentleman, whom I first met at Stamboul, a most agreeable wife, the finest amateur artist I know, and children lovelier than the dawn. We stayed an hour at Shrewsbury on Monday to witness the chairing of the county members; slept at Birmingham, were lionised the next morning by George Whately; and arrived home last night to receive the congratulations of our friends. All in excellent spirits, and certain of sixty majority at the least, perhaps more.

Are there any strawberries left, or will there be in a week? We mean to run down by rail to see you.—Thousand loves.

D.
July 15, 1841.

The elections have gone admirably in Ireland, far beyond our hopes; but the non-intrusion question has prevented our gains in Scotland from being as considerable as they otherwise might have been. We have got rid, however, of many bores, specially Briscoe, Gillon, a ruffian, that scamp Bob Stewart. Hume is going to Switzerland; Morpeth intends also to travel, the game being up at present. They have subscribed, I am told, amply in the city for a scrutiny, and will unseat Lord John, the only one of the Whig chieftains who has escaped unscathed; even O'Connell beaten. Yesterday Lord Villiers was married to Peel's daughter; the church crammed, and at the breakfast Prince George proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. Peel acknowledged the toast, and spoke shortly, but so pathetically that Lord Jersey burst into violent tears. During his sketch of the character of a good man, Wilton was seen gradually to grow redder and redder, till at length the personal allusions overcame him, and he also audibly wept. T—— told me this, who was there. . . .

D.

August 20, 1841.

The only event that has occurred since our return has been the election of the Speaker. . . . The speech was successful. Bernal Osborne made a brioche, which I was delighted at, as he malignantly attacked me, and his manner was most flippant and audacious. After the first minute he commenced, 'Gentlemen,' as if on the hustings—cries of order. 'Well, I suppose you are gentlemen'—cries of disgust. After this he five times made the same blunder, in fact lost his head.
August 31.

There is no news of any kind; all about appointments* in the papers moonshine. We are frightened about the harvest, but as the glass has been gradually rising for some days, I do not despair, and if the sun ever shine again, we shall get down to Bradenham, I hope.

D.

* Lord Melbourne having resigned, Sir Robert Peel had been sent for.

18 B. D.—22
1842.


February 2, 1842.

THUNDERBOLT in a summer sky could not have produced a greater sensation than the resignation of the Duke of Bucks. All is confusion. I had a long conversation with him the other day. ‘He has only one course—to be honest.’ I am sorry to say I hear he has taken the Garter. . . . Peel seems to have pleased no party, but I suppose the necessity of things will force his measure* through. Christopher has given notice to-night for a 25s. duty, and Lord John for a fixed. I think affairs may yet simmer up into foam and bubble, and there may be a row. D.

April, 1842.

The horses are at the door, and we are going with the living Horace Walpole to visit for the last time

* Sliding scale of Corn Duties.
Strawberry Hill. Last night, after going to the city, I fired a most effective shot in the debate—cheered by Peel and all the Ministers. Hardinge, giving me his arm, said, ‘You know what I told you years ago, you would become one of the clearest and most forcible speakers in the House;’ and Sir J. Graham remarked, ‘Never was a party pinned more effectively; the pin was pushed into the middle, and to the very head.’ Just at this moment, when he was unbuttoning his heart, a thick-headed alderman (Copeland) forced himself upon us and spoilt all.

The Shrewsbury petition is withdrawn. This great coup, almost, in the present state of affairs, as great as my return, was effected in the most happy manner by my agent, Bailey, of Gloucester, without any interference and knowledge of either of the great parties. On his own responsibility he paired off Shrewsbury against Gloucester. The committees work so ill, under the new system, that I really despaired sometimes of keeping my seat, and was convinced that the Shrewsbury people would proceed. But the Gloucester Whigs prevailed upon them to sacrifice themselves for the extrication of their neighbours.

In the Journal des Débats there is a long article on the highly interesting debate on ‘Affairs in the English Chamber.’ M. Disraeli is said to have pinned Lord Palmerston respecting his belief in the insincerity of Russia.

August 11, 1842.

This delicious weather makes one sigh for country air, but we are still prisoners. Peel made a most effective speech last night. He crushed Palmer-
ston,* who on the last night, like an excited player, lost on one dashing stake all his hard-won winnings of the last month. I was in the leash to speak, but the effect of Peel's speech was so overwhelming that all the Whigs (Vernon Smith, Charley Buller, Hawes, &c.) took refuge in silence, and Cobden, seizing the opportunity, attempted, to an impatient and excited House, to foist off his intended speech of the night before, and turned the whole course of the debate, or rather buried it, being followed by Hume, Ewart & Co. in an American corn vein. Palmerston looked overwhelmed, being mortified by the turn of the debate, which rendered his position still more ludicrous—most ludicrous, however, when Philip Howard, the butt of the House, and who pours forth endless niaseries, rose to vindicate 'his noble friend,' which he did with agonising detail, till Peel went away, the House nearly emptied, and Palmerston bound to remain, even refrained from replying, for which he had prepared. By-the-bye, he quoted me very courteously at his commencement, and indeed 'went off' with me, which produced an effect in the House. I sigh for news from Bradenham. As soon as we have paid you a visit we shall cross the Channel. 

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, RUE DE RIVOLI: 
September 26.

Here we are at our old quarters, and well placed. We have taken a suite looking on the Tuileries for three months, and get all the sun which is to be had.

*Review of the session.
Our passage was favourable, so we gained nothing in suffering by starting from the Tower, and much of convenience. Lablache was one of our fellow-travellers, and was a charming companion. He beguiled the time with his agreeable and polished conversation, and seems even fonder of pictures than of music. Also 'the great Mr. Candy,' as he was described by the captain of the vessel, with his travelling chariot, lady, children, servants, &c.; the lady reclining on cushions, the children in various silken cloaks, continually changed and adjusted, and Candy himself in the height of fashion, florid and frank, with new kid gloves, gold-headed cane, and occasionally changing his hat for a tartan silk cap with a silver thistle badge. On inquiry, he turned out to be a silk dealer, or warehouseman, or something, and was a source of infinite amusement. He knew me.

I see by the London papers that a new farce, 'Curiosities of Literature,' is announced at the Haymarket. I hope the Cologne Review did not incommode Ralph. Baron Orten said at Crockford's the Sunday before we left that the King furnished them (the English officers) with a table daily at which 300 sat down, not less than a guinea per head. 'Quel restaurateur!' exclaimed D'Orsay.—Love to mother and all.

D.

Hôtel de l'Europe: October 16.

For the last ten days we have been having the most beautiful weather here, which will, they say, last during the month. We have found agreeable acquaintances in the De Grammont family. The Duchesse, Count d'Orsay's sister, is like him in petticoats.
She receives three times a week, and the few people in Paris may be found in her little house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, crammed with pretty furniture, old cabinets, and pictures of the De Grammonts. The Duc, as well as his spouse, extremely good-looking, and brother of Lady Tankerville, who is also here, and very kind to us. The Duc when Duc de Guiche was an officer in our 10th Hussars, in the days of Lord Worcester, Pembroke, and George Wombwell. One of the three sons, the Viscomte de Grammont, is with them, and their two daughters, on the point of coming out, and the first considered very pretty, and celebrated in the novels of Eugene Suë, the only literature admitted into 'fashionable society' here. We see these Mdlles. de Grammont in the evening, when they are trying their wings, previous to a formal débüt, and kiss their mother at ten o'clock and go to bed. Of English here, are the Adrian Hopes (who have arrived from Normandy), Henry Hope, Smythe, Cochrane, Lord Pembroke, Antony de Rothschild, Mrs. Montefiore. Antony succeeds the Duke of Orleans in his patronage of the turf, and gives costly cups, which his horses always win.

Through Goldsmith I have made the acquaintance of Manguin, whom I see much of and like, and Odilon-Barrot, the leader of the Opposition, called on me yesterday. Thiers is in the country, as is almost every other leading man, but they will soon cluster in. He frequents the salon of the Duchesse, and seems in favour with the Carlists. We also meet there Princes de Beaufrémont, Counts de Chambellan, Duchesses de Marmier. What names! but where are their territories? There are only one hundred men in France who have 10,000£ per annum. Henry Hope
and De Rothschild could buy them all!—Love to the parents.

PARIS: November 9.

Our English friends have nearly all departed, and the serious illness of the Duc de Grammont has put a stop to the pleasant reunions at their house. We have dined with Lord and Lady Cowley: a very pleasant dinner. Lord Pembroke, Lady Aldboro', H. Bulwer, the Lawrence Peels, some attachés, Greville, Heneage, &c. The ambassador is very like the Duke, but much taller. Lady Cowley has the most polished yet natural manners, very well-informed and rather clever. Paris is very empty of notables, though some few are stealing in. The season will be late and sombre, owing to the death of the Prince Royal, and the non-consequent autumn meeting of the Chambers, which will not now reassemble till the middle of January. We have passed an evening at Madame Bau-draud's, the wife of the general and aide-de-camp of the King, and friend. She is an Englishwoman, and young enough to be his daughter. We met also her friend, Miss Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who remembered dining with me seven or eight years ago at Bulwer's. Many Frenchmen have English wives—Madame Lamartine, Odilon-Barrot, and De Tocqueville.

