

# A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE

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ATTENTION has lately been attracted to a curious volume of correspondence, particularly valuable for the light it casts on the early years of nineteenth century Europe. It consists of letters interchanged between the British statesman who was Prime Minister from 1830 to 1834, and the lady who was Russian Ambassadress at the Court of St. James's during the same time.

Do not let me mislead you, kind casual reader! The letters of Earl Grey and Princess Lieven are not in themselves thrilling, or even particularly amusing. If you are looking for pages of lively anecdote, or piquant scandal, or picturesque description, the *Correspondence* is not for you—pass on without delay; there are other books which will suit you better! But if you already know something of the period, and have sufficient imagination to take its actors from their niches in history, re clothe them in flesh and blood and set them through their parts for your own exclusive benefit; if you like to get behind the stage, to see plans working out into action, and to read in the misty past the dim foreshadowings of the future; and if, above all, you have a passion for the study of human nature; why then, do not let the dry details of political changes, the trivialities and banalities in the *Correspondence* affright you. If you address yourself boldly to the task of reading it, you will find therein something to repay you for the effort.

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Dorothe Beckendorf, who married Count, afterwards Prince, Lieven, at the age of sixteen, became Russian Ambassadress in England in the year 1812. Earl Grey was at that time a man of middle age who had long since won a place for himself in public life, and who, though a strong and consistent Whig, possessed the respect and admiration of both great political parties. "A more honourable man", says one authority, "never existed. A moral dignity stamped his every action, and over his truthfulness no cloud ever passed." Madame Lieven was twenty years his junior, but in spite of this disparity the English gentleman and the Russian lady became close friends and allies. Their friendship was coloured by the distinctive peculiarities of their different races, nationalities, and dispositions; but though they often disagreed, there was never any serious discord between them. To the

last they remained, as Madame Lieven herself expressed it, "He very English, I very Russian; but", she adds with excusable triumph, "we allowed ourselves a rare freedom of confidence, which neither ever betrayed." How implicit that confidence was, is evident from the letters.

The beginning of this remarkable friendship is unchronicled. Where the correspondents first met, how they learned to appreciate each other, what was the secret of the attraction each possessed for the other, remains unrecorded. That the affection which existed between them—for they did feel a genuine affection for each other—was wholly platonic, is evident in every line of every letter. It is true that Lord Grey sometimes made use of the warmest expressions. "Oh, what a stupid letter", he exclaims in 1827, "but what will you have from the depths of Northumberland? Take it only as a proof of my love and admiration for you." "You ought not to accuse me of forgetting you", he writes again, "you must know that to be impossible. If I have anything to reproach myself with, it is thinking of you too much." "Promise me", he says at another time, when he fears that their political views may clash, "that you will never suffer any such misfortune, if it should happen, to have any influence on our personal affection. Even if events should lead to my taking a part in the politics of this country which might be at variance with those of your Court, I will not despair of being able to conduct myself in such a manner as to prevent your being under the necessity of renouncing the intimacy which forms so great a part of the happiness of my life." When Madame Lieven, on her side, complains that she is about to lose the society of her two chief women friends, and adds co-quettishly, "I wish to goodness I could get someone to love me during their absence. I would pay good wages", the Earl gallantly takes up the challenge and responds: "I propose myself to supply the vacancy—you say you will give good wages, and I shall be very reasonable".

But this was, after all, only a *façon de parler* in vogue during the Georgian era. No, Lady Grey, you had no reason to feel jealous of your distinguished husband's *penchant* for the brilliant Russian; not even when he exclaims, "You see how freely I write, but it is only on condition that my letters are never seen by anybody but yourself. Yours are never seen by anybody, nor do I always mention even that I have heard from you"—nor when the princess, in her turn, directs him how to smuggle a note to her that it may not fall into her husband's hands—for the secrets thus confided with such anxious care were only

political secrets, the driest and least sentimental confidences in the world. No one less imaginative than Serjeant Buzfuz, who could twist a communication about "chops and tomato sauce" into a love message, could possibly twist a communication on the projected boundaries of Greece, or the factiousness of the Tories, into anything damaging to the reputation of either the princess or the earl. So let it be established, once for all, that the *Correspondence* began in friendship and ended in friendship. During its continuance Lord Grey was loyal and loving to his countess; and the princess was equally loyal, though perhaps not equally loving, to her Slav lord who was clearly her inferior in intellect.

