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*LETTERS OF PRINCESS  
ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND,  
DAUGHTER OF KING  
GEORGE III., AND  
LANDGRAVINE OF  
HESSE-HOMBURG* ♦ ♦

*UNIFORM IN STYLE AND PRICE WITH THIS VOLUME.*

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LETTERS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH  
OF ENGLAND

Daughter of King George III., and  
Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg

Written for the most part to  
Miss Louisa Swinburne

Daughter of Henry Swinburne, Esq., Author of "Courts of Europe," etc.

Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Chapter,  
by Miss Swinburne's great-nephew

Philip Ch. Yorke, M.A., Oxon

LICENCIÉ-ÈS-LETTRES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE

*With Portraits*

*Kathleen Swinburne.*  
34

London

T. FISHER UNWIN

1898

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## PREFACE

THE books on which this slight sketch of the Princess's life and character, intended as an introduction to the Letters, has been based, have naturally been the numerous memoirs of the reign of George III., including of course the famous Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay. The principal source of information for the history of the Homburg family has been Schwartz's "*Friedrich von Hessen-Homburg und seine Familie.*" The portraits of the Landgraves of Homburg and those of the Landgravine, and the view of the castle of Homburg from photographs by Frau Voigt, "*Hof-Photograph,*" of Homburg, are nearly all from sketches and pictures by Herr Joh. Friedrich Voigt, who was painter to the Court at Homburg. Footnotes have been added in every case in which allusions in the Letters seem to call for explanation, for even the well-read do not despise a few jogs to the memory, especially in the matter of genealogies and relationships.

I may state here, what has been explained elsewhere, that these Letters have no claim to great political or historical interest.

But if the readers of this volume feel on turning the last page that they have become acquainted with a Princess, not only to be loved for her own sake for her many amiable qualities, but especially interesting to us through her near relationship to our beloved Queen, the publication of them will, I think, be fully justified.

THE RED HOUSE, BARHAM

*September, 1898.*

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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

LETTERS in all times have ever hitherto been given a place in literature. From the days of Cicero to those of Erasmus, of Mme. de Sévigné and Cowper, the private correspondence of individuals has always been highly valued as helping to the better understanding of a bygone age, permitting a nearer, more intimate, and more detailed knowledge than histories can give, taken up, as they are, with the records of great actions and great men, and with the solution of great problems which, in order to understand their full importance and interest, must often be regarded from a long distance, and affording a truer and more faithful picture than the drama with its necessary exaggerations of character, crowding of incidents and unnatural concentration, can ever hope to present; and so much have the realistic qualities of private correspondence been felt, that writers of novels, when desirous of accurately describing the morals and manners of a time or representing the gradual development of a character, have often chosen the interchange of letters as the literary form in which their object could best be accomplished. In modern times, however, letters have fallen considerably from

their former important and dignified position. Real letter-writing has gone the way of wool-work, albums, and still-room compounds. Friends can tell us little news that we cannot read for ourselves in the daily papers. People meet too often to make it worth while to pour out in manuscript their inmost feelings on the momentous question of the new chintz for the parlour, or the last terrible disaster to the preserves. Men and women are too busy now and too much in a hurry to sit down with the deliberation and attention necessary for the composition of a real letter; or if they do they will not waste the result of their efforts upon their friends, and what formerly would have been a letter is now an article for the review or magazine. Nowadays there is no time to be lost, the post is coming in and going out at every moment, and soon, we must suppose, correspondence will not be much more than code-symbols in telegrams or mutilated sentences on post-cards. When that is the case it will be, we must say, to the great loss of those who come after us, who will be deprived of one of the greatest sources of information which we ourselves possess, and of that most valuable aid which private letters, and more especially those never intended by the writer to see the light, give to the imagination, enabling us to enter thoroughly into the spirit of a past age, and to raise, as it were, the dead in all their living reality from their graves.

And so it is with the letters which we now give to the public. They cannot, it is true, lay claim to be of any great historical importance—there

will be nothing found in them which will change any previous or received opinions of public individuals or public events. The Princess, it appears, though she never lost her interest in English affairs—and she lived at a time when great events were in progress—and ever remained an Englishwoman to the backbone, imposed of set purpose a restraint upon herself, and always preserved a wise discretion in speaking of men and measures, though for readers of her letters it is easy to perceive that her sympathies were engaged, as was but natural, rather for the party of law and order, Church and King, than for that of reform and progress.

Her caution, moreover, in writing about public events was extended to her statements about private people. No *chronique scandaleuse* will be found in her letters, and those who require such excitement will waste their time in turning over these pages. A remarkable delicacy of feeling and expression, exceptional at that date, as those who have read the numerous memoirs and letters of those times will agree, is shown in her correspondence. It is full of kindly feeling and sympathy, while a bad opinion of any one is very rare; and when this is the case, it is only calling them monsters or the like without mentioning their names, which could not do much harm to anybody. Nor again can we say that the Princess's style of writing is one which could have any pretensions to literary perfection. As she says herself, "I scribble on and don't think of reading over what I write; if I

did they would never go, for I just say what I feel and think." There are faults of grammar and spelling, and hardly any stops (these we have ventured sometimes to add), and the sentences come after one another and run into one another in no arranged order. But while all this is true—though the letters have no great historical importance, though they afford little family gossip, and though they cannot aspire to any classical dignity, yet we shall still claim for them one great literary merit, the greatest of all perhaps, namely, that they are perfectly simple and natural, and that they express the real feelings of the writer, and reflect faithfully her mind and character. The familiarity of her style brings us all the closer to her, and the more familiar it is the more intimate becomes our friendship for her. Sometimes it is the case that where the style is most imperfect that there most appear the individuality and originality of the Princess, and her portrait drawn by herself must be of more value and interest to us than any accuracy or polish of diction.

The Princess possessed another characteristic, one which has been declared by a living literary critic to be "the chief qualification for good letter-writing"—her deep and sincere affection for her friends. These were many in number, and with them she kept up a constant correspondence. Madame D'Arblay was one of them, and she speaks of the Princess's letters as being "charming, not only from their vivacity, their frankness, and condescension, but from a peculiarity of manner, the result of having mixed little with

the world, that joined to great fertility of fancy, gives a something so singular and so genuine to her style of writing as to render her letters desirable and interesting, independent of the sincere and most merited attachment which that gracious kindness inspires," and allowing somewhat for the rather long-winded language of the author of "*Evelina*," I do not think that the readers of these letters will consider her praise exaggerated or more than they deserve.

It will be remembered, perhaps, how in all the best ghost stories, a mysterious breath of cold air betokens the approach of the spirit, itself invisible, and an irresistible feeling that some one is standing near announces its unseen presence. Then gradually the shadowy form faintly appears only to flit away where you cannot follow, if you venture to address it or to touch it. Similar to these are our sensations, though they are more pleasant ones, as we turn over the pages of these old letters. A whiff of old times is breathed upon us such as the scientific study of the great events of history never brings and a feeling of sympathy for those that are long dead and gone. As we read on we feel that the old Princess is still with us, though indeed herself invisible, and at length her figure appears, shadowy it is true, but still characteristic and unmistakable—the figure and form of an old lady dressed in black of ample proportions and of most kind and benevolent countenance, reading aloud to the lady-in-waiting, working for her charities, receiving her company, pasting and

copying in her album or diligently finishing off her letters in time for the English post.

The Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of George III. and aunt of her Majesty the Queen, was born on the 22nd of May, 1770. She was one of the numerous family consisting of nine brothers, two of whom, however, died in infancy, and six sisters born to that King and to his wife Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Charles Louis, reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Her parents have been so often described to us by the pen of the historian and in the gossiping pages of the writers of memoirs that it will not be necessary for us to say much more of them here. George III., whose endeavour it was to introduce again into England the personal government by the sovereign, and who successfully struggled against the supremacy of the House of Commons, and maintained his own ministers at the head of the State in spite of adverse factions and majorities, is a very important and striking personality in constitutional history ; while the figure of the good-natured old King, walking about with his wife on his arm, talking familiarly with the people and asking innumerable questions without waiting for the answers, is one of the most familiar to those who confine their attention to a study of personal traits and characteristics.

We have been told lately that Cromwell may be regarded as the type of an Englishman.<sup>1</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gardiner.

cannot help thinking that George III. answers more correctly to this designation. A charming simplicity of manner and character, a homeliness and a *bonhomie* which were combined at the same time with real dignity, but which stood in strong contrast to the vulgar *grandeur* and high heels of sovereigns of the Louis XIV. type, an amiable kindliness of disposition, great affection for his wife and children, great love for his country, a strong sense of duty always acted up to, a conscientious attention to details, admirable courage both physical and moral, and a deep religious feeling and conviction were very distinct characteristics of this king, and these are the virtues which we like to consider as essentially, though of course not exclusively, English. His defects also, a too narrow view of men and things, an imperfect education, and an inability to see more than one side of a question, only add weight to this conception of his character. To consider George III. in his political capacity would take us too far afield, but the last word, we feel sure, has not yet been said on the political conduct of the King in the difficult and complex situations in which he was placed by the circumstances of the time. The personal rule of the sovereign is only bad when there is something better to put in its place. To one individual an oath is a sacred thing, the violation of which is perjury; to another its binding character a mere question of general utility. A rigid persistence in a course of conduct if approved of is called firmness and when condemned obstinacy, while a successful resist-



ance to a Government is a glorious revolution, but if a failure a wicked rebellion. It is easy to be wise after the event, to argue backwards from failure to mistakes and misgovernment and to point at the errors of men of action from a comfortable armchair. Whatever the final decision of history, however, may be, we may look on George III. not only as a singularly pleasing English type of character but as unquestionably a good man and Christian gentleman—no mean attainment; and the name of "First Gentleman in Europe," which appears a withering sarcasm when applied, as it was, to his more showy successor, when given to "Farmer George" seems to swell out to its full significance.

Princess Elizabeth inherited in a marked degree her father's amiable qualities, and these are very closely discernible in her letters. From her mother it is probable that she inherited little, for her mother had little to bequeath. She seems to have been a thoroughly good woman, of sterling merit, of strong and warm domestic affections, and who gained the regard and respect of all who knew her, but of whom very little more can be said. She filled for many years a most difficult and painful position, and lived in trying times when perhaps the influence of a woman of decided character might have done something to mitigate the domestic troubles of the English Court. For a great tragedy was being played out in the home of the Royal family of England. In 1788 the King became insane. Such an event in ordinary times and

conditions could not have failed to terminate family quarrels and to soften party asperities, and to unite all factions in sympathy for the Royal family. But in those unhappy circumstances the very reverse was the case. The sad event was treated as an opportunity for furthering party interests and by the Prince of Wales for obtaining power which he considered had too long been withheld. The King's recovery meant the triumph of the Tories and his continued illness the return to power of the Whigs, and every turn of his malady was watched by the jealous eye of faction rather than with the tender solicitude of loyalty and affection. The treatment of insanity was not understood in those days, and the King, separated from his wife and family, his natural protectors, was given up to the keeping of quarrelling politicians and rough and wrangling physicians, while the Queen sat helpless and miserable in her own apartment. It is not necessary, however, for us to dwell on the details of the unhappy story which has been vividly told in the pages of Mme. D'Arblay and in other memoirs of the time, and which, indeed, would have been no unworthy theme for the tragic genius of the inspired writer of "King Lear." But we must suppose that these painful domestic incidents left a deep impression on the minds of the royal children, caused them to be overlooked in the general panic and confusion, and interrupted in some degree their education. Even when the King recovered, which was only for a time, no one ever knew what the next day would bring

forth, and his family at Windsor, who were warmly attached to their father, were kept in constant dread and anxiety through fear of a recurrence of the malady.

Another cause which probably proved a hindrance in the Princess Elizabeth's education was the bad health from which she suffered in her earlier years, and more than once her life was considered in great danger. In 1785 she seems (according to the following extracts) to have had a bad attack of inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by whooping-cough.—

*"Mrs. Delaney's Diary."*<sup>1</sup>

"*Dec. 1, 1785.*—Princess Elizabeth very ill with an inflammation on her lungs.

"*Friday morning, 2nd.*—Princess Elizabeth confined, and Sir George Baker sent for; was bled five times in 48 hours.<sup>2</sup>

" . . . Princess Elizabeth rather better.

"*Saturday morning, 3rd.*—Princess Elizabeth still better.

"*Sunday morning, 4th.*—Much alarmed about Princess Elizabeth, who had had a bad night.

"*Monday morning, 5th.*—Princess Elizabeth much mended.

"*Evening.*—Sent for again to the Lodge. Still greater amendment in Princess Elizabeth.

<sup>1</sup> "Life and Correspondence by Lady Llanover," vol. vi. p. 315, 316, &c.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to have been the principal remedy together with "emeticks every other day" and "their backbones rubbed with min<sup>3</sup>."

" *Tuesday morning, 6th.*—Good accounts continued of Princess Elizabeth."

" *Mr. Boscawen to Mrs. Delaney.*

" *Dec. 11, 1785.*—What a satisfaction would it be to know that the Princess Elizabeth is well advanc'd in her recovery, and that the whooping-cough is not spread, for it is a very severe disorder. . . ."

" *Mrs. Delaney to Mrs. Port of Ham.*

" *Dec. 21, 1785* —Princess Elizabeth is now, I hope, out of danger, but she has given great alarm here."

" *Mrs. Delaney's Diary.*

" *Friday, 30th.*—Evening the Queen came at half-past six to take me with her to the Lodge; I followed and staid there till half-past ten; between nine and ten Princess Elizabeth had a return of the spasms, which continued very strong all night.

" *Saturday morning, Dec. 31st.*—Princess Elizabeth still very indifferent. Sir George Baker had been with her.

" *Jan. 1, 1786.*—Princess Eliz. rather better, tho' the spasms continue.

" *Monday morning, 2nd.*—Intensely cold; Princess Eliz. much the same.

" *Tuesday morning, 3rd.*—A consultation with Mr. Gray, the Queen, and the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, who came from Princess

Eliz., who had had a very severe return of her spasms. In the evening went to the Lodge. Princess Eliz. continued very indifferent."

*"From Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delaney.*

"MY DEAR MRS. DELANEY,—According to *my promise* I have the pleasure of acquainting you that dear suffering Elizabeth has had altogether about ten hours' very comfortable sleep. Her spasms still continue, but I flatter myself the intervals are longer. I hope to hear that you, my dear madam, don't suffer by this warm day; it is the most uncomfortable feeling day we have had yet, and tho' in general no change of weather makes me angry, I shall certainly quarrel with it to-day if you are unwell.

"Your very affectionate friend,

"CHARLOTTE.

"Q. L., *the 4th of January, 1786.*

"I should have written sooner, but was prevented by going early to the Lower Lodge."

*"Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delaney."*

"LONDON, *Jan. 4, 1786.*

"... fear you have at present a very painful scene before you, tho' as report always exaggerates, I flatter myself the Pss. Elizabeth is not so ill as she is represented to be. I feel much for all the Royal family, and I am sure you do so too. . . ."

*"Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delaney.*

" LONDON, Jan. 7, 1786.

" . . . I hope this sudden change of weather will not be the cause of your having any complaint, and flatter myself it will be favourable to the Princess Elizabeth. What you say of her comforts me very much, for since the spasms have not affected her head, I think they may be easily accounted for from great weakness, and I have frequently known young people get the better of similar disorders. I shall be much obliged to my dear friend, if you will desire Mrs. Astley<sup>1</sup> to write me one line, to let me know how she goes on, being *anxiously concerned* for the King and Queen!"

✓ *"Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delaney.*

" ENVIL, Jan. y<sup>e</sup> 10th, 1786.

" . . . It makes me truly happy to hear that you are tolerably well, and that your health has not suffered materially from the anxiety of mind which you have undergone on account of the dangerous situation of the Pss. Elizabeth, and the share you have taken in the grief and anxiety of their Majesties. I most sincerely rejoice in the prospect of the Pss. Elizabeth's recovery, and I trust in God, that their Majesties will not have any further cause for alarm upon her account. . . ."

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Delaney's waiting-woman.

*"The Viscountess Weymouth to Mrs. Delaney.*

*"LONGLEAT, Jan. 14, 1786.*

"DEAR MRS. DELANEY,—I am most exceedingly obliged to you for sending me an account of Pss. Elizabeth's great amendment. Hope H.R.H. will not have any returns, and that their Majesties will not suffer from their great anxiety. . . ."

*"Miss Port to Mrs. Port."*

Dated ST. ALBANS STREET (WINDSOR),

*Jan. 19, 1786.*

" . . . Princess Elizabeth and Prince Augustus are much better. Poor Princess Elizabeth has suffered extremely, and does now, tho' not in so great a degree as she did. . . ."

*"Mrs. Delaney's Diary.*

*"February, 1786, Saturday morning.—Miss Planta from the Queen to inform me that Princess Eliz. continued very well——"*

Hardly had she recovered, however, when another attack of illness, apparently of the same kind, came on. The King writes on September 2, 1786, to the Bishop of Worcester<sup>1</sup> :—

✓ "We have had some alarm in consequence

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hurd. He was tutor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and one of the King's greatest friends. At the time of the fear of the French invasion the King had arranged that the Queen and the Princesses should take refuge at the Bishop's residence. He refused the archbishopric of Canterbury, and died at an advanced age in 1808.

of a spasmodic attack on the breast of Elizabeth which occasioned some inflammation, but by the skill of Sir George Baker she is now perfectly recovered, and in a few days will resume riding on horseback which has certainly this summer agreed with her."

And Mrs. Delaney writes on the 24th of the same month :—

"I thank God Princess Elizabeth seems now restored to that health which every one who knows her must wish her on her account as well as many others, to possess. She is still delicate and does not attend them (the King and Queen) at the drawing-rooms when they go to town. Last Friday evening she had the goodness to permit me and Miss Port to spend the evening with her. Nothing can be more amiable—more engaging than she is."

*"The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delaney.*

"HIGHCLIFF, Oct. 11, 1786.

". . . I am glad to find the Princess Elizabeth's illness is not alarming ; she is by all accounts so *extremely amiable*, that everybody is interested in her recovery, for her own sake, and doubly so for her beloved parents, whose kindness to you, my dear friend, I am not surprised at. . . ."

*"Mrs. Delaney to Mrs. Frances Hamilton.*

"WINDSOR, Dec. 25, 1786.

". . . Coffee was ready about six o'clock ;



about seven the King generally walked into the room, addressing everybody, and after that commanded me and Mrs. Smelt to follow him to the Queen's apartment, where we drank tea, and stayed till near ten o'clock. Princess Elizabeth (who, thank God, is now perfectly restored to health) was not well enough at that time to make one of that society, so that her sisters took their turns to be with her."

*"Miss Port to John Port of Ham.*

*"WINDSOR, Dec. 28, 1786.*

"... Princess Elizabeth, who removes to town for good on New Year's Day, is very happy with the thoughts of the Birthday; *doubly so*, for she has obtained Sir George Baker's leave to *dance*."

The same year Mme. D'Arblay writes in her Diary: "I met Princess Elizabeth coming into the Lodge with Miss Goldsworthy, on the morning of her departure for Kew, and she seemed so little happy in the journey, so extremely delicate in her constitution, and so sweet and patient in submitting to her destiny, that I was quite affected by the sight. She perceived me at some distance in the gallery, and turned back to speak to me, and receive my good wishes for the change of air"—and still in 1787, on the King's birthday (June 4th) she was only convalescent. As the Court were going into breakfast, with the band playing in honour of the occasion—"Princess Elizabeth turned round to me to say she could hardly bear

the sound : it was the first morning of her coming down to breakfast for many months, as she has had that repast in her own room ever since her dangerous illness. It overcame her, she said, more than the dressing, more than the early rising, more than all the hurry and fatigue of all the rest of a public birthday. She loves the King most tenderly, and there is something in receiving a person who is loved by sudden music, that I can easily conceive to be very trying to the nerves."

In the midst of much, however, which might have cast a gloom over her, the disposition of the Princess, like that of her sisters, was too lively, and her spirits too buoyant, to allow her to be anything but happy in her home life. In spite of the disputes between the King and his eldest son, and the fact that some of his brothers followed the Prince into opposition, it was an affectionate and amiable family, and the numerous brothers and sisters were united together by very cordial feelings towards one another, which, in the case of the Princess Elizabeth at any rate, remained unaltered through events which were only too likely to cause permanent estrangement, and lasted to the grave. For her parents she ever showed the warmest affection, which for the King, her father, amounted almost to adoration, the sentiments of love and veneration for him being no doubt quickened by the sympathy which was called forth by his sufferings and misfortune. Her life at Windsor, though, perhaps, one which would be called now a dull one, was a happy one.

In some ways the princesses were kept under very strict and rigid governance, which was not relaxed even when they arrived at what we should consider full years of discretion. When the Princess Elizabeth was twenty-six years of age, she was still not allowed to read any book which had not previously been examined and perused by her mother, though a special exception was made in the case of "Camilla," and it was not till 1812, when the Princess Elizabeth was forty-two years old, and Princess Augusta still older, that they were given separate incomes. In that year £3,000 per annum was granted to each of the unmarried princesses, and they were allowed to appoint for themselves a lady-in-waiting—Princess Elizabeth choosing the Dowager Lady Rosslyn—"to take servants and order carriages. At the same time they announced to the Queen their intention of sometimes making visits to their brothers,"<sup>1</sup> a proposal which certainly appears innocent enough. In other ways, however, it was just the reverse, and the royal princesses seem to have done much what they liked, running about the Castle, and mixing freely with the equerries, dressers, and ladies of the Court. Masters were engaged for them to give instruction in all the subjects which were considered then necessary accomplishments, especially in languages and literature. Mme. D'Arblay speaks, however, of the "simplicity" of the Princess Elizabeth's education, and was surprised when her aid was invoked by the Princess in order to write a

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of Miss Knight, vol. ii. p. 283.

correct letter to some personage. But we may suppose that the request was made by way of compliment to the famous authoress rather than from any real need of assistance. Certainly her French, to judge from her letters in that language, was far from perfect, and she was still in her old age trying to overcome the difficulties of German. On the other hand, she was considered in Germany at the time of her marriage as exceptionally well-informed and clever. She possessed a great knowledge of history, and drawing and painting seem to have been favourite pursuits. She published in 1804 a series of engravings from her own designs, entitled "Cupid turned Volunteer," accompanied by "Poetical Illustrations," by Thomas Park, F.S.A, and in 1806, "The Birth and Triumph of Love," and another series, "The Power and Progress of Genius," dedicated to her mother, Queen Charlotte, and these productions though not ambitious, are extremely pretty, and not, I believe, without artistic merit. Music, too, was not neglected, though the Princess does not seem to have had any special talent for it. We hear of Mr. Webb, the "Windsor musician," giving the princesses lessons, a gentleman who "from some strange calamity had a nose so enormous in size that it covered all the middle of his face," and whom the princesses had particular instructions not to laugh at. Princesses Elizabeth and Mary sang part-songs in the room of Mrs. Schwollenberg, the Queen's dresser, but Mme. D'Arblay seems to have been more impressed with their good-humour than their musical ability.

"Very pretty in point of voice, their good humour, however, and inherent condescension and sweetness of manners would make a much worse performance pleasing," and as the part-songs went on "all the evening," we must hope that their good-humour was shared by their audience. The Princess had besides a taste for furniture, and a great talent for making herself and her surroundings comfortable. Mme. D'Arblay speaks of her apartment as being "the most elegantly and fancifully ornamented of any in the Lodge, as she has most delight and most taste in producing good effects." At Frogmore, we are told by Mme. de la Fite: "On y construit des ruines, et bientôt on aura achevé un vieux bâtiment gothique; ici s'élève un petit temple octogone, dont le plafond est dessiné par la Princesse Elizabeth; là on découvre un hermitage, dont elle a donné le modèle," &c., &c.; and Miss Knight writes that "Princess Elizabeth had a pretty cottage and garden at Old Windsor, where she would sometimes in summer give little fêtes."

Her education, however defective and homely it may appear when judged by the exalted standard of attainment of modern young ladies, when considered from the point of view of training of character must be pronounced good and successful. It would, indeed, be difficult to discover any defects in the cheerful, sympathetic, and lovable disposition of the Princess; of which a hundred little incidents assure us, and numberless instances on her part of thoughtfulness and kindly feeling announced to her





THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

[To face p. 21.

acquaintances. She it was who advised poor Miss Burney to take a good rest before the visit of the Court to Nuneham, the fearful fatigues of which were subsequently described for a sympathising posterity in the pages of the Diary, who laughed at Miss Burney chopping up the Queen's snuff, a service which the Queen's Lady thought decidedly *infra dig.*, and who insisted on knowing whether Miss Burney had really broken the whalebone of her stays by the violence of her coughing. Miss Burney, who was obliged to leave the service of the Queen in 1791, owing to her health, which was not strong enough to support the fatigue of her duties, was heartbroken at having to quit the princesses, and has left a touching account of her farewell. "Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them, but they repeated, 'I wish you happy; I wish you health,' again and again with the sweetest eagerness. Then they set off for Kew." From the pages of the famous Diary, and from other memoirs of the time, we find the reasons of the Princess's great popularity, and can form an idea of her amiable personality; for her high spirits, love of fun and liveliness, her fondness for children, her simplicity of character and kindliness of heart caused the "dear, sweet, accomplished Princess Elizabeth," as Mme. D'Arblay calls her, to be loved and esteemed by all who knew her.

The reader will pardon one more extract from Mme. D'Arblay which, although perhaps well



known, reflects too accurately the amiable character of the Princess to be omitted here.

Mme. D'Arblay, after her resignation and her marriage to M. D'Arblay, was accustomed as long as she was in England to pay the Queen and the princesses a visit once a year. The one spoken of now took place in 1798. "Miss Planta conducted me immediately by order to the Princess Elizabeth who received me alone and kept me tête-à-tête till I was summoned to the Queen, which was near an hour. She was all condescension and openness and inquired into my life and plans with a sort of kindness I am sure belonged to a real wish to find them happy and prosperous. . . . She asked me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece and our future Queen; she seems very fond of her and says 'tis a lovely child and extremely like the Prince of Wales. 'He is just two years old,' said she, 'and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Liby, as she calls me, is a great favourite with her.' . . . A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth who, to show she expected my little man, had some play-things upon one of her many tables; for her Royal Highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, &c., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humoured pleasure and finding him too shy to be seized,

had the graciousness as well as sense, to play around, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended by his insensibility to her royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities. . . ." Subsequently they went to Princess Augusta's room. "Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, a chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp, but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them. . . . Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him which he flew to seize."

Elsewhere Mme. D'Arblay speaks of "Miss D., a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued the poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D., from extreme distress, into which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W. who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D.'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D. had but just lain in and was nearly dying! This charming Princess; who

had been particularly acquainted with Lady D. during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the Queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house in the neighbourhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the Princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants."

The following letters, addressed by the Princess to various individuals, have been inserted here as belonging to and bearing upon this period of her life. Most of them have been published elsewhere in Twiss's "Life of Eldon," in the "Harcourt Papers," "Life of Lord Sidmouth," the "Buckingham Memoirs," and in other contemporary biographies and diaries—a few see the light for the first time.

In October, 1788, the King became insane—and continued in the same condition till February, 1789, when he recovered, and shortly after the Royal family went to Weymouth and other places for change of air and scene.

*"Princess Elizabeth to Madame de la Fite.<sup>1</sup>*

*"WEYMOUTH, July 2, 1789.*

"Je n'ai pas pu commencer avant aujourd'hui, ma chère Madame; le temps ne l'a point permis. Je vous assure que j'aurai bien voulu

<sup>1</sup> Madame de la Fite, often mentioned in Mme. D'Arblay's memoirs, held an office at the Court as governess or French mistress to the young princesses.

vous écrire quelques lignes de Lindhurst mais pendant notre séjour là nous nous sommes très bien amusé par les différentes courses que nous avons faites. Je ne crois pas que j'ai été plus de trois quarts d'heure à la maison pendant toute la journée. Nous avons vu Southampton, Lymington, Boldrewood, Hurdle Cliff. Dans notre chemin à Boldrewood qui appartient à my Lord Delawar, nous sommes passé un peu plus loin dans la forêt pour voir une pierre érigée par le père de my Lord Delawar sur l'endroit où il a vu croître encore l'arbre qui a reçu l'arc qui a tué le Roi William II. Le modèle de cette pierre est fait d'un morceau de la racine de cet arbre. Vous ne pouvez imaginer la joie qu'on a montré partout où le Roi a passé. Je vous assure que c'était presque trop ; partout on a chanté 'God save the King !' Je me suis bien amusé le jour que nous sommes arrivé à Lyndhurst d'entendre dire à un pauvre homme. 'I am so sorry we have no band for the King ; it is so hard he has no musick as he loves it so much.' Le jour après nous avons eu une trompette, dont l'harmonie n'était pas des plus agréable. Deux jours après, un basson.

"J'ai vu une dame à Lyndhurst qui m'a dit que les gens de Southampton et des environs de Lyndhurst étaient les meilleurs créatures au monde ; qu'elle avait elle-même à Lymington une maison où elle vivait plus de dix semaines sans jamais avoir la porte de sa maison fermée ni jour ni nuit ; et qu'elle n'a pas même perdu une ruban.

"Adieu, ma chère Madame, croyez moi toujours votre amie.  
"ELIZABETH."

<sup>1</sup> "WINDSOR, *October 3, 1772.*

" . . . Anything so disgusting as the breakfast at Woodgate's Inn, on the way from Weymouth, I thank God I never saw before and never wish to see again—bad butter, Tea, Coffee, bread, &c. ; nothing to touch but boil'd eggs, which were so hard that I could not eat them. So I returned to the carriage just as I got out—starved. However, having wisely followed Sir Francis Wronghead's ways, and had a large Plumb Cake put up as *Stowage for the Stomach*, I rejoiced much at the thought of seizing this when I got back to the Coach ; but the moment I had prepared myself in Battle array, with a knife in my hand to begin the massacre, they told me it was for Mama, and my knife returned innocent to my Pocket.

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Elizabeth Vernon, daughter of 1st Lord Vernon. She married her cousin, the 2nd Earl of Harcourt, and was made Lady of the Bedchamber. Lord Harcourt became Master of the Horse. The letters addressed by the Princess to Lady Harcourt are taken from the Harcourt Papers. Lady Harcourt, in a note attached to the letters, wrote: "These letters, which were written between August, 1791, and January 7, 1819, may many of them not appear to any other person to be worth preserving ; but to me they are valuable, from revealing past events that were interesting, and still more from the proofs they contain of the Princess's affection. Her kindness to me was invariable. Once, when I was ill and confined to my house for six weeks, I received from her in that time 143 letters ; for she often wrote twice and sometimes thrice a day, if an opportunity of sending a letter occur'd. She said her letters might not be amusing, but that they would serve to break the tediousness of a sick room at a time when none of my family or friends were in town. Most of these letters were immediately destroyed, and so also were many others it would have been imprudent to keep, as soon as I had read them. I find that I have now, upon looking over the remainder, 328 letters left."

"As I was not allowed to eat, I determined, like a true woman, to talk. Lord Harcourt and you served as our constant topick ; and we all agreed how sorry we were to have quitted you. When the conversation runs on the subject of those one truly loves, all unpleasant remembrances are at an end ; so I forgot my hunger, and you served me as a Breakfast. I was then, you perceive, satisfied, and got through Salisbury, Andover, and Overton vastly well, and very much contented to get to Hartford Bridge, where our dinner quite made up for our breakfast ; for I never eat a better anywhere. The bottle went round as on board our dear *Juno* ; and the first toast was to all our friends we had quitted, and then to the *Juno* ; so that none were forgot. In short, our journey went off as well as possible, and we arrived here at a quarter after six. But you may tell my good friend, Lord Harcourt, that we have not left the noise of Wind at Weymouth, for it has been louder here than I can express. However, I rely upon your Dutiful affection as a Wife to tell his Lordship this with all proper precaution, for fear that it might hurt him to think that I did not find Windsor a Paradise.

"The evening of our arrival a good Dish of Coffee set us up, and we were able to have the Cardigans, Harringtons, and Lord Cathcart, and set down *comme à l'ordinaire* to cards. Pss. Royal (God bless her) went to Bed, though She slept the best part of the time in the Coach, as did my younger sisters ; but Augusta and me,

the two irons of the family, had each our party. . . .

“Mama has ordered my younger Sisters to stay at home to-day—they cough so; but otherwise everybody is well. We began going to Chaple this morning; it must be wholesome, it is so disagreeable. However, this is a life of trials, God knows it is; so I hope to be rewarded in the next. By the bye, I forgot to tell you that I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing Her Grace of B——n, the Grace that invited you to visit her when you began your journey. She was driving her sisters in the open chaise, and made me one of those bewitching Curtsies that have so often attracted the notice of your Lord. Her leg we saw at the back of her Phaeton, and I immediately rejoiced at having met her, knowing what pleasure it would give Ld. Harcourt, who I am always happy to please. . . .

“Your affectionate,

“ELIZA.

“I enclose you a new Vocabulary, which has just come out :—

#### VOCABULARY OF FASHION.

<i>Vernacular Terms.</i>	<i>Fashionable Sense.</i>
Age . . . . .	An infirmity nobody knows.
Conscience . . . . .	Something to swear by.
Country . . . . .	A place for Pigs and Poultry.
Day . . . . .	Night.
Night . . . . .	Day.
Debt . . . . .	A necessary evil.
Dining . . . . .	Keeping up appearances.

VOCABULARY OF FASHION (*continued*).

<i>Vernacular Terms.</i>	<i>Fashionable Sense.</i>
Dinner . . . . .	Supper.
Dressed . . . . .	Half-naked.
London . . . . .	The most delightful Place !
Lounging . . . . .	Daily occupation.
Modest . . . . .	Sheepish.
New . . . . .	Delightful.
Pay . . . . .	Only applied to visits.
Prayers . . . . .	The cant of silly people.
Christianity . . . . .	Having a pew at Church.
Time . . . . .	Only applied to Music.
Protection . . . . .	Keeping a Mistress.
Vice . . . . .	Only applied to Horses.
Undress . . . . .	Complete clothing.
Scandal . . . . .	Amusing conversation.
Work . . . . .	A vulgarism.

" *To Madame de la Fête, during another visit.*"

" WEYMOUTH, Sept. 6, 179(?).

" MA CHÈRE MADAME,—Nous voici de rechef à Weymouth et j'ai le plaisir de vous assurer

' In "A Diary of the Royal Trio" we read: "July 13th [during a boating expedition]. The Royal family had a complete ducking. The 3 amiable Princesses, though half-drowned, preserved perfect good humour, 'Smiled on the tempest and enjoy'd the storm.' A general concern was expressed for the Royal graces, but they laughed at the mischances of the day."

" July 20th : An ode written by an admirer—

' When sweet Eliza takes her dip,  
I envy Neptune's peeping ;  
The briny drops from off her lips  
Are Nectar, well worth keeping.  
The swelling waves all gently rise,  
And eager flow to press her ;  
They're all composed, when down she lies  
All happy to caress her.'

" 18th. Visit to the *Magnificent*. The charming Princesses were affability itself, said 'they were never better pleased than



que nous nous trouvons tous parfaitement bien ; le jour de notre arrivé on nous a reçue avec toute la cordialité possible et vous pouvez bien croire que nous étions très-heureux de nous retrouver dans un endroit qui a fait tant de bien au Roi la dernière fois que nous nous trouvâmes ici :— Je vous assure que j'avais commencé une lettre quand j'étais à Kew, mais nous avons eu tant de visites pour prendre congé et d'autre petites choses à faire que véritablement ma lettre a été condamné au feu. Je viens de prendre une longue promenade sur la bord de la mer mais de ma vie je n'ai jamais souffert tant avec la chaleur que je le fait aujourd'hui ; c'est exactement la chaleur de l'eau bouillant ; car tout ce qu'on laisse dehors est aussi mouillé comme si l'on avait mis dans de l'eau. . . . Le Roi et la Princesse Royale,<sup>1</sup> se sont baigné deux fois, ma sœur Auguste commence la semaine prochaine. Je me suis tout a fait réjoui pour Henri de notre absence, comme c'était le moyen pour lui de vous garder quelques, semaines de plus ; dites moi, ma chère Madame si vous compté d'écrire quelquechose pendant

when afloat,' and 'declared if they had been boys the sea certainly should have been their *Element*.'

"28th. The Princesses amused themselves by walking on the sands, so buoyant with youth and spirits that they hardly left the impression of a footstep behind them.

"August 6th. A trip on board the *Southampton*, when the Princess E., with her wonted good humour and affability, went to the foremost part of the gangway for the curiosity of seeing the seamen's dinner served to them ; where she remained ten minutes, highly delighted, diffusing her smiles to every tar that came near her."

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte born 1766, married 1797 to the King of Wurtemberg, and died 1828, leaving no children.

que vous êtes en Hollande, ou est que vous gardé vos plumes pour quand vous revenez habiter votre Cloître? On parle beaucoup ici de deux Romans qui vient de sortir l'un par Charlotte Smith, *Celestina*, et l'autre *The Errors of Education*, mais je ne sais pas par qui c'est écrit. Comme vous avez toujours la bonté de vous réjouir quand vous entendez quelque chose qui me fait de la joie je vous dirai que mon Evecque a été reçue à Durham avec toute sorte d'honneur, et une personne que j'ai vue, m'a dit que ses brebis l'approuve beaucoup, vous me connaissez assez pour concevoir quelle joie je sens. On m'appelle, il faut que je vous quitte, mais je vous prie de me croire toujours sincèrement votre amie.

"E."

"*To the same.*"

"UPPER LODGE, WINDSOR, *April 5, 1793.*"

"Je prends la plume en main, ma chère Madame, pendant que ma servante, me roule les cheveux pour me préparer pour mon lit, pour vous dire que le Prince Frederick d'Orange <sup>1</sup> s'est distingué je crois près de Gertrudenburg, mais quoique je ne suis pas tout à fait sûr du lieu où il a gagné sa victoire je ne doute pas que ma lettre vous sera mille fois plus agréable en vous apportant une nouvelle qui vous causera une joie réelle, pour les Parens qui vous sont si chère que toutes les fariboles dont c'était mon intention de vous faire part, mais je n'ai point voulu vous

<sup>1</sup> Son of King William I., born 1797, and died 1881.

faire attendre pour un de mes épitres qu'en j'avais quelquechose d'aussi bon à vous dire.<sup>1</sup> Vous dois je faire votre catéchisme et vous demander si votre dîne chez Mad. Wilkes a été *votre* jusqu'ici ou si vous n'avez point sorti depuis ; j'espère que non, votre toux va certainement mieux par le beau temps qu'il fait ; nous avons grand peur pour le Lundi. . . . Nous sommes aussi heureuses que possible ici, le temps passe trop vite, plus vite même que *le fil entre mes doigts* mais non obstant cela, nous nous amusons royalement des amies et amies aimables, des promenades, des bonnes nouvelles pour nous rendre la vie agréable, et tout cela si bien réussi que vraiment dans cet instant la vie est une charmante chose ; en causant ainsi avec vous j'oublie qu'il faut que je me couche, ainsi bon soir, si je puis ajouter encore quelques mots demain matin je le ferai ; ce n'est pas dans mon pouvoir de vous écrire plus aujourd'hui, mais je vous prie de me croire votre bonne amie.

"ELIZA."

" . . . Il faut avant que je finisse vous dire que ma chambre est tout à fait divine et que tout le monde l'admire ; vous savez que c'est ma vanité. J'ai souvent avec moi ma pauvre et chère amie Lady Dashwood ; toutes les fois que je la vois je bénis Dieu que j'ai une telle amie ; c'est une ange ; elle souffre encore de sa perte et

<sup>1</sup> On the execution of Louis XVI., in January of this year, war was declared by France against England and Holland, and a French army entered the latter country in February.

quelquefois elle ne pent s'empêcher de repandre quelques larmes, mais avec toutes ses détresses elle se comporte en vraie chrétienne, toujours disant que Dieu la protège et qu'elle est contente. Adieu, croyez moi toujours si je vous vois ou non votre amie.

“ ELIZA.”

“ July 8, 1793.

✓ “. . . I hear to-night that my Brothers <sup>1</sup> are within Sixty yards of Valenciennes, and the nearer the advance the more the danger. It makes me sick ; but we must ever remember that there is a merciful and just Providence that watches over them ; that is a great consolation ; but, even so, I am in a terrible state of anxiety both of longing for and dreading news. Mama has such an uncommon share of fortitude, that she never allows herself to say a word. . . . We make it a rule never to talk about it. . . .”

“ *To Lady Harcourt.*

“. . . We have had two very pleasant parties besides Portsmouth, which were to the Great Lodge, and Clifdon ; the last was really perfection ; and I never was more truly thankful for amusement than on that day. Ld. Harcourt would say that it quite suited me ; for there never was a moment in which we felt more thoroughly

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of York, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, commanded the British forces in the Netherlands against the French, but with little success, and he was recalled the next year.

the comfort of private life than that day. We set out from home at a little before nine, without breakfast, to breakfast at Clifdon ; but the King taking us a round-about way, we never got there till twelve. When we reached it, we were most anxious for the good fare we expected, which *entre nous* owing to a mistake, we did not get till some time after our arrival. I began to think that we should have nothing ; but Fortune proved kind, for the door opening, we all scrambled in as fast as possible ; and the table, which was very well stored, was soon in a very naked condition. My eldest Brother was of the party ; but to tell you the truth, not in *Spirits at all* ; though mum's the word . . . It is a mistake *my* living at Court ; it was certainly intended that I should live in the Country, and been a younger brother's Wife, for I do not understand *Court* quarrels ; kiss and make friends, should be one of the mottos for a Palace. . . .