We went to see Déjazet, and I was much disappointed and disgusted. She is hideous, and no ability can compensate for such a physique, nor has she grace. But the Parisians are still enthusiastic in her favour. She produced I suppose on me the same effect as Vestris on the Americans. Great revolution in caps and bonnets, but no change as yet in dresses. The cardinal capes are universal. I have not ventured to
ask about my father, but your mentioning a visit to town and Tyrrell* reanimates us. Pray give us news hereon and write to

Your affectionate D.

PARIS: November 23.

I think when I wrote last I was on the eve of paying a visit to Thiers, whom I found in a very handsome house, and in his cabinet, or sanctum, a long gallery-room, full of works of art; at the end, his desks and tables covered with materials, maps, and books and papers for the life of Napoleon, or rather the history of the Consulate and Empire. I stayed with him two hours—a very little man, but well-proportioned, not dwarfish, with a face full of intelligence, and an eye full of fire. Madame Thiers receiving every evening, Mary Anne and myself paid our respects to her a few nights after. We met there Mignet, Count Walewski, whom we knew, and others. Madame Thiers pretty: her mother, Madame Dorne, there, and I believe the house, which is very handsome, belongs to Monsieur Dorne, the father-in-law. Next day to the Sorbonne, where I paid a visit to the celebrated Cousin, late Minister of Instruction, and now Dean of the University: great power of elocution, he delivered a lecture, which lasted an hour and a half, very perspicuous and precise; dogmatic, but not a pedant. I have seen also Dupin, who is rich and lives in a very handsome hotel. I also made a visit to the prince of journalists, Monsieur Bertin de Vaux; an ox who lives in a fat pasture, manured by others. He dwells

*The oculist.
in a fine hotel, and lives like a noble; indeed few have such a rich estate as the Journal des Débats.

Yesterday, however, was my most distinguished visit: like a skilful general I kept my great gun for the last. On Sunday night I received a letter from the royal aide-de-camp in service to inform me that the King would receive me in a private audience at St. Cloud on the morrow at 11.30. I was with his Majesty nearly two hours alone, the conversation solely political, but of the most unreserved and interesting kind. He was frank, courteous, and kind. In taking my leave, which of course I could not do until he arose, he said he hoped my visit to St. Cloud had made as favourable an impression on me as mine had on him, that he hoped to see me in the evenings at the palace, when he should have the pleasure of presenting me to the Queen. There is no Court of any kind at this moment, and therefore Mary Anne cannot be presented, and we hear that the poor Queen is still dreadfully depressed. After my audience had concluded, General Baudraud, whom I rejoined in the ante-chamber took me over the palace.

I ought to tell you that while, previous to the audience, I was sitting in the chamber of the aides-de-camp, one of the courtiers brought me from the King by his Majesty's express order, a despatch just received, and which he had not himself read, containing the news of the conquest of Cabul and the release of the prisoners. His Majesty said afterwards he was happy that our meeting took place on a day which had brought such good news for England.

Be very particular and minute in your information about my father's eyes. Scarcely a day passes without some inquiry being made after him here, especially
by the *hommes de lettres*. His works are universally known here, and Buchon, Ste.-Beuve, Bertin de Vaux, &c., are familiar with every page he has written.

Yours, D.

**Paris:** December 2.

Since I last wrote I have made a visit to Augustin Thierry, or rather a pilgrimage. He is only forty-five, but paralysed to his centre, and quite blind, but he entirely retains his faculties, and with the aid of an amanuensis continues his composition, and even researches. He sent many messages to my father. Thierry is married, and his wife very worthy and devoted, but she takes the words out of his mouth a little too much. Afterwards I made my *début* at the Comtesse de Castellane's, a charming woman of the highest fashion, and who smiles on M. Molé, a grand seigneur, and once prime minister. I was presented to her by Henry Bulwer, and have since presented Mary Anne. On Tuesday I dined with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, his first dinner of the season, and given only to the great personages, even the Cabinet Ministers only appeared at the soirée. The guests were the English Ambassador and Austrian (Count Apponyi), the Prussian Minister, Duc Decases (Grand Referendary of France), Count de Chabot, Alexander Humboldt, General Sebastiani (Governor of Paris), Baron Regnier (the Chancellor of France), Rothschild and myself, and Colonel Fox. Guizot, his mother, very old, his sister-in-law, who heads his establishment, and his private secretary, made up the party. All was sumptuous, and guests with every ribbon of the rainbow. Sat between Sebastiani and Rothschild,
whom I met for the first time. He spoke to me without ceremony: 'I believe you know my nephew.'

On Wednesday we went to a grand rout at the British Embassy, where we saw every diplomatic character in Paris, including the fat nuncio of the pope, and the Greek Minister in native costume. Returning home I found a note from General Baudraud, saying the King wished to present me to the Queen, and accordingly last night I was obliged to go off to St. Cloud, and arrived about nine o'clock. I passed, for the first time of my life, an evening in the domesticity of a Court. When I arrived the royal family were still in the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans. A few courtiers, and one or two visitors, my friend Count Arnim, the Prussian Minister, loitering in the salon, and three ladies sitting at a table working. In a quarter of an hour the Court was announced, and his Majesty entered with the Queen, followed by Madame Adelaide, the Princesse Clémentine, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, and some attendants. We formed a distant circle. The Queen and the ladies, all in deep mourning, seated themselves round a large round table working. Ices were handed, and the King commenced speaking a few words to each. He was very gracious when he observed me, and, after expressing his pleasure that I had arrived, called to a courtier to present me to the Queen. Her Majesty asked me six questions, to which I replied. She is tall and sad, with white hair—a dignified and graceful phantom. Then I was presented to Madame Adelaide, who is lively, like her brother. In the course of the evening the King conversed with me a long time. I doubtless owe to his good word my grand dinner with M. Guizot, who told me the King
had observed to him 'he had had a most interesting conversation with me.'

D.

**Paris: December 21.**

Many thanks for your 'happy returns' received this morning.* . . . We were at a brilliant assembly at Countess Apponyi's the other night. Among others the Turkish Ambassador, with two little boys about six and eight years of age, in costume, whose diamond tassels to their red caps and large melancholy eyes captivated the ladies.

We attended a meeting of the Académie Française for the reception of a new member, the celebrated Baron Pasquier, Chancellor of France, who made a long eulogy on Fassinous, the late Bishop of Heranopolis, and was replied to by the president of the day, M. Mignet, in a speech of considerable ability. The grand hall of the institute was crowded, all the genius and fashion of Paris present. My ticket was given me by Comte Molé, Mary Anne's by Guizot. Afterwards I dined at a grand party at the Luxembourg, with the Duc Decases, and sat next his Duchesse, a daughter of St.-Aulaire, the French Ambassador at our Court. In the evening a reception at Madame de Castellane's to celebrate the election of Pasquier, the hero being there himself, and many celebrities. I was introduced to Barante, President of the Society of French History, of which I have been elected a member.

Last week I received a command to dine at the Tuileries at six o'clock. I was ushered, through a suite of about twenty illuminated rooms, to the cham-

*The writer's birthday.*
ber of reception, where I formed one of the circle, and where I found seated the Queen of Sardinia, at present a guest, and her ladies. Soon after the Court entered and went round the grand circle. I was the only stranger among sixty guests. Dinner was immediately announced, the King leading out the Queen of Sardinia, and there were so many ladies that an Italian princess, duchess, or countess fell to my share. We dined in the gallery of Diana, one of the chefs-d’œuvre of Louis XVI. In the evening the King personally showed the Tuileries to the Queen of Sardinia, and the first lady in waiting invited me, and so did the King, to join the party, only eight. It is rare to make the tour of a palace with a king for the cicerone. In the evening there was a reception of a few individuals, but I should have withdrawn had not the King addressed me and maintained a long conversation. He walked into an adjoining room, and motioned me to seat myself on the same sofa. While we conversed the chamberlain occasionally entered and announced guests, ‘S. A. le Prince de Ligne,’ the new ambassador of Belgium. ‘J’arrive,’ responded his Majesty very impatiently, but he never moved. At last even majesty was obliged to move, but he signified his wish that I should attend the palace in the evenings. I am the only stranger who has been received at Court. There is no Court at present, on account of the death of the Duke of Orleans; and the Ailesburys, Stanhopes, and Russian princes cannot obtain a reception. The King speaks of me to many with great kudos; we go very often to the Grammonts and the Baudrauds. — Yours. D.
1843.