For what sort of things did she care? In what lay her most absorbing interest? Let Lord Grey answer that question. Blunt enough is his statement. "You care for nothing but politics" he affirms at one time, and at another repeats the assertion even more emphatically—"You have no taste and no feeling for anything but politics." He spoke the truth. As wife of an Ambassador, Madame Lieven lived in an atmosphere in which politics was the chief business of life, and that business suited excellently the constitution of her mind. Tradition saith that she inspired her husband's efforts, and even composed his despatches. No one reading her letters to Lord Grey can doubt that she was of the greatest assistance to Prince Lieven. A suggestion could often be more skilfully conveyed, a desired bit of information more easily obtained through the medium of a supple woman who possessed tact and *finesse* than in any other way. It was no hardship to the princess so to employ her powers. To puzzle out the reason for political combinations, to follow the shufflings of party politics from behind the scenes, to have her finger in the various international pies, was to her a supreme delight. Her weakness was well known. Old Pozzo di Borgo complained that when he met her she questioned him "from the moon to the infernal regions." Lady Granville notes with amusement that if a number of politicians enter a company where the princess is playing cards, she acts "just like a naughty child" in her impatience to join in the conversation. Some years later the sagacious Leopold of Belgium warns his niece, the young Queen of England, against the Russian's propensity for intrigue: "Princess Lieven and another individual recently imported from her country", he writes in July, 1837, "seem to be very active in what concerns them not; *beware of them!*" The Ambassadors was fond of posing as a lover of rural life, and sometimes told Lord Grey that were she to be a widow nothing would suit her so well as to "marry a curé who has a country

parish"; but her old friend knew her too thoroughly to be deceived by such pretty tales, and answers with the finest of irony, "I have been much amused by figuring you to myself as the wife of a country curate, occupied with the daily details of your humble *menage*, with your pigs, your sheep, your cows, and your poultry. Nothing is wanting to make the picture complete but that Metternich should be the other party to it." Yes, political intrigue was Madame Lieven's interest, and it was only her kindness of heart that kept her from being wholly mischievous.

The reason for the regularity with which Lord Grey maintained his share of the correspondence is another subject for speculation. Here was a mind and heart infinitely loftier and deeper than the lady's; a temperament naturally serious and thoughtful, which age and experience had intensified almost to the point of melancholy; a high sense of honour, personal and national, which it was quite beyond the power of the supple Russian to understand. What had he in common with the busy *intriguante* whose conception of the universe, as Mr. Chesterton would phrase it, was so immeasurably lower than his own? There are two answers to that question. In the first place, it is possible that Madame Lieven's gaiety and vivacity were attractive to the elderly statesman, and made the correspondence agreeable to him. But for many years there was, in addition to this reason, another equally powerful. From 1807 to 1830 Lord Grey was not only in opposition to the government, but much of the time was living in almost complete retirement from political life. He was a Whig, and the Tories were in office. His manly conduct at the time of the trial of Queen Caroline had won him the undying hatred of George IV. He was not always in perfect accord with his own party. In spite of these circumstances, however, he was still keenly interested in public affairs. He had been trained for political life, and having played a part on the political stage, it was impossible for him to be other than a politician at heart; so he was still eager to learn what was transpiring behind the scenes. To what better source of information could he have gone than to this clever woman who made it her policy to keep well with both parties? "It is part of our business", she once wrote to him, "to try and learn about everything of importance that takes place in the country to which we are accredited—in short, to know all and to meddle in nothing are, in my eyes, my two chief duties." It is for this reason that one finds him continually employing such expressions as "Pray send me some news, which you, I believe, are better able to do than anybody."—"Pray continue to write me all the

news—my impatient expectation of a letter has been daily disappointed.”

The *Correspondence* is not without an occasional note of discord. In Madame Lieven's words, they always remained “He very English, I very Russian”, and when the policies of their two countries became antagonistic, a visible constraint and acridity creeps into the letters. Each spoke boldly in defence of cherished opinions, and their conversations evidently did not lack the zest of a spirited debate. “Yes,—we will have long talks together”, she promised him in one letter; but she adds, “and provided you promise not to raise your voice and talk louder than I do, we shall end by understanding one another. Only, if it is to be a strife of lung-power, I decline the contest.” In the face of the lady's proud boast that neither of them ever betrayed the other's confidence, it is regrettable to find the Earl accusing her of indiscretion with tongue and pen.