" Yours, most affte.,

" CINDERELLA E. /

" 25<sup>th</sup> July, 1794."

" *To Lady Harcourt.*

" I write this *quite* for yourself ; for I should be very very much blamed, scolded, abused, &c. &c., if it was known that I had given you a hint of an intended scheme, which, if it happens at all, will happen within this fortnight, of setting out very early and surprising you and your Caro Sposo. Had it been to any one but yourself, I would not have written a line ; but my inside tells me that

your Lord and Master would be too much fussed with this sudden journey and arrival without a line. Nothing prepared, he would cough, flurry, and make himself so nervous, that when your flight of birds had left you, he would not bear to hear of the foregoing morning. But, for God's sake, do not appear prepared in the least ; act your part as you ought to do ; and don't get your affectionate friend into a *scrape*, for *Scrapes* will not do at present . . .

"The horrid plot against the King's life came to my Ears ; it has so harrassed my spirits and mind, that I never suffered more in my life than since that hour. How wonderfull, however, are the ways of Providence ; and how truly thankfull should we be for its having brought this shocking scheme to light. God bless you again and again ; name nothing of the first part of my Epistle, rather write to me on the latter Subject as from yourself without an appearance of having heard at all from me. Direct your letter this time to Miss Planta. "Yrs., affly.,

"ELIZA.

"*Sunday, Oct. 12, 1794.*"

*Harcourt Papers, Fitzgerald, 1276.*

"I can never thank you enough for having persuaded Mama to go to Strawberry Hill<sup>1</sup> ; it was a morning passed after my own heart. . . . Portraits, Miniatures, Japans, enamels, china, and a thousand other beautiful things start up to claim one's attention ; but of all the things I ever saw,

<sup>1</sup> The residence of Horace Walpole, Lord Orford.

what struck me the most, was that which I have heard you rave about, the famous Bell ; which is really in *my humble* opinion the most wonderful piece of workmanship I ever saw. If my time would allow me I could run on in raptures about everything ; but I will not leave the subject without a few words concerning the owner of this curious and interesting mansion, whose pleasing manners thoroughly gained the whole company. We hope that he will not have suffered from his great civility to us ; it pained me to think we were the cause of his exciting himself as he did ; but if he could know how much his attentions were felt, I am sure he would be pleased. . . . I wish I could be housekeeper there for a Fortnight. In case of your hearing that Lord O. is in want of one, send to such a No., in such a place, near such a street, by such a Castle, in such a Lodge, you will find a discreet, steady young woman, who bears a tolerable good character, with the advantage of speaking a little french, who will be willing to enter into such a Capacity ; she is a single woman. I beg I may be most kindly remembered to dear Lady Harcourt ; and beg you to believe me,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ ELIZA.

“ *Wednesday, 5th July, 1795.*”

‘ *To Lady Harcourt.*

“ I am sure you will be anxious to know how

\* The King was assaulted by the mob on his going to open Parliament on the 29th of October, 1795. He showed great

we all are, my dear Ly. H., after yesterday's horrors. It is impossible to paint to you in any degree what we have gone through since we arrived in Town; but I trust in that all-merciful Providence, who has saved our dear King in so wonderful a manner, that the great Crisis is now over.

"In going to the House, a bullet was shot through the Kg. coach; which undoubtedly was intended to penetrate elsewhere. This is a most Shocking thought; however, thank God, it went harmlessly through the glass opposite, and shot out a round piece the size of a small bullet. Some of the Servants saw it fall. That not answering their wicked ends, they threw stones several times at him; but he came home well, and perfectly composed. The mob followed the Coach in an insolent manner, moaning and screaming 'peace, no War,' 'give us Bread,' 'Down with Pitt,' 'off with your Guards' (which he was attended with to the house, I mean home).

"Everybody is well to-day, though much agitated with the thoughts of the Play; but I trust great care will be taken. More you shall hear from me when my mind is easier. God bless you; and believe me,

"Yrs. affly.,

" E."

courage throughout, and on stepping into his coach to return, said to the excited lords, "Well, my lords, one person is proposing this, and another is supposing that, forgetting that there is One above us all who disposes of everything, and on whom alone we depend." The return journey proved fully as dangerous, and the mob behaved as outrageously as before. The following night the King and the Royal Family were received with great enthusiasm at the Covent Garden Theatre.



*To Lady Harcourt.*

“ . . . I am much more comfortable about Mama, as she cried much yesterday, which she had never done while we remained in Town ; for she always said, that did She let herself *once go*, She could never conduct herself as she ought. . . . My Sisters as well as myself are surprisingly well ; but it has had so extraordinary an effect on *me*, that I, who naturally cry a great deal, have scarcely shed a tear. You may conceive what we all went through in going to the Play. A firm reliance on the goodness of that Providence which had so wonderfully watched over our beloved and good King's life, carried us through it ; but now it is over, I trust in God—never to be again in the agonies I felt during the whole of that day. It was indeed very horrid ; and my poor ears I believe will never get the better of the groans I heard on the Thursday in the Park, and my eyes of the sight of that Mob. However, we are told ‘ the ways of Providence are intricate and Wise,’ so I do hope that out of evil comes good, and that from the severe and horrid alarm we have had, the King's life will now be in greater security, in regard to Men's wicked attempts, than ever. The King has shown Fortitude, Resignation, Piety, and confidence in a Supreme Being, in the strongest manner possible ; and has exhibited a Composure which has been quite awful, with an innocence of mind which has ever marked his Character. At night, when Mama wished him a good-night, he said, ‘ I doubt not I shall sleep ; )

and only wish the man to sleep as well who made the attack on me.' . . .

" WINDSOR, *Monday Evening*,

" *Nov. 2, 1795.*"

" WINDSOR, *Friday, July 29, 1796.*

" MY DEAREST LADY HARCOURT,—I have promised the P. and Princess of Orange to inform you of their intention of visiting Oxford, in a tour they are going to make of about ten days ; and their wish is to begin with a visit to the amiable inhabitants of Nuneham, which (from knowing your constant goodness to us, and to everybody) we all, K., Q., and Pss.'s advised ; for we were certain you would be happy to put them in a comfortable method of continuing their proposed journey.

" They desire me to say, that if it would not be inconvenient to *you and Ld. Harcourt*, they intend themselves the pleasure of Dining with you on Monday, and remaining that night with you ; but they have such a dread of being troublesome, that they talk of quitting you the next morning for Oxford. We all assured them that we would answer for your hospitality ; and that we were sure you would wish them to remain the next night, after the fatigue of seeing quietly the antiquitys and beautys of that magnificent city.

" The Prince of Orange entreats you will neither of you put yourselves the least out of your way ; and if you will only order some servant to go about with them, it is all they desire, that they may not wander like strangers

about Oxford. These are actually his Words ; as he begs that Ld. Harcourt will *promise* not to worry himself about him in any way what ever . . . and believe me,

" Yrs. affly.,

" ELIZA."

*To Lord Harcourt.*

" . . . You may believe with what joy I seized my letter and how grateful I am to find my wishes granted, and that you had not forgot *one* who you must have long known is most thoroughly attached to you. This friendship or attachment, call it what you please, began at ten years old, and has increased with my years ; and sixteen years is a good growth—'Widened with the bark.' You will laugh at this ; but what will dear Ly. Harcourt say ? will she not say I am very impudent to speak so openly ? she can't be jealous ; for I am not a dangerous object, when she considers I am a *Noli-me-tangere*. Alas, it is hard that there is not a little more sincerity in the World ; for what is the harm of unaffected and sincere friendship. But I must stop, and remember that though it is Sunday, I must not write a Sermon. . . . Putting all joke aside ; let me tell you, that though you say it is a liberty you are taking, it is one that I wish you would take often, as your letters are particularly agreeable ; and nobody possesses the ' Pen of a ready Writer' more than yourself. . . .

" Dinner is called ; so I can only add my love

to Ly. H., and flatter myself that you will ever believe me to be,

" My lord,  
" Yr. sincere and very attached Friend,  
" ELIZA."

" *Saturday, Dec. 4, 1796.*"

" *To Lord Harcourt.*

" QUEEN'S LODGE, *Nov. 12, 1797.*

" I have just got some naughty lines upon the new peers ; very good. In my next you shall have them ; but remember, as King's Daughters are among the Honourable Women, I must not be named as the person who gave them. . . ."

" MY DEAR LADY MARY,<sup>1</sup> — Mama has just commanded me to give her best compliments to you, and to say that as she understands the Physical people have allowed Lady Holderness to eat anything she likes, she has ordered two Pigs which have been born and bred at Frogmore to be sent up by to-morrow morning's early stage for her. She flatters herself that dear Lady Holderness will like them ; you may laugh, my dear Lady Mary, but I am not a little proud of receiving the commission from Mama, as the Farmyard is my Hobby Horse.

" Pray tell Lady Mary that the Pigs are of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Osborne, daughter of the 5th Earl of Leeds. Her mother was the only daughter and heiress of the last Earl and Countess of Holderness. Lady Mary married, in 1801, Lord Pelham, afterwards 2nd Earl of Chichester, and died in 1862. Lady Holderness had been Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen.

the Chinese breed which makes them look so small.

"On Wednesday we shall be in town, when I hope to find a note from you, with a good account of Lady Holdernessee.

"Believe me, dear Lady Mary,

"Your very affecate.,

"ELIZA."

"*May 2, 1801.*

"You will, no doubt, be much troubled with notes and congratulations, my dearest Lady Mary, on the present occasion of your intended marriage with Mr. Pelham, yet I cannot resist writing a few lines to assure you that you have no friends more sincerely attached to you than those in this House, therefore more warmly interested in your welfare, amongst those I beg you to believe none more truly so than myself.

"Pray give my kind love to Lady Holdernessee, and tell her how truly I rejoice with her, as I am sure your settling will be quite a balm to her mind, particularly as you are entering into so respectable a family which is surely a very great blessing. I trust we shall always keep up our acquaintance, and you may be assured that on my part, that the changing of your name will make no alteration in the friendship of your affectionate

"ELIZA."

In the middle of February, 1801, the King had a second recurrence of his malady, supposed to

have been brought on by the agitation of mind into which he was thrown by the desire of his minister, Mr. Pitt, to grant Catholic Emancipation, which measure George III. considered would be a violation of the Coronation Oath. On the 8th of March he was believed convalescent, but he was ever afterwards subject to a renewal of the malady.

*† To Madame de la Fite.*

"MA CHÈRE MADAME,—Comme je vous ai promis de vous écrire cet après dîner, je vous dirai très sincèrement que je n'ai pas trouvé le Roi aussi bien que je l'ai souhaité ; il a été pire dans la nuit, mais Dieu merci, quand j'ai quitté Kew je l'ai laissé mieux ; vous viendrez j'espère a une heure demain, et de me croire toujours votre amie

" ELIZA.

" Une heure,  
Lundi."

*" To Dr. Thomas Willis,*

*" June 6, 1801.*

"After receiving one note you will be surprised at this, but second thoughts are sometimes best, besides which I am commanded by the Queen to inform you by letter how much this subject of the Princess<sup>1</sup> is still on the

<sup>1</sup> The Princess of Wales. The Prince of Wales had married in 1795 his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick, and a child was born of this marriage the next year, the Princess Charlotte who afterwards married Prince Leopold of

King's mind to a degree that is distressing, from the unfortunate situation of the family; and Mama is of opinion that the Lord Chancellor should be informed of it, as he has mentioned the subject to Mr. Dundas to-day. The Queen commands me to add that if you could see her heart, you would see that she is guided by every principle of justice and with a most fervent wish that the dear King may do nothing to form a breach between him and the Prince, for she really lives in dread of it; for from the moment my brother comes into the room, till the instant he quits it there is nothing that is not kind that the King does not do by him. This is so different to his manner when *well*, and his ideas concerning the child so extraordinary, that to own you the truth, I am not astonished at Mama's uneasiness. She took courage and told the King that now my Brother was quiet, he had better leave him so, as he had never forbid the Princess seeing the child when she pleased, to which he answered "that does not signify, the Princess shall have her child, and I will speak to Mr. Wyatt about

Saxe-Coburg, late King of the Belgians, and who died in such unhappy circumstances in 1817. Immediately on the birth of the child the Prince wrote to his wife announcing his intention of completely separating from her. The King, considering the Princess ill-used, desired to take her and the child under his protection. Subsequently charges of immoral conduct were made against the Princess which led to several investigations, and although she was convicted of undignified and indiscreet behaviour, nothing more was ever proved against her. Her attempt to force her way into Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George IV. has been often described. She died very soon after.

the building of the wing to her present house." You know full well how speedily everything is *now ordered* and done, in short what Mama wishes is, that you would inform the Lord Chancellor that his assistance is much wanted in preventing the King doing any thing that shall hurt him. The Princess spoke to me on the conversation the King had with her, expressed her distress, and I told her how right she was in not answering, as I feared the King's intentions, though most kindly meant, might serve to hurt and injure her in the world. I hope I was not wrong, but I am always afraid when she speaks to me on such unfortunate subjects."

*Apparently to Rev. Thomas Willis.*

"KEW, June 7, 1801.

"I am just come into my room when I found your very comfortable letter, which I return you many thanks for. I had promised Mama to tell you that the visit to the Princess [of Wales] intended for to-day was put off till Friday, and now it is not thought of till next week; but she thinks it right\* to say to you that she is to write on Friday to the Duchess of Brunswick.<sup>1</sup> You may inform the Lord Chancellor<sup>2</sup> of it, in hopes that he may speak to the King about not naming the subject to her, for you know what a piece of work she would make about it. I am also to

\* The mother of the Princess of Wales and sister to the King. She died in 1813 and was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Eldon. †



name that the King told her to-day that he expected to remain better than another fortnight here (*i.e.*, Kew). She commands me to say to you, that she wishes the Lord Chancellor would show Mr. Addington<sup>1</sup> that as the King is contented with it, he had better not hurry our going; as he is so much better, there is hope that in gaining strength it will ensure us from having a relapse, which you may easily believe is her earnest and daily prayer. He has been very quiet, very heavy and very sleepy all the evening, and has said, two or three times, yesterday was too much for him.<sup>2</sup> God grant that his eyes may soon open, and that he may see his real and true friends in their true colours! How it grieves me to see so fine a character clouded by complaint! But He who inflicted it may dispel it, so I hope all will soon be well.

“Your friend,

“ELIZA.”

*Apparently to the Rev. Thomas Willis.*

“June 12, 1801.

“I have the pleasure of saying, yesterday was a very good day, though the sleepiness continues to a great degree. I am told the night has been tolerable, but he has got up in his usual way, which is very vexatious. I am commanded by the Queen to desire you will say everything from her to the Lord Chancellor, and thank him in the

<sup>1</sup> The Prime Minister.

<sup>2</sup> A levée which he held at St. James' Palace to celebrate his birthday on the 4th of June.

strongest terms for the interest he has taken in her distress. She so entirely builds her faith on him that she doubts not his succeeding in everything with his Majesty, who to say true, greatly wants the advice of so good a friend and so good a head. How providential is it that he is, thank God, placed where one can know his worth! I have just seen Brown who is very well satisfied. This morning, therefore, I trust all is going on well, though I feel that there is still fear.

"Your friend,

"ELIZA.

"P.S.—I assure you we are not a little thankful to you for all the trouble you take for us."

"KEW, *June 20, 1801.*

"MY DEAR LADY MARY,<sup>1</sup>—Before I quit Kew I must leave a few lines to say God bless you; if my blessing does you no good, I think it will do you no harm, and that you will permit me to assure you of my affection and friendship. I send you a Tambour needle which I am told is the first of that pattern, and which I hope you will use for my sake, and sometimes remember a true and affectionate friend.

"ELIZA."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

"*Nov. 20, 1802.*

"... We have indeed reason, my dearest Lady Harcourt, to thank God for the fresh proof of His goodness in this horrible and abominable

<sup>1</sup> See p. 41.

conspiracy being found out. The K. has never named it to anybody ; but everybody else talks of it. . . . The affair was discovered thus. A man was guilty of Felony ; and in searching for that man, they entered a house, where they found Colonel D.,<sup>1</sup> and 29 other men. The moment the Bow Street runner appeared, one of the men dropped a *list* ; which, thank God, was taken, as well as all their Papers. This atrocious deed was to have taken place on next Tuesday, when it is intended my Father should go to the House ; and when they had despatched Him, the intention was to enter the Queen's House, and make *mince meat* of us all. To attack the Tower, arm themselves ; and then march to the Bank, open the Prisons, and turn all into anarchy and confusion."

*"To Lady Harcourt.*

" . . . My Father is wonderfully well ; quite astonishingly, considering all the various unpleasant things he has had upon his mind ; but only such a pure mind as his could bear up in the manner he does. God grant this anxious time may soon end, is my earnest prayer.<sup>2</sup> I have had a good account of my Sister, which will make you happy. My Mother is

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Edward Marcus Despard, having been deprived of an office he held in Honduras, and getting no redress, entered with others into a plot to assassinate the King and seize the Tower, &c. Nelson came forward to speak on his behalf, but he was executed together with six others of his fellow-conspirators.

<sup>2</sup> War was declared with France this year.

well ; and I remain, with kind compliments to Lord H.

" Yrs. affly.,

" ELIZA.

" Dec. 26, 1803."

The following is not addressed or dated, perhaps to Lord Eldon :—

[1805.]

" I never can thank you enough for your letter, so kind, so good, so like your own nature. I must thank you directly, and tell you that as a hint Lord Auckland had better write to inform the King to Colonel Taylor,<sup>1</sup> who now transacts all the King's business, and reads all his papers to him, in short, a perfect treasure, and bears all the amiable qualities . . . all the necessary ones for his sake. Now we all delight in him. He has a great deal of feeling in his new position, at least so I believe from reading him at a distance, for you know it is difficult in our situation to be perfectly well acquainted, at least I find it so."

" *To Lady Harcourt.*

" I fear the dear King's eyes are very little better, tho' He flatters Himself they are ; and his anxiety to see, poor man, makes him try, I fear,

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Col., afterwards Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B. He became Private Secretary to the King on the failure of his eyesight in 1805, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. He had before been Military Secretary to the King's son, the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief. Previous to this the King had managed all his enormous business and correspondence without the help of any secretary.

many experiments which are not right. . . . You may believe what it is to us to see one who was so active, literally grope about ; for too much light perfectly blinds him. He wears a shade over his eyes, which at times he throws back, and does not always attend to ; but his resignation is really wonderful. At times it makes him low ; but for the sake of his family he keeps up his spirits wonderfully, in the hope that when the operation is over, He may get perfectly well again.

“Yrs. affly.,

“ELIZA.

“*July 14, 1805.*”

“*Saturday night, going to Bed.*

[1806.]

“Think, my beloved Lady H., how things are changed, that *I* now pray to the Almighty to leave this country ; turn which way we will all appears gloom, and melancholy stares one full in the face. The prospect we have to look forward to in the *Wife* of him who should be our protector<sup>1</sup> in future times, is so dreadful, that I had rather far chuse the Deserts of Arabia than all the amusements of London, or the delights of the Country in England. Do pray for me, and wish for us all to be gone. My much beloved Mother knows a little how much we all wish to be gone, but a daughter who loves her as truly as I do, must feel the delicacy of speaking too openly on a subject which separates one from

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales.

her ; but indeed, indeed it is most necessary. . . .

"I fear everything, nearly my own thoughts ; but I trust in the mercy of God, who will with His mercy guard my conscience, and what I love almost best in the world, my Brother. If the world could know his perfections I should still be happy, but do get him to wish us all away. . . ."

*"To Lady Harcourt.*

". . . The old Dss. of Weimar has acted with great courage. She remained in Her own country, and in her own Palace ; and when the wretch, Bonaparte, arrived, she received Him there. Supposing who she was, he said, 'Ah, Madame Weimar'—that is the way He spoke to all people of birth in Germany—and added, 'I chuse to dine alone.'

"After dinner he sent for her, and abused the the K. and Q. of Prussia with the most horrid oaths, and the most dreadful language for a woman's ear ; and then told her he intended to destroy the town of Weimar by fire. She let him have his whole *say out*, and then most nobly said, 'If you chuse to punish the Duke of Weimar's family for his belonging to the K. of Prussia, we must submit ; but to punish his innocent subjects, who have had nothing to do with it, will only injure yourself,' and after representing it in this manner, She nearly fainted away ; when she recovered, He promised her he would not burn the town, and would give counter orders.

"He then sent her away; and about two hours after, when his fury and rage were Subdued, he sent her word he would come and drink tea with her. He then talked of Vertu, Pictures, &c., and was very agreeable. . . .

"I ever am yr. and Ld. Harcourt's very sincere and

" Affte,

" E.

" *December 1, 1806.*"

" *To the Hon. E. Vernon, Archbishop of York.*

" WINDSOR CASTLE, *April 20, 1809.*

"MY LORD,—The Queen has commanded me to say that she is so shocked at receiving the account of Lord Harcourt's death that it is impossible for her, at this moment, to answer you, and greatly distressed at her servant being already gone with an enquiry to you concerning him. We are all fully sensible of the loss Lord Harcourt will even be to *us*, and though we sincerely thank God he did not suffer in his last moments, we must sore regret him, for the King and Queen are both as thoroughly attached to those who they have known as long as Lord and Lady Harcourt, that they feel that in Lord Harcourt they have lost a sincere and faithful friend.

"For our dear and valuable Lady Harcourt our hearts bleed, yet we feel assured that her excellent principles and her faith in a just and merciful God will support her under so severe and heavy an infliction.

"You may easily believe, my Lord, that in only

naming the King and Queen I feel I am naming my sisters and myself, who really feel that we have lost a most kind and sincere friend to us which we shall not so easily repair. As Lady Harcourt's brother you will pardon me all mistakes, for I am in such a shake I can scarcely hold my pen.

" I remain, my Lord,

" Your friend,

" ELIZABETH."

*" To Lady Harcourt.*

" I should have written to you yesterday had I had a moment ; and to-day I am hardly myself from the horrors of the story of poor Ernest.<sup>1</sup> . . . So premeditated a thing was never known ; the wretch was an Italian. My Brother, by all accounts, has been mercifully preserved by the interference of a wise and good Providence, but sadly wounded ; tho' Sir H. Halford and Mr. Home assure the King in their letters that there is no Danger as to his life, still we must feel very wretched till we hear another account. We live in such a state of constant anxiety, that upon my word when I rise in the morning, I feel, 'What will happen before night ?'

" The dear King bears up beyond anything I ever witnessed. The Queen is trying to get off the birthday ; you love Her too well not to feel

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland was attacked while in bed by Sellis, his servant, with his sword. The Duke escaped with some slight wounds, and Sellis was found in his own room with his throat cut.



she is often unjustly blamed. Believe me, that tho' she does not show Her feelings to the world, . . . this history of to-day has frightened Her to a degree that is *not to be believed*; and She says she has a degree of horror upon her She never had before, which I am not at all surprised at; for after a servant has lived with one fourteen years, how would one suppose Him such a premeditated villain. . . . God bless you.

"Yrs. affly.,

"May 31, 1810."

"ELIZA.

*"To Lady Harcourt.*

"We have been, and are severely tried; yet I trust that God, who never has forsaken my beloved Father, will still stand by Him; yet the occasion of this sad illness is so different from any other, that I trust all who love him will but give us time. Aggravating subjects have been the causes of his former illnesses; this one is owing to the overflowing of his heart for his youngest and dearest Child,<sup>1</sup> a child who had never caused him a pang, and who he literally doted upon.

"All this is natural, and I fairly own to you, had it pleased the Almighty in His wisdom to have released one sweet Angel three weeks back, I firmly believe this would never have happened. If I am presumptuous, *God forgive me.*

"Yrs. affly.,

"Nov. 9, 1810."

"ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Amelia, who died on the 2nd of November

*"To Lady Harcourt.*

" . . . The Doctors think there is no amendment; which is wretchedness to us, tho' they are right in telling the truth. The day, however, has been quieter; . . . but the mind is a blank to surrounding objects; the only nourishment, jellies; all other eatables refused. We none of us dare think or look forward, for everything is so black; we do what we can to support ourselves; but believe me, I see everything as I ought to see it, in fear and trembling, yet thoroughly trusting in God.

" Yrs. affy.,

" *July 18, 1811.*"

" ELIZA.

" MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,— . . . The doctors think very, very ill of the case, and give it a term which is a dagger to our hearts; yet we ought to be grateful that everything has been *done that could*, and that he does not Suffer. They say arguing is folly, he must not be teased; so what medicine is to be given must be given by stealth, for it would be running hazard to force it. The going to Bed' is dreadfull; the day otherwise is quiet, always thinking the room full, and amused the whole day; they all say that such a case was never seen or known before, for it is not the *common* kind of complaint; don't think me a fool, I cannot say the word, it is a horror to me.

" Believe me, yrs. affy.,

" ELIZA.

" You know not the comfort your Brother's letter was to my Mother.

*Oct. 11, 1811.*"

"Oct. 24, 1811.

✓ "MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—. . . The first Question the Council put to Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Willis was, 'Do you think that by throwing buckets of water upon your patient's head he would be cured?' You may easily believe that they both answered these strange questions and proposals the same; that no regular bred Physician would venture such an expedient, particularly my Father being blind; and at his time of life they could not answer for the consequences. R. Willis quite Shuddered at it when he told it to us; which He would not have done, had not my Mother forced it out of him. . . ."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

" . . . We have had a pretty tolerable night, which is a great comfort; for indeed I live in agony, and always think and dread its ending suddenly with my Father; tho' his, I believe, is the only instance that would not cause me horror; for when well, no man's life was ever more perfect than his, and therefore consequently prepared to meet his God; otherwise you will know my extreme wretchedness at the thought of such an end. . . . I fear you will find me very tiresome in my epistles, and so often go over the same ground; but really my head is so full, and my whole thoughts absorbed in this one subject, that it quite kills me. . . .

"Yrs. affy.,

"Nov. 16, 1811."

"ELIZA.

*To Lady Harcourt.*

✓ "Your kind letter I have just received. All is going on quiet, thank God, here. My Mother sees our beloved Invalid constantly when it is right; and all within doors is as comfortable as things can be under the present calamity, which, of course, must ever be a source of anxiety to us; but we must humbly submit, thank God, for the good, and bear the bad with that humility and patience which Religion inspires.

"Without I fear much noise and cabal from the folly of a certain female Relation,<sup>1</sup> who has favoured my Mother with one of the most insolent epistles I ever read. I think, if she does not take care, she will get into an abominable scrape; that is her own business and not mine; but I own as things are now, I wish peace and quiet; and am sorry that the impudence of the Lady will occasion Her becoming a political *Tool*. . . .

"Yrs. affly.,

"ELIZA.

"Nov. 22, 1812."

*To the Hon. Miss Scott.*

"WINDSOR CASTLE, May 12, 1812.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—The Queen has commanded me to write you a few lines, which ought to have been written this morning, to inquire after the Chancellor, for, well knowing how deeply he feels, she greatly dreads that the

\* The Princess of Wales.

shock of yesterday<sup>1</sup> may have injured his health. It is impossible not to shrink with horror when one thinks of an Englishman committing murder, and doubly striking when one must ever mourn for the loss of so excellent a man as Mr. Perceval. We live in most awful times, for the loss, both public and private, must be equally felt. We really are so horror-struck, that it is impossible for me to describe our feelings. Your own good heart will better judge, than my pen relate, the agony and misery that was occasioned by my brother Adolphus' arrival last night. This family have lost one who has ever proved real affection and attachment, and my beloved father has lost a most upright and conscientious Minister. Our only comfort in the midst of our own trial is, that my father is spared this affliction, for I verily believe, had it pleased the Almighty to have allowed of its being told him, it would have totally upset him. The ways of Providence are dark and intricate, and we are too blind to understand. It is our duty to submit and trust in God's mercy. That he may mercifully watch over this country will be my fervent prayer. My mother commands me to add she would herself have written to the Lord Chancellor, but she thought it better to make me write, well knowing his time is precious, and that it was cruel to add to his troubles by desiring an answer. She begs you (me?) to explain this, and I trust you will forgive the length of this letter, which I am ashamed of; but the state of nerves I am in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister, was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons.

must plead my excuse, for literally I can think of nothing else. . . .

"Yours very sincerely,

"ELIZABETH."<sup>1</sup>

*To the Archbishop of York.*

"February 2, 1812.

"MY LORD,—I have this moment received your very kind letter, but am grieved to find how very unwell our dear Lady Harcourt is. Believe me I am truly anxious, much more so than I have words to express, for I look upon her as no *common friend*, but really a *Rock*; and privately will confess to you that I know her value to be so great in regard to her affection for my mother, that I firmly believe she has on earth not such another friend. This, however, from motives of prudence, I do not say publicly, not from fear, for I am of too honest a character not to say what I *think*, but you must be aware that in the *little world* of this House it might occasion jealousy; she really is of such value to all of us, that I cannot disown that I am doubly anxious for the next account you have been so obliging as to promise me. My mother tells me she intends writing to you, so pray do not think of answering this till *to-morrow*, for I should be very sorry to be in the least troublesome.

"Believe me, my Lord,

"Your friend,

"ELIZABETH."

<sup>1</sup> Fitzgerald's "Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.," vol. i. p. 283.

" *March 25, 1812.*

" MY DEAR WILLIAM,<sup>1</sup>—A thousand thanks for your most kind and entertaining letter which amused us all not a little. My mother desires me to say on Saturday the man who is to take care of the Jerusalem Ponies will be with you, and will stay till you order him back with the cart.

" We shall be most happy to see you when you come. Your very affectionate manner of expressing yourself on our business is most kind and like *yourself*. We only feel hurt that we should have been the innocent cause of anything being brought forward that must have been unpleasant to the P. R. It only makes us feel more strongly how much we owe him, and his whole conduct has been so delicate, so angelic, and so like Himself that I cannot say how penetrated I am with it. Was I longer to go on I should never end, and having an abominable pen I will not take up more of your precious time.

" Believe me,

" Yours affly.,

" ELIZA."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

" I am ashamed to own that seeing a bit of the *Vertibre* of poor Charles the first, whose body was discovered yesterday, made me so sick that it did me up ; one look was sufficient ; the rest had it all explained, but I could not ; the P. R., Ernest,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards King William IV., born 1765 ; succeeded his brother, George IV., in 1830, and died in 1837.

the Dean of course, Sir H. Halford, Mr. Stephenson, were at the opening of this valued relic. . . It was wonderful how much of it was perfect; the form of the face, the back of the head, the hair clotted with blood, and the head laid down on to the throat in the Coffin. We are now reading and looking into every book which can give us insight into the matter. The delight of all ranks that the body is found is striking; many particulars I have not time to give you now.<sup>1</sup> . .

"Yours affly.,

"E.

"April 20, 1813."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

"Oct. 14, 1814.

" . . . Tho' we say little, my Father keeps our hearts and minds in a fever. True, he is well in bodily health, but that once perfect mind is just in the same unwell state; not unhappy, thank God, but very wrong; and the longer that lasts, the more improbable it is that he should recover, *impossible* no one dare say, for nothing is so with God; but the conversation before the Council was very very indifferent and has certainly left a nervousness and an inclination to talk, that we

<sup>1</sup> Some doubt having arisen as to the burial place of Charles I., search was made and a coffin opened, which proved to be his, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and others. (For account see Munk's life of Sir Henry Halford.) Sir Henry Halford was much blamed for retaining a bone which they had forgotten to return to the coffin. His representative some few years ago handed it over to the Prince of Wales, and it was replaced by H.R.H. on the coffin of the King.



have not had of late : but Dr. Robert Willis assures me, as well as John Willis, it is of no consequence and that He is perfectly happy in himself, most likely never so happy, for he has no cares, enjoys his music, his company, the army, &c.

"Yesterday evening Sophy and I went to Charlotte's,<sup>1</sup> where we had music, which is always an amusement to me ; but much as I love it, I every day think myself fortunate in not having made myself a performer, for I see that it leads people to be so enthusiastic, that it is quite unpleasant, and tho' a great accomplishment, it draws you into such very unpleasant Society, that I am of opinion that it may become a dangerous passion, particularly so in high rank. . .

"MY DEAREST LADY HARCOURT,—. . . Yesterday was my day for going to Chapel. You may believe I was happy to be alone there, for it was a day of trial to one's feelings, and whilst my heart was full and uplifted to God for every blessing for my Father, I recalled four years ago, when the day Shone bright, and the whole Country rejoicing in the Jubilee, with the finest weather that ever was seen. Yesterday the weather accorded with the day, very *grey* ; but while the prayer was reading the Sun shone so finely that I could not help thinking of God's peculiar goodness in supporting us as He has mercifully done through this dreadful trial, giving us the blessing of knowing that, tho' in a most melancholy state

<sup>1</sup> Princess Charlotte of Wales.

for *us*, yet a happy one for himself, for they all say he is without a care when He is not approaching a paroxysm, and that, thank God, is so seldom, that it is astonishing . . . .

"Most sincerely do I rejoice both at the Archbishop's seeing one of his Sons<sup>1</sup> settled, and besides that, the young man's choice is so excellent a one, for I firmly believe there cannot possibly be better or more highly principled young people than those daughters of Mr. Eyre, and that I must own is far more preferable than talents, which is the fashionable mania, tho' none admires the latter more than I do . . . .

"Now God bless you.

"Believe me affly. yrs.,

"E. R.

"Oct. 20, 1814."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

✓ "You will be pleased to hear that we have had an addition of two young *beaux* to our society this evening, and for fear you should tremble at the consequences, as one is a near relation of yours, and who is very handsome, I let you into the secret, that the Madre invited from Ly. Harrington's room your nephew Vernon,<sup>2</sup> and young Steward. Vernon is the most lovely creature I ever beheld, and delighted me by his sweet, modest, and diffident manner; the other the most extraordinary Boy I ever saw, a perfect finished

<sup>1</sup> Granville, seventh son of Archbishop Harcourt, brother of Lady Harcourt.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of the Archbishop.

Gentleman. Conceive of his walking up the room, making a bow as perfectly as if he were an old courtier, and kissing the Queen's hand; the other approached, bowed, put out his hand, but his courage failed him. I never saw anything more striking than the difference of the two; but with me your Nephew earned it hollow, and for beauty not to be compared. He really is lovely. . . .

"Affy. yours,

"YOU GUESS WHO.

"*Nov.* 20, 1814."

"*March* 19 [1815.]

"MY DEAREST LADY CHICHESTER,—You cannot think how rejoiced all are at the Queen's nomination of your sister. She has written me one of the prettiest letters possible, which I showed the Queen, and I can assure you my mother has felt particular pleasure in doing what she knew would be so agreeable to you, besides feeling that if our dear Lady Holderness could know it, it would make her happy, for, do my mother justice, she never forgets her old friends, and sooner or later her virtues will be thoroughly known, the poor soul. She is torn to pieces on all sides when there is anything to give away; for, I give you my word, besides the letters she has received herself, I had sixteen to lay before her. I must say that the instant she could recover the shock of poor dear Mrs. Fielding's death she told me she would name Mrs. Leigh, and I entreated her to do it directly, or otherwise she would be plagued to death. It is but justice to say that

Mrs. Leigh<sup>1</sup> has had many kind friends, for many have written privately about her. The Duchess of Rutland sent me a message through Lady Chatham. I hope Lord Chichester and all your children are quite well.

"I have been so sick with the reappearance of the *Monster*<sup>2</sup> and my anxiety for the French Royal Family, that I have been in agonies concerning them, but I humbly hope that through God's mercy we shall see the good old King firmer than ever upon his Throne, thanks to his own courage, good sense and steadiness.

"Believe me,

"Your aff<sup>ate</sup>

"ELIZA."

*To Lady Harcourt.*

"How little, my dearest Lady Harcourt, can one ever look forward to the morrow, after what has happened.<sup>3</sup> What an awfull visitation, what a blow to the whole family, and to the nation! The hopes of all built upon this marriage, and the joy that all were expressing in the hopes of a Boy!

<sup>1</sup> The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, parents of Lady Chichester, was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1779, and the Duchess married in the same year Captain John Byron (father by another wife of the poet) and had by him a daughter, Augusta, married in 1807 to Colonel Leigh; she was therefore half-sister to Lady Chichester.

<sup>2</sup> Napoleon escaped from Elba and landed at Cannes on March 1, 1815. Louis XVIII. fled from Paris, and the "100 days" ensued, Napoleon being finally defeated at Waterloo (June 18th) and the King of France replaced by the Allies on his throne.

<sup>3</sup> The Princess Charlotte of Wales died in childbirth this year.

to see that in the first instance frustrated by its being a still-born child. At the moment one blessed God for the safety of the Mother, and naturally felt that so young we might look forward to that disaster being repaired next year.

"We received this intelligence about one o'clock, and just after we had set down to dinner, at six, Gen. Taylor was asked *out*; our hearts mis-gave us; he sent out for Lady Ilchester, which gave us a moment for to be sure that something dreadfull had happened; the moment he came in my mother said, *I am sure it is all over*, and he desired her to go upstairs. You may conceive that the horror, sorrow, and misery was far beyond *shew*, for it struck *the heart*, and no tear would fall after such a dreadfull shock. You will agree with me it is one of the most melancholy and shocking lessons for all ages. So young, so happy, so sure that she was to be a mother, and so thoroughly contented with her lot, and not a little enjoying the thoughts of the high situation she was one day to fill; all at one solemn moment knocked of the head. It is indeed most tremendous, but it is the Lord's doing! and we must with great humility bow, and kiss the rod, and remember that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and that all that proceeds from that Hand *is right*; and that he does all things for the best.

"Therefore, tho' at this moment we are bent down with sorrow, a time will come when we may see all this in a way which will prove more

than ever the justness, goodness and mercy of God.

"Happy, I am sure, poor Charlotte is, and it must be a great source of consolation both to her Father and Husband, that the one can look back to his granting her to the man of her choice, and that the other can feel that the real happiness she has enjoyed on earth has been from the hour of her union to him; and that by his mild, gentle, amiable and affectionate conduct he was bringing her round, and that she certainly was improved. Her labour she bore with uncommon fortitude and firmness; and when she was told of the Death of the Child, she said it was the will of God; therefore she was in a pure state of mind to appear before her Maker, which was a great mercy; but I will add in confidence to you (tho' all, I daresay will know it), that she had symptoms, which the surgeons perceived on opening her (as she was embalmed) and which proved that she would not have been long-lived or healthy. It is a consoling thought that she is out of all suffering.

"Yrs. affly.

"*Nov. 11, 1817.*"

The Princesses were now of an age to be considering the question of settling in life. The Royal family was distinguished for its good looks; the sons for their striking figures and tall stature, as well as for "the violence of their animal spirits, and the loudness and force of their voices," which rather alarmed poor Miss Burney

on some occasions, and the daughters for the beauty of their features and charming countenances. Miss Burney says: "They are indeed uncommonly handsome, each in their different ways, the Princess Royal for figure, the Princess Augusta for countenance, and the Princess Elizabeth for face." And when they walked along the terrace at Windsor, preceded by the King with his wife on his arm, they are described as "a very gay and pleasing procession, one of the first families of the world, never in tale or fable were there six princesses more lovely."

It is a matter for surprise that in spite of the amiable qualities and great personal attractions of the Princesses, that no plans seem to have been made by their parents for their marriage or their future. Nor was this apparently because the Royal Princesses had any aversion to matrimony. The Princess Royal, who had long been chafing at the restraints of her home life, and wishing for an establishment of her own, was not married till the age of thirty-three, to the King of Wurtemberg; Princess Mary married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, at the age of forty, and the Princess Elizabeth, who had often declared "that she should marry as soon as ever she found an opportunity of doing so," had to wait till she was forty-eight, while all the other sisters died unmarried. On the other hand, the male members of the family showed a considerable reluctance to enter the married state. The Prince of Wales, as is well known, had to be supported on the critical occasion by a large glass

of brandy, and in 1817, on the death of the Princess Charlotte with her child, of all the numerous children of George III. only the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland,<sup>1</sup> and the Princess Royal were married, and these had no offspring. There was, therefore, no heir to the crown in the younger generation, which on the failure of the birth of any grandchild to the King would have gone to the Brunswick line, descendants of the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III., and mother of the ill-fated Queen Caroline. In the present day it requires an effort of the imagination to realise any lack of heirs to carry on the succession to the throne, and it is equally difficult to understand that the English monarchy could have been, so short a time ago, in any danger of dissolution from other causes. But the King of that time had left a secluded serenity to struggle with his subjects in the arena of politics, and while he possessed more power than his predecessors or successors, the throne as an institution had lost a good deal of its security and stability. That, too, was the age of revolutions, and of a general conviction that the change of government from Monarchy to Republic was only a question of time, an evil, but a necessary one, and one that it was useless to struggle against; and the advent to the throne of a foreigner who could not "have gloried in the name of Briton," of another George I.,

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland married in 1815 Princess Frederica of Mecklenberg-Strelitz. An only son was born to them in 1819.



might have led to an English revolution and a changing of the whole history of England and the world.