**Opening of the Chambers — Dinner with Odilon-Barrot — Reschid Pasha — Hôtel de Ville — Masque ball at Opera House — Dinner with Molé — Return to England — Speech — Peel frigid — Speech on Boundary Question — Visit to Shrewsbury — Ball and races — King of Hanover's visit to London — Daily fêtes — Speech on Ireland and Servia — Deepdene — Bradenham.**

**Paris: January 16.**

The uncertainty of our movements and the great pressure of business and pleasure have daily made me delay writing. Our life goes on the same, only more bustling.

I have been a great deal at Court; had the honour of drinking tea with the Queen and Madame Adelaide alone, and one evening was sent for to the King's cabinet. I am in personal as well as political favour there. We had tickets from the household to witness the opening of the Chambers and to hear the King's speech, which was extremely interesting. The splendid staff of a hundred general officers and the marshals of France, in their gorgeous uniforms, seated on one bench, very fine. We have been also to the Chamber of Peers, worthy of the Roman (140)
Senate; to the Luxembourg, to a concert given by the Duchesse Decases, and we were the only English there. One of our most amusing parties was a strictly French dinner, to which we were invited by the Odilon-Barrots. A capital dinner, and surrounded by names long familiar to me, Lamartine, Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont; the first tall and distinguished in appearance, all intelligent. In the evening a soirée, in which all the Opposition figured. By-the-bye, the Turkish Ambassador dined at Barrot's; I happened to praise some dish which I remembered eating in Turkey; and on Sunday his cook brought one as an offering to Mary Anne. Reschid Pasha is his name, a great celebrity. I went by invitation one evening to talk Eastern politics and smoke a chibouque, which he offered me, brilliant with diamonds. He told me then that since we last met he had been recalled, 'a simple rappel.' He knew not whether he was to be disgraced, or to be made Prime Minister; but I suspect the latter will be his destiny.

Another day we went to an assembly at the Hôtel de Ville, given by the wife of the Prefect of the Seine—costly beyond description, in the style of the Renaissance; and after it, where do you think we went at half-past twelve at night, M. and Madame Adolphe Barrot, ourselves, and Odilon? To the masqued ball at the Opera. They had an admirable box, the scene indescribable. Between three and four thousand devils dancing and masquerading beyond fancy. A thorough Carnival; the salle of the Grand Opera formed into one immense Belshazzar's hall with a hundred streaming lustres. The grand galoppe, five hundred figures whirling like a witches' sabbath, truly
infernal. The contrast, too, between the bright fantastic scene below and the boxes filled with ladies in black dominoes and masks, very striking, and made the scene altogether Eblisian. Fancy me walking about in such a dissolute devilry, with Odilon-Barrot of all men in the world, who, though an excellent fellow, is as severe as a vieux parlementaire of the time of the Fronde. I have omitted much more than I have told; but you must manage to pay your visit to town immediately after our arrival.—Ever yours,

D.

Grosvenor Gate: February.

We have arrived, crossing to the Tower, a good passage, with Lord Brougham for an agreeable companion; but I have been so pressed since our return that I have not had a moment to write. I can give you no news; all at present uncertain and unsatisfactory; Peel frigid and feeble, I think, and general grumbling. . . .

Our latter days at Paris were very brilliant. The principal features, the ball at the English Embassy, a thousand guests, and orange trees springing from the supper table; my farewell audience with his Majesty; a grand dinner at Molé's, I sat between Humboldt and Tocqueville, and was surrounded with celebrities, Mignet, Victor Hugo, Cousin, &c. But above all spectacles was the ball at Baron Solomon de Rothschild's; an hotel in decoration surpassing the palaces at Munich; a great retinue of servants, in liveries more gorgeous than the Tuileries, and pineapples plentiful as blackberries. I saw Hahnemann at Paris, very hale and active, and eighty-eight!—Yours,
February 17, 1843.

I have at last made a great speech at a late hour, in a full House, and sat down amid general cheering. . . .

Last night also was lively. Baring's touch at 'the velveteen correspondence' made all sides and sections split. Peel, I hear, very savage. Almost every speaker last night referred to my speech, among others Z. in an elaborate panegyric, which I rejoice to find was not reported. Lord Ashburton wished an earldom; they want to job him off with a viscountcy and the red ribbon, but he kicks. Strangford says 'he has had enough of broad red lines.' You twig, as Sam Weller says, Franklin's map. I receive invitations every day, three for to-morrow, but hope to escape them all. I dine at the House of Commons, over a couple of mutton chops and cayenne pepper. D.

House of Commons: March 21.

Nottingham Election Committee.

Our election committee has received a blow today, which I hope is ominous of its speedy decease. It is very hard work, and has sadly deranged my studies for the debate on the Boundary Question tonight, which Palmerston brings forward in a couple of hours. . . .

Grosvenor Gate: May 12, 1843.

We were very glad to receive such a good bulletin of my father's eyes as we were stepping into the carriage homeward bound yesterday morning. We left Shrewsbury after breakfast, and arrived at home for dinner. For the provinces I think my speech was
a great effect. Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of my auditors or be stronger than my position there. We did not arrive at Shrewsbury till ten at night, by which we lost a triumphant entrance, the streets having been filled with the expectation of our immediate arrival from six to eight o'clock; guns on the bridge ready to be fired and frighten our horses, and deputations at the column. After the dinner we went to the Bachelors' Ball, which was very gay and well attended. Mary Anne, who never looked so well, was the grand lady of the evening, and led into supper by the mayor. The next day we went to the races; saw Retriever win the Tankerville—an excellent race—and shook hands with a great many friends. Lord Newport* was our travelling companion up to town, and very agreeable; a shrewd, tall, fair, unaffected, very young man. I was at the House last night and received many compliments about my speech and Shrewsbury campaign. . . . I hear Ben Stanley, who never praised friend or foe, said the other day that my Boundary speech was the crack one of the session. . . .

D.

July 17.

London, that a little while ago seemed so dull that the shopkeepers were in despair, is suddenly favoured by the most animated season, for which exchange they are indebted to the King of Hanover, now the most popular man in town, for the first time in his life. Grand fêtes every day and apparently interminable. On Thursday the Duchess of

*Later Earl of Bradford.
Buckingham, after a banquet, held an assembly, extremely brilliant and well arranged. The band of the Life Guards in the galleries of the grand staircase. Every guest welcomed with a martial flourish, and the effect was stirring. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and his intended father-in-law were there, as well as his Majesty of Hanover. On Friday Lady Lyndhurst had a reception after a royal dinner. We formed a Court circle, and the King went round. I was presented and received gracious compliments from his Majesty; he even shook hands with me, the second king who has shaken hands with me in six months!

Lady Peel has asked us to a grand rout and royal reception on the 21st, and the following week the St.-Aulaires to a ball. A delightful fête at Gunnersbury, Madame de Rothschild mère. A beautiful park and a villa worthy of an Italian prince. The bright morning unfortunately ended in a dingy afternoon, which threw us much on the resources of indoor nature, notwithstanding the military bands and beautiful grounds, temples and illuminated walks. However, we had a charming concert, a banquet, and at the end a ball. All the world present—Ernest I., the Cambridges, Duchess of Gloucester, &c. I got well waited on by our old friend Amy, who brought me some capital turtle, which otherwise I should have missed. I suppose in a fortnight the interesting business of Parliament will have ceased.

August 7.

I have been waiting to write with the hope of being able to say something definite about our movements, but I am cruising for two subjects on which I
wish to speak, Ireland and Servia. I was in hopes that to-night and to-morrow would have disposed of both, but an amendment of Ewart on the committee of supply will, I fear, hinder the third reading of the Arms Bill, and to-morrow, if Servia, I fear we shall be favoured with Mr. Roebuck on Scinde. Directly we get rid of these two debates we shall be anxious to leave town and come to you. Londonderry’s flare-up has cut the Government in the wind; they could not believe it possible. He had threatened to hold aloof, but at a certain hour, finding Purvis would possibly be returned, he made all his men vote for Bright!* Oh, for fifty Durhams!

September, 1843.

We returned from Deepdene this morning, after a most agreeable visit, with beautiful weather. One night I sat next to Mrs. Evelyn of Wotton, a widow; her son, the present squire, there also; a young Oxonian and full of Young England. We are going to Manchester and Liverpool—a rapid visit which I must make—and after a respite of forty-eight hours for business we should like to come to Bradenham for as long as you will have us. I am writing and want a workroom; therefore, if it does not inconvenience anybody, let me have my old writing-room next to your room. The journals daily descant on the ‘new party’ that has arisen to give a new colour to modern politics, &c. I hope my mother has quite recovered, and that you receive good accounts from Ralph in Ireland, and that he has enjoyed himself. A thousand loves.—Yours,

[Signature]

*John Bright was returned for Durham, July, 1843.
1844.

Coningsby — Reviews — Sydney Smith — Manchester — Literary meeting — Fatiguing visit to Shrewsbury — Return to Bradenham.

May, 1844.