“I was rather surprised”, he complains in 1828, “at being told the other day that Lord Melbourne had said at Brooks's that I had written to *you* to say that he would be First Lord. I begin to think that one ought to repeat nothing, literally nothing!” Again in 1831, when Prime Minister, he writes with some irritation, “I have been very much vexed by receiving a letter stating that a letter from you had been quoted at Berlin, in which you said that I wished for the immediate suppression of the Polish insurrection. Really, if I have not a complete assurance that my name is not to be mentioned, my mouth must be completely shut as to everything but the mere gossip of the day.” “By the way”, he says more lightly at a later date, “you should be a little more careful of your confidences. I was told last night, word for word, what you had said to me of the King's declaration, that he must send for Peel, if the present Government failed; and that it came from *Madame Lieven!*” But in every case the lady produces such excellent reasons for her little slips or lapses that the gathering clouds are soon dispersed and the correspondence goes merrily on as before.

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Although the period between 1815 and 1837 has been described as tranquil and uneventful in comparison with the stormy years that preceded, it was so only by comparison. The letters of Lord Grey and Princess Lieven are full of “wars and rumours of wars”, of revolutions and threatened revolutions, which seem insignificant only after the mighty commotions of the Napoleonic period. The ten years particularly under consideration witnessed, among other

events, an insurrection in Greece and the erection of that country into a kingdom; the French Revolution of July; and the revolution in Belgium followed by the constitution of an independent Belgian kingdom. None of these occurrences has been without its bearing on the history of modern Europe, and in England the period was marked by the passage of the great Reform Bill. Though these were seemingly isolated and independent movements, they were all really in some measure related to one another.

The Princess Lieven and Earl Grey were not romantic folk. There is no mention of Lord Byron and no reference to the isles of Greece in their correspondence. To them the battle of Navarino, where the allied fleets of Britain, France, and Russia defeated the Turks, was purely a question of national and international politics. The victory was a subject of triumph and rejoicing for the lady, who was, above all else, "very Russian." Lord Grey, on the other hand, as "very English", looked with suspicion on the kindly aid given to the Greeks by the Russians. "I must acknowledge", he writes just before the battle, "that I must view with considerable jealousy any arrangement which may have a tendency to place Greece in a state of dependency on Russia." Perhaps if the Tories had not been responsible for Navarino, the affair would not have been so distasteful to the staunch old Whig. "Navarino", says the Princess, "is a fine moral fact and a fine military action." "As to the business itself", responds the statesman, (with English uppermost in his breast) "I agree with you in thinking that it was a *beau fait militaire*; as to the moral", (here the Whig speaks) "it seems to me to have been somewhat in the fashion of the Turk, and its having been employed against the Turk does not reconcile me to it. In truth it appears to me to have been an act of as violent and unjust aggression as ever was committed. Even the Ministers do not seem themselves without some misgivings of this sort. I hear that the King has said of Navarino that the actor had deserved a riband, but that the act deserved a halter."

With the aid of the Allies, Greece was at length set free, and thus was accomplished another scene in the protracted tragedy of the dismemberment of Turkey, the final Act of which is being played before our own generation. New difficulties then confronted the country. It became a question of her government and boundaries, which gave her three sponsors a fine opportunity for wrangling. The English government, for some inexplicable reason, wished to confine the new State to the Morea, while France and Russia refused "to carry out such a piece of stupidity." Lord Grey had his own ideas as to the proper frontiers, and these he confided to