To meet these possible dangers to the State the Royal Princes threw themselves manfully into the gap, and with a noble spirit of patriotism set about their arduous duties of procuring heirs to strengthen the succession. The Duke of Clarence,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge all married within a few months after the death of the Princess Charlotte, and all had children. The Princess Elizabeth also followed their example, though, as she was then forty-eight years of age, without much expectation of adding any increase to the Royal Family. Mme. D'Arblay speaks of her a year earlier—in 1817—as much altered in looks, “to my great concern, but her manners and amiability and talents I think more pleasing and more attaching than ever.” The Princess had had another severe illness in 1814, contracted from a chill, when her life even had been despaired of, and this was doubtless the reason of her changed appearance; but a course of Bath waters seems to have subsequently restored her to health and looks and usual good spirits.

The bridegroom was Prince Frederick Joseph of Hesse-Homburg, who by the death of his father in 1820 became Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. He was a few months older than the Princess. The really estimable and dis-

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., had two daughters, who died, however, in infancy.





THE LANDGRAVE FREDERICK VI OF HESSE-HOMBURG

*(from a picture by T. F. I. 17, painted for the use of Homburg)*

[To face p. 71]

tinguished Prince does not seem to have found favour with the fine ladies and supercilious gentlemen at the English Court who indulged themselves in ridiculous exaggerations and stories at his expense. Lady Jerningham writes on Feb. 18, 1818: "The Queen had yesterday a drawing-room to exhibit the Prince of Hesse"; and a few weeks later, "They immersed him several times in a warm bath to make him a little clean; and they kept him three days from smoking, which, as he smoked five pipes a day, was great forbearance. But as he was married yesterday, he has probably resumed that indulgence ere now." However, the Princess's perseverance in matrimony was not to be shaken, and she declared "it was the goal she had always looked forward to"; and was said "to be really in love, and blushed rosy red when the Prince Hesse entered the Room." In Fitzgerald's "Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.,"<sup>1</sup> he is spoken of as "an unpleasing husband (in looks at least), described as a gross corpulent German of enormous dimensions, smelling always of tobacco in days when the 'weed' was detestable to most persons. His appearance and manners were ridiculed; he was called 'Humbug.' He snored at the theatres. 'You never saw such a disgusting object,' one writes, and all wonder at the destiny which could consign a pleasing princess to such a being." But this author, when he leaves the Court gossip for real facts, falls immediately into evident error,

<sup>1</sup> Vol i. p. 285.

mistaking a Prince of Hesse-Cassel, the husband of Mary, daughter of George II., for a Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and making the innocent and and highly respectable family of the Princess Elizabeth's husband responsible for this Prince's loose ideas on the permanence of the marriage relationship.<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. H. Freemantle, writing to the Marquis of Buckingham<sup>2</sup> on the 4th of April, 1818, declares that the marriage was "universally quizzed and condemned," and proceeds, "It is impossible to describe the monster of a man—a vulgar-looking German corporal, whose breath and hide is a compound between tobacco and garlic. What can have induced her, nobody can guess; he has about £300 per annum. The Queen is outrageous but obliged to submit. It will be a dreadful blow to her, and I should not wonder if after the Princess is gone, she sinks under it. She is much altered, and, I think, breaking fast."

This tittle-tattle, perhaps, must not be taken too seriously. Though the sovereign of a state so small that his position was destitute of all political importance, the Prince belonged to a family of great antiquity, the members of which had won fame on the battlefield in every century. Though not an Englishman, we may reasonably suppose that he was able to get into a warm bath with-

<sup>1</sup> This Prince, after being married to Princess Mary a very short time, abandoned her, and being remonstrated with, declared that he had fully understood from George II. that he need only be his son-in-law for a few weeks.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Regency," vol. ii. p. 226.

out being forcibly immersed. The five pipes a day, we are afraid, cannot be disproved, but it is something to find, after the perpetration of the enormity that he never joined the company without changing his attire;<sup>1</sup> and may not the crime of smoking be palliated by the complicity of the Royal Princes of England of that date, and the snoring at the play excused by the example of the revered monarch himself who always slumbered peacefully on these occasions?<sup>2</sup> It is not given to all men to be thin, and no doubt neither the Prince or his bride were in their first bloom. But worse follows. Charles W. Wynn,<sup>3</sup> after describing the Prince as "49 and as fat as herself," relates, April 8, 1818: "I heard that a few evenings ago, the Queen dropt her fan at York House, and Humbug stooped with so much alacrity to pick it up, that the exertion created so parlous a split and produced such a display that . . . Nothing remained but for the royal brothers to interpose their screen, and for him to retire as fast as he could. It was then proposed that he should go home, but he declined this, 'as the Duke of York was so much more lárge, dat he vas sure his breeches would go on over all.' The valet was called, the Duke's breeches drawn on over the poor remains of Humbug's and succeeded to admiration."

The following extract from "An Autumn Tour

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 106. Miss Knight's account of the Landgrave.

<sup>2</sup> George III. did not forego his nap even on the night he was shot at in the theatre.

<sup>3</sup> Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Regency," vol. ii. p. 246.

near the Rhine,"<sup>1</sup> is worthy of more 'serious interest, though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the historical information in it :—

" Among other great and little grandees, to use an Hibernian license, I met at Darmstadt a Prince of Hesse Homburg, a distinguished Officer in the Austrian service, and son of the Landgrave of Homburg, *vor der hohe* (before the height); a less than duodecimo territory at the foot of the Taunus Mountains, near Frankfort. . . . (Now the little state is swelled into an Absolute Monarchy . . . it musters from 18,000 to 20,000 subjects, and contains 10 square German, about 50 square English miles. This enormous aggrandisement is owing to the influence at Vienna of the four or five sons of the reigning Sovereign, distinguished and meritorious Officers in the service of the Emperor of Austria). The Prince Philip whom I met at Darmstadt is a pleasant middle-aged man of simple unaffected manners. His elder brother, the Hereditary Prince, is reported to have sent in his proposals for a marriage with our Princess Elizabeth, who is said to have signified to her Royal Brother her desire of changing her spinster life at Windsor for that of a wife. Everybody speaks well of the Prince, as a brave, honest soldier; and though the alliance is not one of much territorial dignity, good character and military distinction are perhaps all an English Princess need demand, in the individual whom she honours with her hand.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 435.

One of the brothers is married to a Princess of Prussia.<sup>1</sup> Homburg is a pretty little place, in a beautiful country, under noble mountains; the reigning Sovereign, a worthy, infirm old Prince; the revenue of the state about £150,000 a year. It is a curious fact of which I was apprized by a German friend, that this will not be the first connexion of little Hesse-Homburg with England. As far back as 1294, Homburg became by a singular bargain, a fief of our Edward I. The Emperor Adolphus (of Nassau) was involved in a dispute with Philip of France, with whom our Edward being always disposed to quarrel, he entered into a close alliance with the Emperor, and engaged him to declare war against Philip. The chief agent between the two Sovereigns, and promoter of the alliance, was Adolphus's favourite, Eberhard, Count of Katzenellenbogen, and Lord of Homburg. The King of England in his desire to secure him to his interest, persuaded him to become his vassal, seconding his proposal by £500 of English gold, which, it appears, possessed as much attraction to little Princes in those days as in these. The Count could not resist the offer; and actually took the oath of allegiance, before an English ambassador to the English King, for the Castle and Town of Homburg."

But in real truth, Prince Frederick of Hesse-Homburg was a man whom any princess might

<sup>1</sup> This should be, "One of the sisters is married to a Prince of Prussia."



have been proud to marry. His father, the Landgrave Frederick V., himself a most distinguished man, had six sons, of whom Frederick-Joseph was the eldest. Every one of these sons, remarkable for personal beauty and abilities, became famous throughout all Germany through their deeds on the battlefield, and took a striking part in all the great wars in Germany against Napoleon. Frederick began his military career in the Austrian army with the campaign which Austria, as the ally of Russia, undertook against the Turks in 1789, and from the very first was distinguished for his dash and bravery as an officer of Hussars. He performed many brilliant actions in the battle of Mehadia and Kalafat, when he was made a major on the field by the Commander-in-chief, and subsequently given by the Emperor the Maria Theresa Order. In a letter to his father in 1795 he gives an amusing description of the famous Russian general, Suwarow :<sup>1</sup> "On Monday, the 15th of June, we had to be on our legs as soon as eight o'clock, as Field-Marshal Count Suwarow is visible at that hour. . . . We were taken to the Field-Marshal, who is quartered in the Palace of Count Stanislas Poniatowski, but in such a manner that it can only be regarded as a door or an entrance, behind which in the garden the tent is put up in which he lives himself. First I must tell you that Captain Thelen . . . explained to us all the peculiarities of this man, and gave us instructions

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Schwartz, vol. iii. p. 14. Translated here from the German.

how we were to behave. In the first place we were not to spit on the drugget, but on the ground if we wanted; secondly, we were not to bring out any toothpick; thirdly, not to play with the bread; lastly, to answer everything without hesitation, even if this entailed the most bare-faced lies, for he could not bear the phrase, 'I don't know.' So instructed, we waited for him on the lawn in front of the tent in which the table had been set out. All of a sudden we heard, 'The Field-Marshal is coming!' I looked up and saw a short old man with white hair, in a *kurtka* of white cloth, like the green one I have, with German breeches and Swedish boots with small iron spurs, the Order of the Red Eagle on his breast, without stick, sword, or hat, in riding dress but on foot, with his arms in the air, walking into the tent from the other side. General Arsenieff immediately led us inside and introduced us. The Field-Marshal approached us with two fingers on his mouth, which he always has there before he begins to speak, and made a face as if he was trying to collect his thoughts, and indeed he seemed no little distracted. After he had addressed some questions to each one of us, he turned towards the East, took a glass of spirits which he held in his left hand, while a priest said prayers in Russian, made three times with his right hand the St. Andrew's cross, and drank off the whole glass. We also had to drink, and he did not fail to sound the praises of this very ordinary brandy. Then he told us he had a stomach-ache [er hätte Reeszen im Booche]. He

speaks rather with a Brandenburg accent. . . . We now sat down to dinner. During the repast it happened that William and I had to bring out some barefaced lies, whereupon we exchanged glances and could hardly help laughing at this unwonted dexterity of ours. This was now the period of the Russian Lent, and, since he is very religious, the little amount of fish that there was, and the vegetables were cooked with oil, but I cannot say that I found any great difference. During dinner he talked a great deal about the Prince of Coburg, whom he called his friend. While we were drinking our coffee, he had a glass of beer poured out for himself, put sugar in and said to us, 'This is my coffee, now I lie down and go to sleep'; then he stood up, saying to me, 'See how I can jump!' and there he was twenty-five steps off. His features are remarkably fine, and to judge by his appearance, he must have been handsome in his youth; he is besides very clean, which is not only appearance, for every day, summer and winter, he has cold water poured over him."

The war between France and Austria had now begun, and Prince Frederick was wounded in a small but sharp cavalry engagement with the enemy at St. Wolfgang, and again at Waldau in Bavaria. The Peace of Leoben and the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797 put a stop to hostilities for a time, but fighting was soon renewed. Among the famous battles in which the Prince was engaged and in which he distinguished himself were Nördlingen and Neuburg, where he was wounded, and Hohenlinden, in which the French general

Moreau inflicted a crushing defeat on the Archduke John of Austria. The treaty of Lunéville gave peace till 1805, when war broke out afresh. The next great battle at which the Prince was present was that of Elchingen, when the Austrian army was defeated by Ney. The Prince was wounded severely in the arm, and on the assurance of the Austrian general, Mack, that the town was safe and that the enemy were retiring, he betook himself to Ulm, "das verdamnte Nest," as he calls it, for almost directly Mack capitulated to the French force with the town and his whole army. Prince Frederick was among the prisoners, and was released immediately on parole, but took no part, for this reason, in the final catastrophe at Austerlitz, when the fate of Austria was decided. During the war of 1809 he was present at all the famous battles against the forces of Napoleon at Regensburg, Aspern and Essling, Wagram, Znaym, and finally in the great three-days struggle called the battle of Leipzig, which ended in the withdrawal of Napoleon from Germany. Prince Frederick rose here to the summit of his martial glory, but not without being again severely wounded and falling half dead from his horse in the fierce fight at Wachau. He was awarded by the Emperor the Commander's Cross of the Maria Theresa Order. Recovering quickly from his injury he was made Commander of a force whose duty it was to drive off the French army commanded by Augereau, whom he successfully defeated in a series of battles and pursued as far as Lyons, which town he captured and sent the keys of it to his father

at Homburg. Peace was then made, and this proved the last campaign of the Prince, for though on the landing of Napoleon at Cannes in March, 1815, he marched with his troops to the south of France, no battle was fought on account of Napoleon's final defeat and surrender at Waterloo.

Of the exploits of the other sons we must speak more briefly. Louis, the next brother, who was Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg at the time that the Letters in this volume were written, was born on the 29th of August, 1770. He entered, unlike his elder brother, the Prussian service, and was present at the battle of Kaiserslauten and of Jena, where the Prussians were completely defeated. In 1813 he fought in the battles of Gross-Beeren and of Dennewitz, which were Prussian victories, and at Leipzig, where he was severely wounded. He was given the order of Maria Theresa by the Emperor, and made by the King of Prussia Commander of a separate corps and Governor of the fortress of Luxemburg, which post he held till his death. He possessed twenty high orders given him by different sovereigns for his bravery and activity in the War of Liberation.

Philip, the next brother, born in 1779, entered the Austrian service and distinguished himself in the battles of Ettlingen, Hohenlinden, Echmühl, and Aspern, and an inscription on the staff of his regimental flag still testifies, or did a few years ago, to his extraordinary bravery on that occasion. He was also at Wagram, at Dresden, and accompanied his brother to Lyons in pursuit of the last French army. He was made Governor of Frank-

fort and later of Mainz. He was wounded several times and possessed sixteen orders. He was called "The Diplomatist" by his family, and he appears to have been despatched on more than one important mission. In 1818 he was sent to Russia, and a few years later to England.

Gustave, the fourth son, born in 1781, entered the Swedish service under King Gustavus III., who was his godfather, but he soon exchanged into an Austrian regiment, where he hoped for more opportunities of distinguishing himself. He took part in the battles of Nördlingen, Hohenlinden, Regensburg, Aspern, Wagram, Dresden, and Leipzig, and gained as much fame and glory on the battlefield as any of his brothers.

Prince Ferdinand, the fifth, born in 1783, joined an Austrian regiment of cuirassiers at the age of seventeen, and fought, among other battles, in the campaign of 1800, at Hohenlinden. In 1805 he was at Austerlitz, and accompanied the defeated Emperors of Austria and Russia off the field of battle with his squadron. Later, in 1809 in Italy, when the Austrians were engaged in hostilities with Napoleon's viceroy, Eugène de Beauharnais, he was present at the victories of Sacile and Campana, and lastly at Dresden and Leipzig, where he greatly distinguished himself.

Leopold, the youngest, was born in 1787, and entering the Prussian army, took part in 1806, when he was only nineteen years of age, in the great battle of Jena, which annihilated for the time the power of Prussia. In 1809 he was made prisoner by the French at the capitulation

at Prenzlau of Count Hohenlohe. He was killed in 1813 at Grossgörschen, the first of that series of battles which led to the final downfall of Napoleon's power in Germany. He was only in his twenty-seventh year.

Six brothers then fought valiantly for the cause of the fatherland, all possessed the order of Maria Theresa, given for personal bravery on the field, and all rose to posts of high command and responsibility, except him who died on the battlefield. The Homburg Brothers became famous throughout all Germany—"Ich freue mich immer wenn ich einen der Homburgischen Brüder sehe," cried the Archduke Charles, and Napoleon is reported to have complained, "*Je trouve partout un Hombourg*," and when we add the singularly noble, upright, and engaging character which each possessed, and the striking beauty and vigour of their persons, few families, we think, can boast in their annals of such a band of heroes.

Any mention of the husband of the Princess, however, would be incomplete which dwelt entirely on his military career and on that of his family, however brilliant that may have been. A letter written from Genf,<sup>1</sup> where the Prince and his younger brother Louis were studying, speaks of him as follows: "*Les jeunes Princes sont tous les deux beaux et bien faits; j'ai d'abord donné la préférence à l'aîné malgré son air froid et même un peu haut; mais le second*

<sup>1</sup> From M. de Jessevel. Quoted in Schwartz, "*Friedrich V. und seine Familie*," vol. iii. p. 5.

a bien son mérite, il a l'air beaucoup plus doux et je le crois aussi plus gai; au reste je les trouve tous les deux fort aimables." In person he is described as a handsome young man, though only of middle height, in contrast to his brothers, who were all decidedly tall men, but strongly built, of great activity of body, and with a fine bearing and kindly countenance. About ten years later, when the Prince was about thirty years of age, and when a project of marriage was in question which, however, was never realised, an interesting description of him, anonymous, but supposed to have been written by a Homburg clergyman, speaks especially of his affection for his family, of his impetuous disposition and desire for distinction, and the writer goes on to say that in mixed society the Prince felt an uneasiness which he could not always conceal, and which arose from his character, which was so open and simple that to speak what he did not feel was an impossibility to him—and that only in his own family could he be seen as he really was when, in the happiness of his home life, the stiff and silent general, was transformed into the affectionate son and brother.<sup>1</sup>

In spite of the repeatedly expressed wishes of the old Landgrave that his eldest son would marry and settle at Homburg to comfort his declining years Prince Frederick had hitherto resisted all the parental appeals on this subject, being unwilling to create a tie which would oblige him to give up his military career. In 1814,

<sup>1</sup> Schwartz, "Friedrich V. und seine Familie," vol. iii. p. 18.



however, after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, he accompanied the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia to London, where great festivities took place in their honour and then saw for the first time his future wife. Privy Councillor Von Gerning subsequently came over to London and arranged the necessary preliminary matters, and the marriage took place on the 7th of July, 1818. The following account of the wedding is given us by Rush<sup>1</sup>:—"The Princess Elizabeth was married last evening to the Prince of Hesse-Homburg. The Cabinet ministers, foreign ambassadors and ministers, officers of the Royal household, persons in the suites of the Royal Dukes and Princesses, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice were present. The Prince Regent was not there, being ill. Our invitation was from the Queen, given through the Earl of Winchelsea, nearly three weeks before. We got to the palace at 7 o'clock. Pages were on the stairs to conduct us to the rooms. The ceremony took place in the Throne Room. Before the throne was an altar covered with crimson velvet. A profusion of golden plate was upon it. There was a salver of great size, on which was represented the Lord's Supper. The company being assembled, the bridegroom entered with his attendants. Then came the Queen with the bride and Royal Family. All approached the

<sup>1</sup> "Recollections of English and French Courts," by R. Rush, edited by his son, B. Rush, p. 154.

altar. Her Majesty sat ; the rest stood. The marriage service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of York gave the bride away. The whole was according to the forms of the Church, and performed with great solemnity. A record of the marriage was made. When all was finished, the bride knelt before the Queen to receive her blessing. Soon after the service was performed, the bride and bridegroom set off for Windsor. The company remained. The evening passed in high ceremony, without excluding social ease. From the members of the Royal Family the guests had every measure of courtesy. The conduct of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage—the head of a large family, her children then clustering about her—the female head of a great empire in the seventy-sixth year of her age,<sup>1</sup> went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindliness in her manner from which time had struck away useless forms. No one did she omit. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the King. He was absent, scathed by the hand of Heaven ; a marriage going on in one of his palaces, he the lonely suffering tenant of another. . . . For more than fifty years the Royal pair had lived together in affection. . . . Tea was handed. The Queen continued to stand, or move about the rooms. In one was a table of refreshments ; . . . on the table were urns and tea-kettles of fretted gold. . . .”

<sup>1</sup> She was not quite 74.

"The Princess of Hesse-Homburg," wrote Mrs. Trench,<sup>1</sup> "will redeem the character of good behaviour in the conjugal bonds, lost or mislaid by her family. She is delighted with her *hero* as she calls him. On his way from the marriage ceremony to the Regent's Cottage, where, to his great annoyance, they were destined to pass the first quarter of the honeymoon, he was sick, from being unused to a close carriage, and forced to leave her for the dickey, and put Baron O'Nagten in his place. He said he was not so much *ennuyé* at the Cottage as he expected, having passed all his time in his dressing-gown and slippers, smoking in the conservatory."

The Princess, on leaving her home, must have been missed greatly. In many ways she seems to have taken the lead at the Court which the age and infirmities of the Queen and the seclusion of the King prevented them from exercising themselves. She it was who corresponded regularly with Dr. Willis, the King's physician, sending him bulletins of the King's health, which seem to have been sent on by him to Lord Chancellor Eldon for the information of the Government, and with the Duchess of Brunswick, the King's sister and mother of Queen Caroline, and others; and the Duchesse d'Angoulême,<sup>2</sup> grateful for the kindness and hospitality with

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Fitzgerald, "Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III." vol. i. p. 289.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Louis XVI., born 1778, died 1851. Married her cousin, Duc d'Angoulême, born 1775, died 1844, without having any children. The Duchess gave her father's watch to the Princess.

which she and her family had been treated in England, said of her to Mme. D'Arblay, "she it is who does the honours of the Royal Family and with a charm the most enlivening and delightful."

The marriage of the Princess naturally closes a period of her life, and this was the more the case as it was followed almost immediately by the death of her parents, which, of course, broke up the home at Windsor and dispersed the family. At the time of the wedding, Queen Charlotte was 'much affected at the idea of parting with her, and as she had been really very unwell the Prince of Hesse was not to carry his wife away for some time,'<sup>1</sup> and they stayed in England till July. The happy marriage of her daughter was one of the last occasions on which the good Queen appeared in public; she died in November of the same year at Kew, and the Princess Elizabeth never saw either of her beloved parents again. The poor old King lived on, bereft of sight and hearing as well as insane. Sometimes he would be heard playing favourite tunes, at other times in periods of glimmering reason he would be found on his knees praying for the Queen, himself, his children, and his country.<sup>2</sup> But these last years, cut off as he was

<sup>1</sup> "Jerningham Letters," 1818.

<sup>2</sup> "In the summer of 1814, the King had lucid intervals; the Queen desired to be informed when that was the case:—she was so, and on entering the room she found him singing a hymn and accompanying it on the harpsichord. When he had finished it, he knelt down and prayed aloud for Her Majesty, then for his family, and the nation, concluding with a prayer

from all communication with the world, were by no means the most unhappy in the King's life. In 1813, Mme. D'Arblay says: "The beloved King is in the best state possible for his melancholy situation, that is wholly free from real bodily suffering or imaginary mental misery, for he is persuaded that he is always conversing with angels."

The Princess herself writes to "one who had formerly been her governess: "If anything can make us more easy under the calamity which it has pleased Heaven to inflict on us, it is the apparent happiness that my revered father seems to feel. He considers himself no longer an inhabitant of this world; and often, when he has played one of his favourite tunes, observes that he was very fond of it when he was in the world. He speaks of the Queen and all his family, and hopes they are doing well now, for he loved them very much when he was with them." And almost the last we hear of him, about a year before his death, is: "The poor good King may live to 200. He continues in good bodily health and is perfectly happy, conversing with the Dead, and sometimes relating pleasant things. They say it is a most charming illusion."<sup>1</sup> He died in 1820 in his eighty-second year.

for himself, that it might please God to avert His heavy calamity from him, but if not to give him resignation enough to submit to it. He then burst into tears and reason again fled."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xc. p. 226, signed W. Snape.

<sup>1</sup> "Jerningham Letters," 1818.

*To Lady Harcourt.*

✓ "With a broken heart I write to you, my very dearest Lady Harcourt, by the advice of my excellent Husband, to entreat you, and those that are near my dearest and beloved Sisters, to let me know everything concerning them; and if my adored Mother is still in existence.<sup>1</sup> What a loss! what a blow to us all, and to the Nation! You have often heard me say 'no one will thoroughly know the value of my Mother till they have lost her.'

"I am very unfit to write, but I have no one to assist me; and all my exertion will be necessary to bear up under my present trial. You, who know how I have ever loved my Mother, may well conceive how very much I am afflicted. The blow *is deep*, and the sorrow rankles at my heart; I shall keep much to myself, and will do all I can to support myself, yet you must recollect that tho' the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Excuse this hasty note; the Prince is so kind as to take it to Frankfort to go by the post. He says he is sure you will be charitable, and forgive me. We both know that no one will feel more than yourself. My husband desires his kind compliments to you.

"Yrs. affly.

"ELIZA.

"Sep. 9, 1818. HOMBURG."

<sup>1</sup> The Queen died on the 17th of November of this year in her seventy-fifth year.

*Princess Elizabeth to Ld. Sidmouth.*

*"March 12, 1820.*

" . . . My adored Father's death, and the finding him so valued, respected, mourned, and regretted, has gone most deeply to my heart. For himself—dear angel!—the change was undoubtedly a blessed one. He is now at peace, and enjoying the just reward of his pious, virtuous, and well-spent life. In laying down his earthly crown, he has received his celestial one, which can never be lost to him. In the hearts of his children and his subjects he will ever live, and may God in his mercy grant that the virtues of both my excellent parents may be our safeguard and examples through life! "

Meanwhile the old Landgrave had been impatiently demanding the return of his son to Homburg, which was put off owing to the unwillingness of the Princess to be parted from her mother. He had been much disappointed and vexed at the marriage of his daughter Augusta, the only daughter left unmarried, with the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The marriage proved a very happy one, but the old Landgrave was exceedingly angry with his daughter for leaving him, and in his letters to his son always alludes to it as "Augusta's catastrophe," which "exiled" him from Homburg, and was bringing him to his grave. The Prince writes to his father from the Queen's Palace on the 24th of April, 1818: "First of all I must tell you that I am very happy with the Princess. You

will certainly like her very much. She has such an excellent disposition, and is so goodhumoured that you will certainly be astonished at finding her so unpretentious a Princess, and at getting as well at Homburg a companion in every way so agreeable. However ready I am to obey your command to come to Homburg in a few days, I cannot even propose this to my wife, who, although she will do anything to please me, will never consent to any separation even for a very short time."

At length, however, they left England, and arrived on the 14th of July, when they were received by the people of Homburg with joyful acclamations, ringing of bells, waving of flags, firing of guns, playing of "God save the King," dancing shepherdesses and white-clothed maidens with baskets of flowers, and with rejoicings and honours of every sort and kind. Two letters written in this year by the widow of the poet Schiller are interesting as showing what was thought of the marriage and the Princess in Germany.<sup>1</sup>

. "WEIMAR, *March 7*, 1818.

"The message of the Hereditary Prince of Homburg is a curious fancy at such an age. But having been with the monarchs in London, and having made a good impression as a brave soldier, the family decided, as I think, to make choice of this Prince; for the idea came from England, and

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Schiller's wife to an intimate friend, quoted by Schwartz, vol. iii. p. 37, &c., translated here from the German.



the proposal. They always wanted the Princesses to marry, and would have given one of them very willingly to the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg,<sup>1</sup> for they were afraid of the English noblemen who were claiming to ally themselves with the Royal Family. She was the only one who could have been sought in marriage in England; for one has been privately married to an Englishman,<sup>2</sup> the other is too much of an invalid.<sup>3</sup> It seems that the family live so quietly and modestly. The wife of General Wangenheim, who lives here, spent a week at Windsor with the Queen when she was in England, and saw their family life. The mother and the daughters are occupied the whole of the day with work and drawing, and one of them reads aloud. Festivities are rare at the Court, and often some of them do not appear. A private life with every comfort the Princess can have as well in Germany. She gets a great deal of money, and is in a position to be a benefactress to the country if she is so inclined. I believe from the upright character of the Prince that he is inwardly convinced that he is able to make the Princess happy. As to the affair having been proposed without his participation, I do not understand why he should decline riches entirely. He is too old to make his choice entirely from inclination and love. Once he might

<sup>1</sup> He married Augusta, sister of the Landgrave Frederick.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a mistake for the Princess Amelia, but she had died in 1810. Princess Mary married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, eldest son of the Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III.

<sup>3</sup> Princess Augusta.

have offered his hand from pure inclination and love, for he was attached to our beloved deceased friend,<sup>1</sup> but then his relations did not wish it. The newly married couple will live at Frankfort. The Princess is said to be unpretentious and good, and I believe the sisters, whom I love so much, will welcome their new sister-in-law with kindness, and she may be a source of happiness to that beloved family; I hope so with all my heart."

"WEIMAR, *October 10, 1818.*

"Of the English Princess who has been transplanted to Germany I hear much good. She is very well-informed, is fond of employment, and in addition her liberality is boundless. Her great riches delight her, but only the sharing of them with her husband, and she says that she first learned to know the value of money when she was able to give it to her husband; alone she took no pleasure in it. Such devotion and absence of selfishness is a rare instance. She has seven folio volumes, in which are prints illustrating English history, collected together, and with written explanations; where she has no prints she has copied those that are missing with her pen. It is a great work of industry."

The following extracts from letters of Princess William of Prussia, one of the Homburg princesses, to Ferdinand, the youngest surviving

<sup>1</sup> His cousin Caroline, daughter of Charles Augustus of Saxe-Weimar, who married the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and died in 1816.

brother, show clearly that the Princess Elizabeth quickly gained the affections of her new relations.

*October 11, 1818:* "Thank God the sister-in-law from England has disturbed nothing. It is indeed Thank God! How much I feared it! But, No! she is so good, so excellent, loves Homburg and all of us, the mountains and the White Tower! And she fits into everything so wonderfully that one cannot believe it unless one has seen it. Their entrance was very fine and festive." And a little later, April 14, 1819. "Our dear sister-in-law, Elizabeth, interests herself now, as the most detailed news informs me from our dear Homburg, as if she had been born there. This is, indeed, delightful, a real good fortune for our whole family."

During the remaining years of the old Landgrave's life, the Prince and Princess appear to have lived at Frankfort. On his death in January, 1820, they took up their residence at the Castle at Homburg.

The great house of Hesse, which dates from the time of Charlemagne, had at different times, according to the German custom, detached portions of its territory to provide for its younger sons. In 1567, on the death of Philip the Magnanimous, Hesse was divided into Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassel; and in 1622, in the same way, Hesse-Homburg was detached from Hesse-Darmstadt by Louis V., to form an appanage for his younger brother Frederick, according to the terms of his father's will. There were

other divisions and sub-divisions, such as Hesse-Philippsthal and Hesse-Philippsthal-Barchfeld, and in fact the territories of many of these German princes were not so large as the estate of an English country gentleman.<sup>1</sup> But the meagreness of their dominions detracted apparently nothing from their personal importance, or the loftiness of their position, and an etiquette and ceremonial was kept up at the courts of these petty German sovereigns, which to an outsider seemed often truly laughable. They had for the most part their Prime Ministers, Ministers for War, Great Chamberlains, Marshals, and all the paraphernalia and pomp of royalty. The "Great" Duke of Hesse, at that time Louis II., was a very dignified personage. When the Miss Swinburne, to whom the letters in this volume are addressed, was invited to play "Patience" with him, a magnificent carriage arrived for her, accompanied by numerous footmen in gorgeous liveries, who ran by the side with torches, and the same ceremony was gone through on her return; and Miss Swinburne's niece has still a vivid recollection of the awe-inspiring old gentleman, who walked about the gardens with a gold-headed cane and his hat in his hand, and who, on observing her running races with his sons and her own brothers, took her solemnly by the hand, and led her without a

<sup>1</sup> The story of the individual is well known, who, having been guilty of some misdemeanour in the territory of one of these German princes, and being ordered to quit His Serene Highness's dominions in twenty-four hours, replied he could so in ten minutes, as he only had to walk a few paces to the right or the left.

word to the apartment where his daughter was learning the mysteries of cooking with her governess, bidding her with a stern benevolence to remain there. However unnecessary and exaggerated though these forms and ceremonies of the small German Courts may appear to outsiders, yet the ridicule which has been poured on them has often been a good deal misplaced. It was not always from the large and powerful states of Germany that the great men, leaders, and makers of the fatherland, invariably arose, and some of the small states, such as Dessau or Hesse-Homburg, could boast of many a long line of distinguished and famous individuals. Besides, it must always be remembered that usages and customs which seem most strange and absurd to foreigners, to natives of the country may only appear proper and decorous, and indeed the inhabitants of the smallest state in Germany looked up to their sovereign with as much respect and revered his office and his family as much as if he had been an emperor. The Kings of France and of England, representatives of the power and authority of God, cured horrible diseases by the mere touch of their divine fingers; but even the power and greatness of a Louis XIV. must pâle before that of the Landgrave of Homburg, who by walking round a burning house could immediately extinguish the flames. Nor—as it is interesting to notice, in spite of the predominant position which Prussia has obtained in Germany, and of the advantages which have thereby accrued to the German people—has this feeling of the

German population of loyalty to their local sovereigns in any way died out or become weakened; and so far from this being a subject of mirth, modern opinion seems inclined to treat it as an important political fact, and one which must fully be taken into consideration in any scheme for the further internal development and unity of Germany.

The Landgrave Frederick I. (1622-38), to whom Homburg was allotted by his elder brother, Louis V., of Hesse-Darmstadt, and whose wife, Margaret of Leiningen, bore him eighteen children, was succeeded by his son Christopher, surnamed "Der Geschmückte," on account of his literary propensities, who, dying in 1681 without male heir, left the sovereignty of the little state to his brother, George Christian, who, also dying without children, was succeeded by his brother, Frederick II., "of the Silver Leg" (1681-1708), so called on account of the substitute for his limb, which had been carried off when serving under Charles X. of Sweden, before Copenhagen in 1658. On the death of Charles X. he left the Swedish service for that of the Great Elector of Brandenburg, and the loss of his leg seems in no way to have extinguished his military ardour or efficiency. He was present at the great battle of Fehrbellin in 1675, when the Elector inflicted a crushing defeat on the Swedes, a victory from which the rise and greatness of Prussia are dated. It was the dashing cavalry charge of Prince Frederick of Hesse-Homburg, carried out on his own responsibility and without any orders, which

is said to have decided the day, and the brilliant conduct of the Prince was the subject of the poet Kleist's poem, "Der Prinz Friedrich von Hombourg." In other ways the Prince showed himself no unworthy follower of the Great Elector. He gave a shelter and home to the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, promising freedom of religion to all his subjects, which ever after was a cardinal point in the constitution of the little state. Thus were founded the Neustadt at Homburg, and the villages of Friedrichsdorf and Dornholzhausen, and these places to this day still retain many of their French characteristics. Their religion is the French reformed faith, the names are for the most part French, and till quite lately, and it may be still, many of the inhabitants used the French language.

The Landgrave Frederick II. married three times. By his two last wives, Louisa, Princess of Courland, and Sophia, daughter of Count John of Leiningen, he had fifteen children, the eldest son of whom succeeded him as Frederick III. (1708-46), who, surviving his two sons, left the sovereignty to his nephew, Frederick IV. (1746-51), who in his turn was succeeded by his only son, Louis, styled Frederick V. This prince, marrying Caroline, daughter of Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, was the father of Prince Frederick Joseph, the husband of the Princess Elizabeth. He succeeded when only a child of five years of age, and was placed under the guardianship of his kinsman, the Landgrave Louis VIII. of Hesse-Darmstadt, while his

mother carried on the government of the little state in his name.

This Prince's long reign of sixty-nine years was one of very eventful history for the little principality. A long standing dispute with Hesse-Darmstadt, which had greatly embarrassed Hesse-Homburg, was at last settled, and the Landgrave turned his attention to the internal development of his little country, which, like other places in Germany, had suffered during the Seven Years War. He made great efforts to restore it to its former prosperity. The medicinal springs which were already known were restored, and a new one discovered. The great avenue of poplars, a special feature in Homburg, was planted, and trades were encouraged, especially those which had been introduced by the French refugees.

The Landgrave was a man of great intellectual culture and of some original talent, and has left behind him several compositions, consisting of essays on religious and moral subjects, descriptions of his voyages, and notes on books, and several poetical pieces, as well as a drama in three acts, entitled "Agis," in prose. He kept up a correspondence with many of the famous literary men of the day, with Klopstock, Lavater, Goethe, who was a near neighbour at Frankfort,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's "Lila" was Louise von Ziegler, lady-in-waiting to the Landgrave's wife, Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt. Goethe, however, does not seem to have always been pleased with his visits. He writes in 1780 to Frau von Stein from Homburg: "So we make the round of the courts, freezing and being bored, with bad food and worse drink." Quoted by Schwarz, vol. I. p. 20.



Hölderlin, and others, who ever found a sympathetic and hospitable reception at his little Court. He paid a visit to Voltaire at Ferney, and during a visit to Paris became acquainted with Diderot and d'Alembert, and perhaps Rousseau. Meanwhile Germany had been devastated again by the scourge of war, and on the approach of the French forces the Landgrave was obliged in the years 1795, 1796, and 1797, to leave Homburg, returning in the September of that year to find, to his great comfort and relief, that the place had not suffered damage at the hands of the French to any great extent. The annexation of the smaller German states to the larger and more powerful ones near which their territory was situated, the so-called "Mediatisirung," was one of the cardinal points in Napoleon's German policy, the object being to obtain more useful and stronger instruments with which to accomplish his further schemes of aggrandisement in that country, a policy, however, which many writers have pronounced to be one of his greatest errors, since it started that movement of comprehension and amalgamation which proved the beginning of German unity and power.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly on the establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806 under the control of Napoleon, the principality of Homburg, in spite of a personal visit which the Landgrave paid to the Emperor in 1804 during the latter's stay at Mainz, and repeated journeys of Prince Frederick to Paris, was extinguished, and added to the dominions of the Landgrave of

<sup>1</sup> See Marbot's *Memoirs*.

Hesse-Darmstadt, who, having allied himself with Napoleon and entered the Confederation of the Rhine, exchanged the title of Landgrave for that of Grand Duke. Landgrave Frederick, though still in possession of his lands, was thus excluded from his sovereignty till the final defeat of Napoleon, when by a special article in the Treaty of Vienna he was restored, August 8, 1816, to his former dignity and dominions, with the exception of the little commune of Peterweil, which went to Hesse-Darmstadt, and for which he received instead the lordship of Meissenheim. The old Landgrave at the end of his long and troubled reign had the good fortune of seeing his little state placed on its former footing of prosperity and independence, and the marriage of his eldest son a little more than a year after added still more to his happiness. He did not long survive, dying in January, 1820.

At the time of the Landgravine Elizabeth the actual dominions of the Landgrave consisted of the territory of Hesse-Homburg, enclosed within the larger principality of Hesse-Darmstadt and the lordship of Meissenheim, situated between the Bavarian Rhenish territory, Coblenz, which belonged to Prussia, and the principality of Birkenfeld. Its size was 316 kil. sq., and the number of its inhabitants about 22,000. Its government was monarchical, not possessing any deliberative assembly, which its diminutive size rendered unnecessary.<sup>1</sup> The religion of the people was Pro-

<sup>1</sup> The desire for a "parliament," however, was very general, which, growing in intensity, and being resisted by the Land-

testant, and the State had one vote in the diet of that period, and sent a military contingent of 200 men. Homburg, the capital, situated 600 feet above the sea level, and 300 feet higher than the town of Frankfort, boasted of a population of 3,500. The curative properties of the waters were already known locally, but they had not hitherto attracted European notice. Now, however, the town began to put on the appearance of a watering-place. Promenades, roads, and gardens were laid out, the Bad Hombourg was founded, and the most important of all the springs, now called the Elizabeth Spring, was reset, and called after the Landgravine. In 1834 the first official list of visitors was published, who proved to be 155 in number. In 1837 they were 800.<sup>1</sup> From this time the healing properties of the waters began to be known in France and elsewhere, and doctors recommended the place to their patients and wrote treatises on the virtues of the springs.

Under the Landgrave Frederick Joseph and the Princess Elizabeth the place seems to have been quite transformed. Old houses were pulled

graves, began to take the form of a constitutional crisis. At length the last Landgrave, Ferdinand, yielded, and in 1849 the Hesse-Homburg Landtag met. It assembled twice in that year, and no more, the cause presumably being the absence of business. "*Le combat cessa faute de combattants.*"

<sup>1</sup> The population of Homburg increased largely in later years, but this increase must not entirely be placed to the credit of the springs, but to the gambling saloons. In 1872 it was 12,000, and on the suppression of gambling the next year it fell largely. The Landgraves bitterly regretted their error in granting a patent to the Spiel Bank; they never went near the salons.

down, and whole streets disappeared, giving place to new ones, the Elisabethen Strasse being called after the Landgravine. But still Homburg must have been a very different town to the fashionable watering-place, crowded in summer and empty as a city of the dead in winter, known to modern visitors. The Landgrave and Landgravine carried out many improvements also in the castle and grounds, and the £6,000 a year which the Princess received from England as her jointure proved very useful for this purpose. Owing to the disturbed times, and to the fact that the old Landgrave had been terribly in want of money, it was probably in a very dilapidated state, and much of the Landgravine's money was spent on repairs to the roof, and in restoring the castle at Meissenheim, Homburg's new acquisition by the Treaty of Vienna. The Castle at Homburg had gone through all the vicissitudes which most German castles have experienced. Except the "Weisser Thurm," a tower in the courtyard separate from the main building, and rising to a height of 180 feet, it had been entirely ruined in the wars, and, with this exception, dated from a late period. It was built by Frederick II., "of the Silver Leg," towards the end of the seventeenth century. Adjoining and connected with the Castle was the Lutheran Chapel, which serves also as the parish church, and beneath which were the vaults of the Landgraves. The Castle was well placed, with a fine view of the Taunus Mountains, fifteen kilometres away, and the park and gardens abounded

in lovely walks, many of these improvements being the work of the Landgravine Elizabeth. The interior of the Castle, if not magnificent, was nevertheless not out of keeping with its surroundings, and the Landgravine seems thoroughly to have possessed the art of making herself comfortable. On the walls hung the portraits of the Landgrave and his brothers and family, and of her own family, including one of the adored King taken in his old age and infirmity, as Thackeray saw it, "represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard flowing over his breast, the star of his famous order still idly shining on it"—"amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home."<sup>1 2</sup>

Miss Knight paid several visits to the Landgrave and Landgravine, and has written an interesting account of the place and life in her autobiography :—

"After staying a few days at Frankfort I went on to Homburg, a small town situated on an eminence of one of the little hills on the ascent to the Feldberg. The castle is a large, irregular building, and in the midst of the inner court is a very high insulated tower, which is said to be of Roman construction ; but the upper part seems to be of the Middle Ages. It stands at the highest extremity of the town, with a large garden and a terrace lined with orange trees. I found the

<sup>1</sup> Thackeray, "Four Georges," ed. 1861, p. 161.