ORD PONSONBY is so enchanted with ‘Sidonia,’ that we are all to dine together at the Lions’ en petite comité on Sunday. There is no particular news except that Bradshaw, the last of the school of Brummell, has read a book—and it is called Coningsby—twice in one evening. John Manners has told me there is a capital review in a Puseyite periodical, published by Burns, The Christian Remembrancer. A most unexpectedly friendly article in Ainsworth. I have not yet seen Hood, where there is an article supposed by Milnes. . . . We dined with Baring Wall, and had a most exquisite dinner, with charming society. I sat next to Sydney Smith, who was delightful. We had besides Lady Morley and Luttrell, Labouchere and George Smythe, Punch Greville and Lord Melbourne. The party sprang from Coningsby, and from Sydney Smith’s wish to make my acquaintance. The demand for the book is steady, and we are preparing for a third edition. It is wonderfully
popular with the ladies; but even old Britton 'the antiquary' has written me a letter full of enthusiasm.

August 30, 1844.

Manchester has invited me to take the chair at their literary meeting, and Bucks to commemorate the majority of Chandos.* The Revue des deux Mondes contains a most elaborate and interesting article on Coningsby. I shall try and bring down to you also the Westminster. I have had three fatiguing days of triumph at Shrewsbury. People seem frightened about war; but though I see six weeks or two months of agitation and fluctuation, I retain my opinion that peace will continue, though perhaps at the expense of Monsieur Guizot, even of Ministers in other countries. Three thousand loves, and great delight at the prospect of our speedy union. Dinner at seven, tell my mother, with my love.—Your affectionate,

D.

*Later the Duke of Buckingham.
1845.

Visit to meet her Majesty at Stowe—Dinner at Stationers' Hall—Vestiges of Natural History—Spread of Young England—Scene in House—Sybil—Cassel—Description—Paris—Audience of the King—Conversation with St.-Aulaire—Confusion in the Cabinet.

January 20, 1845.

OU have heard of our sudden expedition to Stowe, and its brilliant success; her Majesty, Peel, Aberdeen, and all equally distinguishing us by their courtesy. The whole scene sumptuous and a great success for the Duke. The Wednesday before I kept my engagement at Stationers' Hall, where I sat on the right hand of the master, and had to make a speech, which was rather ridiculous, as there were only thirty or forty citizens, grubbing like boys, a table of delicacies: but I seemed to please them, and all came up to be presented in turn to the great man. Most present were of the time of the first red sandstone, and before Mercury or Venus were created.

*Vestiges of Natural History of Creation*, one small volume, is convulsing the world, anonymous, and from an unknown publisher; 3,000 copies have already been sold, and it will soon form an epoch.
February 6, 1845.

I write a line very tired; Gladstone's address was involved and ineffective.* He may have an avenir, but I hardly think it. With Stanley and Follett gone, Peel will have a weak Treasury bench for debate; but this is not the age for non-confidence, and I don't see much trouble before him. The storms rise in Parliament, like squalls in the Mediterranean, in a moment.

Lord Campbell came to me in the lobby to congratulate me on the great spread of 'Young England,' and asked my opinion of affairs. I said I thought we were in the third year of the Walpole administration. He looked rather blue. Cochrane is ill with a fever; Milnes still at Berlin. John Manners and George Smythe here, and very hearty.

House of Commons: March 21, 1845.

I much regretted not getting out on Saturday to send you a line from myself as to the great scene in the Commons the night before, from which that respectable assembly has not yet recovered.† There never was an instance of a trip being succeeded by such a leap; and the only thing I have read which can give you an idea of it is a sketch by Horace Walpole of a sudden ebullition by the elder Pitt in a drowsy House. As for Peel, he was stunned and stupefied, lost his head and, vacillating between silence and spleen, spoke much and weakly. Never

* On his retirement as President of the Board of Trade.
† On motion for application of surplus revenue to relief of agricultural interest.
was a greater failure! Assuring me that I had not hurt his feelings, that he would never reciprocate personal- ities again, having no venom, &c., &c.

The bell rings.

May-day, 1845.

*Sybil* was finished yesterday; I thought it never would be; the printers were on my heels, and have been for the last month, but I don't think it can be published till the middle of the month. I can't send the rough sheets, they would spoil the illusion. I have never been through such a four months, and hope never again. What with the House of Commons, which was itself quite enough for a man, and writing 600 pages, I thought sometimes my head must turn. I have never had a day, until this, that I have felt, as it were, home for the holidays.

Cassel: September 17, 1845.

We are here without having had the slightest inten- tion of coming. But hearing that the place had beauty and seclusion, we agreed to pitch our tent here, if we could find any sort of accommoda- tion. This was difficult as it is an extremely savage place; few of the inhabitants, and none of the hum- bler classes, talk French. There is no library, book- seller's shop, nor newspaper of any sort; they never heard of *Galignani*, and I hardly know whether the majority of the people are conscious of the three glorious days. It is quite French Flanders; their pro- visions come from Holland; the Hôtel de Ville was built by the Spaniards, and religion is supreme. The
country around is rich, and the landscape a vast panorama, and as the place is high, we conclude it is healthy. We have taken a house for a month and have hired a Flemish cook, who, Mary Anne desires me to tell my mother, stews pigeons in the most delicious way: eggs, cloves and onions, ending in a red brown sauce, a dish of the time of the Duke of Alva. Fruit and poultry plentiful and cheap. Six fowls for 5 francs, meat 6d. per lb. We crossed from Dover to Boulogne, a very rough passage. Our first walk at Boulogne we found *Sybil affiché* in a large placard, 'Disraeli's New Novel,' in every window. We travelled from Boulogne *en voiturier* to this place, sleeping the first night at St. Omer.

**Cassel: October 26, 1845.**

The tragedy of Ely Cathedral has shaken me to the centre. It is vain to speak of such a catastrophe: impossible not to think of it. Since the death of the Duke of Orleans, no sudden end has been more terrible.*

I get up at half-past five, and don't find it difficult, going to bed by nine. The effort was great at first, and the house very unmanageable. You cannot expect any news from us; we know no one and hear nothing, except from you. I have been able to write very regularly and have made better progress than usual, which is encouraging. Your life is as secluded as our own, yet you always make your letters interesting. We have a pretty garden, which gives us mi-

---

*The architect, Mr. George Basevi, fell through the scaffolding, and died instantaneously.*
gnonette and Alpine strawberries; and the autumn here is mellow, fine and mild, though we live on the top of a mountain. We look upon a most charming landscape, and can see thirty or forty miles ahead, and the sea, on a clear day. We now see Galignani regularly, and an unknown Englishwoman—Miss King, as I observe by the direction of her paper—sends me the Illustrated Times and another unknown, Bell's Life.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, PARIS: December 6, 1845.

We received your last letter just before leaving Cassel for this place, where we have our old rooms. I have been to St. Cloud, and had a most gracious reception from the whole Court. There were many visitors and Ministers requiring audiences of the King, but I was bid to stay, and remained two hours. He looks as well as ever, though seventy-three, much interested and excited about English politics, whether the Government would stand, and the Oregon question. The Queen very kind. St. Cloud is certainly the most brilliant of the palaces, more finished and complete than the Tuileries and Versailles. At General Baudraud's, besides Washington Irving, whom I think vulgar and stupid, I met Lamennais*; extremely able and interesting, talks admirably, without the slightest effort or affectation; indeed, simplicity his characteristic; he is not taller than Tom Moore, very delicate, and advanced in life, for which I was not prepared. Not so old as Baron de Cetto's father, whom he has just left at his castle near Ratisbon,

* Catholic abbé, writer and philosopher.
aged ninety-five, and quite hale. The Court has quitted St. Cloud for the Tuileries, and this morning I received an invitation to dinner. I had a long conversation with St.-Aulaire, who seemed to hope that Gladstone might come forward and save the country. We are here all in doubt, the impression being last night that the Whigs cannot come forward. What exciting times! All agree that though Peel* may return, he has lost his prestige. Cobden and the Times will alone triumph.—Love to all.

*D.

*Peel resuming the Government, Gladstone became Colonial Secretary, vice Lord Stanley resigned.
Belvoir.

Belvoir Castle, August 10, 1846.

Y DEAREST SA:

I thought you would like to have a line from Beaumanoir, though it is not in the least like Beaumanoir, but Coningsby Castle to the very life; gorgeous, Gothic of a quarter of a century past, and slopes and shrubberies like Windsor; the general view, however, notwithstanding the absence of the Thames, much finer. Granby and myself arrived here in a fly on Thursday, and were received by two rows of servants, bowing as we passed, which very much reminded me of the arrival of Coningsby himself.

Nothing can be more amiable than the family here, agreeable and accomplished besides. George Bentinck went off this morning at dawn, the Duke of Richmond on Saturday. On that day we rode over to Harlaxton Manor, a château of François I.’s time, now erecting by a Mr. Gregory. Yesterday, after the private chapel, we lionised the castle, which I prefer to Windsor, as the rooms, in proportion to the general edifice, are larger and more magnificent.
Afterwards to the Belvoir kennel, which itself required a day. . . . Yours, D.