the Ambassadors. Now mark how affairs with the aid of a clever woman may be manoeuvred from behind the scenes. The princess again, through her husband, skilfully introduced the suggested boundaries to the notice of the plenipotentiaries, and after endless sea-sawing back and forth, she was able to write triumphantly in 1830; "In a few days we shall have Greece declared independent, with satisfactory boundaries, (and they are those you proposed, my dear Lord.)" No politician could have failed to enjoy such a notable success, which was all the greater because of his being on the wrong side of politics! As for the sovereignty, that again was not a matter to be settled in a day. There were three candidates for the crown—Prince Leopold, the widower of Princess Charlotte of England; the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, vehemently championed by George IV, who detested his son-in-law; and Prince Philip of Homburg, who was slyly put forward by the Austrians. Madame Lieven, who was by no means partial to Prince Leopold, inveighs bitterly against his ambition in aspiring to a crown, but those who have read his charming letters to his young niece, Princess Victoria, know that there was in his nature a streak of romance, of which the Russian was ignorant and which she was probably incapable of understanding, to which the story and situation of Greece made an irresistible appeal. The battle over this question was not quite so fierce as that over the boundaries, and Leopold was the unanimous choice of the three Powers. George IV was forced to yield. "The King, as you know very well", writes Madame Lieven, "has been obliged to swallow down his rage and give up his opposition to Leopold. He is too much personally afraid of the Duke of Wellington", (at that time Prime Minister) "to be able to oppose his will." Leopold accepted the offered crown, but just at the moment when everything seemed settled, he took fright at the magnitude of the task of restoring order to the distracted country and withdrew his acceptance. Prince Otho of Bavaria ultimately became King of Greece, and the opposition he encountered, which finally ended in his flight from the kingdom, proves the wisdom of Leopold's refusal. Yet that prince never ceased regretting the hard necessity of his decision. Ten years later he writes from Belgium, "I am in fact bored with being here, and shall ever regret to have remained in these regions, when I might so easily have gone to the Orient, the great object of my predilection."

The Revolution of July, which occurred at the very moment when the difficulties in Greece were settled, was caused by the foolish and dishonorable attempts of the King of France and his Minister

to rob the French people of their hard-won freedom. Earl Grey and Princess Lieven had both perceived signs of the coming storm long before it broke, and were among the most absorbed spectators of its progress. There was little difference of opinion between them on the subject, unless it was that the liberal bent of Lord Grey's mind inclined him to welcome this rising of a disappointed people whose liberty was threatened, while the princess's training left her more ready to dread a popular movement. "As the unjustifiable and atrocious attempt of Charles X and his Ministers to extinguish at a blow the liberty of France could only be resisted by force, I must rejoice that the resistance has been so far successful", writes the statesman; to which the Ambassadors responds, "A legal resistance to the Decrees of the King was what might have been expected; but acts of violence, such as have taken place, make the case very different. If a republican form of government is to be the end of all this, one cannot but fear lest it should once again become a republic with aggressive tendencies." Both correspondents equally despised the stupidity of Polignac in not foreseeing the outcome of his tyrannical measures, and Charles X for his folly in countenancing the Minister. All Europe looked on aghast at this threatened renewal of the scenes of '89. But fifteen years of comparative freedom had taught the French people much more than they had succeeded in teaching their rulers; and on the whole the struggle of the Three Days was conducted with a dignity and restraint which completely won the sympathy of the onlookers. "Private letters speak with enthusiasm of the conduct of the people of Paris. The Court alone is made to bear the whole onus of the crime and its consequences", the princess admits somewhat grudgingly, to which her friend responds, "The people of Paris seem to me to have shown no less moderation than courage, and are entitled to the thanks and admiration of everybody who feels that they have not only preserved the liberty of France, but have prevented the destruction of that of every country of Europe. The Government of the Duke of Orleans should be at once cordially and frankly acknowledged."

Naturally the Reform Bill days in England were full of excitement. No wonder that Princess Lieven exclaims, "We live in strange times, and one must be stupid indeed to be a prey to *ennui*." Throughout the struggle the Ambassador was heart and soul with her friend, lamenting his difficulties and rejoicing in his successes. Occasionally some rumour makes him doubt her for a moment. "I am most impatient to see you", he writes, "though I am told you are become a decided Tory. As to the Tories,



begging your pardon, they seem to conduct themselves like men whom God has deprived of understanding for their destruction"; but the princess reassures him with ready wit; "I laughed heartily at the accusation of having become a Tory. People would have to be very clever ever to know whether I am Whig or Tory. I only display one colour—that is, yours. I am *Grey*, and I defy them to convict me of anything else."

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Against a dark and sometimes monotonous background of politics, the figures of those great folk with whom Princess Lieven and Earl Grey were familiarly acquainted stand out with amazing vividness. They come and go through the letters, and are dismissed with approval or disapproval as the occasion may warrant; but however slight these comings and goings may be, they never fail to leave some impress of their different personalities.