<sup>2</sup> For a more detailed description of the Landgravine's apartments, see Appendix.





THE LANDGRAVE FREDERICK VI OF HESSE-HOMBURG

(from a painting by J. F. Voigt painted at the Court of Homburg)

(T. 100 p. 100)

Landgravine (Princess Elizabeth) in a comfortable, though not splendid apartment, and she introduced me to the Landgrave and to his sister, Princess Mary Anne, who is married to Prince William of Prussia, brother to the King. They have been staying here some time with their three children, the eldest of whom is a boy of thirteen, already in the service of the King of Prussia. Two of the Landgrave's brothers were living in the Castle—Prince Gustavus, married to a Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, and Prince Ferdinand.

"Besides these, the Landgrave had two other brothers, Prince Louis and Prince Philip, the former in the Prussian service. The Landgrave himself, a general officer in the Austrian army, commanded a Hungarian regiment. Princes Philip, Gustavus, and Ferdinand were likewise in the service of Austria, and all had distinguished themselves greatly during the war; and their conduct, as well as that of their late father, had been highly honourable and disinterested.

"I was much pleased with the Landgrave. He had a noble frankness of character, and a patriarchal kindness for his family, which, added to his generous and humane care of his subjects, rendered him truly worthy of being loved by all who knew him. There was a chapel in the Castle in which service was performed twice a day every Sunday, alternately in the Calvinistic and Lutheran manner. He has chaplains for each, who dined in turns with him, and we went to both services. There were several Catholics in Homburg who had a chapel of their own, to which the



Landgrave had contributed. He not only found physicians for the sick, but paid for all their medicines, and usually visited them during illness. He often, too, attended funerals, and was indeed the father of his people. /He spoke and wrote French with great correctness, and without any unpleasant accent. He was well versed in history and geography, and had a good library of books of that description, and a great number of engravings, all of which he was most willing to lend me. He was remarkably neat in his person, and never came into company without changing his dress if he had been smoking. He was then about fifty-four." <sup>1</sup>

1824.

"The Germans are very fond of gardens, and pass much of their time in them. Each of the Princes had his own garden, and the Landgravine had two, to one or other of which she used to take me in the morning. We dined at two, except on Sunday, when the hour was three, on account of the two services at the chapel. On that day there were usually at least thirty to dinner. We supped at nine, and went to our rooms at ten. All these meals were announced by beat of drum.

"The Landgravine had two maids of honour, and the Landgrave a master of the household, an aide-de-camp, and an officer who acted as secretary always in waiting, and who dined with us every other day. There was also a widow lady, who had belonged to the Landgrave's mother, who

<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography of Miss Knight," vol. ii. p. 139.

dined daily at the Castle, but only the maids of honour slept there. There were other gentlemen who belonged to the Landgrave, and often dined at his table, as did their ladies on the Sunday. A Princess of Solms also dined there frequently, and she lived in a house in the town belonging to the Landgrave. There was a maître d'hôtel, eighty years of age, who, with his white wand, used to preside over the dinner and the supper tables. The servants were very numerous.

"The private apartments of the Landgravine consisted of several large rooms, well furnished, and a small boudoir in which she usually sat. There was a very handsome suite of rooms, finely furnished, for princely visitors. The Landgrave's private rooms, however, were more simple, but he had in them some good pictures.

"Prince and Princess William of Prussia did not remain many days after my arrival." <sup>1</sup>

" 1826.

"*September* 30.—Went to Homburg, and found the Landgrave in the court. He had seen me drive in. He took me to the Landgravine, and nothing could be more kind and cordial than their reception of me.

"*October* 21.—We dined early, that we might go at half-past one to the Feldberg, the highest mountain in this part of the country—in ancient times the Taunus. The weather was beautiful. The Landgrave and his aide-de-camp, M. Herman, were in the vanguard; next came the

<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography of Miss Knight," vol. ii. p. 141.

Landgravine and Princess Augusta of Solms; then Miss Cooper and myself; and lastly the two maids of honour, Mlles. de Stein and de Haller, all in droskies with four horses, which ran up the mountain like greyhounds. The road passed through woods till very near the summit, which is covered with luxuriant grass and fragments of rock. The Landgrave had sent thirty men the day before to repair the road. There is a mass of rock with grottoes in it, which is called the rock of Brunehilda. The view from the summit is very extensive, embracing the Rhine and the Maine, with the towns, cities, and villages on their banks, Falkenstein, Konigstein, and other mountains, with the ruins of castles and fortifications on other parts of the Taunus, inferior in height to the Feldberg, which is 2,606 feet above the surface of the sea. The air felt sharp and pure. We partook of coffee and cakes here. Warm punch was also served, for the grottoes in Brunehilda's rock served as a kitchen, as well as for stables for the horses, a table, chairs, &c., having been previously sent up. We returned home with a fine sunset." <sup>1</sup>

"*October 26.*—This morning one of the Landgrave's officers, who is much employed by him, and dined at the table every day, was married to the daughter of the Landgrave's Master of the Horse. He had been ennobled by the Emperor of Austria at the request of the Landgravine, because if the young lady had not married an "edelmänn" or noble she would have lost the

<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography of Miss Knight," vol. ii. p. 160.

portion given her by a chapter to which she belongs. The Emperor signed the letters of nobility, as a compliment, on the Landgrave's birthday. The wedding took place at the house of the lady's father. After the ceremony her parents, according to the custom of the country, surrounded the bride, and tied a handkerchief over her eyes. They then took off her garland of myrtle and placed it on the head of the young lady nearest to her, who happened to be her own sister. This is supposed to prognosticate which is the young person who will be the soonest married." <sup>1</sup>

" 1828.

"One day very much resembles another. This is the ordinary routine. At seven the drum beats a *réveil*; a few minutes afterwards the stoves are lighted. At half-past eight the servant brings hot water, and at nine coffee, hot milk, a small white loaf, a piece of brown bread, a slice of butter, a salt-cellar, and in a saucer ten small lumps of sugar. At half-past eleven a message from the Landgravine to know how I have slept, and if I should like to go out with her at a quarter or half-past twelve. At which hour, if tolerably fine, we go out in a drosky, and afterwards walk, returning home by a quarter before two, when the trumpet sounds for dress. At two it sounds again to serve up dinner. I then go through a long passage, down twenty-five steps, and up twenty-five steps, which leads me to another long passage, and that to the drawing-room, where I

<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography of Miss Knight," vol. ii. p. 172.

find two or three more guests. The door opens, and the gentleman esteemed the most considerable gives me his arm. We walk into the dining-room, and stand still till the other door is thrown open, when the grand *maitre d'hôtel*, with a white wand and hat in hand, enters, preceding the Landgrave and Landgravine, followed by the *aide-de-camp* of the former and the maids of honour of the latter. All sit down to table, the Landgrave having made me a sign to sit down beside him on his left hand. On his right is the Landgravine, and next to her one of his brothers—except when Princess Louise, their sister-in-law, dines at table, for then she sits between the Landgrave and Landgravine. Three or four times in the week the band plays during dinner, after which the brother gives his arm to the Landgravine, and the Landgrave his to me. During all these movements the ladies curtsy and the gentlemen bow down to the ground. We walk into the drawing-room, the Landgrave and his brother stand at one window, the Landgravine and the ladies sit near another; the gentlemen stand at the other end of the room, unless any one happens to be addressed by the Landgrave. Coffee is served, after which the Landgrave and Landgravine leave the room, making bows and curtsies, which are answered by profound bows from all present. A maid of honour throws a shawl over the Landgravine's shoulders and walks after her, first turning to salute the company. The *aide-de-camp* does the same and follows the Landgrave, after which

everybody retires. The drum beats soon after as a salute to the Landgrave and Landgravine as they drive out in a drosky, returning before six. About half-past six the Landgravine sends for me. A servant with a lantern lights me downstairs to her apartment, and I sit with her in her boudoir till eight o'clock strikes. The servant then lights me through the passages and up the twenty-five steps, and I arrive at the drawing-room, where I find a maid of honour at the tea-table, and about a quarter of an hour later the door flies open and the Landgrave and Landgravine enter. The former takes his tea, and then desires the card-parties to be formed, he playing at one table and the Landgravine at another. At a quarter before nine the other door opens and Prince Ferdinand, the Landgrave's youngest brother, comes in and bows to the company. He walks up and down and looks at the players at a little distance, then sits down, and then walks again. I sit at the corner of the Landgravine's table. A few minutes after the drum beats for some time. At half-past nine the aide-de-camp and a captain, who is always in waiting, come in with low bows, and almost immediately afterwards a servant enters, goes up to the grand maître, and announces supper. He is probably playing at the Landgrave's table, but as soon as the game will permit he rises, takes his white wand and hat from the chair on which he had deposited them, and comes up to the Landgravine's table, where he stands till he catches her eye. He then announces supper, makes a bow, and retires. As soon as the parties break up, all

go to supper, as before to dinner. The Landgrave and Landgravine retire as soon as it is over, so do the company, and a crowd of servants and kitchenmaids rush in to put out the lights and carry away the plates and dishes. The guard is relieved every two hours, at one, three, five, &c. At eleven at night a man blows a horn eleven times, once at one, and three times at three. On Sundays we dine at three, the Princes and officers all in full-dress uniforms, and company, to the number of thirty to thirty-five, all full dressed. On Mondays and Thursdays, the days for hunting, we dine at half-past two."<sup>1</sup>

"Votre chère lettre, mon très cher et bien aimé, beau-frère,<sup>2</sup> m'est parvenue le jour avant hier, je m'empresse de vous en remercier, et de vous assurer que ce n'est pas seulement moi qui sens votre absence mais toute notre Société; je souhaiterais beaucoup vous faire visite car je suis

<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography of Miss Knight," vol. ii. pp. 174, 175. Miss Knight was daughter of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight. She and her mother lived abroad, and the latter died at Naples, leaving her daughter to the care and protection of the Hamiltons, and she continued to live with them and Nelson till their return to England. She wrote odes in Nelson's praise, and other works, which established her fame as an authoress, but which are now completely forgotten. She entered the service of Queen Charlotte in 1806, and subsequently that of the Princess Charlotte, where she remained till 1814. Mme. Piozzi calls her "the far-famed Cornelia Knight." She died in 1837, in her 81st year.

<sup>2</sup> Louis, brother of the Landgrave, the Princess's husband, who succeeded him as Landgrave of Homburg. He was at this time Governor of Luxemburg. (See pp. 80, 131 and note.) This and the following letters of the Landgravine to her brother-in-law, Prince Louis, have been kindly lent to me by Herr Jacobi, Königlicher Baurath of Homburg.



THE LANDGRAVINE ELIZABETH OF HESSE-HOMBURG.

(From a painting by F. F. Sch.)





toujours heureuse de vous avoir près de moi, comme je sens que j'agis mieux quand vous êtes ici. J'aimerais avoir une conversation avec vous sur plusieurs choses car mon cœur ne s'ouvre qu'à vous et mon bien et très cher Fritz ; il est allé aujourd'hui à Francfort où je me suis trouvée Samedi dernier pour dire adieu à Lord et Lady Clancarty qui doivent quitter cette Ville comme aujourd'hui, mais je crois qu'ils seront obligés de le remettre de nouveau, mais je n'en suis pas sûr. Dieu mercie Vos Parents sont bien, pourtant votre Mère parle d'aller à la Comédie mais c'est toujours remise ; Dans ce moment on ne travaille pas même. Nous avons été pour voir le Creuzallé qui sera en peu de tems très joli.

“ Je viens d'arranger mes livres tant bien que mal, car c'était nécessaire de les ranger dans les Armoires et à présent je commencerai de les metre en ordre ; la chambre est tout à fait jolie ; quand il fait moins froid je me trouverai souvent là, et j'espère que vous trouverez des livres qui vous feront plaisir. Pour moi je l'avoue, c'est un vrai bonheur pour moi quand je peux dire à ceux que j'aime de partager ce qui m'appartient ; je ne puis comprendre quelle joie ou trouve à garder tout pour soi dans ce monde, surement c'est très agreable de sentir qu'on plait aux autres.

“ Mes deux dames sont actuellement très heureuses de se trouver dans le Château et leurs chambres sont charmantes ; votre Mère les a vue et les admire, et elle m'a bien surprise en m'assurant qu'elle n'avait jamais été là de sa vie auparavant.

"Votre Père<sup>1</sup> s'est bien tourmenté de quelques Articles dans *La Gazette de Mayence sur Meisenheim* ; il y a envoyé Monsieur de Dretzenhoffe pour tacher de trouver celui qui tache de faire des mécontents. On dit que cela vient encore de ces principes revolutionnaires qui on déjà fait tant de mal, mais je ne puis vous dire le resultat de Monsieur de Dretzenhoff, comme il n'est que revenue hier au soir ; il a été pres de quinze jours absent.

"Votre sœur Louise<sup>2</sup> ne vient pas ; cela me fait vraiment de la peine, car j'esperais qu'elle serait ici pendant les couches de la chère Louise, mais sa fille doit etre confirmée a Paques, ainsi elle a fait ses excuses.

"La Princesse de Solms part demain pour voir son Frère, et après paques elle revient ici, à present vous avez *La Gazette de Homburg* car pour une lettre c'est trop mal écrite.

"Votre Père m'ordonne de vous dire qu'il vous souhaite de retour et vous pouvez croire, cher Frère, que toute la Société en vous faisant bien leurs complimens, vous fait la même priere et personne plus que votre très affectionnée,

"Belle Sœur,

"ELIZA.

"Fritz vous embrasse de cœur et d'âme.

"HOMBURG, le 15<sup>me</sup> Fev. 1819."

<sup>1</sup> The old Landgrave, the Princess's father-in-law. He died in Jan. 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Louise, Princess of Hesse-Homburg, married, 1793, Karl, younger brother of Duke Frederick of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. She died in 1854.

“HOMBURG, *January* 21, 1821.

“You will be glad to hear, my dear Lady Harcourt, that I am got safe home to that dear and blessed home, which, if possible, becomes more valuable to me every hour. You may suppose that I enjoyed my five weeks with my Sister<sup>1</sup> beyond words, and that my beloved Husband's absence was softened to me by her kindness; for no words can do justice to the friendship, affection, and attention of every sort that he and she shewed me. We literally were never asunder. I arrived the 12th of December, and staid with her till the 18th of this month. It was a great comfort to us both, as we had much to talk over. You would be enchanted to see my Sister so thoroughly alive to all that is passing of your side the water, quite as if she had left it yesterday. . . . I have so very many things to be thankful for that I ever feel I cannot do too much to prove my feelings both towards God and my excellent Husband. Tho' I lived in a degree of magnificence and splendour whilst with my Sister, I can with truth say that I was thoroughly happy to see my own dear little Hombourg again. . . . You would have enjoyed the Christmas Eve, when my Sister gave all her presents. It was done quite *en Reine*, for there is not an inch about her which is not a Queen; and Mr. Cockburn, the English Minister, calls her Charlotte the Magnificent. You would be in perfect extasies to see the Grandeur, Magnificence, Splendour, comfort, space, and perfect ease which

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Royal, Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg.

reigns in that Court. There is no fuss ; but that evening I was quite struck, thirteen tables filled, absolutely loaded, with gifts for us all. It would take up Volumes to state everything ; but the useful, ornamental, beautiful, elegant, all combined for each person. I literally was quite overcome by it. . . . Two eyes were not sufficient to see everything one wished, there was so much to see ; and the best idea I can give you of it is the Bazaar in the largest room in Soho Square. . . .

"We saw an extraordinary sight in the Drawing-room ; and being fearfull of fire, I said, 'Lord, what is that?' My Sister got up, and when she came to the room, there she found a Tree illuminated, which was prepared by her Granddaughters<sup>1</sup> for her, with a footstool of Charlotte's work, who is the eldest, and a cap of Pauline's work for Her ; it really is very pretty to see the affection which reigns on all sides. . . .

"Yrs. affly.,

"ELIZA."

*Reçu le 27 Mars, Luxembourg.*

"A HOMBURG, le 23<sup>me</sup> Mars, 1821.

"Je sens, mon très cher Louis, que chaque jour actuellement m'approche de vous. . . . Vous savez bien que vous ne pouvez venir trop tôt ni rester trop longtemps car c'est une joye sincère pour mon adoré Fritz et sachant cela, c'est doublement une pour moi. Schellenberg trouve votre

<sup>1</sup> Her step-granddaughters.

Mère<sup>1</sup> beaucoup mieux, elle est sans fièvre, mais elle a toujours ses douleurs rhumatiques qui la desole, je la voye quinze fois par jour, pour peu de temps, mais j'espère que dans quelques jours qu'elle avouera elle-même qu'elle commence à se remettre. Monsieur Wittekind doit arrivé aujourd'hui et j'espère qu'il lui donnera un peu plus de courage; le Grand Duc a aussi été malade, c'est pourquoi Wittekind ne pouvait pas venir hier—mais ce qui est singulier est que votre Mère souffre de la jambe gauche et le bras droit, votre Oncle<sup>2</sup> de la jambe droite et du bras gauche. On le dit au lit mais nous n'en sommes pas sûr si c'est vrai; il en sera au désespoir à cause de l'opera; ne me croyez pas méchante, mais il y a des moments que j'aimerais me mettre dans la situation du Diable boiteux et de pouvoir regarder dans les différentes maisons pour être au fait de la manière de prendre les différents événements de cette vie, de voir les Actrices, les gens faux, les sensibles, les flateuses, etc., etc., etc., comme cela serait amusant! Mais je ne dois pas me plaindre dans ce moment de manquer d'amusements car j'ai passée un jour bien heureux hier car Marianne ma recommandée des Dames Anglaises ici; heureusement il faisait bien beau, ainsi Fritz a eu la charité de nous accompagaient à cheval et nous a tout montré les Daims, l'Elisabethenstern(?) le Creuzallé, etc.—enfin nous avons été deux

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, daughter of Landgrave Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt. She died on the 18th of September of this year.

<sup>2</sup> Louis X., made by Napoleon Grand Duke Louis I. of Hesse-Darmstadt, and brother of the Landgravine of Homburg. He died in 1830.

heures et demi en voiture et c'était un vrai plaisir pour moi de voir combien Madame Williams, sa fille, et Mademoiselle Brown ont été enchanté de tout ce que nous leur avons montré ; elles adorent Marianne et ne pouvaient finir sur son sujet.

" Fritz vous embrasse, il faut vous dire adieu ; je suis toujours dans la douce espérance que Lundie en huit j'aurais le bonheur de vous dire de bouche combien je suis.

" Votre fidèle,

" Belle Sœur,

" ELIZA."

" *To Prince Louis at Luxemburg.*

" HOMBURG, le 7 Avril, 1821.

" Voici l'anniversaire, mon très cher Louis, de notre jour de noce quand le bon Dieu a eu la grace de m'accorder votre excellent frère. Comme je n'ose lui dire tout ce que je sens, je ne puis m'empêcher de vous assurer que chaque année je me sens plus contente de mon choix et que si jamais vous entendez dire à Fritz qu'il souhaiterait un changement, ou qu'il soit pas content de moi, faites moi la grace en vrai ami de me le dire. Soyez persuadé, cher Louis que je sens ce que je vous mande. Je ne suis point *une diseuse* comme dit la Sévigné mais que je souhaite en toute chose de plaire à votre frère que j'adore. J'aime toute la famille du fond de mon cœur et je [*illegible*] de plus en plus de ce séjour que je crois était fait pour moi. Monsieur Wittekind est ici, il m'assure que votre mère va mieux mais qu'elle a besoin de se fortifier et je l'ai trouvée

plus à *mon gré* si je puis me servir de ce terme. Ce soir elle est assurément très faible, mais c'est étonnant qu'elle a pu soutenir ces médecines qui étaient pourtant bien nécessaire pour elle et elle-même paraît moins faible que hier et Schellenberg est de mon opinion. Le bras et la jambe sont bien enflé mais les souffrances moins forte quoique qu'il y a des moments qu'elle souffre beaucoup. Voilà notre cher Philippe,<sup>1</sup> Gouverneur de Naples, comme j'ai pensé à vous pendant tout ce temps, j'ai acheté une charte de l'Italie pour suivre les troupes et Dieu merci qu'ils sont à Naples et que tout est tranquille. Comme je sens pour le Roi et comme il doit être reconnaissant envers l'Empereur d'Autriche, j'entend qu'il l'appelle son sauveur. Sans avoir l'esprit de la politique on peut bien voir qu'il y a ici une espère de [*illegible*] partout on voit un mauvais esprit qui fait frémir, c'est bien extraordinaire que tout le monde n'a pas eu assez de Guerre.

" 28<sup>me</sup> d'Avril.

"Voilà que Fritz m'apporte la lettre que le Comte de Munster vous envoie pour vous annoncer l'ordre de Guelphe et il me dit de vous l'envoyer. Je commence de compter les jours car dans moins que trois semaines nous aurons le bonheur de vous avoir chez nous. Dans ce moment Fritz est avec la Landgrave ; il m'appellera dans peu pour aller voir la Ziegler,<sup>2</sup> après cela nous ferons notre promenade ; il fait si beau que c'est

<sup>1</sup> Younger brother of the Landgrave. (See pedigree of the Homburg family.)

<sup>2</sup> Lady-in-waiting to the old Landgravine.



vraiment non seulement un plaisir mais un devoir de prendre l'air, c'est une joye pour moi de voir un dimanche qui est si superbe, tout le monde paraît content. Je ne veux point fermer cette lettre jusqu' à ce que j'entends ce que Mons. Wittekind dit avant qu'il part. Il est content et Fritz [*illegible*] que la Landgrave elle même se dise mieux. A vous pour la vie votre fidèle.

" ELIZA."

" HOMBURG, le 11<sup>me</sup> *Juliet*, 1821.

" De revoir votre chere ecriture, mon bien cher et excellent Beau Frère est un bonheur pour nous tous quand vous n'êtes pas ici, et je ne puis vous dire combien je suis enchantée que le Roi <sup>1</sup> a été si gracieux, il a fait un impression sur moi que je ne puis assez exprimée car il était vraiment tout à fait aimable et m'a fait l'honneur de me dire eu partant qu'il se feroit un plaisir de revenir chez nous quand il passe pour voir ses contrees.

" Je vous aurois écrit d'abord mais le tems passe si vite depuis que Marianne <sup>2</sup> est ici que je scais plus où j'en suis ; le matin fini, avant que je commence arrive l'après-diné mais la pluie d'aujourd'hui me permet de reprendre ma plume et je me flatte de vous dire tout ce qui est necessaire avant qu'on m'appelle pour le dejeuner. Votre mère je suis très fachée de dire ne va pas mieux ; la foiblesse augmente et je vous avoue sincèrement [*illegible*] nos espérances diminues

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia probably.

<sup>2</sup> Princess of Hesse-Homburg married Prince William of Prussia.

—les medecins la declarent Hydropique; cela peut bien duré longtems, tout cela est entre les mains de Dieu mais le Foie étant tres élargi, et ne faisant point ses fonctions il y a malheureusement moins à espérer et plus à craindre, c'est mon devoir cher ami de vous dire la vérité pourtant les douleurs dans la jambe est bien diminuée et elle me paroît de souffrir plustot de sa foiblesse que des douleurs—cette foiblesse a bien augmenté depuis une semaine et je ne puis vous [*word illegible*] que Fritz est bien inquiet et je vois que votre Mère en est elle même sensible de ce changement, car elle a encore hier suppliée Fritz de se charger de ses Gens—c'est pourtant une grande consolation de voir combien de soin ses femmes de chambre prennent d'elle, elle est vraiment soigné avec un affection et un attention qui leur font honneur; je l'ai trouvée moins foible hier que le jour avant, alors elle était très mal mais hier sa voix était plus forte. Je suis très heureuse que la chère et bonne Marianne est ici quoique cela rend le séjour de Hombourg bien triste pour elle; pourtant elle voit comme nous autres que tout ce que l'homme peut faire pour soulager et aléger votre Mère est fait avec zèle et qu'elle ne manque de rien.

“Votre Mère, la Théobald vient de nous dire est plus forte aujourd'hui mais nous ne l'avons pas vue, car elle se recouche (?) dans ce moment, elle a mieux dormie et Dieu merci elle est en toutes choses plus à son nise. Ce matin, nous nous sommes promenés dans le jardin car le vent est desagréable et je suis obligée de ne point

m'eloigné de la maison comme Mylord Stewart m'a promi de venir mais le connoissant comme je le fais c'est très possible qu'il me joura le meme tour qu'il a fait quand il était sur sa route pour Vienne ; cela me sera bien desagréable comme je souhaite de lui remettre un paquet pour l'Angleterre. La Maison de Zobel avance très bien, on vient dans le moment d'ôter l'échafaudage dans la cour mais on la si mal peint que je suis tout a fait desolée, tout en [*illegible*] et je trouve que c'est affreux, vous en jugerais quand vous viendrez— dans peu je payerais mais j'ai grand envie de ne point payé jusqu' a ce que vous aviez vu comme on l'a fait, et je me flatte que cela sera en peu ; l'argent *est là*, vous savez bien que vous ne pouvez pas arrivé trop tôt.

“ Je ne puis vous dire davantage aujourd'hui ; si la Landgrave continue assez bien je n'écrirais pas pendant quelques jours, sans cela soyez persuadé que vous aurez de mes nouvelles. Fritz vous embasse, croyez moi pour la vie.

“ Votre très affectionnée Belle Sœur et amie,

“ ELIZA,

“ *Landgrave d'Hesse née Princesse de la Grande Bretagne.*”

*To the Archbishop of York.*

“ HOMBURG, February 22, 1826.

“ My Lord,— . . . It would grieve me to the heart could you suppose me so altered to *one*<sup>1</sup> who must ever live in my heart and mind, not to try, however imperfectly, to express to you how

<sup>1</sup> Lady Harcourt.

severely I feel not only yours, but our loss. We have all been so used to look up to Her, and to ask her excellent and unprejudiced advice, that I cannot say how I feel that the kind and friendly counsel of such a mind is gone. I loved her very, | very sincerely from the time I was ten years old ; and such an old friend is one of the strong links of the chain. Alas, as we lose our friends and · find new ones, how very thin is the new link ; one sees the join too strongly. Yet I am aware it is our duty to try and make friends, for without one should be soon alone in the World ; and I am convinced it never was God's wish that we should thus stand alone. I feel all this doubly on behalf of my dear and excellent sister, Augusta, who has really lost in dear Lady Harcourt what I am sensible She will never replace, and I feel it quite to my heart's *core* ; for she writes broken-hearted, tho' always with thorough submission to the will of God. That dear Lady Harcourt should have remembered us is most flattering ; but what enhances the value, is the kind, affectionate, warm-hearted manner in which she has named us, that is beyond everything. The copy you have sent of her codicil will ever be kept by me with gratitude, for, believe me, however high I shall prize and value her *gift, her words have gone much deeper* ; such a friend was of *all seasons*. She shared with us many an agonising hour, and supported us under great trials and afflictions ; and was ever the first to come forward to assist us when we most wanted a friend. You, my Lord, cannot be ignorant of the kindness of your

invaluable sister to us ; she was honest to the *core*. She is gone ; but not dead to me, for in my heart and mind she will ever live.

“ I am aware that many would express themselves much better ; but I am really so flurried in writing through my tears, that I trust you will forgive me if I have omitted anything which could prove my regard for one I so truly loved. With my best regards to Lady Ann and your Sister, who I fear will be sadly shook by this loss,

“ I remain, my Lord,

“ Your friend,

“ ELIZA.”

The years which the Princess was to pass in Homburg with her Landgraf, each assured of the full confidence and deep affection of the other, and both loved and esteemed by their many friends and by the subjects of their little state, though very happy ones, were not destined to be many. He was attacked by influenza in 1829, and the wound which he had received on the battlefield at Leipzig broke out again and in a few days he was dead, to the great grief of his wife and family and of the people of Homburg. The following letter was written by his sister Amelia, the Hereditary Princess of Anhalt-Dessau to her sister, Princess William of Prussia :—

“ DESSAU, 15<sup>th</sup> April, 1829.

“ Chère Marianne, je ne sais comment commencer ma lettre à vous, depuis que nous l'avons perdu, ce cher, et excellent frère Frédéric, que nous chérissions tous et qui méritait si bien de

l'être. Hombourg n'est presque plus le même pour moi, il me manquera et je le regretterai tant que mon cœur battra. Cette mort est un coup terrible, et comme il est pénible de penser qu'on ne le verra plus sur cette terre, ce bien aimé frère, lui qui vivifiait tout ce qui l'entourait et qui par son bon cœur et sa manière d'être unique gagnait tous les cœurs ! Hier en trouvant dans les gazettes de Berlin, Nro. 86, 'Vossische Zeitung' cela m'était une consolation de lire l'article qui le concerne. . . . Nous voilà tous les 9 restans encore terrassés par sa perte, et la pauvre veuve Landgrave comme je la plains ! Il s'est rencontré que je lui ai écrit le 7, jour de son mariage et qu'elle m'a écrit de la même date aussi.

"Aujourd'hui j'ai lu dans le journal de Francfort, que ses funérailles, ont eu lieu le 10 à trois heures du matin, et que le Duc de Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> y a assisté aussi. C'est pourtant beau à lui qu'il l'a accompagné sur son dernier chemin. C'était donc le même jour que le cher Louis arriva ici, mais à 7 heures du soir. Comme il m'a fait de la peine ! Il est aussi navré profondément. Quelle arrivée pour lui ! Le bon Dieu daigne le soutenir et le bénir dans son nouveau poste ! Et le cher Philippe, quel coup pour lui, qui sûrement se rejouissait en premier lieu de lui conter partout qu'il a passé tous ces temps ! Que tout cela est triste ! Nous avons perdu le chef et l'ornement de notre famille. Que je bénis le bon Dieu de l'avoir encore vu en 1827 ! Je l'entends encore me crier depuis la cour tous les soirs après souper 'bon soir, chère

<sup>1</sup> The seventh and youngest son of George III.

sœur.' Je veux finir car cela vous déchirera aussi le cœur."

The death of her eldest brother, King George IV., followed closely on that of her husband. /

*To Sir William Knighton.*<sup>1</sup>

HANOVER, *May 3, 1830.*

"You may believe the anxiety we are in, and how desirous we are for accounts ; and though time in general flies too fast, at this moment the posts appear years in coming in. It is impossible to tell you how every one here is interested in the dear beloved King's health, and how all fly to hear how he is.

"You will have heard by this time that finding dear Adolphus was decided to go to England, I have determined to go with him ; and the next day after I had written to the King to propose going, I received his gracious and affectionate message through Mary. I hope I have done all he desired, and have not asked too much in wishing to remain till my brother Adolphus returns to Germany next year with his family. By that means I shall have time to enjoy them all, making the dear King my first object. I must tell you how I have been knocked down with all I have heard, yet trust in God that the constitution, being naturally strong, may rally again.

"All my letters, not those of my family, assure me that every soul values and loves the King, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Knighton was the medical adviser of the Regent and made a baronet in 1812. In 1818 he was created auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall. He was one of the most intimate friends of George IV. See his *Memoirs*.

that the general anxiety is very great. You may conceive that I shall be upon thorns till I reach England. Home I must go for many reasons; and I hope not to stir till I set out in July. Maybe it will be wiser not to say I have written; for I am so afraid of saying a word too much or too little. You know my affection and devotion for the King; and though I may not express my feelings as strongly as I wish, yet you cannot doubt my sacrificing my life for him, could I save him; and you may be assured, though a very humble being, I will never be in his way, yet ever at hand should he wish me; and you shall never have a complaint of me from any one in the house, for I will be in nobody's way.

"I feel for all those who are attending the King, for all must love him who know him; and I grieve to find that you say you are a great deal fatigued by all you have gone through. I will take up no more of your precious time, and humbly pray God to watch over that life which is of so much consequence to us all, but to none more than

Your friend,

"ELIZABETH."

"HANOVER, *May* 18, 1830.

✓ "You may believe the very sincere affliction I am in, and how deeply I deplore the present state of things, for I had feasted on the thoughts of beholding that sweet and benevolent countenance again. It appears as if trials are to follow me everywhere, but I can but submit and kiss the rod, saying with humility and perfect faith, 'God's



will be done!’ A greater blow could not happen to me than this dreadful illness of the dear, blessed King. Bowed down I am, but most thankful he is surrounded by those he likes and loves. Affection would have made both Adolphus and me fly; but delicacy made us refrain from doing what might have alarmed him. Confidentially we have been in a great wrong, as Ernest wrote to Adolphus and said the King was expecting us; fortunately your friendly letter of the 4th arrived to-day (owing to an accident happening to the packet boat) in which you particularly mention that we were not expected till July or August. We cannot be too thankful to you for writing in so confidential and open a manner, for you have thoroughly prepared us for what, to our grief and sorrow, we must expect.

“My heart is so very full, that no words can express what my sentiments of affection are for the dear King, and it is much better not to attempt it. I do not want to plague you with a long letter, for, God knows, you have enough on your hands. May God give you *all* strength to bear up under your severe trial! Grateful must I ever feel to those who have shown such proofs of attachment to one whom I have ever loved better than life, and whose loss will be so severely felt by all, but by none more than your sincere friend

“ELIZABETH.

“You must excuse my bad writing. I have hardly eyes to see, my tears flow so fast.”

| King George IV. died on the 26th of June.

" HANOVER, *July* 2, 1830.

" I cannot, after the friendship you have so often expressed in the many letters I have received from you, allow of the messengers returning without a few lines to try and express how deep is the sorrow I am now experiencing. The loss of the beloved, not to say adored brother, whose constant kindness is so thoroughly engraven on my heart, is not to be told. Yet, believe me, that being no egotist, in the midst of my first burst of affliction, I humbly blessed God that he was, dear Angel! at peace, and prepared to appear before his Maker, through that Saviour who pleaded for him at the throne of grace; and in heaven will all his noble and generous deeds be registered; and who ever did more? To me the loss is dreadful, yet I feel it my duty to go to England, being desirous to see all my family and friends once more before I bid adieu to the world and all its cares.

" I have had such trials within these two years that I have a dread of losing this good opportunity of going with dear Adolphus; and William has expressed himself so kindly, that I am sure I ought to go, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and expressing the gratitude I feel towards you for the constant watchfulness, affection, and zeal, which you have ever shown to him whose loss we must ever deplore. I will not take up more of your time than to assure you how truly I am

" Sir, your friend,

" ELIZABETH.

" To Sir William Knighton, Bart., &c."

*To Sir W. Knighton.*

“BRIGHTON, *October* 11, 1830.

“You must think me a very ungrateful person, if you can for a moment doubt my gratitude to you for remembering my petition, when I really did not think either my spirits or my courage would have brought me to England. I had indeed hoped to see you, and thank you for your very obliging letters, and the two boxes, so very very valuable to me ; but not seeing you in town was a great disappointment, and the extreme hurry I have been in ever since has prevented me recalling myself to you. Besides, though you well know I never ask questions, and never will, you once said to me you never wished to be talked of or named ; so, not knowing your direction, I waited ; but having heard that the excellent and valuable Bishop of Chichester had the pleasure of seeing you some short time ago, I shall beg of him to forward this to you. Never can I express my thanks to you for my two valuable boxes, which will be taken the greatest care of, and the snuff will never be taken out, so dear is it to me.

“You may conceive what a very severe trial it was to me to find myself in that magnificent castle, and the being I most valued and loved gone ; everything which I saw showing his taste, and every spot calculated to please and delight—his own formation. I give you my word, I went about half dead ; in short, it literally struck upon my heart without [*sic*] a bell ; and still you may

believe the wound is far from healed, though I am able to show myself and appear cheerful in society. At present I have little, for I have managed to sprain my knee, and am completely fixed to my chair, and all thought of following the King and Queen to London is over, which is very vexatious ; yet they assure me that good may come out of evil, and that I may even entirely recover the use of my legs, which I have nearly lost ever since the shock of the Landgrave's death.

I do hope one of these days we may meet. Believe me, I shall never forget all your attentions and real marks of friendship towards me ; for no one can be more sensible of kindness than

“ Your sincere friend, .

“ ELIZABETH.”

The death of her husband did not make any change in the residence of the Landgravine Elizabeth. She lived on at the Castle with her brother-in-law Louis, now Landgrave,<sup>1</sup> still retaining the

<sup>1</sup> The second son of the old Landgrave Friedrich, born August 29, 1770. In appearance, unlike his elder brother, he was excessively tall and thin, and of a retiring and silent disposition. His military career has been already spoken of (see p. 80). At the end of the war he was made Governor of Luxemburg, and he lived partly there and partly at Homburg.

In 1804 Prince Louis made a most unfortunate marriage with Princess Augusta, the third daughter of Duke Frederick of Nassau-Usingen. They seem to have instantly taken an invincible dislike to one another, and in fact the Princess's affections were already engaged in another direction. A separation took place almost immediately, and this was followed by a divorce. Prince Louis first made acquaintance with the Landgravine in 1818, at Homburg, and he gives his first impressions of his sister-in-law in a letter to his sister Marianne, Princess William of Prussia. “ On the morning of

same apartments on the first floor, and his younger brother Gustavus, who had married his niece Louisa, daughter of his sister Amelia and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, and by whom he had three children, Caroline, Elizabeth, and Frederick. Prince Gustavus and his wife Louisa lived entirely for one another and their children. Princess Louisa<sup>1</sup> suffered from deafness, which made her disinclined to society. They walked about alone, had their meals alone, and maintained an exclusion even from the members of their own family, sitting together in the gardens, far away from the world and cutting their names on the trees in true lover-like style. The innocent idyll, however, found no favour in the eyes of the Landgravine Elizabeth, and this amiable eccentricity often aroused her impatience, for being of a nature herself excessively social and happy, she could not bear that people should be so near her and never with her, and her great love for children made her always desirous of the

the 23rd of December, I arrived at Homburg and walked straight into brother Fritz's room, where, however, instead of him I found the Princess, who was having her portrait taken by a miniature painter. As I came in suddenly they were all so startled that the painter, who had his back turned to the door, did not know what was happening when the Princess sprang up to meet me. She is more loved and more valued every day by every one" (Quoted by Schmidt, vol. iii. p. 83). He succeeded his elder brother as Landgrave in 1829, and helped by the Landgravine did a great deal of good in his little state. He died at Luxemburg January 19, 1839, being succeeded by his brother Philip.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Knight says of her, "She appeared to be gentle and pleasing, but unfortunately very deaf. She mixed little in general society, being unwilling as she said to give trouble."

presence of her little nephew and nieces, which however, seems very rarely to have been permitted her. With the exception though of this little disappointment the domestic arrangement proved thoroughly satisfactory to all parties. The Princess had a great affection and respect for the Landgrave Louis, which was fully returned and reciprocated by him, and she continued to spend her English jointure on improving the grounds, adding to the building and repairing the roof of the Castle and the management of the place seems to have been left a good deal in her hands, which kept her happy and busy ; and so we must suppose her quiet life went on, taken up with her indoor employments and her outdoor alterations, and receiving the society of Homburg at *thés*, *drums*, dances, and card-parties. The Landgravine also often drove into Frankfort for her shopping and she had a lodging there where she rested herself and received her Frankfort friends and those who came from Wiesbaden or one of the other places in the neighbourhood, and which she calls herself her *misérable pied-à-terre*." It did not indeed deserve a better name. Visitors to the Princess found her in a bare room upstairs devoid of all furniture except a horse-hair sofa, a table at its side, and a few chairs for the company. On the sofa sat the Landgravine, now a very fat but handsome old lady, with her dress and the ground beside her generally covered with snuff, but her genial manners and kindly reception no doubt made up to her visitors fully for the lack of bodily comforts.