[There are no more letters in this and the following year except those of a strictly private character. — R. D.]
1848.


Carlton: February 18, 1848.

MADE a very successful speech last night; one of my best, though not well reported in the Times. After the first two columns and a half, it is for nearly a column really nonsense—a new hand. In the Chronicle all this, however, is accurate enough, and so between them the thing may be made out. I never knew a better sustained debate. Lord George very vigorous and masterly—Wilson very good, and Tom Baring a masterpiece. On the whole, this is by far the most sustained debate which has occurred since the formation of our party, and, singular enough, the three speakers who did it all are the three members of the party who voted for the Jews! I don't know what they will do without us!—Yours,

D.

(157)
March 8, 1848.

What will happen in these times of unprecedented horrors?* I know not whether I am standing on my head or my heels. There is a proclamation against meetings in Trafalgar Square, &c. I don't much fear all this, but I can't but believe that a national bankruptcy in France is inevitable—and what then? Amid all this confusion, there is to be another ecclesiastical émeute. On Thursday, I think, the Archbishop of Canterbury is going to be tried for heresy again at Bow Church.†

March 13.

McGregor‡ has just made his reply in unintelligible patois—all we could make out was that he denied the statement in the Glasgow paper, which he said was opposed to him, it being well known that it was in his service, and the very number which contained the report being full of his praises.

. . . . The news from France seems more reassuring. Lionel Rothschild has just returned from Paris and in much better spirits. He says the Communists have no power whatever, and the only real trouble are the unemployed workmen, but there are remarkable opportunities at present to occupy them.

March 20.

The mob are in possession of Vienna, and Metternich, they say, is almost as badly off as Louis Philippe.

* French Revolution, flight and abdication of Louis Philippe.
† On occasion of the confirmation of Bishop Hampden.
‡ In Committee, on the Income Tax.
Guizot called on me on Saturday, and I was fortunately at home. He is unchanged, and has taken a house in Pelham Terrace, Brompton, at 20l. per annum. The last time I saw him he was starred, ribboned, and Golden Fleeced, and surrounded by ambassadors and grand personages! Affairs are very bad, but in my opinion will be much worse. All one can hope for now is to put one's house in order during the temporary lull—if there be one. It seems to me impossible for the Rothschilds even to stand the storm. They must lose everything everywhere except here. Austria has tumbled to pieces, Naples has lost Sicily, and France must be bankrupt, and these are their three principal debtors. They will also confiscate the Great Northern Railroad of France for certain, the workmen having announced that they will have one franc a day increase of wages, and half the profit of the line. If they don't give up to the workmen the State will seize all. . . . Yours, D.

May 30.

Moxon has undertaken to see the Curiosities through the press, but if you have any wish on the subject write to him. Pray remember to get me all the dates as to publications, &c., all details, &c., in case I am ever destined to write the memoir* I contemplated.

The state of Paris is most threatening, and a general explosion there is hourly expected. I have seen Metternich twice at great length. He talks much and is very kind. . . .

---

*Of his father, who died February, 1848.
CARLTON: August 30, 1848.

I have sent you a *Times*, in which you will find a good report of my summary of the session, which went off, as they say, with great *éclat*, especially for August 16. The attendance was quite marvellous, such is the virtue of special trains. I have no cause to complain of reporters; the version of the *Times*, which now sells 40,000 copies a day, is almost verbatim, six first-rate shorthand writers having been employed. The *Chronicle* is hardly inferior, though it only sells 4,000; the *Herald* 5,000.

We paid a visit of farewell to the King and Queen at Claremont by appointment. We sat with them for one hour and a half. I found the King extremely agreeable; though softened and depressed, his intellectual power is not in the least impaired. In the park we met the Prince de Condé, with his nurse, a most graceful and pretty child, very lively, though only two years old or so. We dined at Boyle Farm, and had an agreeable summer drive home.—

Yours,

D.

December 29, 1848.

We came from Erlestone on Wednesday. It's a very fine place, belonging to Watson Taylor, of whom Sir John Hobhouse rents it. I never saw a park so full of deer, or one in which ground was more picturesquely thrown about; the mansion stone and modern, about eighty years, a fine stud, a pack of hounds, a first-rate cook, and all on the high scale. We caught a glimpse of the Van de Weyers, Bancrofts, and Charles Villiers. There were a good
many of the family and almost all agreeable; among them a silent and solitary Miss Fane, a niece.

I go to Aylesbury on the 2nd for Quarter Sessions. The new edition of the Curiosities, the first stone in the monument, will appear directly. It is an expensive book, and Moxon looks grave. He likes the Memoir, but complains it is too short. I think, however, he is wrong. I depend upon its helping the subsequent livraisons.

D.
1849.


**COVENTRY HOUSE: January 10, 1849.**

It is the great question of the leadership that has kept me, though I will say nothing and wish to keep out of the way. The Duke of Newcastle sent a pressing despatch, entreat ing me to advance, and offering his most cordial support. I understand that Lord Granby has written to Lord Stanley to the same effect. Since the French Presidency we have not had such an election, but I think it is just as well that I should be out of the way.

**GROSVENOR GATE: January 20.**

I am sent for again about the great business, and arrived here this afternoon. I am inclined to think
the office will be mine, though it is an awful responsibility. Bankes and Miles have written to Stanley their opinion that I should be the man. There is a meeting to-day in town of some of the notables, but I don't think the question can be definitely settled for a week or so.

January 26.

I am so busy that I can't write, but the enclosed letter will throw light upon circumstances. Since this correspondence, Bankes, Miles, the Duke of Richmond and many others have written to Lord Stanley, urging an application to me. I hold back. The only awkward thing now is Stanley's position, in consequence of his first rash letter. Return the documents to me at the Carlton, marked 'Private.' They say Peel will never get over my appointment.

February 22, 1849.

Things publicly look very well. After much struggling, I am fairly the leader, and gave notice to-night, amid the cheers of the squires, of a grand motion, which I hope will rally all the farmers to my standard. On the whole, I think the party have behaved extremely well. Did you see the Standard published its manifesto of recantation in my regard, which is amusing?

March 7, 1849.

I ought to have acknowledged your affectionate letter, but in addition to all my troubles, perhaps in consequence of them, I have had for the last fortnight one of my worst attacks of low fever, so that
till to-day I have never had an hour to prepare for the speech of to-morrow, from which so much is expected. The country is up in arms about my motion. I have received between forty and fifty letters every day, from every county indeed, except Bucks. The meeting of the farmers at Willis’s Rooms was remarkable, and my name received, Lord Malmesbury told me, with the greatest cheering he ever heard.

March 11.

We dined the other day at Henry Bulwer’s; Guizot was there. He had his red ribbon on and also his Golden Fleece. He talked of returning to Paris immediately, and perhaps intends to be Minister to Louis Napoleon. He seems quite insensible to the catastrophe, and referred to it frequently with the greatest sang-froid, as if it had been a change of Ministry. It was tolerably bold and cool to wear the Fleece, still more so to go in the evening, where we met him again, at the Palmerstons’. Mahon and Delane were at the dinner. The latter is of Higgins’s opinion, that we shall be in, in two years or less; wants to know the personnel of my Government, as I cannot be two Secretaries of State at the same time. Whether they were ginned up by the articles in the Times or not I can’t say, but the congratulations we received at Lady Palmerston’s far exceeded old days, even when I turned out Peel. H——, who is always communicative after dinner, told Mary Anne in confidence what Lord John had written to the Queen about the speech—great praise as to its power of argument, thought, and rhetoric. Palmerston was still warmer, and Lord Malmesbury told me that Stanley, ‘who never pays
compliments, you know; that's not his way,' said it was one of the best things that was ever done. For my own part, I see many deficiencies and omissions, but they may be supplied, if not by my colleagues, by myself in reply.—Ever yours,

D.

March 16.

A splendid division last night, which, following that on the Navigation, tells very much. It was nearly half-past one o'clock when I spoke last night, having been in my seat since five o'clock watching the debate. Our men were really enthusiastic. If we only had half a dozen men in the Commons for Cabinet Ministers, and thirty or forty more capable of taking the inferior places, one might do, but, like India, there is a terrible want of officers. I must now go down to a heavy evening's work; nevertheless, one can do a good deal when one is winning.

D.

House of Commons: March 26.

Last Friday was most important, but quite burked in the Times, probably from being in committee, when nothing is expected and little reported, yet there is a capital report of the affair in the Morning Post, which I have sent you; the men returning to the House when it was breaking up; Gladstone and Labouchere both standing, while the cheers after I had sat down resounded, &c., all very animated. Palmerston said he never remembered a more amusing scene; the way I brought the men back, as if I said, 'Hullo! you fellows, come back there.'
The Whigs will go out if the Lords throw out the Navigation Bill, and I think from present appearances the Lords will. I have had several conferences with Stanley as to our future and consequent movements, and the Cabinet is in embryo! He says I must be chief Minister in the Commons. I confess myself that I think this a little bit too strong, and would willingly find a substitute. I hope John Manners is safe for South Notts, which will be a help to me. . . .