The most commanding personality of the period was rich in nicknames that do more than *hint* at his character. "The Beau" he was called by the ladies who surrounded him with flattery; the "Great Captain", Lord Grey terms him drily when they are opponents; the "Great Duke" and the "Iron Duke" were some of his soubriquets in the mellow days of his old age when men looked on him lovingly as a relic of a far-off and glorious time, a kind of *pater patriae*. No man ever passed through greater alternations of popularity and unpopularity than Wellington. He was the idol of the people after Waterloo; the object of their detestation in 1831; their pride and hero during his later years. None of these fluctuations disturbed him. Singularly free from petty vanity, he looked on with perfect *sang-froid* at demonstrations that would have overwhelmed a lesser man. No one could have been indifferent to such a character. Say what they would, friend and foe alike confessed his moral grandeur. "There never was a Minister more indifferent to the expression of public opinion than he is", testified Princess Lieven; "it will never make him move in the smallest degree from what he sees right to do." "He was always kind . . . even in those days of persecution against me, the result of the jealousy of George IV; he never was influenced by it, or had the meanness of many who, in the days of misfortune, quickly leave one", King Leopold gratefully records. The duke's absolute fearlessness and independence gave him dominance over weaker characters. When his sovereign received him uncivilly, he dared to answer him in "an excessively blunt manner", and walked sturdily out of the royal presence without waiting his dismissal. When the rioters, furious with him for his opposition

to reform, smashed the windows of Apsley House, he disdained to take any notice of them beyond ordering iron shutters for the windows, which hung there grimly to the day of his death.

Lord Grey, it is clear, held the old hero in high esteem even when most opposed to him. "I wish personally well to the Duke of Wellington", he writes in 1828. The difference between the two men was really only a difference in political faith. Both were too much alike in simplicity, uprightness and devotion to duty not to respect each other. Princess Lieven's sentiments for the duke were evidently a compound of admiration and dissatisfaction; admiration for his undeniable greatness; dissatisfaction because her wiles had so little effect on him. "Though we had much talk together, I comprehended nothing but disjointed words, ideas remaining a matter of guess-work", she writes; "I have, therefore, no news to send you from that quarter. He was very attentive and courteous, but most reserved on politics. One can never have any discussions, for his opinions are decrees; this is a habit he has taken, or that has been conceded to him (I know not which) and I am evidently not predestined to break him of it." Dissatisfaction deepened to indignation when she was told that the duke was anxious to be rid of her and her husband, and had expressed that wish to St. Petersburg, and that having failed in his efforts to have them removed, he had remarked sourly, "It is beneath my dignity for me to make victims of such people as they are!"

Another person whom the princess was incapable of understanding was Leopold of Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians. When the *Correspondence* opens, the prince was living in a very anomalous position in England. He was the widower of the beloved young Princess Charlotte, whose early death had blighted all his prospects; the son-in-law of the King who hated him; a naturalized Englishman who was, nevertheless, very much of a foreigner in his adopted country. The only interest remaining to him lay in the welfare of his little orphan niece, Princess Victoria, and his thought and care were largely occupied in preparing her for the high destiny that awaited her. Prudent by nature, and rendered sagacious by long residence in an uncongenial atmosphere, he seemed to strangers to be cold, sly, designing—in short, he appeared to be of the complexion so much disliked by the worthy Mr. Sapsea—un-English! We know his opinion of Madame Lieven; is it any wonder that hers of him was equally unfavourable? It was an unsuspected spirit of romance that beckoned him to Greece, but such was not the princess's reading of the incident. "I think the

world singularly misjudges Prince Leopold if it imagines that he merely *accepts* the sovereignty of Greece", she writes in January 1830. "*Accepts* is not the word. He has coveted the crown, and worked to gain his end for long, long past. On January 4th, 1828, I made a bet with my husband that Leopold was working to get Greece. Would not he, the craftiest of men, be astonished to hear this of me? Leopold, in all probability, will now be the sovereign of Greece, and this entirely thanks to his unaided efforts and his own cleverness. "There is nothing" (she adds spitefully) "like pale, thin people; I place no belief in the ambition of fat cheeks"; to which the Earl, who should have been a better judge of men, returns, "What you say of his (Leopold's) character exactly corresponds with my own observation. You have high authority for your opinion about *les pales et les maigres*. Shakespeare makes Caesar say:—

Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Leopold was far too shrewd not to perceive the wisdom of conciliating one who had the brains, and might have the will, to become a dangerous enemy; and he took care, when finally leaving England to assume the crown of Belgium, that one of his last visits should be to the busy Ambassador. This delicate attention had the desired effect. One can almost hear the purr of gratification with which the lady announces that "Prince Leopold came to see me the day before he left. I was extremely well-satisfied by all he said to me. No one could realize the position with greater wisdom, and he has much sound common-sense." All of which goes to show that the princess herself was not impervious to the wiles of diplomacy.