At other times her visits were extended to Wiesbaden, capital of the province of Nassau, or else to Darmstadt, where the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt had his capital and castle—at the time of which we are writing Louis II., the grandfather of the Grand Duke, who married the Princess Alice of England. But the Landgravine, though very fond of her home at Homburg, never quite accustomed herself to her adopted country; she remained to the end English to the backbone, knowing German very imperfectly, and preferring the society of English men and English women, and ever travelling back in her thoughts to the country of her birth. She made periodical visits to her favourite brother, Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, who was Viceroy of Hanover, and to King William IV. at Windsor or Brighton, and these expeditions were a source to her of real delight, for she was sincerely devoted to her brothers and sisters, and her admiration and affection for the King were unbounded. But in the course of years an event occurred which altered her life greatly. King William IV. died on the 20th of June, 1837. The death of her greatly loved and admired brother was in itself a great blow, but, in addition, the advent of the young Queen to the throne, who, however kind to her old relations, could never be the same to them, necessarily inaugurated a new régime, and broke the tie so much valued which till then had bound the Landgravine to her own home and to England. Her isolation, too, was much increased by the immediate departure from Hanover of the Duke

of Cambridge, who, on the death of the King, ceased to be Viceroy, Hanover passing to the Duke of Cumberland as the next male heir. It is probable, however, even if the King had lived longer, that the Landgravine would have found the long journeys to England, uncomfortable and extremely fatiguing as they were in those days, beyond her powers now. Her rheumatism and difficulty of moving and walking had greatly increased and advancing age had taken away much of her physical strength, though leaving unmolested her happy spirits and contented mind. In the last three or four years of her life she hired permanently and furnished an apartment in the Zeil at Frankfort, and she seems to have generally spent the winter there, being no doubt in this way less isolated than at Homburg and more within reach of her friends. /

The Landgravine's letters to Miss Swinburne do not go further than November, 1838, a few months before the death of the Landgrave Louis and a little more than a year before her own. They begin in 1832, thus comprising seven years in all. Miss Louisa Swinburne was the daughter of Henry Swinburne, of Hamsterley, younger son of Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton. Henry Swinburne was well known at the different European Courts of his day, and his letters have been published under the title of "Courts of Europe." <sup>1</sup> He also wrote accounts of his travels

<sup>1</sup> The text is unfortunately a good deal embarrassed by the inappropriate and often ridiculously inaccurate notes of the editor to whom the letters were entrusted.



under the title of "Travels through Spain" and "Travels in the Two Sicilies," which at one time at least were standard works. His eldest son, Henry, was page to Marie Antoinette, and Mrs. Swinburne endeavoured to persuade her to escape from Paris disguised in her attire, but the Queen refused to leave her family. Mrs. Swinburne herself only effected her escape with great difficulty. The mob surrounded her carriage at Boulogne, believing that she was the mistress of the Duc d'Orleans and she only saved herself by putting her head out of the window and declaring that she was neither young nor beautiful. Subsequently Mr. Swinburne was sent by the English Government to Paris as Commissioner to treat for the exchange of prisoners. He died in 1803 at Trinidad, and Mrs. Swinburne some few years later. At the time that these letters were written Miss Swinburne was living with her sister Harriet, married to Mr. John Walker, of Purbrook, and their family at Wiesbaden. There, in or about the year 1831, she made the acquaintance of the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, and the acquaintance quickly ripened into a very sincere friendship. A proposal was entertained that Miss Swinburne should become the lady-in-waiting to the Landgravine, but the terms of the Princess's marriage settlement precluded this and it is probable that such an arrangement would have created many difficulties and jealousies. It was given up therefore, but Miss Swinburne visited the Landgravine every year at Homburg, and in the intervals a regular correspondence was kept

up, the Princess's share in which is now set forth in this volume.

Miss Swinburne died in 1848, the result of an accident at Spetchley, the house of her cousin, Mr. Robert Berkeley.







HOMBURG, *October 16, 1832.*

My friend Mons. Möller,<sup>1</sup> the architect, being here, and intending to return to Darmstadt this evening, is too good an opportunity for me to lose in writing to you just to enquire after you all. I hope your Sister's spirits are better for change of scene, and in looking round on her beautiful family she will see that the Almighty has granted many blessings to soothe, support her in this world beside the greatest of all mercies, her excellent and attached Husband ; from all you have said to me on this subject I am longing to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Walker. I cannot, dear Miss Swinburne, express to you how fortunate I feel myself in having seen so much of you at Wiesbaden, and how obliged I am to you for the kind manner in which you gave up so much of your time to me, I was so *spoilt* by your good nature that my last days appeared rather flat, and on Friday I remained at Home finishing everything. I am now very happy to be at my own dear Home, *once* the happiest of happy Homes ; all that is *over* <sup>2</sup> yet I bless God humbly for all his many and great mercies, and feel I have

<sup>1</sup> M. Moller was the architect of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and was employed at this time by the Landgravine for the repairs at the Castle which she was now taking in hand. Miss Knight in her Autobiography (vol. ii. p. 173), speaks of him as seeming to be "a man of great reading and observation in his own line of study."

<sup>2</sup> The Landgravine Frederick Joseph, her husband, died on the 2nd of April, 1829.

much to be thoroughly thankful *for*, and trying to make others comfortable and doing what I can for this place I am satisfied, feeling that if my beloved Landgraf could but know what I have done for his sake, he would be pleased—I assure you I am looking forward with *delight* at the thoughts of begging you to come and stay a week or a fortnight with *me*, and showing you all my works, which interest me *immensely* for all I do with great pleasure as it is really *useful*, and there is something satisfactory to feel, as age comes on, that one can be useful—I pretend to nothing else.

You will give me a *hint* when it will be most convenient for you to come. My direction is à Hombourg and Ments, and in the corner by Frankfurt sur le Mayn—otherwise there are times when they send off the letters to Hambro', which is very tiresome.

The very last day I was at Wiesbaden, Miss Monro Johnstone begged to see Stein.<sup>1</sup> I don't know who she is, so told Stein she must find out, for I did not like seeing people I know nothing of without a recommendation. Stein told her I was much occupied that day, and she said she would come *next year*, more of this when we meet. I am called away unexpectedly so must end. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Walker and all that is kind to the dear children.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> The Landgravine's lady-in-waiting, a German lady. At the time of her marriage two English ladies accompanied the Princess, but they returned immediately. During the life-time of the Landgrave she had two ladies, but apparently after his death no one but Mile. Stein.

HOMBURG, *October 28, 1832.*

I do not mean to pester you with letters, therefore remained a few days silent before I again troubled you with one of my uninteresting epistles, but I wished to say that your time will be *mine*, and whenever it is agreeable to you [to] come and to Mr. and Mrs. Walker to bring you to Frankfurt, I shall be too happy to go in and fetch you, and you are at liberty to say I will stay a week or a fortnight *as you like*. I shall not take ill if you tire, tho' I hope you won't, and I will do my *best* to beguile time, still you are to expect nothing grand, nothing very delightful ; you will meet with a warm reception from me, that you cannot doubt, for I like you, and having told you *that*, you may believe me, for tho' brought up at Court, I never could form my mouth to make compliments, *so far* I will say for myself, pour le reste you must judge for yourself—I only hope you will be comfortable, for that would make one wretched could it be otherwise. My sisters are delighted that I have made your acquaintance, I told them how grateful I felt to you for your good nature to me at Wiesbaden, which place I like the better for having learnt your value. I look forward with no small pleasure to your coming to me, and think of it daily with delight, and tho' I shall not be in *beauty*, still feel pleased at showing you my habitation, English garden, little wood, and garden house in its winter dress—for as you gave me hopes that you would again visit me in the spring when I returned from my visit to my brother, who desires me to come before



Christmas, you will then see it in all its beauty, and when in blossom it is an absolute paradise.

Yesterday I had a letter from our dear Mrs. Stevens, she has been unwell ever since she has got to Hanover. . . . I have, thank God, begun to enter into all my former pursuits, which from the state of my spirits I had long neglected, but I should be very wicked was I not to be fully sensible of my many blessings left me, and therefore blaming myself for my inactivity. I have been thoroughly well employed since I am returned from Wiesbaden, read, write, work, draw, walk out, drive out, and am always alive to all I am about, so that time flies, but I have been deeply grieved, tho' not surprised, that dear Lady Clinton has lost her excellent lord.<sup>1</sup> The story affected me deeply, he grew worse and worse from the moment he quitted Frankfort; at Mantua so great a change took place that he was quite aware of his situation and insisted upon being put into his carriage and ordered them to drive as hard as possible without stopping till he reached Florence; within ten English miles of that place *nature* gave way, and he calmly sank into his eternal rest. Conceive her distress, poor soul! Fortunately she had a very sensible, feeling, foreign servant with her, who explained to her that if the postillion knew of his death he would never get him admitted into the Town, still less the Hotel, so they covered him up.

<sup>1</sup> The 18th Baron Clinton, A.D.C. to the King. His widow (daughter of W. Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Cowdray Park, Sussex), married secondly in 1835, Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.H., a first cousin of the George Hamilton Seymour mentioned in the text, and died in 1875.

in his cloak and she sat close to the body the whole way ; they said he was too ill to speak, and that he had fainted, and so they got him into the Hotel. The English minister,<sup>1</sup> Mr. George Hamilton Seymour, Lord George Seymour's son, the best of beings, instantly offered her his house, saying there was place for Her, and Mrs. G. Seymour also offered her every comfort, but Lady Clinton very naturally would not leave the body as long as it was there. She is now returning by slow journeys home ; her father had left her, but the moment he hears of what has happened he will certainly return to her. She has, poor dear soul, written to me full of gratitude to God that she had strength to bear up and do her duty, the details I have heard from my friend, George Seymour, who I have valued from his childhood. He also tells me of the horrid end of William Locke, entirely from obstinacy, which is too shocking ; he has been spending his summer on the Lake of Como, and had just fitted up a yacht in the English fashion, which was the very prettiest thing of the kind ever seen there. The day it was finished and ready the wind and waves were tremendous, and all the bystanders implored him not to think of venturing ; he laughed at them and was determined to go, he crossed the lake once and again a second time, the third time he called out loudly, "*Now for the third and last time*"—the last time it was, for as he

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B. G.C.H. P.C. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Austria. Born 1797, married 1831 Gertrude daughter of Lord Dacre, and died 1880.

approached the shore, whether there was some fault in the sails or whether it had not been properly filled with *ballast*, God alone knows, they saw the whole thing swamp; a gentleman, an Englishman, saw the whole thing, and perceived William Locke seize an oar which he held thus | had he held it so — he might have been saved, they saw him sink to rise no more, and this oar remained several hours perpendicular in the water — what a catastrophe, I knew him by sight—have not seen him for years, and feel that his old mother will be half dead with the loss of this son who she was wrapt up in.

I think nothing so wrong as *foolhardiness*, for to think into what a state of misery he has plunged the whole family; may God forgive him his rashness—but what a lesson to those who think at all seriously. These are sad melancholy stories, yet it struck me they might interest you, God bless you. I hope your sister and brother-in-law are better. I am enchanted, the children remember me, pray tell them I often think of them.

Yours truly,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *November 1, 1832.*

. . . . I hear Mrs. Fitzherbert has lost her brother suddenly, which I fear will affect her much; his two daughters come into a very large property.

Lady Bedingsfeld writes me word her Brother is going abroad for two years, for to enable him to go on with his fine place which they say is magnifi-

cent ; and a very few years will see Mr. E. P. to rights if he will follow the advice of his cousin, Lord Surrey ; what that is I don't know, I merely tell you what I have heard.

I write in the very greatest haste, so this is a scrawl.

I have recommended you *all* to the <sup>1</sup> Great Duchess of Hesse, and she wrote me word the other day, " Je sais que Monsieur et Madame Walker sont à Darmstadt avec leur sœur ; l'instant qu'ils feront des *avances* envers moi, je serai enchantée de faire leur connaissance, comme vous, ma chère amie, me les a nommés."

God bless you ; I thought right to copy what the Great Dsse. said.

Believe me,  
Your affly,  
ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *November 4, 1832.*

Had I followed the dictates of my heart, you would have had an immediate answer to your welcome letter in which you name to-morrow sennight for me to meet you at Frankfurt and carry you off in triumph, but I feel that having written to you that very day you might be quite disgusted with seeing my dull scrawl so constantly before you ; so now that I have let you breathe I must say with what pleasure I shall go to meet you, and will undoubtedly be there on Monday

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of the Hereditary Prince Charles Louis of Baden, born 1788. She died January 27, 1836.

the 12th, and will send to let you know. I am at my *quarters* which you will be shocked at, but it is quite good enough for me, for all I want is a place to myself when I am there for a few hours. I only hope that you will be comfortable here, I will do my best. I shall be delighted to see your sister and Mr. Walker. Remember that Homburg is not in its beauty at this moment, tho' I love it so that I always think it is beyond every other place. Your visit will be a blessing for of late I have been quite alone, only Stein, and I have been so busy with my work that of an evening I have done nothing else. But we have always met late. I am writing in the dark at this moment and must go and dress for dinner, the weather I trust will improve and you lose your cough, for I should be grieved if anything was unpleasant to you here; fires will be made every day, and your bed will be well *aired*, that you may rely on, for I am rather quizzed at being so particular upon that subject.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *November 9, 1832.*

I am very much grieved to say that I am under the necessity of begging you, dear Miss Swinburne, to postpone your visit till Tuesday sennight, for tho' not ill, I have so dreadful a Rheumatism in my back that I cannot at this moment *move*, and must be a little cautious what I am about at the beginning of Winter; it has mortified me more than I can say, for I have been looking forward with such delight

to seeing you again, however I trust by determining to do *all that is right* that I shall be in high feather by that time. I would not plague you with an answer to your last as mine was just gone to the Post before yours was brought in. I flatter myself you will find books, and everything you may like here, and if you wish to take any home I shall be happy to lend them knowing you are *careful*. I have been obliged to give it *up here*, for if you could have seen some that were returned to me you would have been *disgusted*; I was quite provoked. We have had very severe weather and I have been *croaking* since Tuesday, which was a most severe cold day, and tho' I was much amused I know I hurt myself by going to please the old Landgraf Friedrich to the Theatre with

✓ \* Born in 1747 and died 1837. Brother of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, another branch of the House of Hesse (see Preface), and cousin of the Landgravine Elizabeth. He lived at Rumpenheim, a place near Frankfort. In 1824 Miss Knight (Autobiography, vol. ii. p. 142), when staying at Homburg with the Landgravine, paid a visit to Rumpenheim: "The Landgrave and Landgravine took me to dine with the Landgrave of Hesse, at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort. He was the brother of the late Elector, and son of the Princess Royal of England [*an error, she was the fourth daughter*], daughter of George II. He had not long before lost his wife, a Princess of Nassau, by whom he had several children, one of whom is the Duchess of Cambridge. Her two eldest, Prince George [the present Duke of Cambridge], and Princess Augusta, were then staying with him, and his unmarried daughter, Princess Louisa, as was also his sister-in-law, a Princess of Nassau, who had a house at Frankfort." [Princess Augusta (afterwards Duchess of Mecklenburg), then ten years old, is described elsewhere by Miss Knight as "very pretty;" "they are both fine children." Princess Mary was not born till 1833.] "Rumpenheim had been built by the Landgrave Frederick's mother, quite in the style of an old-fashioned country-house, with a print-room, and furniture such as was in

him, the Boxes are so bad that I was cramped like *too fat a Chicken in a Coop*, and having had at no time a very strong back I have been punished for my imprudence.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *November 15, 1832.*

I thank God am quite well of my Rheumatism, and trust now to remain so with care. You may depend upon my coming to Frankfurt on Tuesday next the 20th; a drive always does me a world of good, and I have been out, but the damp of yesterday and to-day have made me prudent——My dear little nephew has got the measles, so I don't see him, as I never had them, but I have no fears, I trust in God, and don't let myself think about catching anything, otherwise I should be *miserable*. I feel for Gustave<sup>1</sup> and Louisa for

vogue ninety years ago. The garden was laid out after the same model. Everything was remarkably neat, and the dinner very good. The Landgrave had not forgotten his English, and talked much of his visit to London, and of 'Aunt Emily.' I believe he was at that time called 'the handsome Prince of Hesse,' and he had certainly great remains of beauty. A violent thunder-storm accompanied us during the greater part of our journey back to Homburg. The Landgrave with his aide-de-camp, M. Hermann, led the way, according to his usual custom in a drosky, and very prudently made us go as slow as possible in order not to attract the lightning." He was a very old friend of the old Landgrave's who used to call him "the Tyrant of Rumpenheim." (See pedigree at beginning of this volume.)

<sup>1</sup> Gustave Adolphe Frédéric, born 1781, brother of the Landgrave Louis reigning at that time, and of Frederick Joseph, the husband of the Princess Elizabeth. He was the fourth son of Frederick V., and succeeded his brother Philip,







PRINCE GUSTAVUS OF HESSE HOMBURG  
(*Engraving by J. B. 1811*)

[10 for 151]

they have been in a great deal of trouble, as the children's Bonne, a most respectable good, worthy, useful person, died of a two-days' illness—Louisa, who is the most nervous person, has been a good deal shook by it. I have scarcely seen her as she is all attention to this *pet boy* who is an only son, so a great treasure; they have got the poor woman's daughter-in-law for the moment to be with the two girls, till they get a proper person, which I sincerely hope they may soon manage, but I never ask questions or meddle with anybody else's concerns. If they tell me I hear, if not, I do not take it ill, it is the only way to go on when one has such <sup>1</sup> various people in one house, I am quite by myself and take care to remain so—I would do anything kind—but I well know that the verse in Scripture I have followed all my life I have found myself the better for, "Study to be quiet," and mind your own business; the fashion

the third son, in 1846. He married in 1818 the Princess Louise Frédérique, daughter of Leopold Friedrich, Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, and of his own sister Amalie. Three children were born of the marriage—Caroline, born 1819, Elizabeth 1823, and Frederick Louis Gustave 1830. The last named though recovering from his present illness did not survive his father, and the Landgrave Gustave dying in 1848 without male heir left the principality to the youngest (the fifth) brother, Ferdinand, the last Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg (died 1866, see pedigree of the Landgraves, and below pp. 355-6). A monument was erected to the Landgrave Gustave at Homburg in 1851.

<sup>1</sup> The Landgrave Louis, the Landgravine Elizabeth, and Prince Gustave with his wife and family, with their three separate establishments all lived together in the Castle, the Landgravine having her suite of rooms on the first floor. Moreover, the younger Princes Philip and Ferdinand still regarded the Castle at Homburg as their home. The latter however seems to have occupied rooms at the Orangerie near the Castle.

now is to decide and judge for one's Neighbours, which I never will do.

Tuesday I am looking to with delight. I hope your cough is better, and that your sister is improved in every way, and all her lovely family stout and well.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *December* 1, 1832.

You are so kind that I feel you will be glad to hear how we are going on here. On Thursday, when I said adieu to you in that awkward way, without saying a quarter how obliged I was to you for staying with me, and entreating you if not disagreeable to you to return to me in the spring, a thought I shall feast on, I returned home after doing some jobs when the Cartwrights had quitted me; the first question was "how is the child?" The answer was not cheering, and I began to be very uneasy; at eight I went up, the answer, much worse, and at eleven the second physician sent me word that it was his duty to tell me there was *little*, if there was any, hope, but Ice must be put on his head; my alarm was beyond what I can tell you, and I went to bed, sleep was scarcely possible, and if I dozed the child was ever before me—people walking about all night, so anxious, and the poor parents all but distracted; when I heard the fire made I went up, and to my astonishment and delight, they assured me rather better, owing to *Musk* which relieved the brain; and the poor child spoke, and played

with its toys; it went on mending, and to-day Müller sent me word that there had been no drawback for six-and-thirty hours. This evening Müller very good-naturedly told the servant to tell me that He was in much better heart, so God grant that the worst may now be over, but great care is required for fear of cold or chill; the complaint is quite out again, and all is as it should be, but they think the poor child has had to combat with both measles and scarlet fever, but never having seen the child till he was so ill, he cannot justly say which was out first; but certainly this illness was occasioned by its having been struck in. This evening I trust all is going on so well that He will soon pronounce him safe, but he dare not yet, tho' we have everything to hope. The poor parents have been nearly dead with fright, and Gustave really ill, but much more at their ease now. *Entre nous*, I hope this *dear bought* experience may render dear Louisa a little more prudent, and she finds now that all I told her has proved true. The Girl <sup>1</sup> is going on very well, and the little one <sup>2</sup> sent me word she was quité well, but all her dolls have got the scarlet fever, that she had put all their cloaths in the fire, and would take care that all should be aired for fear of infection; it really amused me exceedingly; but the alarm has been so great about the Boy that I hardly ever could get an account of the others.

This is a long detail of House matters. I am sure you will forgive it.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, b. 1819.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, b. 1823.

I hope you all got home well on Friday ; the weather has been so bad I have not moved since I saw you, but hope now we are parted that you will let me write to you, for it will give me very great pleasure to hear from you.

My spirits have been so on the stretch that I have done little but write and go on *hooking*, for my eyes have been in no state to read. I shall not certainly stir from hence till they are all well and happy, for tho' I am *useless*, still it may be a comfort to know me near them. Now, adieu. Remember me to your sister, and don't let your brother-in-law think me the *Witch of Endor* ; if so I will look out for some bits of *coral* that He may have it near him in my presence.

Yrs., affly.

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *December 9, 1832.*

As I like to write to you, and wish to thank you for your amiable letter, my dear Miss Swinburne, I take up my dull stupid pen to say I have been so amused with your Riddles, Charades, and entertaining things you sent me, that I copied them all and sent them to my sister Mary, to amuse her, who, poor soul, has not been quite so well again ; whether it is weather or that vile thing *Bile*, I cannot tell, but she has been obliged to lay by again, and to treat herself more like an invalid *than I like* ; however she writes me *literally a line* at the end of a letter she dictated to say she really felt better, therefore I am happier about her.

I do not go the fifteenth, I gave it up for my heart was too much interested in all *here* ; if I past that day (when there was no moon), then I got into the week before Christmas (and tho' I may and must go to Frankfurt for the sake of getting things for the children), I do not like, being *an old fashioned person*, to *travel* at that time—after that comes New Year's Day, so that I am wanted for Rich, and poor, Halt, maimed—etc., etc., etc., and it is one's duty to do what *one can*, and I don't like to appear to *run away* as if I would not assist ; all these *vulgar reasons I tell you* that, just to explain why I don't *keep to my time*, and *now* when I go is not *at all sure*, for tho' I am *useless* in *many senses* to them, I am not so in *all*, THANK GOD. The last two days I have been taking my drives, which have refreshed me and done me much good ; to-night the Ladies' Society give two small pieces for the benefit of the *poor*, so *I go* and doubt not I shall be very much amused—and to-morrow I want to see the Pss. of Nassau,<sup>1</sup> so mean if fine to run into Frankfurt for some hours, which will enable me to run in some other day to make purchases, which I could not do in peace if I have a visit in my head—I have seen no soul since you quitted me, therefore you may guess what a loss you have been to me—I have done a great deal, as I have been pasting much to-night, which had not been looked over for years—wrote and copied a good deal—

<sup>1</sup> The Princess of Nassau, sister-in-law of the Landgrave Friedrich of Hesse-Cassel (see p. 149 and note). She lived at Frankfurt.

and have got a new *Ghost* story which has been sent me from England to add to my collection. I shall soon send you some more charades and riddles—some of yours are excellent, and many I guessed—which always—delights me.

The times go on much as usual, all *detestable*. I hear *little good*, and seriously pray that God will have mercy. My compliments to your sister, and recall me to *all the children*, believing me ever

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *December* 16, 1832.

. . . I now will tell you a little *Gossip*. You know Mrs. Fitzherbert's<sup>1</sup> last remaining brother

<sup>1</sup> Her maiden name was Smythe. She was a Catholic and married first to Mr. Weld, a Roman Catholic gentleman, of Lulworth Castle, and secondly to Mr. Fitzherbert. She was twenty-nine when she first attracted the attention of George IV., then Prince of Wales, who was six years younger, and then went abroad, it is said, to avoid him. Subsequently they were married by a clergyman of the Church of England on 21st of December, 1785; this religious ceremony, however, in no way rendering the marriage legal, since no descendant of George II., under the age of twenty-five, could marry without the consent of the sovereign; and the Prince married, April 8, 1795, his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick, the mother of Princess Charlotte. Mrs. Fitzherbert later returned to him, giving a grand breakfast in honour of the event; but at a dinner given to Louis XVIII., being told that she must sit as plain Mrs. Fitzherbert, took the affront as a sign of dismissal and parted with the Prince, for ever. In spite of the irregularity of the connection with the Prince, she was treated very kindly by the Royal family, with the members of which she was on the best of terms and regarded by them with great affection. She was eighty-one years of age at the time of her death in 1837. George IV. died with her portrait round his neck. Mrs. Fitzherbert obtained the full sanction of the Pope for her illicit connection with the Prince.

is dead; he left her Executrix to his will; the children in wedlock are well provided for and each have three thousand a year, but he has left a natural Daughter to whom he has left a fortune, and has so worded the will that Mrs. Fitzherbert, tho' ill at the time, being a remarkably generous woman, set off for London to have this thoroughly settled and placed in Trustees' hands, for there *might*, had Mrs. Fitzherbert died, been a difficulty of obtaining what he had left her and what was by *his will* her right. It is said the whole sum she is not to have till she marries, and she must marry with Mrs. Fitzherbert's consent—and she felt she was no more young and might die. Therefore she has been obliged to be some time in London to settle all. Now she is returned to Brighton and everything is done now to her satisfaction. Don't know this from me, but it struck me you might like to hear the particulars. They talk of more marriages. . . . All is cheerful and gay at Brighton; at the Pavilion there have been two great parties in the evening in the Town; there are Balls, Thés, Dances, Concerts, all that is amusing for the young, the gay, the worldly, the wise, the foolish, and so on. It appears as if it was a petty London, and all the fine ladies come down in parties to enjoy a few days of the sea and back again in no time if (I suppose) they vote it a *Boar*. The inhabitants of Brighton grieve it is become a *Borough*; why they would not turn it at once into a *Marine City* or *Town* I cannot think, it was large enough when I was there and now much en-



creased : there was a great Procession to proclaim it a Borough,<sup>1</sup> which all ran out to see tho' rather provoked at their sending, I believe two Members to Parliament, but as I shall never trouble them in that way it does not concern *me*. Who are anxious to come in I know not, but they have more candidates than they want. I don't care a straw, all I hope is that England may see better days than the present—but I don't mean to touch on Politics for I hate them, I had rather talk of *Winter Potatoes* tho' a very *mealy* subject. What an *idiot* He must be. I always thought her odious, *He* poor Man much to be pitied, for he was forced to marry her, not liking her, she so nastily in love with him, there was no standing it and after dinner, in the middle of a public concert she used to get up and kiss him. She was the great amusement for *Pantomimic Love* that ever was known, and he looked as if he would have thanked any one to give him a rope to hang himself with. She was a *blue stocking* when she first married. I hate acting off the stage, and hers was so very disagreeable that she was quite a laughing stock. I could tell you much about them but I am running on too fast. I hope you are now got well, don't forget to name yourself in your next ; how kind you have been to Stein. Recall me to your Sister and believe me with all that is kind to the children.

Yours affecately,

ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> Brighton was made a Borough and given Parliamentary representation by the great Reform Bill passed in this year.

I cannot set out yet for a fortnight ; it is impossible. I wish to see the Gustavus's before I go. I have had some what I call Parish business to settle which takes time. I wish we may meet before I go, but I depend so much on *weather* and not *clashing* with *those* whom I *love* but don't like to *bother* when they go to Frankfurt, but that is QUITE ENTRE NOUS. How strange it is ! But one must smile often upon what would at times make me cry, for I always wish to be kind.

HOMBURG, *December 23, 1832.*

✓ I write you a few lines this evening in hopes that they may reach you on Christmas Day—that I may wish you a merry one, and that you may not only enjoy good health yourself but see it all around you. I shall send you some Riddles, which I think may serve to amuse the children, and an American ghost story which I have copied out so you may keep them *all*. I have had disappointment upon disappointment since I wrote to you, the weather so bad, wet, rainy, and foggy with great falls of snow that I have been a prisoner, for I have had one of my severe billious spasms in my hip, so that I only got up for the evening. I shall begin some remedies which my friend, Sir Henry Halford,<sup>1</sup> has sent

<sup>1</sup> The second son of Sir James Vaughan, a successful physician of Leicester, and uncle to the late Dean Vaughan—born 1766, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1809 he came into a large property on the death of Lady Denbigh, widow of his mother's cousin, Sir Henry Halford, and changed thereupon his name from Vaughan to Halford. In the same

me, and which I shall take with great gratitude this night, I am easier in a degree, but very like the old nurse in "Romeo and Juliet,"—oh my arm, and oh my back. Yet upon the whole I bear my pains very well; how fortunate I am at home. Stein has had a cold, her maid so ill she could not have gone, had I set out when I intended, and now the weather and no moon, in short all is for the best; I make no complaint and bear it patiently. I heard from Mrs. Stephens<sup>1</sup> last night, they were well; she blames herself for not writing to you, tells me her boy grows, is in excellent health but don't speak. He had been very much pleased with passing several evenings with Adolphus<sup>2</sup> playing quartettes with Him they have some excellent gentlemen players at Hanover. Let me know how *you do* for you told them you was not well; now, I assure you, I am anxious to hear from you yourself that you are

year, George III., by whom he was much liked, made him a baronet; he attended all the Royal family, including George IV. and William IV., and their private affairs were often confidentially entrusted to his keeping. He by no means, however, obtained popularity in all quarters. He was said to be "cringing to superiors and haughty to inferiors," was accused of unprofessional conduct and of having abstracted a bone from the coffin of Charles I., which he showed at his dinner-table. He was President of the College of Physicians from 1820 till his death in 1844, and his tenure of office was in no way favourable to the progress of medical science. He is said to have entirely dispensed with any physical examination of his patients ("Dict. of Nat. Biog."). But see Munk's "Life of Sir H. Hallford," where a more favourable view of him is taken.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Stephens, often mentioned in these letters, was the wife of Major Stephens, equerry of the Duke of Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of George III., born 1774, Viceroy of Hanover, died 1850.

better. They are very gay at Brighton, concerts, dances, and parties, but I have not heard the *names* of any *odious people* being there; when we meet I will tell you a story I heard, too bad to write, of the wicked goings-on of some of the fashionable *Naughties*, what can I call them else, enough to make one's hair stand on end. How grateful one feels to have nothing to do with them—and two or three other little stories which will make you smile. I hear that Mrs. Fitz—has wished very much to make it up with her sister, but she will not hear of it. I must say I think it a great pity, I hate family feuds. I find that this natural daughter of *Mr. Smith's* is but thirteen years old. Two horrid Radicals are come in for Brighton, how shameful! But all has, thank God, gone off quietly hitherto, and Heaven grant it may *last* as to *quiet*. Lady Maria Conyngham<sup>1</sup> is to marry a Sir Edward Somerville, a most excellent charactered man, not very rich, but I am sure character is far beyond riches: it is a great joy to her father, as he is come to London in very bad health, and it is doubted if he can recover. Now adieu, remember me to your sister and the children, and believe me

Dear Miss Swinburne,

Yours affecately,

ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Harriet Maria Conyngham, daughter of the first Marquess Conyngham, married, 1832, Sir William Meredith Somerville, Bart., afterwards Lord Athlumney, and died 1843.

HOMBURG, *Christmas Day*, 1832.

I would not have teased you so soon with another of my dull Epistles, but that I thought it would please Francis to have an answer<sup>1</sup> which I have just accomplished and a very agreeable way for me to keep my Christmas which has been as lonely as possible, and may be might have made me low, but that I think it is so wicked to be dissatisfied when one has the numerous blessings I enjoy, but the poor dear children are peeling and they have forbid Gustave and Louisa to come near me for the infection is much stronger at that time. I hope you, my dear Miss Swinburne, are better, and that this mild weather does you good. I fear I shall not be able to set off even as soon as I wished, *now* perhaps if you were pretty well we may meet at Frankfurt in a few days. I hope to be out again but I have been very lame; I put myself on the gruel system and with Sir Henry Halford's medicine I am getting easy. I was more delighted than I can say with Francis' letter; how amiable of the Boy! I am very proud of my *conquest*; there is something rather *moving* in thinking that at sixty-two one can gain a *young heart*; parlez moi de cela! I am sorry your Sister has not been well. I trust her spirits improve. I hope I don't plague you too often with my vile scrawls. For I scribble on and don't think of reading over what I write; if I did they never would go. For I just say what I feel and think, never make a compliment and cannot make fine speeches, I could

<sup>1</sup> See the next letter.

as well—*Spit*—which is as necessary quality in this country, and I tell them it is impossible and I must take a Master; now I had rather be spit at than anybody making me a head and shoulders compliment which is detestable and not to be stood. I hate the fallals—and that is nothing but fal-lal—and despicable. I must wish you all a merry Christmas, for that is an English wish. Do tell me who is Lady Gage. Is she widow to the late Lord *Gage*? was she not a Miss Skinner? I am glad of any agreeable new-comers to Darmstadt that you may have some agreeable society. I think nothing so nasty as the sort of thing that C<sup>ss</sup>. G——z has taken up; it is enough to make one sick—how odious she must be. You must rather have been astonished at the Working party *en toilette*.

How it would have delighted me had we been nearer to have had a *Tree* for the young Walkers. But I hope when I return next Summer I may have them all here to enjoy the running about and finding some things to please them. Recall me to your sister most kindly and believe me

Yours aff<sup>ately</sup>,

ELIZA.

[Two of Miss Swinburne's sisters were married to two Mr. Walkers, brothers; the elder Carolina, to Mr. Walker, of Mitchel Grove Sussex; and the younger, Harriet, of whom and of whose children mention is now made, to Mr. John Walker, of Purbrook Park, in Hampshire. They had a large family of nine sons (of whom

eight were now living) and two daughters, the eldest of whom, Charles, referred to later in the letters, was not more than eighteen. At the time of the Landgravine's first acquaintance with the family they were living, and Miss Swinburne with them, at Wiesbaden. On the death, however, of Constance, one of the little girls, they all removed in the winter of 1832 to Darmstadt, where they remained till the end of 1833. Francis, to whom the next letter is addressed was one of the youngest children, born in 1824, and therefore now eight years of age. He died 1898.]

*To Mr. Francis Walker.*

I am so pleased with your letter that I must answer it by return of post, and beg your dear amiable aunt to give this to you. I wish I could make my note as agreeable as yours was to me. But I am an *old woman* and have not been out lately, so can tell you nothing to amuse you.

You ask me if I like Darmstadt? Of all things, but I must not give up Francfort, as that was my first acquaintance and I always prefer my old friends. I wish you had all been near me last night, it would have given me great pleasure to have had Tea for you, and seen you all scramble for your sweetmeats, but may be you may before you leave Germany be nearer me, and then I will manage something for you all if Mr. and Mrs. Walker allow me, for I am very fond of young people, and shall be too happy to act the *old child* upon the occasion. I fear I shall not be able

to get away so soon from home, therefore there may be a chance of our meeting again at Frankfort, when you may tell your Mama she may bring as many of you as she pleases.

I love your aunt very dearly, and was she quite well I would get you to stand my friend, and coax your Mama that I might run away with her again. I hope this wish will not be the cause of my losing your affection, for I assure you I love you and your brothers and sister much.

Now you must let me know what your Mama says. I thank you again for your nice letter, and believe me

Your affectionate  
Old Woman,  
ELIZA.









HOMBURG, *January 6, 1833.*

Don't say your letters are stupid or dull, my dear Miss Swinburne. I like them particularly when you can tell me you are well, which I fear is not quite the case at present. . . . I do not mind cold, and I took my drive with open carriage yesterday, it was quite delightful, and managed a little walk in my garden, it was but a tiny one as my legs stiffened from cold. . . . My plans being changed I hope you will not think me the greatest story-teller that ever existed, for it appears as if I did not know my own mind, or that I enjoyed telling fibs. It was settled for my going on Thursday next, I received a letter from<sup>1</sup> my Brother to say he wished me to put off being there till the seventeenth; so of course as I wished to be agreeable I agreed to this, and now hope that there will be no more disappointments for it is very disagreeable, and *entre nous* my good sisters who know not all the trifles which have prevented my getting off, write provoked with me for staying at home; how easy it is to find fault, but I do not take it ill for they cannot know the worries and small troubles I have had, besides the agonies I have gone through about the children. The Boy is quite well, the eldest Girl was only moved yesterday for the

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cambridge at Hanover.

first time to have her room aired. I believe I am to see Gustave on Thursday but they must be directed by their medical man, and whilst Caroline's skin was coming off the infection was very dangerous. I am rather uncomfortable as most of my things are already gone, and I hardly know where to find the things I wish to have; no matter; and my going to the Garden House I mentioned to you, impossible as the woman's child has died of the scarlet fever which I never knew. . . . How silly is secrecy about such things. I have no fear of infection and always feel so thoroughly under the Guardianship of the Almighty, that I think it would be wicked to fly from any place, yet to act foolishly would be wrong, could I save any one's life I love I would do it but not run into dangers unnecessarily. You may like to know how my party went off on the first—famously! First of all I went in and wished them all joy, and every lady in the room old and young I embraced as is the custom. I put on *grey*, that they might see I wished to avoid the dismals and make all happy. I would have had a ball but the children not well, the rest of the family not coming near me I felt I could better keep up the *ball* of a *Drum* so I had a lottery with fifty prizes which going on all the evening caused a great deal of fun—and laugh—and a supper for 35; some did not come—and that they might enjoy themselves I had a table for eight in the drawing-room. Everybody appeared pleased and I hear they talk of that evening with great pleasure which pleased me; when I return

I will try to do something else, when I hope it may be in the garden or little wood, and you with me, for your presence will delight me much. I really have been provoked at being again stopped, for had I known it before I could have managed; now the place is all in confusion and I have ten thousand things about, for to have time to change some of my furniture into my own house, and pieces of cotton, fringes, and the question whether I am to have fringe or no. You would smile at my entering into all this parish business as I call it, but I have so much to do that, though I trust I shall never do anything dirty. I must be a Mrs. *Watchful*, for remember I have told you en amie what I have done, what I am doing, what I am to do. As the candle must not be burnt at both ends, I take great care no one shall be pinched but myself. I sometimes am nearly black and blue, n'importe if I get through what I think my duty; my conscience is clear, and I bless God for having now taught me *prudence*, and now I am richer from that cause than when I was rich. I thoroughly repent my former *sins*, and trust in God that my carefulness *now* may be the source of washing the *blackamoor white*, for I was a sad spendthrift when young. Oh! that I could recall my fifties, what would I give? but, alas! I can only repent. Tea is come, I will send this tomorrow, Jan. 7. . . . I am called, so adieu.

Yours affly.,

E.

I am ashamed of my writing, my pen is so excessively bad.

HOMBURG, *January* 10, 1833.

In great haste I scrawl a few lines, which I will put into the post at Frankfort, and I will come to our miserable pied-à-terre on Saturday for the purpose of seeing you—it was too tempting to be refused. . . . I quit home honestly with great regret, though I go to a brother I adore. What can I say to you and to your sister about the carpet border. I want words, and I blushed up to my ears. I only wish I had the language I ought to have to say things agreeably, and state with perfect truth that I am all gratitude, and shall be more delighted than I can say with what really to me will be so very useful, and the work of those I know, love, and value is my delight. . . . Will you thank your sister ten thousand thousand times? and with my kind remembrance to her and all her chickens, I remain *warm, sincere, and true* to you.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

[The carpet border mentioned in this letter was a famous piece of work in wools, described as branches with birds upon them on a dark ground. Mrs. Walker accomplished the most artistic and difficult portions herself, and her nine children worked away at the dark ground. When it was finished it was sent to the Landgravine, apparently at Christmas, 1832.]

HOMBURG, *January* 13, 1833.

. . . You never knew such a day as I have had from eleven till *five*. I never was alone and

obliged to hurry on my things for dinner ; since that what I call parish *business*. Bills, dirty small things that must be paid and finished, orders to give, questions to be answered, notes written, the English post going out—it is distraction. . . . I longed to have seen you in comfort, but that could not be, not that I had anything particular to say, but I am much of the princess' mind who says (I forget where I read it), "*Que ce qui se dit à trois est beaucoup plus agréable à deux*," and there is a sincerity and warmth about an English person which, you will allow, is so different on the Continent, that tho' I know the young person with me is good, yet there is much wanting which I cannot describe. I don't mean this ill-naturedly, *God knows*, but I am now speaking à cœur ouvert, as if you were sitting with me. . . . I delight in the thoughts of seeing my dearest Adolphus, but quitting this home always causes me a pang, for my affection for it increases every day—more and more—and by constantly doing something or other it endears it more to me. Everybody wishes me back, which of course pleases me, but don't think it makes me vain. I well know it is more for their advantage, and not for my *sweet self*, but as long as I am useful I am delighted ; that really is a source of Blessing, for it is a joy, and a very great one, trying to make others happy, and now, *God knows*, my happiness is caused by that of others. I have the children well, thank God. . . . Here is a letter of nothing but *me* and *mine* and *home concerns*—things that must be very indifferent to



you and stale ; you have spoilt me so that here am I at my fifth page without speaking of what I fully intended to begin with *immediately* after my anxieties about your own dear good self—which is my lovely border which I have opened, admired, and am more pleased with than I can say. It really is so excessively kind of your sister. What can I say ? I am a most horrid hand at making a speech, but assure your sister that she has a *stamp* receipt of gratitude on my heart, and that no one will prize it more than me. I hope she will see it herself nicely arranged and put down on high days and holydays in my room, for I think it the prettiest thing I ever saw. . . . I think I shall not put any name to my letters, that I may write anything, and you may pop them into the fire when read. That word means *read* to show I can *spell*, but I am running on as fast as I can, as I have so many things to wind up. *A last day is a troubled one.* But now I must say adieu. Believe me ever, with my compliments and thanks to your sister, and everything kind to the children.

Yours affectionately,

YOU KNOW WHO./

HANOVER, *January* 26, 1833.