—Yours,

D.

April 24, 1849.

I am well satisfied with the division* last night, as we virtually held our own, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Government during the recess to reduce our majority. What annoys me is the arrival just now of a body of blundering Irishmen, Conolly, Verner, James Hamilton, Taylor, and Napier, who chose to assume that the division was to-night. This is vexatious. The debate was nearly the best I ever heard, except old Robinson (when I dined), not an ordinary speaker, and admirably sustained by the Protectionists, by Herries, Walpole, and Tom Baring. My speech considered very good, full of real reply and smashing to Graham, who, after a long, very dull and very stupid speech, made a venomous attack on Stanley and the future Government. But I settled the disciple of 'Progress.' I have not had time to read a paper, having been on the Ceylon Committee this morning, where, through the support of Sir R. Peel, I beat the Government. What will the Lords

* Third reading of the Navigation Bill.
do? According to Bright, swallow it, 'for though they are convinced it will destroy the commerce and navy of England, they deem such results comparative blessings compared with Stanley being Minister.'—Yours, D.

May 2, 1849.

... I have been to see Metternich. He lives on Richmond Green, in the most charming house in the world, called the Old Palace—long library, gardens, everything worthy of him. I met there the Duchess of Cambridge and the Colloredos. I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I don't recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and live there. It seems exactly the place for you, and I strongly recommend you to think seriously of it. It is still and sweet, charming, alike in summer and winter. ...

Hughenden: May 28.

I came down here very indifferent, having dined out the three preceding days running: Tuesday at the Jollifes'; Wednesday, Lady Bray's; Thursday at Lord Brougham's. All the parties should have been agreeable, as there were wits and beauties at each; but, notwithstanding the Maidstones, the Bishop of Oxford, and John Manners at the Jollifes', Howden and Rogers at Lady Bray's, Brougham's was the only amusing party, and it was very agreeable. The Douros, who were there, however, scarcely contributed to it, but our host is a host in himself. His women, Lady Malet and Mrs. Spalding, both lively;
young Stanley,* very interesting; and a young Wellesley, a son of Mornington, but as unlike his father as imaginable, for he was most interesting, thoughtful, highly cultivated, and seemed to me a genius. He had sent me a French book which he had written, and which, remembering his father's boring brochure, I had never acknowledged, and I felt a pang.

It is settled that there is to be no coalition between the Peelites and the Whigs, and therefore I conclude that after a decent interval the old Conservative party will be reconstructed under Stanley, and of course without Peel. If the distress continues after the next harvest, Graham & Co. must give up progress, and swallow a little moderate reaction; if it abides, we cannot pretend to disturb un fait accompli. I think, therefore, that this time year all may be well, if one can stand the storm till then.

June 22, 1849.

I have been so pressed with affairs, and have been, though much better, so poorly, that I have been unable to write you a line. To-morrow we have to go in state to dine with the Lord Mayor, who gives a banquet to our party. Lord Stanley is to return thanks for the House of Lords and I for the House of Commons. Henry Bentinck refused, never going to Court and those sort of things, and not understanding the nature of the meeting; but when Trollope told him that he was to see me make a speech in the Egyptian Hall in a red coat, as leader of the party in the House of Commons, he begged leave to

* Later Earl of Derby.
recall his refusal, and is going to appear in a court dress, which I believe belonged to the old Duke of Bulstrode.*

July 8, 1849.

. . . My speech last night was at 2.30, and consequently not a semblance of a report in the journals, but my friends in the lobby during the division were very enthusiastic, and said it made up for the numbers. Our division was not so good as it should have been. It came on at four-and-twenty hours' notice, after a public declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Wednesday (in the absence of Lord John) that it was positively impossible for the Government to give another day; so, as Hume was obstinate, our friends went out of town. The debate very well sustained; Peel elaborate in his courtesies to me, and talked of the 'respect due to my abilities and station,' which my fellows cheered immensely. . . . The Chancellor of the Exchequer, notwithstanding the red tape, was much pleased with my reply. Nothing annoys him so much as Peel lecturing the House on political economy, as the very arguments he now uses are those which Lord Grey and Charles Wood used to receive his undisguised contumely for ten years ago, amid the cheers of the House.

John Manners is a little awkward about the Rothschilds, as he had dined with them on the preceding Wednesday, and their salt sticks in his throat; but I consoled him by the suggestion that Lionel's major-

ity would induce him to take a Christian view of Johnny's conduct. Miss Copley (Sa) is going to be married to a Mr. Selwyn, whom they have only known for a fortnight, eldest son of a young Essex squire. . . . I give it to you as told me at the Coventry, thinking it would interest you. . . .

July, 1849.

I dined with Sir Charles Burrell the other day, with the county of Sussex, in the shape of the Duke of Richmond, Lord March, &c. Sir John Buller represented Devon and I Bucks, and there was Herries. The best guests, however, were turtle, whitebait, venison, and burgundy. Our host very courteous and courtly.

Lola Montes' marriage makes a sensation. I believe he* has only 3,000l. per annum, not 13,000l. It was an affair of a few days. She sent to ask the refusal of his dog, which she understood was for sale. Of course it wasn't, being very beautiful, but he sent it as a present; she rejoined, he called, and they were married in a week. He is only twenty-one, and wished to be distinguished. Their dinner invitations are already out, I am told. She quite convinced him previously that she was not Mrs. James, and as for the King of Bavaria (who, by-the-bye, allows her 1,500l. a year, and to whom she really writes every day), that was only a malheureuse passion. . . . I am very tired, having been working five hours on the Ceylon Committee, which is very interesting. . . .

* Lieutenant Heald, of the Second Life Guards.
August 1, 1849.

I suppose in a few days we shall go to Hughenden, though, when I remember the business which must be done, I don't very clearly see how. Parliament was prorogued to-day, by commission. I was not there, having done and seen enough. As far as I am personally concerned, the session has been a satisfactory one; and a great deal may be done next September, if I am alive, as I shall have time to prepare some measures, and shall lead a party who, I believe, as far as I am concerned, are by no means dissatisfied with their leader.

Last Saturday we dined with Sir Montague and Lady Georgina C. Our host the most amusing present; a child of nature and of course called mad—extremely absent. He was not present when we arrived, though we were late. Then he came in, quite dark, trod on everybody's toes, guessing people by their voices, and seeming quite surprised they were there. Dinner announced, he rushed out of the room with Lady Antrim, the wrong woman, and put himself at the head of the table, instead of the bottom, and then laughed immensely when he found it out, but kept there. The imperturbable Lady Georgina, handsome as a sphinx, bearing it all unruffled, and taking her place at the end. . . .

Saturday was the fish dinner; a steamboat hired and ready to start at five o'clock to take down the Ministers, but the Ceylon debate, &c., kept them in the Commons to past seven. All this time the Lord President and his colleagues walking up and down for two hours, in an obscure river street out of the strand, wondering why their colleagues and co-mates did not come. However, they all
showed at Lady Palmerston's though some in frock coats. . . . We went rather unexpectedly to a somewhat curious soirée, Mrs. Dyce Sombre at the Clarenden, living there with her father. The company small but recherché, and she singing ballads between the Duke of Wellington and Rogers. . . .

August 11, 1849.

. . . Last Sunday we paid our farewell visit to the Metternichs, to whom I had behaved shamefully. We found the Princess in her salon with the Russian Minister (Brunow), no longer under the trees with her birds, working still at making lint for the Austrian soldiers. We had not been there five minutes when the Duchess of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess were announced; we were not permitted to go away. Metternich then appeared. I had not seen him since his illness, a swoon they say only; he is altered and much thinner, but the mind the same. He was most kind, and after kissing the Duchess's hand took me aside for a moment, and then begged me to join the circle. Nothing could exceed the graciousness of the Cambridges. I sat next the Grand Duchess (Mecklenburg), who, like her mother, is a woman of great intelligence and culture; a charming countenance, and much improved in figure since her marriage. Then came Kielmansegge,* the conversation for half an hour most animated and interesting, very political; their Royal Highnesses making lint all the time. The Red Republican Canino, Bunsen especially much abused, and of course Palmerston. In

*Hanoverian Minister.
the midst of all this the groom of the chambers announced Lord and Lady Palmerston! In the stir we rose and met the Palmerstons in the ante-chamber, exchanged smiles, ‘hunting in the same cover.’ Getting into the carriage we stumbled over a still newer arrival, Baroness Delmar. So you see the levées of the Metternichs are no ordinary reunions. . . .