Madame Lieven has scant space to spare for the women of her world, though not without her allies among them; but there was one very great lady of whom she and Lord Grey make frequent mention, and that always in the same tone of amusement and contempt; which, indeed, was the tone society usually adopted toward "Queen Sarah", the Lady Jersey of the period. Contemporary memoirs paint her as a vain, beautiful and ill-balanced woman, who was never happy unless monopolizing the attention of her world. "I wish", says Lady Granville to her sister, "we were both like Lady Jersey, without a grain of feeling and with a quantity of imaginary grievances." "Tell her", she cries at another

time, from Paris when threatened with a visit from the countess, "that Herbault" (the fashionable milliner) "is dead, that the Jesuits have forbidden women to talk, that I am grown beautiful, that there is not a Whig in Paris, and anything you can do to ward off from us this calamity." Madame Lieven affirms that the idea of being tête-à-tête with Lady Jersey froze her "to the marrow", and refers to her as a "mischief-maker" and a "kill-joy". There is much humour in Lord Grey's account of how he met "the first woman in England" at a large dinner at Windsor Castle during the anxious days of the Reform Bill, and of how her Ladyship boasted of the King's attentions to her which caused Lord Grey an uneasy night. "In truth," says the earl, "she did contrive after dinner to get possession of the King, and talked to him incessantly for an hour and a half. I was much amused with the scene. The only interruptions to an unceasing flow of eloquence were the King's answers of 'Yes, Ma'am', 'Exactly so', 'Ma'am, you're quite right', which seemed to be uttered with an effort to keep himself awake. She, was however, in the seventh heaven, and tells everybody that the King talked to nobody but her, and that I several times came near, but was taken no notice of." Queen Sarah delighted in a spectacular flirtation. "By the way, my dear Lord", writes Madame Lieven in 1833, "have you heard the great news of all London—Lady Jersey running after Lord Palmerston? Lord Palmerston not a little touched by her enticing ways, paying her visits during his mornings of two hours duration!" The earl was not too absorbed in politics to be diverted by the easy conquest of his colleague, the Foreign Secretary, a gay bachelor of fifty, by the *irresistible* countess. "Your account of Palmerston and Lady Jersey amused me very much", he answers. "May I not derive a hope from it that I too may again be taken into favour?" Presently he has his own tale to add. "The town rings with the exhibition made by Queen Sarah at your soirée. I hear she says that I attempted to bow to her, and that she turned away her head. This is not true, but I am very willing to adopt this account of the adventure. I hear also that she says P. never was really in love with anybody but her." "Your meeting of the other evening", responds Madame Lieven, "was recounted to me by the lady herself, who appeared flushed with victory at having been able to pass you by, while in possession of the arm of the Foreign Secretary."

So much for a few of the leading people among the *dramatis personae* who trod the social and political stage during the days when Princess Lieven was Russian Ambassadors in England.

It is to be feared that she did not always remember that her mission while in England was "to know all and meddle in nothing." There was no difficulty about the first clause. To "know all" was much to her taste, and she spared no pains to fulfil this part of her duty; but "to meddle in nothing" was far less agreeable, and it appears that she sometimes overlooked that part of her instructions. Thus it happened that in the year 1834 she was so indiscreet as to interfere in the choice of an English Ambassador to Russia, and thus crossed the path of the masterful Foreign Secretary. Palmerston was a regular John Bull; obstinate, pugnacious, and not inclined to mince matters. He thought, to use his own felicitous phrasing, that "both *she* and her *Court* need taking down a peg"; and with the suddenness of a thunder-clap a recall to Russia came to the astonished and chagrined Ambassador and her husband.

To Russia, or to Paris, which was chiefly the scene of her later career, it is not necessary to follow her. With her departure from England there ends her graphic account of the personages and events during the last decade of the Georgian era of which the *Correspondence* is so thoroughly characteristic. Whatever her faults or foibles may have been, the student of history owes her a debt of gratitude, for having preserved such a clear and useful record of a period with which it is important for him to have some acquaintance, in order that he may more fully understand his own.