Here I am ! after a most prosperous journey, and arrived here on the 17th at half-past eight in the evening, fully intending to give you some signs of life sooner than I have been able to do ; till now I have been in a perpetual whirl, and was it not for my dearest and valuable Adolphus,

I will whisper to you that at moments my heart turns to my beloved home, particularly when I feel my dear Louisa Swinburne within call. I arrived Thursday; the next day there was a party at Countess Steinberg's. By the by, I do not believe she is a Countess. No matter, I was there. Saturday, a small party at Adolphus', with music. Sunday I was desired to have a drawing-room; think of that; I had it in the evening, and had an assembly afterwards. Monday, a party at Madame de Strahlenheim's, one of the Minister's wives, and very agreeable it was. Tuesday at the palace, which is my brother's *house*, not, however, the King's palace, that is not finished, where there was a *thé dansant*. The room where I found myself was so *hot* that I was *half dead*. Never went near the dancing-room, and was not sorry when eleven o'clock came, to make my escape. The next day I stayed at home, I was so fatigued, just to recover myself, and had a party of two gentlemen and a lady to make up my party at whist. Thursday, in the evening, an assembly at Count Hardenberg's, and a supper admirably managed at small tables; he all civility and attention, never off his feet, and a wonderful man at near 80; he was a very handsome man in his day, and on *n'oublie pas cela*, so thinks he has the right of courting and flirting as formerly; of course that amuses many, and he certainly is an agreeable, pleasant man; all like him, and his absence is a constant source of amusement, for he does the oddest things possible. Yesterday I

drove out for the first time in my drowska, dined at the Duchess of Cambridge's, my brother being gone a-shooting; they went to the play, all the society with her. I came home and had my whist table *quietly* chez moi. To-day we are to have a Man (a Swede, I believe, who the Duchess kindly protects from his very distressed situation); he is, I believe, a gentleman, and penniless, so he reads lectures once a week—and many subscribe—upon the French literature; it takes an hour; he has already gone through the ancient part, and now is *coming* on *gently* to the literature of the present times; they wished me to be one of them, and He reads *here* for the first time to-day. I believe he has between twenty and thirty subscribers. I have been arranging the room, as I was told it was managed at Cambridge House. . . . Now you have my *confession* of all *my doings and goings on* barring morning visits, which I cordially detest, unless from those I love very much, otherwise my morning is *my delight* to myself. . . . I have been reading a book which my dearest sister<sup>1</sup> May sent me, which is lovely, and I shall read it again, and think with pleasure of lending it to you, called "Dunallen," or *know what you judge*; it is a *sterling worth* book, very interesting, and shows one the great advantages of a thoroughly good religious mind—God grant it may be much read, yet I fear many may think it too serious.

<sup>1</sup> Mary, fourth daughter of George III., born 1776, married, 1816, her cousin the Duke of Gloucester, grandson of George II. (he died 1834), and died 1857. They left no children.

I own it was a calm to me, and a book which has done me good. Considering how harrassed I am, you will allow I have written enough. Recall me to your sister and the children, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,  
E.

HANOVER, *February 7, 1833.*

Your letter arrived this morning which will prove to you, my dear Miss Swinburne, you were *perfectly* wrong in not writing to me, for I like to hear from you, and as for Darmstadt and its concerns I do not care whether you talk to me about the people, the great, the small, all indifferent, but yourself, your sister and her chickens delight me, for though I am now in the great world and amusing myself very well, my own friends and my own *haunts* touch my heart, whereas all I do just takes up my time, entertains me, and is gone; the concerns of those I like, and I do both like and love you, is constant food for my mind, therefore no more excuses, I will hear of none. . . .

That horrid wretch whom we have talked over, and I will not name, has *not been asked* to the *great house*; by mistake once at a great party they *appeared*, but the lady of the house never spoke to her nor the master either—they went away with great *theatrical éclat*, furious, but don't know it from me—I believe the whole breed is as bad as *possible*. I have, thank God, never been intimate with any, but have known many are worse than the others, and I find all are aware of

the infamous and dirty conduct of this vile wretch—pardon me for writing thus *savagely*, but of all sins the greatest sin in my eyes is making mischief between man and wife; I really think it *infernal*. Now I have done, and you may say, “she is writing in a rage.” It is very true, for nothing irritates me *so*. Pray make your mind easy, and also Francis’; there is not an idea of my going to England, for as things are I am much better away; good, I can do none, and all that is going on so affects my feelings so that I might unintentionally sport sentiments which would be very highly improper, and as I never wish to growl I keep that when alone to myself; then I do growl, and I wish it was to some purpose, but I am no politician, I hate the whole trade,<sup>1</sup> and feel I am fitter for my own quiet and contented little home than the higher walks of life. I like to watch my poor, my gardens, my cowes [more], than all these weighty matters which are far beyond my extreme weak understanding, and though very happy with my dearest brother, who is adored, I look forward with no small degree of pleasure to seeing you in comfort and showing you the beauties of my home. The castle will be in grand *déshabillé*, and I hope before I get home the roof will be now doing and all my works in train.

To-night I am going to a grand *thé dancant*, and shall *show finery* with jewels and blondes. I

<sup>1</sup> Allusion probably to the position of parties in the new House of Commons. The first Reformed Parliament met in January, when the Reformers were 486 and the Tories 172 in number.

never take off my black excepting for a birthday, then I wear white as my grand dress, and grey for the smaller days when colours are expected. I wish no one to act like me, but I will not listen to any change, and at 62 one is more respectable always being simple and well dressed, than in spending hours dressing in colours. I took a drive to-day to get some air, for the great heat of the rooms kill me and I require bracing. I try to be quiet of a morning but do not always succeed, for there are still so many who wish me to see them and I am a bad hand at the little syllable *No* ; this has been a busy day and I have been obliged to write so much for the English post. . . . Recall me to your sister and her lovely family, and tell Francis that he need not be frightened at losing me ; nothing would entice me to England unless one of my sisters were ill, and Mary, thank God, is better.

HANOVER, *March* 1, 1833.

I have been too long without writing to you, dear Miss Swinburne, but had you any idea of the racketing life I am leading, you would be indulgent and say that I am not to blame. Since I had the pleasure of hearing from you I have been to thés dançants, assemblies, concerts, masquerades, never more amused than with the last, though the heat sometimes nearly overpowered me, but not at the masquerade which was given on Adolphus' birthday by the Duchess. Nothing ever succeeded better ; I only wish you could have been there. Adolphus' birthday being on the Sunday, he would

not as an Englishman have a ball at his house though he does not scruple to go to other houses, in which I think [him] quite right, so we had a great dinner at his house on the Sunday for the Duke William of Brunswick ;<sup>1</sup> they then all went to the theatre, which I was obliged to excuse myself from on account of the next day ; so I went home. Then they had a prologue in honour of the day, done with great taste, feeling, and affection, which no one deserves more than my excellent brother. Monday there was a dinner chez moi of near 30 ; it put me into a fever, but it went off well ; they quitted me at seven, when all the ladies flew home to dress ; this was a business on such a day for being the day on which the Queen's birthday is celebrated in town, we had double duties to perform ; off I set *accomplished* at half-past eight, and went in *without* seeing what I was desired not to look at. In a short time we got to the great room full of company ; 480 there, about 190 excuses. After the common civilities we found ourselves *all* placed within a chord, which proved something was coming ; we heard a fife and a drum. First arrived a company, or rather a guard of honour, dressed in the time of George II., all gentlemen, admirable, followed by a woman belonging to the camp, a gentleman who acted it to perfection, also a fruit woman who was also a gentleman of the Court

<sup>1</sup> Duke William Augustus II., son of Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at Quatre Bras. On the expulsion of his elder brother in 1831 he became Duke in his place. He was born in 1806 and died 1884, when that branch of the Brunswick family became extinct.

about 6 feet and a half high ; they were followed by two men in black which in former days were called knights to proclaim the Fair, all the amusement booths, etc., etc. ; instantly after began the procession by Augusta of Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> dressed as a fine lady at the beginning of the 17th century, with her cousin,<sup>2</sup> Prince William of Hesse-Cassel's son in a pink velvet dressed coat, bag, wig, and sword, and then the peasants, Louisa of Hesse very pretty as a Danish peasant, the little Augusta of Hesse as a Hessian broom girl, then the fine quadrille, magnificent Russians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Turks, Polish, German, followed by two Chinese, a woman and a mandarin, with their servant, a poppet show, a quack doctor, Indians, ten, five pair, Greeks, Turks, harlequin and columbine, the father, and two Pierrots, then again peasants, Dutchwomen, Swiss, Italians, etc., etc. They then begged the Duke to come to the fair, which was very pretty, booths in quantities, with ladies and gentlemen all in character, musicians, Tyroleans, Chinese shop, fortune tellers ; the shops, what with taste and management, were well stocked with things, and all got some very pretty little remembrance—ribbons, gloves, perfumes, fruit, etc., and the Chinese shop was attended by a very rich lady, who gave us really some beautiful little things. After walking round the fair we had a little panto-

<sup>1</sup> The eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, afterwards Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She was now ten years old.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Cambridge was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel (see pedigree of the Hesse-Cassels).



mime ; harlequin and columbine danced very well, so did the Pierrots and the old man also as well as possible ; we had Spanish songs, Tyroleans—the latter sang for ever and were most obliging I assure you. I at first believed them for Tyroleans, and the Spanish pair sang to perfection ; my dear little Augusta's minuet de la cour—perfection, with an air and a grace which one seldom sees in so young a child. She acted her part capitally. We then had a good deal of fun from the quack doctor. We then returned to the great ballroom where the fine quadrille was danced ; perfectly beautiful ; the stage dancing master had given himself great trouble and it answered perfectly. When all the shows were thought to be over there appeared all the court cards, exquisitely done by four ladies appearing as the kings, four gentlemen the queens, the most laughable thing I ever saw. A Jew absolutely delightful, and he and the soldier woman kept up their characters the whole night, never forgot themselves for a moment and the clock struck four before we parted. I was not the least tired, and came away so amused that I shall never forget it, everybody pleased and delighted, it was impossible to be otherwise, not a rub the whole of the day. . . . Captain Stevens appeared as a fiddler of the fair, *excellent*. Last night as I promised to go I did to the Grand Ecuyer, a very pretty party, and thé dançant and a very pretty supper, all well managed, but the heat so intense I thought I could not have stayed—it was dreadful and I came home quite in a lack-a-daisy state absolutely subdued, so relaxed

that I was good for *nothing* to-day ; as it has rained I have only been to dine with my brother and sister-in-law, and when she went to the theatre I came home and mean to get cool all the evening to recover—MY UNDERSTANDING, which is rather in a bad way. Now, God bless you, remember me to your sister and the dear children.

Yours affectionately,

E.

HANOVER, *March* 15, 1833.

Till to-day I could not answer though I have been in possession of your dear, good-natured letter, dear Miss Swinburne, these three days. I am going on turning on the wheel of the great world, and amuse myself very well by taking a little care of a morning not to overdo myself, so that with a little rouge and a little dress, I still may make my appearance, and if I was fool enough to believe the common run of people, who think that a poor Princess is only to be flattered when seen, I would tell you that I am still from all accounts a *fine old lady*. My looking-glass tells me at times another *tale*, and I say to you with truth that no one enjoys more their old age than me, and am convinced that I have been a much happier being since the spring and summer of life are over—so many things I do and can do without hearing anything unpleasant. I manage my whist party every evening—lose constantly—that I do *not care about*. I do not lose enough to injure myself, though I do not disown it is sometimes tiresome to sit for two or three

hours having thirteen bad cards in one's hand. It must change sometime or other, at least it is to be hoped . . .

Last night we spent our evening at Count Hardenberg's, there was a *thé dançant*, it was not very *full*, so not so hot, which was all the better for me. To-day I dine at my brother's and return to my own home afterwards, for my sister-in-law's passion is the theatre. The passages are long, the staircases bad, so I do not like to venture; besides so very cold that unless one goes in packed up, there is no standing it, and I hate the weight of cloaks and clogs, tippets and all the etc., etc., of female dress; but I have such a Tippet for night *now* which my excellent sister Augusta gave me, which I often think with your delicate *chest* would save you many a cold. I look like a *bear* in it, but what signifies *looks* when health is in question? My brother-in-law<sup>1</sup> writes me word that he has seen you, which I am glad of, for I think you will suit him, as he is as fond of Italy as you are, and I love him dearly; he is excellent and always the same to me. He has great good sense and judgement, and does what he can for his *little* country—a great deal of information and great taste; I love him sincerely, and should be a monster did I not, for he has never varied towards me, and since I am a widow, he has

<sup>1</sup> Louis, the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, who succeeded in 1829 the Landgrave Frederick, husband of the Princess Elizabeth, and reigned till 1839. He married Auguste-Amélie, daughter of Auguste-Frédéric, Duke of Nassau, but left no children.

been all that is kind. He is much attached to the great Duke of Hesse,<sup>1</sup> who is an excellent good man. I hope Francis' ball went off well and that he danced a great deal.

I have been [obliged] to keep at home till dinner-time to-day ; I have had such a headache at times I am nearly blind with it.

I had a letter from London the other day which mentions Lady Haggerston being come to London more beautiful than ever quite astonishing. Mrs. Fitzherbert was expected in London, but not yet come ; she is very much better. I must now hastily end this very stupid epistle. for I must lay down. Recall me to your kind sister, and believe me Yours affectionately,

E.

HANOVER, *April* 21, 1833.

You have kept me in suspense, I own, for some time, my dear Miss Swinburne, and I really was uneasy by your extreme long fit of taciturnity that you was again ill or swallowed up in the sands of Darmstadt. Thank God you complain of nothing, so hope you and all belonging to you are well. Your account of the charms of the town you are in is not enviable. I hope the wedding, the fêtes, the grand doings will do much for it. . . . The Queen of Bavaria<sup>2</sup> is to

<sup>1</sup> Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt (for connection of houses of Hesse-Darmstadt, Hesse-Cassel, and Hesse-Homburg, see p. 94). He reigned from 1830 to 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Thérèse Charlotte Louise, daughter of Frédéric, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg ; born, 1792 ; married, 1810, Louis I., the second King of Bavaria ; and died 1854. The mother of this King of Bavaria was a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

be at Aschaffenburg next month and pass the summer there; whether I shall manage to see her or not I cannot say, for it must depend upon this vagabond tribe which are so busy at present, and which, thank God, have been stopped in their wickedness time enough to prevent the mischief they intended, but if they do appear again, which many think they will do, then I shall remain here—for being out of their power I do not see why I should frighten myself for nothing.<sup>1</sup> . . . How happy your poor sister must

<sup>1</sup> A spirit of rebellion existed throughout the whole of Germany at this period. The Revolution in France of 1830 which caused the abdication of Charles X. and placed Louis Philippe on the throne, substituted the Tricolour for the White Flag of France, and was in many ways a victory for liberal ideas. The movement now spread to Germany. A series of petty and isolated revolutions took place in almost every state in which the people endeavoured to force their Princes to grant concessions and constitutional reforms. Metternich, becoming alarmed, caused the most repressive measures to be adopted by the Diet at Frankfort. All political meetings and associations were forbidden, and no German books printed abroad were allowed to enter the country. The Universities were to be controlled by the police, and the Press was silenced. All representative bodies were to be subject to the authority of the Princes, and a refusal to pay taxes was declared an act of rebellion to be punished by the armed intervention of the Central powers. The want of union among the various sets of revolutionists prevented their being strong enough to resist the decrees, and the liberal movement in Germany was effectually suppressed for the time. In the early part of this year a conspiracy had been set on foot in Homburg, headed by a Dr. Breidenstein, in connection with a plot at Frankfort, where certain Revolutionists, relying on help promised from France and other quarters, rose in that town on the 3rd of April and seized some soldiers and a guard-house. Prince Ferdinand, the youngest of the Homburg brothers, who had gone to the theatre at Frankfort that evening, found himself in the midst of the mob and only got back to Homburg with great difficulty, the principal exits from the town being occupied by the armed

be in seeing her son,<sup>1</sup> the midshipman—he must be an amusement to you, as an English sailor is always a great delight. . . . I keep regularly to my whist tables, which goes on regularly unless I find out some one rather wishes to keep away, then I take out my *hook* and go on hooking all the evening—don't read *crook* and fancy I am walking like a shepherdess in the gardens of Herrenhausen.

Next Tuesday the Queen's birthday<sup>2</sup> is to be kept, and we are to have a grand evening drawing-room, when we shall all aspire to be smarter than smart. I am always so quiet in my appearance that I pass unnoticed, which at my age is a blessing. I have good accounts of all my family from England. Mary, who you know has been so long an invalid, assures me she is gaining ground—but I fear this dreadful influenza is very severely in London. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland and twenty people in their house are ill, and sixteen in Lord Londonderry's; the medical men nearly run off their legs. Nothing at all amusing going on, but they think now it will begin. The drawing-room was to be last Tuesday, but the King and Queen were to return on the Friday to the country. Politics I know nothing of, and they are so disagreeable that I never ask any questions, for I always hated them and more than ever *now*,

rebels. Eventually Prussian troops were marched into Frankfurt and order was soon restored.

<sup>1</sup> The third son, Henry.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV.

for all appears melancholy, and this rioting at Frankfort has caused me a great deal of worry. . . . I hear Mrs. Fitzherbert means to sell her house in town if she can, and reside entirely at Brighton; she has been in an hotel. I think now I have given you all my news, and for fear you should say I am tiresome, you shall be quit of me. Remember me to your sister, and your nephew, and your niece, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E.

HANOVER, *May* 15, 1833.

Time flies in such a manner here one hardly begins before all is at an end. Yesterday my wish was to write to you; impossible. I smile much at the thoughts of your having it in your power to claim a place at the Darmstadt Court as *Patience* teacher to the Great Duke.<sup>1</sup> I can see your face of fun when the chamberlain came to request an audience—when the cards were produced.

I gave a thé last Sunday at Herrenhausen. . . . Invited many children to amuse Augusta. We began with *civilties*, tea cakes, ice, music, pretty speeches, sitting, standing, walking; the two last I did not do much of, and when they grew tired of playing I took them into the house and set

<sup>1</sup> (See p. 95.) The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Louis II., succeeded his father Louis I. in 1830, and reigned till 1848. Louis I. had joined the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806, and had obtained from Napoleon the title of Grand Duke instead of Landgrave.

them a-dancing—then came the young grown-up people, which enchanted the little ones, for they felt they were enjoying a grown-up ball. . . . I stayed till the last to do the civil thing, and returned by starlight in the most delightful manner, being in the droska, the heavens brilliant beyond words, and everybody appearing pleased with the day—the quantities of lovely little creatures I had to dance and run about enchanted me. I only wish that your nephew and niece could have joined us. . . .

You never saw so magnificent a sight as I saw of work last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at the exhibition for the bazaar in London, in favour of the distressed Germans and other foreigners of character. The funds were diminishing, and the Queen wrote over to desire everybody would work—your sister would have been wild. I thought of her there, and not only there for I always use her pretty bag—but really it was a sight, seven hundred and thirty articles, amongst which are three large carpets, the finest things I ever saw; one from Hanover, Staade, and Emden; they are the most *lovely things* I ever did see. They have sent off seven large *packages to the King*, for the expense would have been too great of entry, therefore the King graciously allowed the things to be sent under his address—as it really is for a charity. Even *poor I* made some very paltry little things—I blushed at seeing my trash among so much beauty; but the carpets! oh! the carpets it was a subject for—— I am so dull and so stupid that I shall, out of charity,



say adieu to you, and beg you to recall me to your sister and the children, and believe me ever,

Yours affectionately,  
ELIZA

HOMBURG, *August 8, 1833.*

. . . . I cannot bear the thoughts of your going to Brussels, yet not surprised that your brother-in-law wishes to quit that sandy, hot Darmstadt, *now*; it must be lonely enough at this moment.<sup>1</sup>

My little wood has been in beauty, but alas, my roses are gone, and the extreme dry weather has made everything droop and look out of *spirits* like the times which are privately bad enough; we must pray to God to support us all, and through his mercy to keep us up; without that protection poor dear old England must *fall*, but I won't croak now. Any day next week you would like to meet me at Frankfort I will go in with delight to fetch you. . . .

I will give you an account of all my journey when we meet. I have made a very interesting one, and yet have failed in my grand wish of seeing Leipsig.

I shall have much to show you here, my china closet has answered famously in the little wood, and *peu à peu* I hope to make the house pretty, which is now ready to receive furniture.

This house has been as full as an egg;

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Walker and her family left Darmstadt for Brussels towards the end of this year.

## PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND 191

Prince William of Prussia,<sup>1</sup> Marianne and three of their children; my sister-in-law of Dessau, Louisa's mother,<sup>2</sup> Philip from Gratz,<sup>3</sup> and all my brothers have been united; the party breaks up to-morrow—the Prussians for their own place in Silesia; Philip for the bathes, who is delightful so a monstrous loss; the others remain as usual at home, and my sister of Dessau stays sometime longer here. . . . Quite at the end of the year I return to Hanover for the loneliness of this place obliges me to fly to where I can meet with society, and there I have plenty. . . . I have flown away to scrawl this to you to prove that I am the same to you, which I trust in God you will ever find me; remember me to your sister, and all her flock, and believe me ever the same.

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *September 23, 1833.*

✓ You were very good in writing to me, my dear Francis, when I was so unwell; thank

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William Charles, younger brother of Frederick William III., fifth King of Prussia, who was father of the late Emperor William I., born 1783, married 1804 Marianne (born 1785, died 1845), sister of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and died in 1851. Their children were Adalbert, born 1811, Prince Waldemar, Maria Elizabeth, and Frederica born 1825. Miss Knight says of this Princess "she was very handsome, and had a fine figure with great dignity of manners. I believe she was well-informed and patronised literature at Berlin."

<sup>2</sup> Frederick, Hereditary Prince of Anhalt and Dessau, born 1769, married Princess Amelia of Hesse-Homburg (see p. 132).

<sup>3</sup> Her brother-in-law who succeeded Landgrave Louis in 1839, born 1779. He marriedmorganatically the widow of Baron Schimmelpfennig, and left no heir.

God I am recovered and have been out to-day with your dear Aunt ; who I am very sorry to lose so soon ; she promises to write when at Brussels so I hope often to hear of you all ; for believe [me], absence will make no alteration in regard to my feelings towards your Aunt, and Mama to whom I beg my best love, as also to your nice sister.<sup>1</sup>

Notwithstanding your good heart you would not have helpt laughing at me when my face

<sup>1</sup> The only surviving daughter Harriet, who contributes the following recollection of the visit to the Landgravine mentioned in this letter :—

“Sometime in the summer of 1833 I remember going with my mother and two of my brothers to spend the day at Homburg with my aunt, Miss Louisa Swinburne, who was then staying at the Castle. I was then about ten years old. We were living at Darmstadt, and drove from there to Frankfort, where the Landgravine's carriage met us and took us to Homburg. We were taken up to my Aunt's room, and whilst there some one knocked at the door, which being opened the Landgravine, a very fat old lady, dressed in black, appeared with her apron full of toys and presents for us ; we were brought forward to thank her, and after some conversation with my mother, the Princess told her the Landgrave hoped she and her sister would dine with him ; we children were to dine with Miss Stein, the lady-in-waiting, in Miss Swinburne's sitting-room. After our dinner, one of the A.D.C.'s came to say we were to go upstairs to the Landgrave. There were a great many people sitting at dinner, and we were given fruit and bonbons. Later in the day the Landgravine took my mother out driving, and I went with them which I did not much care for as I wanted to stay and play with my brothers in the garden. After driving all through the grounds, crossing a good many little streams with rustic bridges, we all met at a summer house in an island where the Princess gave us tea. She poured her own tea into the saucer to drink it, and as we children laughed at this she laughed too and said she was like an old English washerwoman. We returned to Frankfort in her carriage, where my father's carriage met us and drove us back late home to Darmstadt.”

was as big as two; I had one eye, no nose, and a mouth which was completely awry; so that I could not help, at seeing myself in the looking-glass, notwithstanding the pain I was in, laughing at seeing such a monster. If you wish to see the sight, take a gourd, look well which way to turn it; cut out one eye, a crooked mouth, and no nose, you will have it to perfection, and carry it into the room to your brothers and sister and say, "Here is the Landgravine when she had a swelled face." I wish I could have amused you more the day you came, I was so much obliged to Mrs. Walker for bringing you; had we had more time I would have shown you my other garden which is your dear Aunt's pet; it is grown a great favourite; we past through it to-day, and it looked very pretty but I was afraid to stay too long, tho' my garden is my great pride.

I think you will like Brussels, yet hope your Papa may find it too hot in the summer which may bring him again this way when I hope to see you all, to run away again with your aunt.

Now adieu, don't forget me, and believe me faithfully

Your friend,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *October 6, 1833.*

. . . Louis upon seeing my lovely marble books flew out "*D'où avez vous cela? Où est ce que vous l'avez trouvé, savez vous bien ce sont de choses de grand valeur, etc., etc.*" He then struck out into your praise and said all that was most

satisfactory to hear, also concerning your sister. Louisa came in and followed, and Gustave also who was [*word illegible*] with your kind and soothing manner towards his wife. Since you have left me I have gone on going out daily, walking, sitting, driving, and have enjoyed my fine weather much. My little wood and garden are still in great beauty. . . . On Thursday last, I went out of charity to see the Princess of Nassau, to my surprise the old man<sup>1</sup> was at Rumpenheim with his physician who never leaves him, which is wise; he dined there, and did not come in till near five looking *sadly*, complaining much, and then forgetting himself, but certainly altered since I have seen him, but one forgives everything at his age but his temper at times melancholy, the princess is perfect. I sat and admired her for he is enough to distract one. I came away at seven, was at home before nine and read till supper. I am now reading Sir Horace Mann's collection of Walpole's letters, edited by Lord Dover,<sup>2</sup> it amuses me because I have heard so much of all he mentions, but to young people it must be tiresome. . . . God bless you, believe me, far or near, ever the same.

E.

<sup>1</sup> The Landgraf Friedrich (see note p. 149). He married Caroline, Princess of Nassau-Usingen, but she had died in 1823. The Princess of Nassau was his sister-in-law and lived at Frankfort. He was born in 1747 and was therefore 86 years of age at this time. He died in 1837.

<sup>2</sup> George Agar-Ellis, only son of Viscount Clifden, created Lord Dover in 1831. He died at the early age of 33. He was one of the founders of the National Gallery in 1824.

HOMBURG, *October* 11, 1833.

On Monday last, my dear love, after my letter was gone I received your nice pretty bonbonnière, bonbons, the purse for my little Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> and your dear warm-hearted letter. I fully intended thanking you on Thursday but was prevented by my brother Ernest<sup>2</sup> and the Dss., with our angelic and interesting George arriving on Wednesday. I have been waiting a *summons* from Monday last. I was sent for on Wednesday and went to *our* quarters, where I had had adieu of you, which I felt as deeply as you would do, and I am turning and twisting in my brains how I may manage to see you when I return here. You really have been such a comfort to me I cannot say; was I to permit my pen to run on you might think I flatter but hope you know me well enough *now* to be sure that is not my character. . . .

The Duchess was in bed with the headache, quite knocked up with the journey. They go on if possible to-morrow. I wish to be friendly and kind but not to push, so I don't worry them of a morning which is better for all parties, and the quiet early keeps me happy and well. The fine weather I regret to lose, but they are astonished at my doing what I do. I fly about like a

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of her brother-in-law Gustavus.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of King George III., born 1771, on the death of King William IV., in 1837 became King of Hanover. He married in 1815 Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died 1841. They left an only child George. The King died in 1851.

girl, which proves that the spirit is willing and that my legs are better; as a proof I walked up five high bad staircases yesterday. . . .

Ernest told me he had seen Mrs. Fitzherbert who had had a fall in the bath and hurt herself, which I was very sorry to hear—he thinks her *altered*, that vexed me also. . . .

*October 13th.*

I could not write yesterday for I was hurried out of my senses. . . .

George of Cumberland<sup>1</sup> is the most interesting creature I ever saw, never did I exert more not to show what I felt at our first meeting, for to see that lovely creature led about is not to be told—his good humour, his sweet way of expressing himself, his gratitude for every kindness is not to be expressed—but he certainly sees nothing, such a *real dear* as he is, it is enough to break one's heart, God grant that the pleasant journey may be blessed with success, as he is to be placed under the care of Dr. Giesse (?) who so wonderfully performed the operation on Ernest; still it strikes me from all I hear that this is a different case, and there is more to fear than to hope, but this is for yourself. I doubt not that this

<sup>1</sup> Born in 1819—he was blind and never recovered his sight. Married, 1843, Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg. He became on the death of his father in 1851 the second King of Hanover. In 1866, however, Hanover, having allied itself with Austria, was seized by Prussia and has since remained part of the Prussian territories. He died in 1878, leaving three children, Ernest the present Duke of Cumberland, Princess Frederica married to the Duke von Pawell Rammingen, and Princess Mary.

surgeon will do his best, but I am most miserable about the boy, for though lovely, he appears so fragile. His growth is tremendous, his thinness extreme—of course I made no remarks; his spirits are surprising, and the amiability of his character lovable past expression; every attention is shown him and his pleasure in conversing with me and laughing was quite gratifying, for the only thing is to make him forget himself. Ernest will return to England in Feb., and then they remain on, for it will take months before the doctors dare venture the operation, so I understand . . .

Do not let Francis forget me.

HOMBURG, *November 25*, 1833.

The delight of your kind letter, my dearest Miss Swinburne, I received yesterday evening; in justice to Mr. Cartwright I must say what comes for me remains in his house till my messenger goes, and he brought me also yesterday the most magnificent collection of *geraniums*, all in health and *still damp*, they were planted directly, and I have not at all a fear of their not succeeding; never was anything so well packed, so famously managed in every way—I was delighted. I went on Wednesday to Frankfort to see George of Cambridge<sup>1</sup> and his aunt of Nassau, found the old gentleman<sup>2</sup> very happy

<sup>1</sup> The present Duke of Cambridge, born 1819, succeeded his father as second Duke in 1850.

<sup>2</sup> The old Landgraf Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, father of the Duchess of Cambridge (see note, p. 149).



with his grandson, who is very much improved, much taller, very cheerful, extremely manly, civil, obliging, in short quite a *dear*. Yesterday they came over here and the old Landgrave, who I certainly never thought to see here again, he really was wonderful, came before half-past one and stayed till five. The Princess did not come, and I am sure she now and then wants a quiet day, for he scolds her all the time he sits with her, and she bears it with such kindness that it is quite an example. I rejoice you like Brussels. I certainly *did* like it much and am rejoiced you have found friends, for then every place is agreeable.

. . . *Monday* . . .

Oh, that you could see the beauty of my greenhouse, it is quite perfect and I am not a little proud of it, and all my things are getting on. Finishing, as a painter says, the last *touches*, by the time you come again you will see much done, at least I hope so, for though I proceed slowly I work for them as an *ant*. I shall only buy materials in the year 1834 to work hard 1835. . . . There is great satisfaction in feeling one is useful, at least to me it has ever been my ambition, and I have reason, and greater reason than any one, to bless God for all his mercies. . . .

You know I care little about politics and never meddle with them, all my good wishes my country has from the bottom of my heart, and all that I think hurts *it* is a *crève-cœur* to my feelings. I wish England always to be great and show itself above every other country, but I don't



[illegible]

think that extreme love of it which I *have* and *must ever feel* is felt as in former times—parties there *must be* and why they cannot go on hand in hand is to me, who never quarrel, incomprehensible. God grant these sentiments may spring up again, and there is a sound sense in John Bull which makes me hope they may all return to their senses. . . . You will say my letter is like an old memorandum book, odds and ends, but I am so often prevented going on that I lose the thread of my thoughts. I flew down to visit the geraniums, they were lovely, quite fresh, and I in ecstasies and all thankfulness which I hope you will say. . . .

. . . She is a very amiable person, and has none of that flirting manner which you saw so well performed when you were here—and which I honestly confess I fear will end ill, for the imprudence of both is much too bad—and I heard a person *say* the other day when the lady's manner was disapproved of *here*, "Lord bless you, that was perfect, indeed perfection to what we constantly witness"; it is melancholy to see a very young person so throw themselves away when they have so good a husband, but as she certainly has natural cleverness, tho' little manner, she managed to meet me as I was driving, with her husband, walking most soberly and properly; I could not help smiling.

Yesterday evening my table which you are acquainted with broke down from the folly of the man who made it, and broke ever so many things. I could have cried for I like my things to go on

as usual, so I was obliged to change it that it may be well mended. My carpets are all down, so I look very tidy. Your sister's lovely border is admired by every one, and by none more than *me*. It is a great comfort to me and I take a great deal of care of it. My pictures of my Landgrave and my brother are up which is a great happiness to me, and the one I had in the room with the Landgrave is placed in my bedchamber. All the family disliked it. I did not, for it was as he was at last, but people in general love the beau-idéale, which I detest, I like things as they are, and people I love is themselves, and to make me a young face when youth is gone by is the height of folly—the one I now have has his air, but not quite his good, amiable, warm-hearted countenance which I shall never see again. Yet I am satisfied with what I have. I find that all went off quietly, but yesterday all the taylor apprentices struck; it was occasioned by their having a sort of meeting place where these young men used to go after they had finished their work. The masters suspected that they worked for themselves there which proved the *fact*, so they complained, the boys revolted and struck to the number of 600 for they would have higher wages. They united on the Römer, the people of Frankfurt feared a row and they ordered them out of the town, so where they are gone no one knows.

Gustave is in great distress as the man who makes for him has lost forty workmen. Eighty people have been taken up at Bergen; a man who bought the old castle was the instigator, and

worked them up to attack the house where they pay the value of their things; he was seen to follow them, and when they were surrounded and taken they then told this man, "You was with them and you will share the same fate," he was so alarmed that he flew home and ran away and they say gone to Strasbourg; all this is unpleasant but all is perfectly quiet. . . .

Believe me ever,

Your affectionately,

E.

HOMBOURG, *November 8, 1833.*

Whilst I am waiting for my drawing master, I will continue to you, and give you what I promised you, a detail of my goings-on. I blush to think how often I am late of a morning, which is not like me, but my poor legs require time. First I read my serious readings, then write and do what business I must do, and of late I have had a good deal of what I call parish business, settling work for the poor and trying to content them if that be possible. The goodness of Louis is great, for he seconds me and has had two rooms done at his own expense, left enough for warming them all day from eight in the morning till eight at night, and all have come forward to give them warm substantial soup for to assist them twice a day, and there they may sit the whole day with their work till they go to bed. I am trying to give so many beds a year, it cannot be in quantities for all my proceedings go slowly, but then they go sure, but they are to be marked

with my name so never to be sold or pawned. In short we are all trying to be useful and do our duty. Then comes all that must be ordered for the winter, that all the people may have enough to keep them during my absence. . . .

The library is almost finished, and it was to have been so before I came from Hanover, and if it is so before I get there, it is all ; never was I more plagued, for my wish had been to deliver the key myself to Louis before he quitted us, but it was impossible.

Möller I am expecting to make contracts and give orders for all the necessary things for the roof, the materials are to be placed safe in the court ready for 1835 when we shall make a show.

My house in the garden I am making very nice and comfortable, the prints are hung and I am now finishing the last touches to my room at the cottage, placing brackets for china which dresses it, and makes it look gayer. Sometimes the Gustaves come in, that is a sort of sugar-plums, as it is not daily ; he sits and talks very comfortably, she sits saying all the time, "I am in the way, I see you are busy," but that is nonsense.<sup>1</sup> I have seen the children about three times since you left me, and I never now ask for it is very silly, as they both know nothing makes me so happy. When the employments are over which

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Louisa, wife of Prince Gustavus, was very deaf, and the Landgravine, perhaps, did not make sufficient allowance for her infirmity. Miss Knight says of her, "She appeared to be gentle and pleasing, but, unfortunately, very deaf. She mixed little in general society, being unwilling, as she said, to give trouble." (See p. 132.)

I have named I take up a book, and the days now being short, my book comes in with the candles, which are so bad that they nearly blind me. The clergyman, Müller, comes to talk German with me for an hour after dinner, and when he goes I employ myself till Stein comes to tea; that finished, I read and work till eleven. My bathes are just over, they have done me good, and now I have taken up my drawing and am painting fruit with success. . . . I have promised Louis to put up some shelters(?) in the great wood which has pleased him exceedingly, and I hope to surprise him by doing up one room at a time which with prudence I can manage. I must send you a conundrum which your sister will guess directly but which amused me much, "What is it that gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays a physician?"

Lady Ellenborough<sup>1</sup> is at Frankfort, I hear, at present, with her father. A gentleman who saw her there told me he never was so shocked at meeting her. He does not know her to speak to but by sight, and he informed me she dresses like a woman of the town, such quantities of colours and feathers quite to call attention. The father does not appear pleased with her, but he knows neither. . . .

The great Duke of Hesse has dissolved the States most suddenly, and has shown great firm-

<sup>1</sup> Jane, daughter of Rear-Admiral Henry Digby, married the 2nd Baron Ellenborough, Governor-General of India, as his second wife. She was divorced for misconduct with Prince Schwartzberg by Act of Parliament in 1830. After a very dubious career in Europe, she married a Bedouin Sheikh, and lived in the desert near Damascus.



ness which has pleased everybody, they richly deserved it, and it was so well done that it came like thunder upon them, they are quite discomposed.<sup>1</sup> Recall me to your sister and the children and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E.

HOMBOURG, *November 15*, 1833.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to serve you, my dear Mrs. Walker, and I will do all and everything to prove by my actions that my professions are not mere words, only I must ask you first whether your son wishes to be in the *Cavalry* or the *Foot*; then I must explain that all young men who enter at *first* have nothing and work themselves up; he will be a *cadet*, and if they find he has talent he will become an officer; it entirely depends upon himself. Let me have a line to tell me if I am to say Cavalry or Infantry, and I will instantly write to Philip;<sup>2</sup> and as your son has past through Sandhurst, I doubt not that he will get forward soon; and if he does, I need not say what real pleasure it will be to me to think I have been of the least service to you.

I was at Frankfort yesterday to take leave of the Stevenses, who return to Hanover tomorrow. She is remarkably well, in high spirits, and her children lovely.

I find that Lord and Lady Arrundel do not mean to pass the winter at Frankfort, as they

<sup>1</sup> See Note, p. 186.

<sup>2</sup> The Landgravine's brother-in-law, he succeeded the Landgrave Louis in 1839. For this Prince's distinguished military career see p. 80.

had intended. I have never seen them; they talk of returning to Italy.

I wish you could see the *beauty* of *your carpet*, which is down in my first room; it is the admiration of all that see it, and do the man justice who made it up; he has managed to pull it quite straight. You have no idea how pretty it is with a very handsome dark centre, it sets it off much. I am very busy at different works at present, and employ my time extremely well, I *hope*, and have taken up my painting with great zeal.

Pray give my kind love to dear Louisa, all inquire after Her, as she gained all hearts *here*.

This is rather a dull day, but it is always sunshine within doors if one tries to make it so, and having a good deal to do, I never mind being at home.

Recall me to your children, and assure Francis he is not forgotten by

Your sincere friend,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *November 26, 1833.*

MY DEAR MRS. WALKER,—You would have had an immediate answer from me, but I have thought the best thing I could do for you was to get every information concerning your son's entering the Austrian service, and I sent for Herrmann, the late Landgrave's<sup>1</sup> aide-de-camp, who has all these things, as we vulgarly say, at his fingers' ends; and I will now set myself down

<sup>1</sup> The Landgravine's husband, the Landgrave Frederick, who died in 1829.

to write all that is necessary, that you may know to a penny the expense, and to my English understanding I do think it very reasonable. You must remember that I copy it exactly as the Conditions are made for a *German*, and to these conditions he must bow. Some things an Englishman may do without, as, for instance, his asking his sovereign's leave to go into the service; that, I believe, is *not* necessary; however, I copy it all, that you may thoroughly understand it.

*Conditions for a young Cadette who wishes to enter into the Austrian Service.*

1. A good Figure and good Health.
2. Good attestations of having learnt what will be useful for his advancement.
3. That he is of no secret association or society of any kind.
4. The Permission of his Sovereign to enter the Austrian Service.

5. A certificate of his Baptism.

6. To be paid on entering the service for his equip-

ment ... ..	80 florins	49†
In addition for one year's advance ... ..	120	„
For his first <i>best</i> equip-ment ... ..	83	„ 20†
For his journey from one place to another when there ... ..	200	„
Total ... ..	484	„ 9†

7. For linnen, at least half a dozen *of each sort*.

8. He is not allowed to wear a *civilian* coat whilst with the Regiment.

9. If he does not behave well he will not advance, and he may be sent back to his Parents.

The Equipment in becoming a *Huzzar* or *Ullan* officer will, *in time*, be much more expensive than in the *German Cavalry* in *Austria*.

I ought to have added after the expenses, which are computed at 484 florins, 9 creutzers, that if the parents want to act generously by the young man, they should add two or three *solid dollars a month*. The money is always paid to the *Cashier* of the Regiment, as the young person receives it from him, and the Parents are secure of his not fooling it away. Remember this money is not in paper, but what they call *schwer Geld*.

I have desired Hermann to get him into the German Cavalry, for otherwise he must learn the Hungarian language. If I have done wrong I beg pardon. Your son may manage as he pleases, if he behaves well, makes friends, and does his duty.

I fear this will all be very tiresome to you, but it was wiser you should know everything.

How sorry I am that your dear sister is unwell; the weather has been extremely against all invalids. I shall write to her in a few days, but I have been obliged to write so much for your son, and another young man I have to get forward.