I have been enjoying this fine weather and beautiful scene very much, but sick at heart at the mass of papers and arrears of correspondence on my table; put off till I was in the country, and now again postponed till the summer is over. The consecration of Prestwood Church will not be just yet, for there are difficulties about the presentation, &c. I think I shall write to Soapy Sam, and ask him to come to Hughenden. It is but decent, particularly as we are a sort of allies. The alterations here seem very successful. It is quite another place, and of far more pretension and effect. It is really a park now. The library also is arranged; it took me several days, and I think you will like it. It has quite lost the circulating-library look which you noticed. Did I tell you Sir W. Molesworth had presented me with a copy of his Hobbes, eighteen vols.? This is an accession, and I got it through that impudent friend of mine, Bernal Osborne, which makes it more amusing. . . .

I have never been out of the place till yesterday, when, after justicicing, I went to Dropmore to see the flowers; but it is no model, being rather a museum of flowers than a garden. I could not resist
stealing on two short miles to Burnham Beeches, which I had not seen for so many years, and saw again under such different circumstances, being their representative.* They did not disappoint me, which is saying much.

HUGHENDEN: October 13, 1849.

We are still here, and I shall go to Quarter Sessions on Monday, as county business now commences the first day. . . . I think the Essex move† is successful; it must, however, be followed up without loss of time by a great move in Bucks, and all this is very harassing. I was much pleased with your old friend Ashurst Majendie, my host of Castle Hedingham. The place very good, a real manorial residence and squire's seat, very pretty; the country green and undulating, and well clad; the castle ruin superb and imposing. The modern house of the time of George I. I suppose, with portraits of the fundator, a Lord Mayor of that age, one Ashurst and his wife, and all very good. . . . The Surrey election was a coup for me; I should have been vexed if Evelyn had been defeated, particularly after Barclay's speech.

I called on Macculloch, the great political economist, the other day, at his official residence in Westminster. It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the beauty of his library; I never saw books in such condition, or such exquisite bindings, surpassing all my experience or conception. He said that, like Adam Smith, he was 'a bear with his books;' an amiable and very sensible man.

* Elected M.P. for Bucks, July, 1847.
† Great banquet in ruined keep of Hedingham Castle.
Metternich wrote me a beautiful and affecting farewell letter. I received it in time to embrace him, exactly half an hour before he left England: ‘Ce bon et beau pays,’ as he calls it. . . .

Hughenden: November 4, 1849.

We dined at Hampden to meet the Bishop the day before the consecration,* and on the day of the consecration there was a general dinner to the black coats, all clergymen I believe, except Philip Rose. I like ‘Lochiel’ very well indeed. The Bishop is always good company.

I was not at all pleased myself with the Aylesbury meeting, though on the whole the world has not taken so ill a view of it. I thought it was a shabby concern. It has, I think, however, been productive of some little good, though for my part I give up the attempt of rousing the agricultural interest to any decided demonstration. They are puzzled and sluggish perhaps; when they are a little more pinched they may stir themselves. . . . After the Cork triumph it will be almost impossible to hold the Protectionists in; the pear is not yet ripe, and it will be a pity to spoil the flavour of such fine fruit by greedy picking. . . .

December 11, 1849.

I am not in a writing humour, but nevertheless send you a line. The meeting at Newport Pagnell was more than good, both in quantity and quality. It surprised everyone by its numbers; nearly 300 and a great acreage. I spoke to my satisfaction, and I

* Prestwood Church.

18 B. D.—25
think from all I hear and read, have quite managed
the malcontents. Chester came from Malvern pur-
posely to take the chair. We had young Praed there,
too; Knapp, who was my host at Little Linford;
Farrer of Brafield, called the Imperial Farrer; and
many real yeomen, the chief of whom is William
Levi of Woughton House, who farms his own lands
and follows the hounds.

Lord Campbell sent me his new work, *Lives of
the Lord Chief Justices*, with a very pretty letter. I
read the life of Lord Mansfield the other night, and
was much pleased. . . . I don't believe there is
the slightest foundation for the rumours that there
has been any discussion in the Cabinet as to a duty
on corn. On the contrary, the Whigs are in high
spirits with their thriving foreign trade and Consols
rising 100. . . . Nevertheless we get all the elec-
tions. . . . Adieu,
1850.

Burghley—State rooms—Siberian scene—Danish Embassy—Thackeray—The cold—Lyndhurst—Academy dinner—American Minister—Peabody—Professor Aytoun—‘Sin and Sorrow’—Knebworth—Hudson—‘Bentinck Papers’—Writing.

BURGHEY HOUSE: January 24, 1850.

The exterior of Burghley is faultless, so vast and so fantastic, and in such fine condition that the masonry seems but of yesterday. In the midst of a vast park, ancient timber in profusion, gigantic oaks of the days of the Lord Treasurer, and an extensive lake. The plate marvellous. The history of England in the golden presents from every sovereign, from Elizabeth and James I. to Victoria and Albert—shields, vases, tankards, &c. Our host shy, but very courteous; Lady Exeter tall, still handsome, engaging, and very pious. Great battues every day; five hundred head slaughtered as a matter of course. The interior not equal to Belvoir; the state rooms, lofty and painted by sprawling Verrio, open one into each other by small side doors, like a French palace or Hampton Court, and so a want of consecutive effect. There is, however, a hall as large as a college hall, and otherwise very striking.
But the family live in a suite of rooms fit only for a squire of degree, and yet the most comfortable in the world.

Hughenden: March 31, 1850.

I arrived here late on Tuesday, a trying journey, but on the whole I bore it much better than I could have expected. It was a morning of some promise; but a snow-storm at Gerrard's Cross, where we stopped two hours, and a Siberian scene when we arrived. The weather has been very ungenial ever since, and constant east winds, which I cannot face; my progress has therefore been rather slow.

Never was the political position more complicated, difficult, and urgent. I hope, but dare not determine, to be in my place on the 8th. If I cannot lead the party after the holidays I had better retire altogether. There will be a fierce and eventful session. The Whigs could be turned out in a week if we were ready. I don't think my absence as yet has been productive of any serious harm, the great before Easter result having been obtained.

The Londonderrys have gone to Paris. French affairs are very critical. There are no elements of government in the country.

D.

House of Commons: April 26, 1850.

We dined at the 'Danes' on Tuesday. I sat next to the French Ambassadress, a rather pretty and a very agreeable and clever person. Sir Wynn, our envoy at Copenhagen; Sir Ralph and Lady Howard, Hope, the Mathisons, &c., were the rest, and an agreeable party. In the evening, being out, I went in for five minutes to Lady Yarde Buller's, being the
wife of our greatest squire. M. A. dined yesterday, but I did not, at a banquet at the Antony Rothschilds', given in honour of the impending fate of a brother-in-law, Montefiore, and a daughter of Baron de Goldsmid. The Hebrew aristocracy assembled in great force and numbers, mitigated by the Dowager of Morley, Charles Villiers, Abel Smiths, and Thackeray! I think he will sketch them in the last number of *Pendennis*. . . .

**House of Commons: May 3, 1850.**

The visit to the Jolliffes was very agreeable, notwithstanding a northeast wind that really cut me in two. The country not as beautiful as Albury or the Deepdene, but Sir William is compensated for that by the superior soil. A beautiful home, and a still more beautiful family, of all ages from twenty to three, and all equally good-looking. A pleasant circle, and had the weather been propitious, it would have been a renovating visit; but notwithstanding a blazing sun, I was obliged to keep in the conservatory, only venturing out in my bearskin coat. I hardly know what has happened since, I have been so busy; but I think only politics. Yesterday the Government received another apoplectic stroke; they are drifting, but I suppose, and perhaps hope, they may escape the breakers this year. I sat an hour with Lord Lyndhurst to-day; in good spirits after a year of darkness, but when the weather is warmer, it is hoped the operation will tell. . . .

**Ceylon Committee Room: May 13, 1850.**

I am so much occupied that I must try and send you a line in the midst of the hubbub of this never-
ending committee. The Academy dinner was very agreeable, though they took me out of the wits, among whom I sat last year, and which were represented this by Rogers, Hallam, Milman, Thackeray, Lockhart, and placed me among the statesmen. I sat within two of Peel, and between Gladstone and Sidney Herbert. A leader of Opposition, who has no rank, is so rare, if not unprecedented an animal, that the R.A.s were puzzled how to place me; and though they seem to have made somewhat of a blunder, it went off very well, Gladstone being particularly agreeable. Afterwards to the first assembly of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, the wife of the American Minister; he is a very good specimen of the New World—opulent, good-looking, cordial, and well-bred—a high Protectionist. I had heard much of him from John Manners, as he stayed a week at Belvoir, and they were all much pleased with him. There were a good many Americans, among them the Peabody family—great people. As Mrs. Lawrence says, 'the Peabodys are the Howards of America.' The chief Peabody was presented to me, and he remarked of the Duke of Wellington, who was near, 'The two hemispheres can't show a man like that, sir.'

I received Professor Aytoun to breakfast on Saturday, for he had called on me several times, and written often, and as I could not ask him to dinner, it was the only thing left. I got John Manners and young Stanley, Boo Lennox, Mandeville, and Lord Naas to meet him. It is the fashion now to fête him, in gratitude for the Protection articles in Blackwood, of which he is the author.