Let me tell you that your sister<sup>1</sup> and her

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Walker, of Mitchelgrove.

daughter have been at the Pavillion.<sup>1</sup> The girl was much admired ; my sister Augusta saw her a day or two after ; she says she thought Mrs. Walker less nervous than last year, and your niece a charming creature. I cannot say the satisfaction it gave me.

My love to your sister Louisa, to the children, particularly Francis. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *December 3, 1833.*

. . . I did a very silly thing last Friday, went into Frankfort upon business, found every shop in the place locked up, so was obliged to remain at our quarters till we went to the good Princess of Nassau's to dinner ; just before I came the old gentleman<sup>2</sup> had had a tumble which frightened her to death ; however it did him no harm but bruised his shoulder—whilst at tea he was put into great good humour by the news coming of the Duchess of Cambridge being in bed safe with a daughter<sup>3</sup> (which I wished a son), but no matter as *she* and the child are quite well—God grant it may prove a blessing [to] them both ; they have my hearty good wishes and prayers.

*December 4, 1833.*

Thank God my dearest Adolphus' mind is at ease about the Duchess of Cambridge ; she has

<sup>1</sup> King William the Fourth's residence at Brighton.

<sup>2</sup> The old Landgrave Frederick (see note p. 149).

<sup>3</sup> Princess Mary born Nov. 27, 1833 ; married 1866 to the Duke of Teck, and died in 1897.

given him another little girl and quite well. She was woefully alarmed about herself which affected him, as he adores her, to a degree that almost made him ill—but now, thank heaven, they assure me he is much better.

I have written to Philip to prepare him for my young *protégé* which you may tell your sister, and have proposed, not to draw on too much expense, to place him in the German cavalry, for otherwise he must learn the Hungarian language, which would add to his difficulties; in short I will do all I can to serve *your* sister's *child*. . . . Believe me, with great truth, ever

Yours affectionately,  
E..

HOMBURG, *December* 14, 1833.

Some days have I been intending to write to you, dear Mrs. Walker, but fortunately I have not done so, as I had the pleasure of seeing your son<sup>1</sup> quite well at Francfort. I hope that all may turn out as well as the commencement, for after receiving your letter, I sent for my Landgrave's aid de camp, a very good-natured man, and made him promise me to see your son, get acquainted with him, so that there might be no delay when Philip's answer arrived; in short, all that I could do I have done to forward the young man's wishes, but I promised Hermann to explain to you that all the officers who came into the service are called *Cadets*, and have four kreutzers a day like a common soldier, without the four hundred

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Walker's eldest son, Charles.

florins, and the addition I mentioned you must give your son, must go on from the moment he is placed till he advances, so that Mr. Koch told me yesterday it might cost Mr. Walker between sixty and seventy pounds a year, but that is *all*. I hope now that this matter is quite clear. Hermann went to Mr. Koch's to enquire about him and whilst talking he arrived—then Hermann came on to me to say he was at Frankfort, and Mr. Koch would bring him. I saw him for a moment late, being beyond what I can tell you hurried, as I am to be off to Hanover on Thursday, so as busy as a bee from morning till night. I do not doubt that your son will do perfectly well; his manner was very civil and very pretty towards me, for he thanked me with so much modesty that I was much pleased; the room was so dark, having only two candles, that I could scarcely see him, and I was obliged to dismiss both him and Monsieur Koch very soon, as I had people on business waiting for me.

I was rejoiced to hear you are well and your sister better, but by a letter she has written to Stein I find that she is not as well as I wish her; I will, if possible, write to her also to thank her for a most delightful pair of shoes which I shall certainly travel in, and the rusks which quite did me good the sight of.

I am sorry that you have taken a house for three years,<sup>1</sup> that I dread will keep you from this part of the world. I have been very busy finishing a great many things, for having painted

<sup>1</sup> At Brussels.

with great zeal I have finished a plateau which has turned out very pretty, and I hope to continue my works when at Hanover, for the pleasure I have experienced at never having an idle moment is not to be told. I have also read much every evening to Stein after tea till bedtime, that keeps me from work, but that I go on with if any one comes in. I am ashamed to send you such a scrawl. My present hurry must be my excuse. I felt most obliged to you for your kind and affectionate letter.

Believe me, with kind love to your sister in case I have not time to write, and to your children,

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZA.

HANOVER, *December 28*, 1833.

. . . I arrived yesterday (I mean on Saturday) quite well after a long journey, four days three nights on the road, and was in high force ; my quiet life suited me I fear better than my bustling one, for I am a little fagged, but say nothing about it—it will all do in a few days. I found everything as it *should be* here ; the Duchess well, thank God, with the finest baby you ever saw, and the image of George at his age. All the rest of the chickens equally so, my Brother not so well as I *wish*, but thankful that the Duchess who he adores is so well, and her prudence, courage, and good sense have gained her *great credit* ; and she appears comfortably happy and full of my brother's amiable and devoted attachment and affection for her. She is not out yet, and very wisely keeps



quiet a fortnight longer though perfectly well. Adolphus is a great deal better ; it has been a sort of confined gout which has attacked the nerves, but he is better, and I hope shortly to see him well. I have been to one small party since I have been here, the Rooms so hot they knocked me up, and I did not feel so strong as I wished—and the having been up every morning before six o'clock did not agree with me, for quiet in a morning I must have. I now see many people all day which must soon be over ; till then I cannot settle, which is necessary for my *peace*, and I have gone on so well for a long time and so well employed, that I rather regret my present worldyness.

I shall not see the Duchess to-day ; she is to receive the ladies, and unfortunately has the headache, and I beg her never to mind me, and she is quite right in taking care. She has a parrot which is so fond of her, which she has been obliged to put out of her room ; she had it brought back the other day, and it talked so to make itself agreeable that I was sure she must send it again away, and so it proved ; for she could not stand it—no, never did I hear anything so ridiculous, so worrying, or so tiresome for a length of time, and she said, “ *Cela m’attaque les nerfs,*” and well might it, but it is all out of affection, and I shall never forget it.

Gustavus has desired Hermann to go to Mr. Koch and advise that your nephew should learn to ride at the Austrian Riding School, which will be of great benefit to him, and have a sergeant

to make him hold himself up—all this will be of service to him, and I hope your sister and Mr. Walker will approve. I have found a young Mr. Jerningham here, the son of the late William Jerningham, who was in the Austrian service. He is a fine young man. I shall hear everything regarding your nephew from Hermann, who will often visit him ; I gave him particular orders to see after him, that I might be sure that all was going on as *you wished*.

Your shoes have not only been of use to me, but to my sister-in-law, to whom I have left them ; she could not have seen her baby without them, for she must cross the passage, and she was pining to see her child, and they would not let her as they feared cold. I sent for my shoes and she has the *loan* of them till after she has been out. Baby was unwell, and dared not leave its room, and the doctor said with those shoes she might now walk about the parquet floors ; she was in raptures with them and felt the comfort of them.

We had the trees for the children, beautiful sight, and they happy beyond measure ; it was a pleasure to see them. The Duchess came into the room, then sat with us till near nine, and retired saying she would take her soup, and very judiciously did not return.

I hope you saw the eclipse, it was *magnificent* not total, as I was told, but striking as anything in Nature is and makes those who think right look up to the Almighty with gratitude and wonder at all his works. . . .

Conceive of the alarm at the great ball at Hatfield by Lady C. G. and M. B. in waltzing coming *bump* on poor Dowager Lady Salisbury,<sup>1</sup> knocking her down. She was taken up senseless, and did not revive till after she was bled—it was a most dreadful business—she is going on well, but such a fright to all her family and at her age a great shake I should fear. Now adieu.

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Amelia, daughter of the first Marquess of Downshire and wife of the 7th Earl and 1st Marquis of Salisbury. She recovered from this accident, but only to end her life by a death still more tragic. She was burnt to death with the west wing of Hatfield House, two years later. November 27, 1835.





HANOVER, *January* 10, 1834.

You will think me very lazy in writing, it has not been my fault, as I had little to relate to you, dear Miss Swinburne, but now I hope to make my letters more palatable. . . .

Of late I have been very gay for one, going to parties every evening, which were given me expressly to show that they were glad I was returned here; which was very amiable. And one of the prettiest was given me by the Stephens'; it was capitally done, and she did the honours uncommonly well, and pleased *all* there. I really felt quite happy that it went off so well.

She certainly is better, but must be careful of this winter; the winter, as yet, we have had none. She never appeared till Thursday, at the christening of my pretty little niece, who was christened by the names of Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> but is to be called by the *two first*. I held the dear child for the dear Queen and myself. I never saw a finer sight. The Duchess of Cambridge sat in a beautiful dress, which Adolphus gave her from Paris, white crape and blonde over pink; she looked very well, everybody else in Court dresses, having on manteaux, lappets, jewels, gold, silver, etc., etc., etc. I performed my part I was assured

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Duchess of Teck.

very well, it made me rather nervous I must confess, and the *heat* beyond all description; however, when the ceremony was over, and the Ladies, Gentlemen, Ministers, and the States had gone by the Duchess to make their compliments, and we were to quit the room, I managed to glide out into a cool corner to recover myself a little. The Duchess went walking about talking to every one, and did it all famously. At ten we took leave, and I followed the Duchess into her private room, staid a little to talk over the event of the evening; and when I had seen her comfortably sitting by her fire, which I was flying from, I wished them *good-night*.

I was proud of my nephew George<sup>1</sup> who is much improved in every way, and *Gussy*<sup>2</sup> is quite a dear; looked very well in white with blue ribands, and behaved very well. I never saw my sister-in-law look to such advantage as the evening of the christening, you have no idea of the magnificence of the whole. I was as much amused as if I had been *Minette à la Cour*; for I am so out of the way of grand doings, that I am as much delighted as a baby.

The child's dress amused me so — a drap d'argent, all tied *with pink* bows, and an enormous long train of the same, all trimmed with fine Brussels lace; two cushions of the same, so think what a weight to carry.

<sup>1</sup> The present Duke of Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> The eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, afterwards Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at this time 12 years of age.

She behaved so well; had cried herself to sleep before, and looked so innocent and pretty. I was delighted with her; [the] poor little soul started so when she was christened, and Mrs. Wood assured the Duchess that the cold water had refreshed her in that *hot House*, for I really believe Greens would have shot up in the room. Never was I more happy when all was *over*.

She has continued quite well, and her mother has been walking out to-day. I have also had my drive, and hope if the weather allows to follow it up, but that must depend on many things.

I hope you are now entering into the amusements of Brussels and enjoy yourself. This evening I have Madame de Wagenheim to sit with me, as Stein is asked out, and I rejoice to have her to myself, she is a very delightful person. Her health is very delicate, and she must be careful, as last year she near died. Pymont set her quite up, and she is much better, and I hope will go again this year.

Now I must tell you I have had an excellent account of your nephew from Francfort. Gustavus has advised his learning to ride and march with the Austrians, which will do him a great deal of good, and set him up. L. (my Brother Philip's former aid de camp) is most kind about him, and to please Gustave at times goes to see him perform. I hope your sister and Mrs. Walker *will approve*, for I have done all I can to recommend him, and all are pleased with his progress. This account I had from Hermann,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Landgrave's A.D.C.



who says he is quite interested about him, which delights me, as I feel he will get acquainted with the Austrians, which will be pleasant to him. Louis is still at Luxembourg, but expected for a short time at Home, and then I conclude will go to Berlin for some months ; the King of Prussia<sup>1</sup> always likes having him.

Notwithstanding the hurry I live in, I get on with my drawing, for Stephens is so good-natured, and draws so beautifully, that I am copying from him ; he has given me three *lovely ones*, and I have been copying them, and he proves there is nothing so fascinating as one's pencil, and I hope to make some progress from having him near me.

As you are all so good about my sweet George of Cumberland,<sup>2</sup> that you will be glad to hear his general health has been better, poor fellow ; he has been very dangerously ill since he was at Berlin, but is now better ; the eyes fortunately have not suffered from this severe attack ; still, I fear, that in regard to them we must only hope and wait patiently ; many think very ill of the case ; others think it may do. The best thing is to place one's confidence in God, who does all for the best, and with his heavenly temper I am confident he will humbly submit to whatever is his fate.

Ernest has been exceedingly ill at Berlin, is now recovered, and has either already quitted

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William III, fifth King of Prussia, and father of the Emperor William I., born 1770, died 1840.

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 196.

the Duchess, or upon the point of doing so for England.

In England all were well ; my sister Augusta <sup>1</sup> better but not strong ; dearest Mary <sup>2</sup> much the better for Brighton, owns she is a different creature, and remains there till the 4th of Feb., when she joins the Duke for the season in London. Marriages I hear of none just now. Mrs. George Lamb's death was sudden, nearly, and the Chancellor has lost his brother.<sup>3</sup> Many very unwell, particularly old people.

The Dowager Lady Salisbury has most wonderfully recovered the dreadful accident she had at Hatfield the night of the ball,<sup>4</sup> when two walzers knocked her down ; she was taken up for dead, but was recovered by bleeding ; her face was dreadfully hurt, but she is now quite recovered, and able to go on as usual, tho' all think weaker in her limbs.

News I know none, for we are all very anxious to learn what the congress will propose and settle for us little people ; <sup>5</sup> being no politician it

<sup>1</sup> Second daughter of George III., born 1768, and died the same year as the Landgravine Elizabeth, in 1840.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Gloucester, the fourth daughter of George III. ; born 1776, died 1857. She married her cousin, son of the 1st Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III.

<sup>3</sup> James Brougham, M.P., younger brother of Lord Brougham and Vaux, Lord Chancellor 1830-34, died Dec. 24, 1833.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 214 and note.

<sup>5</sup> In September, 1833, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Prussia met at Münchengrätz, in Bohemia, and a league was formed to resist the liberal spirit now prevalent in France and England ; and subsequently a conference was held at Vienna, under the Presidency of Metternich, when the repressive measures mentioned above (See p. 186 note) were adopted.

sits lightly upon me, and I keep so much to myself, that I do no harm to any one. I am a peaceable body and love being quiet. I hope I have made up for my silence by this long letter, and that you will believe me with my best regards to your sister and her family,

Yours affly.,

ELIZABETH. /

HANOVER, *January 23, 1834.*

I begin to answer you directly, my dear and kind Miss Swinburne, as I am at home and dine quietly with Stein,<sup>1</sup> as we have a *Thé* dançant at Cambridge House, the first grand thing given since her confinement.

Of late my time has been a good deal taken up with poor Stein, who has very unexpectedly lost her father, I cannot say suddenly, but she knew nothing of his illness till just before, at least two days before. I had to break his death to her; she has borne it better than I expected, but sadly afflicted, yet reasonable and submissive to the will of God; it has dreadfully affected her, still she does what she can to overcome what cannot be forgotten, and never did I see her so tranquil. As she has not appeared, which is very natural, when I am obliged to go to parties the Duchess of Cambridge lends me one of her ladies, otherwise I want none. Had I been at home she must have gone, here it was impossible, and really it was the mercy of God towards her; she never could have stood the scene, and she fairly

<sup>1</sup> The Landgravine's lady-in-waiting.

owns she has been spared much, for she is sensible she would have been to be missed, and that would have increased her mother's agony; by the good sense of her *little* brother Francis he had prepared her so well that she was expecting the worst when I came into the room, but I continued to talk the matter over, till she said, "I am confident by this time he is no more," and that allowed me to tell it her. In a few days she will begin coming into small societies, and she commands herself well enough. We are now growing gay, at least for *me*, very much so; we had a very pretty thé dançant Monday last at Minister Strahlenheim's; everybody was *there*, it was enormously hot, almost death to me, but I got into a small room away from the crowd, and made my party, being the first party the Duchess of Cambridge had appeared at since her confinement; she and my brother went away early, I stayed out of civility, and was rewarded by the room getting cooler, and the music so beautiful that I staid till half-past one o'clock, enjoyed the cotillion as if I was dancing, and came home quite fresh and well, and able to go out the next evening to a small party at Cambridge House; to-night it will be later, I shall stay to the end if not too hot.

The christening was a very fine thing, everybody well dressed, and the Duchess never looked better, she was in half dress, still very fine. The baby is a *great dear*, thrives well, and appears to grow every time I see it; for she sleeps a great deal so that she is not always *visible*; they are

highly pleased with her, and she is a constant source of amusement to her mother. Not being used to such young children she is too anxious about it.

Matilda is miserable about your beautiful hair ; she only hopes you will take care to use *Bark Pomatum*, which they say is the best thing—it must be used at night and brushed out of a morning ; you must rub it to the skin of the Head. I must now say adieu as I am going to stick myself in all my finery to cut a grand dash, which is likely at nearly sixty-four—what an old fool ! and yet it amuses me, tho' it does not make me vain. How much jewels attract and are admired. You are all goodness about me, remember my happiness is being *useful*, and as long as I can do that I wish to live.

Remember me to your sister, and

Believe me,

Yours aff<sup>n</sup>

ELIZABETH.

*February 23, 1834.*

. . . The Carnival at Berlin and Munich has been extremely gay ; here, less so, tho' they say there have been two great masquerades in the town, which would have passed unknown to me but that the carriages were going all night.

To-morrow we are to have a great Fête, given by the Duchess of Cambridge to my Brother, being his Birthday. She has asked five hundred people—in which she is perfectly right, for it pleases all ; as I can say with truth my brother

is adored. They dine with *me*, which saves their servants all the evening, and I am to have twenty-four at table.

I am glad that you are feeling yourself more at home ; that is a comfort to me.

The concerts everywhere I think dull, and never go to one, but of late I have gone to the operas at the theatre, which have amused me much ; it is generally over by nine or a little after, so it suits me, and those evenings I have retired early, which recovers me.

Stein now goes out, tho' she has never appeared in a Ball-room since. She will to-morrow. She was most severely afflicted, and since her sister has been dangerously ill which caused her much anxiety, she is now convalescent. I do not think she would have stood the blow had she been present, so it is a great mercy that she was here ; she has found many most kind and feeling friends, who have shown her great attention, and tried in every way to soothe her, but her great support and consolation she has found in the only true comfort for the afflicted, her religious principles. We talk little upon the subject—for I always fear her growing too severe, whereas I feel the blessing that " Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Leniency is constantly required—and to govern oneself the *first thing* ; if we attended more to our own faults we should be happier and spare our neighbours—for they are often ill-judged by not trying to place oneself in their situation. I do not mean to say all this with a view of being praised or writing to you a

sermon, who are always good-natured. Now God bless you, if I write too often say so, I shall not take it ill. Tell Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald how grieved I am she is unwell, and with my kind love to your sister, not forgetting my *Beau* Francis.

I remain,  
Yours affly.,  
E.

HANOVER, *March 8, 1834.*

My second letter to you I find you have not received before yours came off, first I must say how shocked I was at poor Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald's death, how dreadful to those that are left is sudden death! it may be a blessing to the deceased, but I always do think of it with horror.

Lady Charlotte was excellent, good, kind, and fit for such an end, but who dares think they are fit for such an end, not me; I wish for time and own to you I wish it may be far distant—for whilst I can be of use and able to assist I should be grieved to quit them whilst I know they want me.

Now to *business*—I sent off Herrmann's paper for the Boy, and do hope he may turn out well; all I wish is that Mr. Walker may send him as fast as he can, giving him some *wholesome advice*. Pray don't think that I am angry with your Nephew, for young men will do a thousand silly wild things, which are nothing, and which by and bye they will themselves see the extreme folly

of; and therefore I merely wrote to you what I was desired, and what was said; but I firmly believe that the Clergyman was in fault; the love of drinking is the ruling passion with those sort of people in Germany—but, allowance made, *abominable* to accuse your Nephew unjustly. . . .

You need have no fear of my not working for I am always too happy to have you in my *debt*, which you are *one* letter now, for I still think you have not got mine.

I have had a great dinner to-day, and go out to a party this evening, not a large one, and another to-morrow—so you see I am very alert, am to be at a Ball Tuesday; and Tuesday se'n-night, as people say it is "dull," I mean to give a Dance, and my doing it has been taken remarkably well, and all very obliging about it.

I went to see the Exhibition of Pictures last week; half killed myself with walking at the top of the House to see them; when there I was much pleased; they shine in Landscape painting; many were buying but I have too large a family and too much building about to run mad about pictures. I have taught myself to *see* everything with pleasure and without envy. I am drawing a great deal under Capt. Stephen's kind and indulgent eye; he is all good-nature and she is wonderfully well for her, occasionally comes out, and even dances, which she delights in. I wish you had seen her in the tableaux, how very handsome she looked; but Countess——was of all those I saw the most perfect as St. Elizabeth, never can I describe it—her piety,



beauty, grace, dignity,—I was quite wild, it was something I had never seen before and shall never see again, for it was quite celestial.

The Count and her are going for some months to Vienna. I am sorry for it, for they are *delightful people*. They dine with me to-day.

I hear that the weather at Francfort is so mild, and the sun so warm that the Ladies walk with umbrellas.

There is going to be an English play acted at the Cartwrights ; there are so many English that it will be well got up. They have chosen "The Rivals." The Great Duchess Hereditary of Hesse<sup>1</sup> had the permission of her *Confessor* to dance three weeks in Lent, which was very sensible of him, and she greatly enjoyed herself ; they were all delighted with her, and the Hereditary Gt. Duke appears as I hear the happiest of the happy.

If I can find a good opportunity I will soon send you a book which has been brought forward for *charity*, otherwise it would never have appeared. The progress of Genius, an invention of mine, it has turned out very well and I am in hopes it will serve my purpose, if so I shall be most thankful to the Almighty. I will certainly take care of it for you, for I think you will like it. They say the German poetry is beautiful, of that I am no judge, tho' I have taken great pains to

<sup>1</sup> Princess Mathilde, daughter of King Louis of Bavaria, b. 1813. She married in 1833 the Hereditary Grand Duke Louis, afterwards Grand Duke Louis III., of Hesse-Darmstadt.

*toil* at understanding it.<sup>1</sup> The young person that undertook it has done it with real delicacy and taste. I am now busy in trying to get some old prints of this place, which is so interesting to me.

<sup>1</sup> (For former publications of the Princess see p. 19.) This was a series of twenty prints from the originals of the Princess, representing Imagination, Fancy, and Genius, with a sonnet in German and an introduction in English introducing each picture, the verses being the work of Minna Witte. It was entitled *Genius, Imagination, Phantasie*. "Ein Cyclus von zwanzig Bildern nach Entwürfen Ihrer Königlichen Hoheit der Frau Landgräfin von Hessen-Homburg, gebornen Prinzessin von England, gezeichnet von I. H. Ramberg, mit erklärenden Sonetten von Minna Witte." It is dedicated to the Duke of Cambridge, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece: "Zum Besten der Armen, Hannover, 1834. *Genius, Imagination, Phantasie*. Ein Bilder = und Sonetten = Kranz. Digno Gubernaculum Sr. Königlichen Hoheit Dem Herzoge von Cambridge Vice-König von Hannover-Unterthänigst Gewidmet."

"MY BELOVED BROTHER,—The following work is dedicated to you by your Permission by Mademoiselle Minna Witte, who most kindly has made the sonnets to each print from the original, which was (tho' intended for both our adored Parents) dedicated to our invaluable Mother. Wishing to be of some trifling use to the Town of Hanover, the native land of our family, I took courage to employ Mr. Ramberg (who travelled under the auspices of our Father) to exert his wonderful genius in improving what was originally done merely for the amusement of the moment.

"It will give me the greatest pleasure if this work should turn out of use to a Town I so much love, and where you and *all* have shown me such proofs of kindness, and without compliment your own manner of acting has served me as an example to throw in my *Widow's mite* into the general *Poor Box*.

"I remain, my dearest Brother,

"Your most affectionate Sister,

"ELIZA,

"*The Dowager Landgravine of Hesse,*  
"*born Princess of England.*

"HANOVER, June 18, 1833."

I hope soon that the weather will soon settle, and that I may be able to walk a little. I tried the other day, it went off pretty well.

You will I hope say on seeing the length of this epistle that I am not faithless to you.

What will become of poor Lady W. now? I did not know that she was friends with poor Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald; her good sense would steady her for a while, but I fear as you say her Head is not a steady one; she certainly has good points, and very good-natured when she likes you. I have not seen her I think these twenty years, and what she intends to do is I suppose very uncertain. She talked of going to Italy but that I conclude is put off till the autumn. I fear she and her sister have not met as Lady M. is in Scotland. Now God bless you. I beg you to remember me to Mrs. Walker, and

Believe me,

Yrs. affly,  
E.

*March 21, 1834, HANOVER.*

To-day is a very busy day with me, as I am to give a Thé dançant this evening, so to keep myself quiet and to put me in good humour I take up my stupid pen to thank you for your last, and to assure you and your Sister that I am not at all angry with Charles, and am willing to say all Boys will get into scrapes and by a little proper remonstrance all may be got the better of. He is not the first nor will he be the last to get into a scrape, and now the frolic is over I hope all will

be forgotten, and by being under severe discipline for some time he may turn out all that your hearts can wish—so you will not find me very severe. I am delighted that he has got his cadetship, and trust he will be very happy, as you say he really is at heart a soldier.

Poor dear Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald's death shocked me much; I loved her late sister Lady Ailesbury dearly, and I know so much of Lady Charlotte who she doated upon, and looked upon quite like her child, that I can not tell you how it astonished me, only thinking her unwell; but a complaint of the heart is too sad to think of, it always ends suddenly, and from unfortunate experience I know too well invariably does.

He feels it much, I hope he does for she was all attention and kindness to him.

Lady Hastings séjour I fear, for you, will not now be long. What will Lady Westmoreland do? Will she remain at Brussels, or go on to Italy? . . . How she will manage in returning to Rome I don't know, for I hear that there are two parties, exactly Whigs and Tories, one headed by the Marchioness of Anglesey, the other by the Countess of Coventry; this was told me the other day. . . .

I am trying to stretch this house by taking out the comforts, but leaving a row of small chairs round the *rooms*, ornamenting my rooms with fine flowers and doing all I possibly can to make it pretty, convenient, and nice; it will sound nothing to your english ears, for you are so used to Crowds; but I am to have near three hundred

people in the Salle, where they are to dance, and four small rooms. I wished to give up my bed-chamber, but the rooms were so very cold below, I dare not venture it; however, I hope it will do very well; still I am anxious about it, for at Home and here are two things; here I must courtesy, be civil, pray, ask, admire, and say all that can be said, for the trouble I give at home I going on ordering and bustling my own way; and so there is a difference, and had I not had Hof Marschall, etc., etc., to do with, tho' he is all goodness and excellence to me, I could have made the whole prettier—for I love dressing a Ball Room, I must own, and making it as gay as possible.

This Thé is given to my nephew, George of Cambridge, who quits us soon for England—it is his last ball here.

We don't talk of his departure, for it is a great trial to his Mother; but he does so well in England that those that love him must own the King and Queen's education is perfect for him.

My letters from England contain no news at all; thank God, my sister Mary is improving rapidly, and Augusta is now well; she goes into the country as a visitor to the Castle on Monday next for a fortnight.

Now God bless you, remember me to your Sister—and believe me ever

Yours affly.,  
E.

HANOVER, *April* 2, 1834.

I owe you a letter, which I have done for some time most unwillingly, dear Miss Swinburne ; but the last week has been taken up in writing volumes to England by George of Cambridge, who left Hanover this morning for England. You may suppose what a trial it has been to the Duchess ; she is not quite well, so of course it goes the harder ; still between friends he is so well off under our most perfect Queen's protection and care that he is a most fortunate boy ; and as they have now another *baby* which is of all the pretty children you ever saw the prettiest, she will serve with Gussy as their balm.

The weather is beautiful to-day, but I have such a headache that I must keep quiet, 'till I go to dinner at Adolphus' which I would not miss for the world.

I must say you are, as well as your sister, the best and kindest people I ever knew ; to think how I have been forced to plague *you*, and how very friendly and kind you have taken it. God knows it was not my fault for it made me miserable, but I am quite sure all will go on well now. I have just placed another young man, and now am working for a third, so that my pen has been hard worked of late.

The last week being Holy week we have all been very quiet, and very glad was I to have Mr. Wood here who gave us the Sacrament—I think we appeared twenty there on Good Friday—on which day I like to take it.

Mrs. Stephens has a sad cold, only in her head,

but I have not seen her, she must be careful. She was much affected by poor Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald's death, who was one of her oldest friends, so that kept her at home some days, and then she caught cold and has not been able to stir.

This week I suppose we shall have nothing grand, as the Dss. of Cambridge is not stout, and now out of spirits. On Monday the Cassino open their new Salle, and we are asked to it, I believe it is to be a grand affair.

The Duchess had a little dance on Monday for George but she could not appear, she was so unwell; so I was obliged to come forward and do the honours to assist my Brother. It was so hot that I almost *died* of it, and was obliged to sit some time to get cool before I thought of moving.

They have been giving an English play at the Cartwrights which answered to perfection; they chose the *Rivals*; there were a Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue who did capitally, and it has answered so well that I rather think they will repeat it.

We have lately had very bad weather; at least appropriate for the time of year as to wind and hail, but more like Christmas than Christmas was like itself, for then I had *bunches* of violets from the woods, but now all is pinched and looks not so fresh, tho' the sun is so strong that one hardly knows what to do.

I hear that Lord Stanley's daughter is to marry a Clergyman, and Mrs. Hopwood's Daughter is to marry some Peer, but I forget whom.

I daresay Lady Westmoreland<sup>1</sup> has been affected by the death of Lady Duncannon;<sup>2</sup> what a fatal beginning of a Honeymoon, and how I feel for Lady Kerry. . . .<sup>3</sup>

There is a young Jerningham here who is learning his profession of a soldier with the Grenadier Guards, *beautiful*.

Recall me to your sister. Yours affly.,  
E.

HANOVER, May 1, 1834.

I have a horror of Brussels, and every thought, everybody belonging to it<sup>4</sup>—yourself excepted, whq I wish was nearer to me. I never heard before that making a present from good feelings was a *conspiracy*; <sup>5</sup> we live to learn évery day.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of R. H. Saunders, M.D.; married as his second wife, in 1800, the 10th Earl of Westmorland.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Maria Fane, daughter, by the first wife of the 10th Earl of Westmorland, married the 4th Earl of Bessborough and Lord Duncannon, died on March 19, 1834.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Augusta Ponsonby, daughter of the 4th Earl of Bessborough, married March 18, 1834, the Earl of Kerry, eldest son of the 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne. Lady Westmorland was therefore the stepmother of Lady Duncannon, and Lady Kefry Lady Duncannon's daughter.

<sup>4</sup> In the years immediately preceding 1834 a revolution had taken place in Belgium, by which that country was separated from Holland, and the Orange family expelled from the Belgian throne. The crown was then offered to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the widower of Princess Charlotte, who after some further fighting became King of the Belgians.

<sup>5</sup> A subscription had been got up among the friends of the Prince of Orange to purchase his horses which had been left behind at Brussels, and to send them to him as a present. They were accused by the mob of a conspiracy to restore the Orange family to the throne. A great tumult broke out on the 6th of April, and many houses were sacked and destroyed.



All and every fresh view I hear makes the thing worse and worse, in short perfectly *disgraceful*, and never will I put my foot in that vile, detestable, unmanageable, blackguard country again. I never saw Sir M. Adams in my life, but admire his conduct *much*. People are silly to be imprudent, but in these days of ruin the wisest thing would be to sew up everybody's mouth; and I am obliged to wear an invisible Padlock on mine, that I may be quite sure not to say what would come out like mother's milk, so disgusted am I with the —— never mind what, I won't say a word, it is much too bad.

I am miserable you are there, and only wish I could see you somewhere on the borders of the Rhine where, thank God, we are more quiet. This whole business has made me as billious as a *cat*, and I declared to my friends that I awake every morning in fear of what next I am to learn.

Thank God, in France they have been firm; the business at Lyons frightful,<sup>1</sup> the numbers of killed awful, yet how can one regret those who are against the Law and the Military; many of those gone are infamous, and without justice

<sup>1</sup> The government of Louis Philippe, having a large majority in the Chambers, made use of the opportunity to obtain immense grants of money for building the Arc de L'Etoile in Paris, finishing the Madeleine, and starting the construction of fortifications round Paris. The heavy taxation consequent on this expenditure occasioned great discontent, and insurrections of Republicans under the direction of the Société des droits de l'homme broke out in Paris, St. Etienne, and Lyons. That at Lyons was not put down without much bloodshed. It lasted from the 9th of April till the 14th.

nothing can go on, but nothing to me is half so shockingly disgraceful as the doings at Brussels; it is a blot they never can get over.

I only beg you to remember that you will ever be welcome when you come near me, and that (tho' I shall ever be an enemy to riot and disorder) too happy to have you in my neighbourhood.

I go on Monday for a few days to make a visit to Count and Countess Münster; it is an old promise, and I shall be very glad to take this hop. I return the tenth, and then remain till the second of June, when I leave this dear place for my own beloved home. I wish to see my roses in beauty, which I have not done for two or three years. I talk of Wiesbaden in September, but mean to stay till then quietly at home. I have lost my dear old [*word illegible*] at the Great Wood; she has been getting weaker and weaker. But I heard to-day Colonel Fenner is also dead, and millions of the lower class at Homburg this year; it is very melancholy to think of.

Herrmann has been very ill, but better. They always tell me this place is dull; I cannot agree to it at all, it is the fashion to say so.

I am going to an Assembly at the Grand Veneur, a very wonderful old man, who is past eighty, stone deaf, but delights in seeing people and particularly partial to me, and has asked me over and over again for fear I should forget it.

Remember me to your sister. The Stephenss are very well; she is wonderful; they talk of leaving this next month, quite at the latter end,

and making a Tour; where they intend going afterwards I do not know; he has been all kindness to me, and been a most excellent master.

God bless you, believe me, my dear Louisa,

Yours affly.,

THE ALTE FRAU.

HANOVER, *May* 19, 1834.

"A press of letters and an absence of five days which I passed, at Count and Countess Münster,<sup>1</sup> my dear Louisa, has caused my making you wait for an answer to your last amiable kind letter. I punish myself when I do not write to you, so you need not fear hearing from me, and you will rejoice to know that my little hop to Dembourg enchanted me. I always valued and loved the Münsters, and should be a monster did I not love her as she shewed me a degree of affection when I married, which can never be forgotten.

I went there on this day fortnight and staid with them till the following Saturday, and really was sorry that time had passed away so rapidly. Their place is lovely; it was formerly an old convent, was in perfect ruins, and when the Bishoprick of Hildesheim<sup>2</sup> fell to the King, my late brother, as Prince Regent, gave it and its woods to Count Münster for his services. He has with taste and care managed to make a good House of it; the whole he found absolutely a

<sup>1</sup> Count Münster was the Hanoverian Minister.

<sup>2</sup> The bishopric had been seized by Brunswick and Hanover in 1519. In 1802 it became Prussian; in 1807 it was joined by Napoleon to the kingdom of Westphalia; and in 1815 restored to Hanover.

shell, not one room weather-proof, every window *out*: so out of what was the Chapel he has made the staircase, out of the organ loft he has made a magnificent room which many regret is not on the same floor, but it was impossible, and as long as one has legs and better ones than mine one may go where necessary with the greatest ease. That room is magnificent; well-fitted up and most comfortable, quite an English room. The two first days we dined in it, the fourth they gave a very pretty *déjeuné* to my honour and glory as all the inhabitants of Hildesheim wished to see me; then we dined on the ground floor in three charming rooms, which open into the garden; they danced in the great room and a very pretty sight it was.

I certainly lost no time in seeing things whilst I was there. They have many old legends about this place; that it belonged to some nuns who behaved improperly, so the Pope sent to have them turned out, and it was given to some monks. They say that the last monk walks there still; thank God I never had a visit from him, and Count Münster amused me by telling me that some of the common people had asked him if He had ever seen him; he said he certainly had not, but the two men in armour who stand at the top of the staircase he had been told turned their heads round after nine in the evening, and no one ventures near the staircase after that hour. It amused me to see how easily one may keep away the weak and foolish.

We went over one morning to see Count

Stolberg's fine place, which he came in possession of by marrying in first marriage the heiress of [*word illegible*] family. He has one son by her, who is living, a lovely boy, not tall for his age. By the second wife, a Countess Hompesch, he had eight daughters, the eldest *ten*; the death of one of these girls affected her so severely that she died last year in giving birth to twin girls. I cannot tell you how it struck me when I came into the House seeing these seven motherless children. He is a shy but agreeable man, I like him much. His collection of pictures beautiful.

I fatigued myself a little with seeing so much, but I recovered it after two nights' good rest, when I returned home.

*May 20th.*

I could not end last night, and wish to send this off by the Post to-day, that you may not scold me.

I hear that many of the infamously used families have quitted Brussels, and mean to sell all they have there; they are very wise, but it is melancholy to leave one's native land.

I hear that there are calembourgs without end made. I was told some yesterday which made me laugh.

I am not quite sure when I go away, whether the second or the fourth or fifth, it all depends upon my dearest Adolphus. I want him to make a little Tour of a few days just to recover himself; for the hot weather, much business, and that business always going on, does him no good; a few days' absence will be of use, and I am pre-

vailing upon him to go. Francfort has not been very quiet. God grant that nothing disagreeable may happen; I shall be there as little as possible, for I hate all those skirmishes.

I shall long to learn whether you have good accounts of young Walker. I hope you have.

I have sent off a very delightful lad to Mayence who bears an excellent character.

The Stephens' are quite well, she is looking remarkably so, and appears to enjoy all she does.

I have stuck very steady to my drawing, and done a great many. I think painting and drawing the great rage at present.

My letters tell me from England that Lady Elizabeth Lowther's son who is blind has married a most amiable young woman, with whom he has been acquainted since his infancy. I hear all were pleased with it, for they think that she is a person who will thoroughly do her duty. Lady Elizabeth Lowther is such an amiable woman that I rejoice at anything that gives her pleasure. Lady Westmoreland certainly knows this.

I have very good accounts of my sisters. Mary is very much better and Augusta assures me she has gained strength since she has been in the country, where she remains till the 26th when she goes up to attend the birthday,<sup>1</sup> and the Music Meetings.

Lady Mary Taylor has been so unwell she was obliged to go home, and is gone to Malvern to spend some months there

There is no interesting news whatever about.

<sup>1</sup> King William IV.'s birthday the 21st of August

I hear of nothing but frightful fashions, which I do not care about ; all the[y] wear looks to me like old curtains. I am very glad I have taken the determination of never taking off black. Have you learnt any new works? Your sister I daresay is going on, has she done much for her album?

Now Adieu. I must give you one word. Are the Taylors talking of leaving Brussels? Where do they mean to go?

“ Believe me with kind regards to your sister

Yours affectionately,

E.

[Meanwhile the Landgravine had left Hanover and had been paying her usual visit to King William IV. While at Windsor she was joined by her brother-in-law, the Landgrave Louis, who was received with great honours and attentions. He was given the Order of the Bath, and at the dinner held after the ceremony the Duke of Wellington related the Prince's deeds on the battlefield, and proposed the health of “the brave Prince Louis of Hesse-Homburg.” The Prince, on his side, was much impressed by all he saw and with the Castle, which William IV. told him had been the residence of twenty-four kings.]

HOMBOURG, *July* 16, 1834.

You will be glad, I am vain enough to think, to receive a few lines from me, my dear Louisa, after a silence which is too long to think of.

First, I was better than five weeks confined to

my room, and the greater part to my bed, with a most tremendous cough and various pains and aches, which my excellent good Stucklitz thought very seriously of at first ; but he is now aware that my constitution is a most wonderful one.

I had meant to be here six weeks before the time I arrived—which was a great mortification to me ; it could not be helped. I lost seeing the beauty of my roses, which have been beyond everything this year ; the place is in great beauty, and lovely, I must say. I shall stay here till September, when again I must go to Wiesbaden only for three weeks. I trust you are well and enjoying the fine weather. You know that Lady L——'s daughter, who is to marry a Prince, has been created a Princess by the King of Bavaria ; the marriage is to take place in September ; her father gives her thirty thousand pounds down ; that is to say, twenty on the day of the marriage, ten six months afterwards, and five hundred a year besides for her pin money. She is to live six months with her husband's family and six at Rome with her Father and Mother. Lady L. has given up her large diamond tiara, which is to be set with emeralds which Lady L. has bought for the bride, who is to have necklace, Sévigné, earrings and diadem ; it will be all handsome, but not magnificent, as the emeralds are all small, but the colour *fine* ; all say that the mother is vulgar, but those who have been the people that have forced on the match *do not allow this*, or that young man's a fool, which he is so now. I never open my lips on the subject. . . .



Augusta Hicks<sup>1</sup> is with me at present, and stays till Tuesday, when she returns by water from Mayence. She has been delightful, and knowing the same people from our infancy, conversation never flags; and she will be a great loss when she goes. I hope to see more friends during the summer—I long to see my *House, Lark Palace*, inhabited; I am going to drive over to the great wood where I have accomplished furnishing two rooms, and I do really think that the roof of the House will be begun next year, which is a tremendous piece of work. Will you TRUST ME and buy for me at Brussels a book I wish to have, *Memoires du Comte de Dohna et de Frederick I.*<sup>2</sup> I hear a good account of it, and had not time to read it when at Hanover—I was obliged to send it back to the person who lent it to me; some lady or other may be coming this way who you may entrust with it.

I trust you are all well and happy; I really must give over for they are painting the doorway; *sensible* [*word illegible*] *now* when they might have done it over and over again when I was away, instead of which they are poisoning me *now*; it is too hard.