Lady Blandford, next whom I sat the other day at dinner told me she had heard that Sin and Sorrow
was the joint production of George Symthe and Lady Sligo. I think if I saw it I should find him out. I suppose he supplied the sin and his sister the rest.

Carlton: August 8, 1850.

... I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your residence. We returned by Richmond, which I find is much the nearest way; in fact your villa is in the heart of the greenland, which I have so long admired, and wished to dwell in. I think you will be very happy there, and I shall probably end my days as your neighbour.

I forgot to tell you that I had an invitation from Lytton to Knebworth, and mean to go. He is a Protectionist, and I believe is to be returned for Lincoln under the patronage of Sibthorp.

Hudson* goes about saying he has recovered his character (by some trial at York, which he lost) and that he means to resume his position; though plundered by the committee of investigation, he has been supported by his conscience, and has sent to Lord Londenborough to offer him 10,000l. to buy back the estate.

September 10, 1850.

... I shall be glad to get to Hughenden to-morrow, having before me enormous labour, which nothing but solitude, study, and abstinence can beat down, if indeed they can. ... Two immense chests of George Bentinck's papers from the Duke of Portland—materials for a memoir, long contemplated.

* The Railway King.
Bulwer asked very much after you when we were at Knebworth, and particularly approves of Richmond as a retreat: 'No place like it.' He is a real Baron, though he will, I think, be the first, not the last, of his race.

When you are quite settled, and have subscribed to the London Library, get Menzel's *History of German Literature*, not his *History of Germany*—a very different book. The former will suit you and I strongly recommend it, though not very new.
1851.


Grosvenor Gate: April 16, 1851.

E GO to Hughenden to-day. Yesterday I made the acquaintance of the great Monsieur Soyer, who is a very clever person, and who is creating out of old Gore House and its gardens a most fantastic paradise of ginguettes, which I think will astonish and delight the world. Never was such an assemblage of salons, pavilions, statues, fountains, and all sorts of fanciful creations. Some of the walls are covered with grotesques, in which, among others, your humble servant figures.

The literary market is very bad. Shilling romances, and other books as cheap, and all good, for they are translations, many of them, from the best French writers, have quite knocked up the good old profession, which, established on a discreet foundation of puffing, permitted a fair profit to publisher and scribe. — Yours,

D.
Grosvenor Gate: May 24.

Yesterday our chief won the Oaks, a compensation for his other loss, or, as some think (not I), an omen of recovering it. The day before we met him at the Hardwickes'—a sort of Cabinet dinner (Cabinet of St. Germains), the Malmesburys, Redesdale, Herries, &c. On Wednesday we went to the Great Exhibition. You must contrive to go, if only for once, as I did. Any day you like to come up Mary Anne will go with you, who by that time will know all the points, for one wants a guide. On Sunday I dined at Lumley's, a villa dinner, to meet Jules Janin; there were many foreigners, English, or Irish rather—Clanricarde, Smythe, &c. Many healths in French. I gave 'Her Majesty's Ministers,' upon which the foreigners raised their eyes and cried 'Noble! ' 'Ah! c'est grand,' &c. Jules Janin a sort of Maginn.

I met at Stanley's the other day the new Irish M.P., Mr. Whiteside,* who promises, which is more than our political prospects do. I am not in much spirits for writing, but send this line to keep up the chain and show that you are not forgotten. . . . Yours affectionately,

D.

Hughenden: October 4, 1851.

I am much shocked by the death of Reventlow.† He was one of the best-hearted and most genial beings I ever knew, and clever too; and independent of all this, was my secret agent in the Diplomatic

---

* Subsequently Chief Justice of Ireland.
† Then Danish Minister.
Corps, and I always found him faithful and accurate. It is a great loss to me in every sense.—Yours,

D.

Grosvenor Gate: December 7, 1851.

I finished the last line of the last chapter* last night, and never in my life felt more relieved, not having had a moment’s ease the whole autumn. Tomorrow we go to Hatfield, and on our return shall probably stay some days in town. If so, I shall come and spend a long day with you at Twickenham and dine, if you will promise to give me only a mutton chop and a glass of sherry. Affairs are very stirring, but how they are to turn out the most prescient can hardly see. There ought, I think, to be a Conservative Government.

Hughenden: December 31, 1851.

I wish you a happy new year, though I have nothing in particular to tell you. I think the book is well launched (but that is all I know) and makes pretty good head against Napoleon and Palmerston—fearful odds. The Duke of Portland acknowledged the receipt of the volume, ‘expressing on behalf of all members of the family their gratitude,’ &c. The article in the Dublin University is by Mr. Butt. He happened to be in town when the book was published, read it en route to Dublin, and in two days produced the article, notwithstanding the pressure of his profession, and the exigency of the mag-

* Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography.
azine itself. I dare say *Blackwood* will be a good, elaborate article. The *Times* was at least a great advertisement. . . . The Palmerston *coup* is very serious. . . .

*His dismissal from the Ministry.*
1852.


GROSVENOR GATE: January 26, 1852.

It is a long time since I have written, and there have been great events in the interval. We came from Burghley on Saturday night, having there a large party, Derby’s, Salisburys, Granby, Herries, Malmesburys, &c. Lord Derby is fortunately very well, much thinner for his illness, but looking perhaps in consequence ten years younger. He is in good heart and sanguine, but I see tremendous troubles ahead; if not breakers, waves mountains high.

John Russell has written me a very charming letter, about the political biography.

DOWNING STREET: March 2, 1852.*

Having recovered from the horrors of a torpid liver, which has overwhelmed me the last few days, I

*On the resignation of the Russell Government, February 23, Lord Derby became Prime Minister, and Mr. Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.
send you an official letter, to tell you we get on very well. The Court gracious, the Press amiable, and our friends in the country considerate. To-morrow there is a levée, Friday a council, and Saturday our first Cabinet. A fortnight in my office without the House of Commons to distract me is a great advantage at starting. My election is fixed for the 12th, the day the House reassembles—rather awkward. . . .

Downing Street: March 17, 1852.

I think we have turned the corner. The public seems with us, and our raw recruits have not made a single blunder. Ralph keeps you somewhat au fait with what happens, and, as regards myself, I am very well, but I literally have not time to take my meals. The Lord President, however, gives to-day his first dinner; so business and food may be combined. In the evening Lady Derby has her first reception, which I shall attend, though otherwise I do not attempt to go anywhere. On Monday night Lord Derby did wonders, and I, in the other House, did not disgrace our friends. . . .

Downing Street: April 26.

Your letters are always welcome, and always full of matter. . . . I have given a pension of 75l. per annum to Britton* in his 81st year, and the author of 86 works; he made the appeal, and I wish I could have gotten him more, but the whole fund for the year was exhausted except 75l. . . . I have neither

* Author of Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England.
time to feed nor sleep, though pretty well; great debates every night, and the Budget on Friday, for which I have literally not time to prepare. A Drawing-room, too, on Thursday will waste the whole morning. Lord John, after much deliberation, has chosen his own field of battle, and if he get beat tonight*, which I think he will, he will have proved himself a very unfortunate, not to say a very unskilful, general. . . . Ever thine, D.

HOUSE OF COMMONS: May 14.

A hurried line to tell you that, after many vicissitudes, affairs seem pretty well and smooth again, except this morning—Lord Derby has the gout! They say it is light; but he is in bed, and how things are to go on without him baffles my imagination.

Yesterday† I feasted my followers in a manner worthy of the cause, and as few Chancellors of Exchequer have of late years. There was an enormous Drawing-room, the banquet and drum at Lady Derby's, not less, I should think, than a thousand. I never got upstairs. The Privy Seal, the Lord President, the Postmaster, all gave gratuitous feasts. The Duke of Northumberland too; in fact never was a faction so feasted! . . .

June 8, 1852.

The business is very hard and anxious; up to three o'clock every morning, and in my place again at noon. It cannot, I suppose, last very long; at least if it do, I

* Militia Bill.
† Celebration of Queen's birthday.
shall not. However, on the whole, I keep my health. My life you know by the newspapers; I go nowhere. Yesterday I was not at the Trinity House, and shall not be at a long series of civic feasts which are coming, being all, and perhaps fortunately, on House of Commons days.

On Sunday I was two hours with the Prince—a very gracious and interesting audience. He has great abilities and wonderful knowledge, I think the best educated man I ever met; most completely trained, and not over-educated for his intellect, which is energetic and lively.—Adieu.

DOWNING STREET: June 16.

Our unprecedented efforts have nearly steered the ship into port. The Speaker says he never remembers so much and such hard work. I think we shall carry every one of our Bills of the slightest importance; even the Crime and Outrage Bill, of which I once despaired. . . . Things look favourable. The Court is very gracious; I was with the Prince two hours again on Sunday last. . . . The fish dinner is fixed for the 30th. I hope Parliament will be prorogued the next day, and the Queen will do so in person.