Remember me kindly to your sister and her children, and will you Believe me

Yours aff.,

E.

<sup>1</sup> Augusta Sophia, daughter of Charles Feilding and granddaughter of the 4th Earl of Denbigh, married 1813 to George Hicks, Esq., who died 1820.

<sup>2</sup> "Mémoires Originaux sur le règne et la cour de Frédéric I., Roi de Prusse," by Count Christoph zu Dohna. Berlin, 1833, 8vo.

HOMBOURG, *August 3, 1834.*

Little have I to relate from hence ; the heat is the constant theme of all conversation, and no soul meets without exclaiming *The heat*, tho' it does not make us cooler. A tremendous thunder-storm has cooled the air this evening, but wishing to be up for a long day to-morrow at Francfort and Rumpenheim, it was as well to save both *Horses* and *myself*, till we were called upon to move.

As a proof I am well I spent Thursday at Darmstadt, nearly died of the extreme weight of the weather ; we were there by half past two in *full dress* and staid till after seven o'clock, and back here, having had tea at Francfort, by half past eleven.

My sister of Dessau <sup>1</sup> went with me, she is here for some weeks. I was as well as her delighted with our reception at Darmstadt, it was all very brilliant as the Dowager Queen of Bavaria<sup>2</sup> is there, and will be more so at present, as yesterday the Great Duchess Dowager of Baden (Stéphanie)<sup>3</sup> arrived with her two daughters, and

<sup>1</sup> Amelia, Princess of Hesse-Homburg.

<sup>2</sup> Frédérique Wilhelmina Caroline, daughter of Charles, Hereditary Prince of Baden, born 1776, married 1797. Maximilian, 7th Elector and 1st King of Bavaria (he died in 1825) and died in 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Stéphanie, daughter of Claude Beauharnais, and niece by marriage of Joséphine, the first wife of Napoleon, born 1789. In 1806 Napoleon adopted her as his daughter, and married her in the same year to Prince Charles of Baden, giving to his grandfather, the reigning Prince, the title of Grand Duke. On the death of the last named, in 1811, Prince Charles succeeded to his grandfather's title and principality. The Grand Duke Charles and Stéphanie had five children, of

to-day the Prince of Vasa and his wife. The Landgrave is gone there also to-day to enjoy the whole thing for some days. Pray, dear Louisa, do not think me a prejudiced person concerning your friend Lady — ; not in the least. I shall remember her with pleasure and the Landgrave<sup>1</sup> also as he likes her; I always thought her clever, singular, odd; but I never thought ill of her—quite the contrary; had she not been a spoilt child she would been otherwise, for she has a great deal of uncommon good sense, but very little judgement, wonderfully entertaining, and many I have known have spoke of her with great affection as you do,—and always have pitied her much. She has always kept well with all her husband's family, which does her credit; that I will say for her; how she is with her own sister I cannot say, for I never heard a word of her whilst I was in England; she had quitted London before I entered it, and indeed not being intimate with her, I should most likely have heard nothing about it. I go to Wiesbaden the first of

whom the daughters mentioned in the text were :—(a) Louise, born 1811, married, in 1830, Gustavus, the Prince of Vasa, eldest son of Gustavus IV., King of Sweden, divorced 1844 and died 1854. This Prince never became King of Sweden. His father, Gustavus IV., being dethroned in 1809, was succeeded by his uncle, Charles XIII., the last Swedish king of that dynasty. (b) Joséphine, born 1813, married in 1834, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. (c) Marie, born 1817, married in 1843, William, 11th Duke of Hamilton. The daughters were all famous for their beauty. The Grand Duchess Stéphanie had also two sons, who both died, however, during the lifetime of their parents.

<sup>1</sup> Louis, the reigning Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, brother-in-law of the Princess.

September for three weeks, and then return here, and may be may go to Hanover, but there are so many things may happen between the cup and the lip, that speak positively I cannot. However it is probable, but should it please God to grant me health I shall certainly return the beginning of May. For next year I have the comfort of thinking I shall be able to begin my *grand work* of new roofing the *Garden* front; it is an immense undertaking, yet I have reason to bless and praise God who enables me to do what I have had so very much at heart. Of course I pray earnestly for life that I may see all this accomplished.

*August 4th.*

I could not end this last night tho' I wrote till nine o'clock. I am amusing myself with the "Bubbles of the Rhine."<sup>1</sup> I read them to Stein of an evening; they are well written. I will try to-day to get the Duchesse de Crequy's Memoirs<sup>2</sup> at Francfort. Augusta (my sister) recommends them much. But I am reading Abrantes,<sup>3</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> "Bubbles from the Brunnen, by an old Man" (Sir Francis Bond Head). 1834, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> R  nee Caroline de Froulay, born in 1714, married 1737 the Marquis de Crequi, Lieutenant-General, and died in 1803. She and her "salon" were famous. The "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Crequi" (1834-36, 9 vols. in 8vo.), published by M. de Courchant, are not authentic. In 1856 a more reliable work, "Lettres de la Marquise de Crequi," was published by Fournier.

<sup>3</sup> "Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrant  s." Born in 1784; married, in 1799, General Junot, and followed him in all his campaigns. Her memoirs are decidedly interesting, and late in life she also wrote novels, the best known of which is "L'Amirante de Castille" (1827). She died in 1838.

will be quite a pièce de résistance, as there are fifteen volumes.

I hope your sister has good accounts of her son from Hungary, and that all you are well at Brussels.

I should like to say a great deal more to you, but it is impossible, as I am to be off for Francfort early as I have several things to purchase, bills to pay, and so on.

I am expecting the Campbells to make me a visit for a few days, and I hope to meet them at Wiesbaden.

The Queen will repass Francfort on the fifteenth, I believe.

I shall try to send you the book I promised by some private hand. God bless you, recall me kindly to your sister. I hope Francis don't forget me.

Yrs. affl.,

E:

HOMBOURG, *August 21, 1834.*

Your Book I received last week with a thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken, my dear Louisa, but I beg to know what I am to pay. I shall not forget it, for I am a regular person, particularly about trifling sums, for a duty debt is a horrid thing.

I have had such millions of letters to write, and so knocked up with the heat that I am almost *dead*, for tho' it is raining at this moment, the Rain is warm and gentle, quite a fine summer rain.

I have been very much employed lately as I

have been finishing up the small House close to my Stables ; it is the prettiest little Baby house you ever saw.

I am expecting Sir Henry and Lady Campbell with their two girls, and they will inhabit it ; this has caused my going to Francfort often as I had everything to get for it ; and in a very little it will be still more compleat, but it is too comical ; everything in so small a spot as this becomes a Lion and the shoals of people to see it is laughable. You would, being used to English comfort say it was neat and pretty, but here they rave of it, and are astonished at the quantities of things, I have put in for washing ; fortunately I got all I wanted at Francfort. So your sister Mrs. Walker <sup>1</sup> is coming to Brussels. I was puzzled at seeing in the papers that all was to be sold belonging to Mr. Joshua Walker <sup>2</sup> at Brighton. I did not know he had a House there.

God grant the coming abroad may be a source of much comfort to your sister. I should be anxious to hear if your Nephew <sup>3</sup> succeeds in getting into my beloved Brother Adolphus' <sup>4</sup> Regiment, for I know his list is uncommonly full of late, he has [to] his contre-coeur been obliged to refuse many, but I will for *Your sake* mention your nephew to Him.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Richard Walker, of Mitchelgrove.

<sup>2</sup> An error probably for Richard Walker. His place near Brighton, Mitchelgrove, was sold about this time.

<sup>3</sup> Ernest, son of Mrs. Richard Walker. The Duke of Cumberland was his godfather.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Cambridge.

I saw the dear good Queen last Saturday ; the heat at Francfort dreadful, I assure you it takes away all my strength, so that tho' with the Queen<sup>1</sup> for about four hours I was obliged to be seated.

She appeared thank God well and cool, now she is at Windsor it appears like a dream.

I hope you have good accounts of young Walker who is in the Austrian service. I go to Wiesbaden the first of next month for three weeks ; think what I shall feel there, missing (?) my delight of having you there ; yet I am grateful that I learnt to know you *there* and to appreciate your value ; absence has made no change in my regard for you, for I am no changeable person.

Last night I gave a Thé in the garden of the Castle, there is always music of a Wednesday evening ; I know nothing of it as I keep so thoroughly in my own den. It struck me it would please so I had a table placed on the stone terrace, amongst the orange trees, and very pretty it was. I asked all that came to table. We sat down near thirty, and I had everything I could possibly think of to please them ; Tea, wine, punch, jellies, ice, milk, etc. They did honour to it all, which delighted me ; the evening was heavenly, and it lasted till near 8 oclock ; when it was dark the music was charming, so we had all our different amusements. I enjoyed *that* whilst others delighted in eating and drinking ; for in this heat it is impossible for me to eat ; it makes me billious, but I keep it all right by

<sup>1</sup> Queen Adelaide, wife of King William IV.

applying to Sir Henry Halford's box of *bonbons* ; they do me much good. Now God bless you.

Yrs. affly.,  
E.

WIESBADEN, *September*, 15, 1834.

This very day have I received your kind letter, my dear Louisa, and hope to answer you this evening.

First I thank you beforehand for your intended sweetmeats, which will be a precious present to young and old ; shall I pay Mrs. Koch the eight franks ? for I can do that very soon ; most likely next week I may manage to drive over from Hombourg. I have such a dread of the Fair of a Monday, where Rag, tag and bobtail go, that after having a Jew boy set upon me for near half an hour, I determined never to venture again, and I quit this place this day sennight and remain chez moi, as I believe I told you all, till late in December, then go to Hanover and return home, please God, in May ; later I cannot stay, as I mean to set hard to work on the House next year. . . . I am confident the Girls, Louisa and my dear little Eliza,<sup>1</sup> both will be all gratitude to you for what you mean to send ; have I thanked you for the rusks which Lady Campbell brought me, if I have not, it was from forgetfulness, not ingratitude.

*September* 16.

I was called away in a grand hurry in the midst of my writing to you to receive the

<sup>1</sup> The Princess's niece, daughter of Gustavus, Prince of Hesse-Homburg, afterwards Landgrave, and of Louisa.



Duchess of Nassau,<sup>1</sup> who arrived the night before from Italy ; she has been bathing at Trieste, and went as far as Pisa ; she appears delighted with all she has seen, and is just as pretty as ever. She staid with me some time, which I took very kindly, and brought Theresa with her, who is a great favourite of mine ; the Duke was so unwell he could not accompany them, and this morning I returned the visit, saw the children, who are lovely, and found the Duke very so-so. He must take care for he looks very sadly. I had a Thé yesterday evening for Sir George Rose and his family, Miss Coleman and her niece ; it went off very well—and we did not part till near eleven ; late hours for Wiesbaden. They quit this place to-morrow, the Colemans stay on a few days longer and then follow them to Baden Baden. I mean to stay till next Monday, and then go home, always the place I love best. The weather has been most favourable for everything.

To-morrow I mean to go to Schlangenbad, as I hear it is very much improved ; they are building a great deal there. Gustave wished me

<sup>1</sup> Pauline, born 1810, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg and niece of William I., the second King. The step-mother of this King and Prince Paul had been Charlotte, Princess Royal, eldest sister of the Landgravine and called "The Good Queen Dowager"; she died 1828. Princess Pauline married, 1829, Duke William of Nassau-Deilbourg (born 1792, died 1839), and died in 1856. Miss Knight (vol. ii. p. 179) thus describes the Duke in 1829: "He is about 36, not handsome, and rather short; but apparently very good-natured, and not ill-looking. He was with the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo."

to go, and as it is so very fine I mean to take the Colemans with me, so we shall go in the open carriage, and come back to a late dinner. Seymour Coleman was my mother's maid of honour, and I really value her. By the way, Mrs. W. Stewart<sup>1</sup> is at Dessau. I heard from her the other day, for I mentioned her to the reigning Duchess, who has seen her and is delighted with her.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Hicks, *Augusta Fielding* that was, spent three weeks with me and was such a delight to me I cannot tell you; so sensible, so good-humoured, so very obliging, in short there is no saying how I enjoyed Her society; she has so much to say, knows so much, and brings it out so pleasantly and well.

I am sorry you will lose Lady Westmoreland; she goes, I suppose, again to Italy.

The quantities of English here is immense, but not a soul I know. Is it true that Sir Charles Doyle is married? I have asked many no one could tell me.

I hear Lord George Hill<sup>2</sup> is to marry a Miss

<sup>1</sup> Sophia Margaret Juliana, daughter of Thomas Penn, Esq., of Stoke Pogis, and of Lady Juliana Penn, and granddaughter of the founder of Pennsylvania, was married in 1796 to William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, and son of John, third Earl of Bute, the famous Lord Treasurer of George III. Mrs. Stuart's aunt, Lady Juliana Finch, was governess to the royal children. The Archbishop died in 1822, from a poisonous dose administered to him by mistake by his wife. Mrs. Stuart died in 1847. She left Memoirs, which are quoted by Jesse, "Life and Reign of George III.," as the Stuart MSS., but which are frequently inaccurate.

<sup>2</sup> Fifth son of the second Marquess of Downshire. He married October 21, 1834, Cassandra Jane, fourth daughter of Edward Knight, Esq., of Godmersham Park, Kent.

Knight, who he has been attached to seven years; a very amiable person.

They have been very gay in Berkshire with archery meetings, which the fine weather has favoured much; the last was to be at Lord Downshire's, Augusta and Mary were to go. Mary is much better and must be prudent, Augusta has had a bilious attack, but was recovered when she wrote.

You shall have a true account about your nephew, for I will desire Herrmann to make enquiries. I am most anxious that he should do well.

Was Mr. J. Walker with you and your sister in England, or did he remain to scold you and keep the children in order; what could take her to England?

You will have much pleasure in seeing your other sister, but how hard to be packed up as she has been for so long. I agree with you that Paris, or any place, is better for your niece, than being near the odious family, who I hope are not in the favour they used to be. You won't be angry, my dear Louisa, that I say this, I don't mean it *impertinently*, but I wish well to all belonging to you.

They say that the widow Lady Sykes, a very handsome, large woman, is to marry Mr. Dugdale. That is all my news.

God bless you.

Yrs. affly.,



E.

HOMBOURG, *November 7, 1834.*

My letters always begin to you with excuses, but of late much has been to be done, besides, Prince William of Prussia<sup>1</sup> took us by surprise last week, and came again the day before yesterday, and staid till this morning, when he set out on his return to Berlin.

Your letter made me very happy, I am very sorry that Lady Westmoreland has been so ill, and suppose that she is not better as I have heard nothing of her.

I am rejoiced your sister was pleased with England, and that you came off with flying colours during her absence. It speaks well for your patience, temper, and good humour, and you did wisely to remain there. I wish with all my heart that you may think of coming to some of the water places next year, so that we may meet, for your absence has not cooled my affection for you. I have now a very amiable young woman with me, a Mademoiselle Witte,<sup>2</sup> the person who wrote some beautiful Sonnets, as I am told, for I am not so false as to say I understand the beauty of German poetry; but I translated them with her, by word of mouth, and find she stuck strictly to my ideas for a work I published for the benefit of the poor at Hanover, otherwise it never would have made its appearance in the world; it is too long a story to tell you by letter, but it has set

<sup>1</sup> Younger brother of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, married Marianne, sister of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg (see pedigree of the Homburg family).

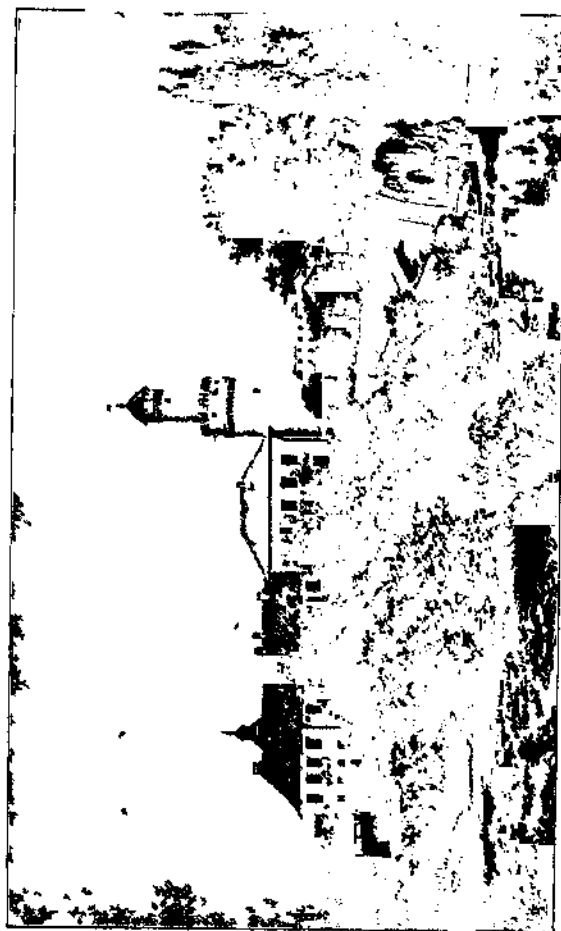
<sup>2</sup> See p. 229 and note.

a-going a school not of much learning but of much use, for the *infant* children of poor women who go out to work for all day ; it prevents their being killed, and it was nearly the only charity which they had not at Hanover. I gave the idea, and now from the selling of this Book, they have begun first with sixteen children, and now they have already two-and-thirty, so I trust in God's mercy it may succeed.

My time has been much taken up by the architect Möller, who has been twice to settle everything for beginning the new Roofing of the Castle next year ; of course I gave myself completely up to him all the time he was *here* ; and seeing how he could manage it all without ruining me, and by dividing it in four or five years, I hope to be enabled to accomplish it all.

Thus far I got this morning, when I had a visit from Francfort from the Saxon Minister and his Wife ; and the Saxon Minister, who has been on leave of absence from England and is now returning, took me up an hour and a half, when all my thoughts went into the Garden and wood, where I *wished to be* ; however, I behaved beautifully, swallowed down my ill humour, and did all I could to be civil. The moment I went out I was in Heaven, so sweet a day, and such air, quite like Spring. I staid out till near five o'clock ; the little wood was in great beauty, and will be perfection in spring. From thence, after looking at all the cutting and thinning going on *there*, I flew to the Great Wood to see the

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planting, which improved it much ; from thence I skirted the wood and returned from Dornholzhäusen, by Philip's garden, and drove to the English Garden, tried to get in in the carriage to see the greenhouse, which is *beautiful*. I had some difficulty in managing through the doors, and have determined to make a new Gate to enter without fear or trembling, as any alteration is an amusement, and can be very well done now. . . .

Many English are in Italy, but very few are known ; there happened to be many at Wiesbaden, but no Soul I ever heard of, and a vulgar set they appeared to be ; I hear that there are many very agreeable at Manheim. Were you not astonished, like me, at hearing of so many great people ruined, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Glenlyon, are the two that have astonished me most.

We have had all (I mean my sisters and myself) been in grief for the loss of our old faithful friend, Miss Planta,<sup>1</sup> who had been with us ever since I was seven years old. She was past eighty, and we ought to have been prepared for the event, but Augusta wrote me word she was perfectly well, walked about, and appeared better than she had seen her for Years ; the next post Mary mentioned her being *ill*, and the post

<sup>1</sup> Well known from the Diary of Mme. D'Arblay, according to whom, in 1786, "Miss Planta's part in the Court Calendar is that of English teacher ; but it seems to me that of personal attendant upon the two eldest Princesses. She is with them always when they sup, work, take their lessons, -- &c. &c."



after her death ; for herself it is a great mercy, for the last ten days she suffered, and I never can wish any one I love to live in agony ; and all agree the stroke was so severe a one that she never could have enjoyed life again, so that we ought to be thankful she was taken from us before she became a burthen to herself ; still the loss of the last old servant does give one a sad pang.

Remember me kindly to your sister, I cannot say how shocked I am to send you so ill-written a letter, but I have been stopt for ever since I began it, but I rather send it than let you think me a Brute.

Yrs. affly.,  
E.

HOMBOURG, *November* 16, 1834.

Your parcel for Louisa is arrived safe, my dear Louisa, and has caused such joy I cannot tell you. Koch most sensibly wrote to my servant to say he had the parcel ; Louisa, always the most timid creature that ever existed, flew to me. I told her that it must come from you, and I undertook to get it for her, which I did. She even was so modest that she sent me the pretty tippet to be sure it was for her, and she is so pleased for it really is the thing of all others she wanted, and which keeps her warm about the throat. The children equally pleased with their bonbons, and Elizabeth desired me to thank you again and again. She brought me a little Box full of that excellent pink sugar which is per-

fection. You have the satisfaction of knowing that *all* and every one are thankful. Louisa will thank you herself and she means to give me her note to enclose.

How is Lady Westmoreland? I suppose still at Brussels, this parcel being come without any tidings of her. I hear that there are many English at Frankfort, who mean to stay the winter, but hardly any one one knows; the family of Penrose who I never saw, but who had been four years at Francfort, are gone. Mrs. Cartwright is in England; she is a loss to me for she is charming. Sir Charles and Lady D. are here, and they have placed their sons at a Clergyman's, and I have known her ever since she is born; she is daughter to a Swiss lady who was with us and married from our house. She is a very pleasing, quiet, rational young woman; she has had ten children, only six alive—three sons and three daughters—they are prudent people and sensibly see the value of a good education for their children, which they can give them at less expense abroad. The eldest Boy is sixteen, and is to be in the Army, but they behave so extremely well that they do great honour to their *parents*. They have taken their house for six months, but they talk of settling to take it on longer, and they appear so reasonable, and she such a sweet contented mind, that she assures me she is perfectly happy here; and being used to live in the country she does not think it so lonely as many would do, and fortunately my brother-in-law Louis is making a beautiful drive and walk

behind the Town, which will be a great advantage to every one, particularly to those who live in the Back Street, for their gardens touch this walk, and a road is also making which will go straight in the *Hart* Hills, but the bad spirit of mischief is cruelly alive, and tho' Louis has never asked the people for a penny, and has bought the most beautiful Trees to be planted, they have cut the heads of several, torn down a new gate he had put up, and had the insolence of sticking an old rack (?) across to prove it was done on purpose ; it makes me very angry ; the first time they chose to say that it was a drunken man, but the same thing being repeated it is positive wantonness and wickedness to plague and annoy the Landgrave. I go out when I can. I will before I go to Hanover leave the work I have published at that place with Koch for you ; he shall send it when he can ; remember it was done for a charity, otherwise it never would have [been] given to the World ; thank God it has answered hitherto. The Verses were written by a very pleasing young woman, who is at present with me, very modest, full of spirits and fun, and very delightful. Now God bless you, Louisa has sent her letter and I must end.

Remember me to your sister.

Yrs. affly.,  
E.

I am glad to hear that the young Lady is with child. I wish her well with all my heart.

HOMBURG, *November* 29, 1834.

Now, my dear Louisa, a few lines to you. I will try to get this off by this night's post, but I am not sure, as I am rather like Martha, cumbered with much serving. Il primo, I have two delightful letters to thank you for, and *desire once* for all that you never make an excuse for writing, or fancy your letters can ever come *de trop ; point du tout*, my delight is in receiving them, and Louisa, do her justice, was equally pleased, and Gustave told me he had been quite touched with the amiable letter you had written to her, and she constantly wears your pretty *Boa*, which is her great comfort, for she told me it was the only thing which kept her thoroughly comfortable out of doors.

The sugar is dealt out by her most generously, and Elizabeth too happy to bring la vieille tante des bonbons couleur de Rose ; of which I have still a few, one of which I mean to give as a pattern to a man at Hanover who learnt confectionary at Paris.

I rejoice for you that Lady Westmoreland stays the winter ; she is very clever and very captivating, but she is so very odd.

Your seeing Mrs. William Stewart<sup>1</sup> I almost envy ; she talks of returning next summer or spring to Dessau as the physician who attends Lord Northland is there. I am enchanted that she is so fond of my niece. I think her one of the most kind, amiable persons I ever knew ; she is very different from her Sister who I adore, she

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 253.

is such a darling, but they do not (*entre nous*) suit, so very different ; still both are charming in their different ways.

Frederica<sup>1</sup> Mr. S. tells you truly has entered a family which begin *now* to know her value, but she is solid worth, and considering the life she has led before I must always say it does her eternal honour, her good conduct and patience ; tho' I must never breathe it here as she is sister-in-law to my dear Louisa, they don't go together at all, but better than at first. The birth of a Boy great joy, and such a lovely dear as he is you scarcely ever saw ; not near so stout as our precious little darling, who is divine, I almost would eat him up ; but am sensible the blessing of God would be great upon us if we had a second, for of course this *only* Heir is a constant source of anxiety.<sup>2</sup> Frederica is so sensible, so everything she ought to be that it always gives me pleasure when she is known ; she has been in Berlin ever since the Empress's arrival ; she was to have returned sooner, but the Empress of Russia's<sup>3</sup> arrival stopt her. I believe she was to get home as yesterday. She has only two children living, having had six and this boy ; she makes me

<sup>1</sup> Probably Frédérique, daughter of Prince Louis of Prussia, and wife of Leopold, Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, eldest brother of Louisa wife of Gustav of Hesse-Homburg. A son was born to the Princess Frédérica, Friedrich, in 1831, who became Duke in 1871.

<sup>2</sup> There was no second son, and this boy mentioned here died before his father. See below, p. 355.

<sup>3</sup> Frédérique Louise, daughter of Frederick William III., fifth King of Prussia, and sister of the Emperor William I. born 1798, married 1817 the Czar Nicholas I., and died in 1860.

laugh for thanking me, as I sent her a plaister which my mother always recommended when anybody was not strong.

I fear I must quit you now as tea is ready, and will end to-morrow.

*December 1st.*

Here I am again fully intending to end this, but my morning has been fully employed; time flies so dreadfully that it makes me *miserable*; never was anything like it; no one is I may say with truth less idle than myself, and yet, tho' much is done I never do half what I wish. I have been dying to set down to write; three hours are nearly gone by, and never till this moment have I been able to get to it, and no doubt shall be called away again for I am to have a party on Thursday when I am to have Tableaux, a thing they have never had *here*, and one is generally anxious for the *first time* of anything. I have to amuse Louisa and the small society here. I have the young person<sup>1</sup> who wrote the poems to the Drawings, which I originally made—she is very entertaining and agreeable to me; for I think her unaffected, very pleasing and not at all *Blue*. I never mind the little dirty jealousies of others for I read them all, but never will enter into anything of the kind; one cannot make the world otherwise than as it is; but I cannot understand people being so jealous of one another. I say nothing of politics;<sup>2</sup> you may believe how

<sup>1</sup> Mademoiselle Minna Witte.

<sup>2</sup> King William IV. who was alarmed at the policy of his ministry and the attacks on the Irish Church, took the oppor-

anxious I am. I love my Church, my King and my Country before all things, and trust in God ; there I put my faith, and thank Him that he can do what he thinks right ; that soothes, comforts and makes me happy. I am sorry to end. God bless you.

Yrs. affly.,

E.

tunity of Lord Althorp's elevation to the House of Lords and the consequent necessity of finding a substitute to summarily dismiss Lord Melbourne November 15th, and to call on Sir R. Peel to form an administration. The action of the King was regarded as unconstitutional, as Lord Melbourne had not been defeated in Parliament and was supported by an enormous majority. The conduct of the Duke of Wellington also was much discussed, who in the interim, till Sir R. Peel could return from abroad, combined all the offices in himself, having as sole colleague Lord Lyndhurst as Lord Chancellor.

1835





BRIGHTON, *January* 19, 1835.

. . . News is all scarce here, tho' one would suppose I was at the head of it; no such thing. one never hears a word;<sup>1</sup> there appears a great calmness and comfort at present—forgive my sad mistake, all owing to the hurry I write in, and I cannot write it over again. . . . We have at times great dinners, all we can have, as the black gloves are not as yet over. Next Monday sennight there will be, I hear, a great assembly, but all this I know out of doors—for as I tell you all is *mum* here. I generally drive out with my Brother;<sup>2</sup> he goes out, and stays out till the lamps are well lighted, when we come in; to-day the dear Queen is gone with him so I may remain quiet. My sister Augusta<sup>3</sup> has been confined for above a fortnight with a fit of the gout, which she has borne most patiently and [with] great good humour. To-day I have not seen her, the weather was so dark that I dared not venture, for I am

<sup>1</sup> On the dismissal of Lord Melbourne by the King (see note p. 263), Sir Robert Peel returned from abroad and formed an administration in December, 1834. At the General Election the Conservatives gained largely, but were still greatly outnumbered by the Liberals, and Sir R. Peel was only able to hold out till April, when Lord John Russell carrying a motion appropriating certain revenues of the Irish Church against the Government, the Prime Minister resigned and Lord Melbourne came in again.

<sup>2</sup> King William IV.

<sup>3</sup> Second daughter of George III., born 1768, died unmarried 1840.

very well and wish to remain so, and do her justice she is so amiable towards me that she frightens herself to death for fear of my catching cold—which I dread less than the extreme heat of the rooms. The fires are so immense and the scorching of the fire is so terrible to me I cannot tell you what it is. I half grieved about my ignorance about my road ; had I known I was to have passed so near to you as Namur I certainly should have coaxed you to have come to see me, tho' I only slept there ; it may have been as well for you that you did not come for never was I so cold as there, I really was nearly starved. I thought of you at Mons, for there I bought some bonbons, maybe not so pretty as those you sent so kindly to the children, but very good. We had a most prosperous journey and the passage famous, only three hours. We quitted Calais at six in the morning, landed at a quarter past nine clock at Dover, had a good Breakfast and came on here, which place we reached at ten at night. I was not at all tired ; poor Stein was nearly dead. She is well but looks thin. Now adieu, love to your sister and her children, particularly to Francis.

Believe me, yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *February 26, 1835.*

You would have heard sooner from me, my dear Louisa, but that the time runs away so fast in this great Town that there is no explaining what it is and I have so few minutes to myself that I am near *wild* longing to draw, to write, to do a

thousand things and never get to any one thing I wish. You will have heard from your sister that I have seen her and her daughter three times, all I could do—for I am not at home and can shew little or no civility to any one, which at times I feel, though I cannot mend it. We are now busy for the Birthday, tho' it gives me but little trouble as my finery consists in a white satteen, as I never wear anything but black, and my Jewels—excepting on the birthdays, which shews *my respect*; in these times it is doubly one's duty to prove what one feels and trust my actions may prove the truth of my words. I say nothing of the goings-on in the political world, for in *this* house where all think we know everything I can assure you we know *nothing*. God grant all may do well, the change is a blessed one, for all appeared to be going to I will not say where.

I am a strong Church and King friend and who is not the friend of the *one cannot* be of the other. We must all be true to our different Religions, but without religion there can be *no Peace*, no order, no blessing.<sup>1</sup> I have not as yet seen Mrs. William Stuart; she is still in the country. I hear her eldest son is in dreadful health, but they say little about it. Party they say runs high, thank God I hear little about it, for I detest quarrels and incivility, and I do not see why people of different opinions should not be friends. I love you most sincerely tho' a Catholick; I admire you for being firm to your faith and I am sure you have proved to me you loved me—and

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 263.

why we should not I cannot conceive. It really would hurt me was you to change to me for I have the highest and best opinion of you. By-the-bye your sister says she hopes at last you will come *to her*. I made no answer. . . . I have the comfort of seeing my dearest Mary<sup>1</sup> much better than I expected, and acting with great good sense, much delicacy, and a great deal of good excellent feeling, but it is always a difficult thing for a widow to set out right I well know from fatal experience, all she does is fraught with good sense and judgment—that I must say. Of course she must make various changes, which she is doing well, and with a delicacy to all those she is obliged to part with, which shews the sweetness of her character and the goodness of her heart. . . .

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *March 22, 1835.*

. . . . Alas! few know how to feel for others. It is astonishing yet it is so. I spoke much against Brussels—for I think with you that it must be a bad place for so young a person—but the thing is *where to go*; it is at such a moment that I regret not having an immense income that I could forward them comforts; it is too hard that the good should suffer for the *bad*. One's only comfort is that the good will be rewarded for their various trials in this life, I say nothing of the bad. It is not for me to judge, and thank God we are not to *judge one another*. You well

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke died November 30, 1834.

know my affection for you, and for your sake I would do anything to serve, tho' we have no power and *now* there is no getting anything. She tells me that by the blessing of God there is a small fortune settled on her Son and on herself, but nothing on her daughter till after her death; she, poor soul, longs for her Daughter to marry; Heaven grant if she does she may be happy. But marriage is a lottery, and with the strange goings on of the present day one feels anxious about any young person who is to be settled; don't you think so?

*March 23rd.*

I could not end this yesterday so many called to see me, tho' the day was so bad that I expected no one. The dirt of London is scarcely to be believed—my hands are every quarter of an hour in a bason of water.

We went on Saturday to Lady Peel's; never was there a finer assembly, everybody well dressed, the best society, and the House magnificent; the collection of pictures very fine, one room entirely filled with valuable likenesses of those old friends He had formerly served with, and never did I see more beautiful paintings. The gallery, which is a very fine length, filled with beautiful things, contains the Cabinet pictures, many of which are uncommonly fine. You may believe the pleasure I experienced in being there, admiring *Him*<sup>1</sup> and Her beyond words.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Peel, the distinguished statesman. He held several offices in the Government and was Prime Minister in 1834 and again in 1841 till 1846. He was born 1788, married 1820 Julia, daughter of Sir John Floyd, Bart. (she died 1859), and he died from a fall from his horse in 1850.

All appears by the blessing of God to be going on well ; we shall still have some storms to get over, yet we are to hope that shortly all may turn out better than we could have expected after all the mischief which has been done. However, you will not say this as coming from *me*, for the best thing for us is silence. You will think me very gay as I dine out twice this week and twice the next, otherwise I divide myself between my sisters. Mary is, thank God, though delicate, better ; we spent the evening with her last night, and looked over prints, for there is nothing to be done on a Sunday. I am going to her by-and-bye and then dine at Augusta's. The excellent Emperor of Austria's<sup>1</sup> death has caused me much pain, it really quite knocked me down, as I had not even heard that he was unwell. How sincerely I feel for Her, for never did there exist a better wife or one more wrapt up in him than she was. His Son has acted most wisely in directly declaring that he would follow the steps of his most respectable Father, who had so long been the Father of his people. Now, my dear Louisa, God bless you.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E.

<sup>1</sup> Francis II., born 1768, succeeded his father, Leopold II., as Emperor of Germany, 1792. Obligated by Napoleon to abdicate in 1806, and styled henceforth Francis I., Emperor of Austria. He married as his fourth wife Charlotte, daughter of Maximilian I., first King of Bavaria, and widow of William I., King of Wurtemberg (born 1792). The Emperor died in 1835, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand I.

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *April 3, 1835.*

Heaven grant all may appear brighter than it does at present ; still I flatter myself that there is such a reaction, and people see so plainly the faction which is going on that we must hope. God is merciful and can do all things, and to Him alone we look up ; if we are to fall we must submit and suppose we fully deserve it. The goodness of God is great, the ingratitude and folly of man too provoking.<sup>1</sup> *This was to have gone to-day*, but I am not sure whether it will, for my sister Augusta is confined with a bilious attack and she sent for me in the midst of my writing. She is much better to-day ; then I had Mary and Sophy<sup>2</sup> and when they went away I stayed on to keep up her spirits. Mary is very much better, but is delicate, and will remain so I should think some time longer. She must be very careful—in short, we are like a pack of cards, and run so near together that we all are sensible we are going down Hill. Thank God we do it cheerfully and trust in Heaven to guide us right in all our actions, so that when the Tree does fall we may look forward through our merciful Saviour to be pardoned for our many and no doubt great sins—for who does not sin twenty times a day—but I will not end this too seriously, as I hate to preach. I hope all belonging to you are well and happy. . . . I have seen Mrs. W. Stuart, she

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell carried his motion and Sir Robert Peel resigned on the 8th of this month.

<sup>2</sup> Fifth daughter of George III., born 1777, died unmarried in 1848.



came up for a few days to London, when we had the pleasure of seeing her very comfortably. She dined at Augusta's.

God bless you, here I must end.

Yours affectionately,  
E.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *May 1, 1835.*

I have just been writing a few lines to your poor unhappy Sister, dear Louisa. I feel much for her. I must say and do hope from my heart, that her present misery and trial may be soon got over with honour, and tho' things may be on a smaller scale they will find happiness and comfort in the midst of it which the worldly, the gay, and the thoughtless often step over. I have little to say, nothing to amuse; the weather is so miserable, and very unlike the beautiful month of May so sung by Milton; never was there a more cheerless day—it would give many the Blue Devils—not me, I have enough to amuse me and I delight in my own room.

My Brother has been with me and taken up all my time; you shall have more next post, this is merely to give you a sign of life and to say we are pretty well considering all things; news I can send you *none*, everybody is anxious and all wish, and talk, and think, and all prudent ever feel desirous that things should go as they wish, so all is at present *boutonné*. . . . Lady Bedingfield<sup>1</sup> has

<sup>1</sup> The Dowager Lady Bedingfield, widow of the fifth baronet. She was the daughter of Sir William Jerningham, Bart.; she died in 1854.

been here, she is charming, and I talked of you, that did me good, for I do love you dearly.

Your poor old *frump*.

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *June 2, 1835.*

MY DEAR LOUISA,—I will do what is in my power concerning your nephew with Ernest, and see what can be done ; the hurry, worry, plague we have been in, you will see by all that you read, has prevented my Brother Ernest<sup>1</sup> from seeing your nephew, for, do Sir Charles Thornton justice, He has spoken and had fully intended *taking him* to my Brother, but publick business and many disagreeable [*illegible*] has never left him time to get through half what he wished. I have talked with Sir Charles and will again about your nephew, and see what we can do ; but, like Ernest, if you could but know how I am hurried, which you [may] believe by not having been answered before. I really do live in such a whirl that my nerves are nearly gone. You have no idea what it is ; this week is quite Bedlam, out every day, too much I must say, a great *deal too much*, but I take it soberly. I was last night at Mrs. Hope's. Lady Beresford, her mother, did the Honours, and did them *en Reine*. I never saw a finer house, or one more to be admired, as Arts and Sciences are blended. I came home at two o'clock. I had been in the morning at Kew, came home before seven, and sat quiet till it was time to dress for to go. To-day I dine at Lady Bridgewater's, but I hope to be home early, as I

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland.

have three more days this week. You see how I scrawl and how very ill I write, and this morning, from the moment I was up till this moment, I have been in company, so that I require rest.

There are some marriages talked of. Miss L. with Mr. F. V., a horrid bad match; Miss Ponsonby with Mr. Talbot, son of Lady Elizabeth Talbot: he has a living and a most excellent character, which is the first thing; there is a report of Lord Morpeth marrying one of the Lady Fitzwilliams, but many doubt it, tho' not unlikely. The elopement of Miss G., the Heiress, has caused much talk, and been a most abominable business; it is absolutely disgraceful, but those who have been at the bottom of it are running about the world in a most strange impudent way. I repeat les on dits, for thank God I know none of them, therefore it is not in malice I tell you this.

My letter cannot be long, as I am so harassed, and now I must go for a moment to Augusta. If I see Thornton, which I will *do*, I will write again to you.

Yours affy,  
E.

FROGMORE HOUSE, *August 19, 1835.*

You must think me a brute, my dear Louisa, but could you know the hurry, the whirl I live in, you would feel pity for me. I have not been neglectful of your wishes concerning your nephew, but you *must*, my dear Soul, remember that *now* I have no acquaintances, no friends no sort of

intercourse with those in power ; I scarcely know who is in or who is not *in*, so very little do I see them. I did speak to Ernest, and will do so again, but he is in the same predicament, and looked upon you well know by the Radicals as a Black Sheep, mais cela reste entre nous ; I am no politician, and have nothing to do with anybody ; my good wishes for the good of my country and my friends is sincere, and work I will for you. tho' I may have great difficulties.

I hope you are enjoying health and happiness, and let me know all about you. I am ashamed, tho' never idle, that I do so little, but I have been, since I quitted the great Town of London, with Augusta, who has been a most dreadful sufferer with the Gout . . . so between the place and the Castle I have exercise enough. Everything as to the Harvest has gone off to perfection here ; the Hay was magnificent and in great quantities, Wheats, Oats and Barley the same, but Potatoes and Turnips are quite lost, the dryness of the weather has been so great. My visit *here* finishes the 1st of September, then I go back to Bagshot Park and stay three weeks with my sister Mary—who keeps of course from all amusements of any kind and very wisely don't mean to mix with the great world till her year's mourning is out. She will probably join us at Brighton in November, but not till after Augusta's birthday. I remain on in England till July ; then I must return home, for Home is home be it ever so homely, and as much is doing there, I shall be wanted to approve. I hear with very great

satisfaction that it is greatly improved—for the whole of the Garden front is new roofed, and what were garrets are now attics and the Rooms twelve feet high. It is delightful to my eyes, the Evergreens in England; they are so beautiful. I only wish you could see this place, for all the plants which I saw planted, and planted so many with my own hands, we are now walking under their shade. I must say that Augusta keeps it in admirable order; she has taken the farm into her own hands and it is quite lovely, and the drive round her fields is very pretty and interesting to me. She is the best of mistresses, and is adored by all around her, and with reason, for so benevolent, so kind, so good as she is I cannot tell you—she ought to have a *Mine*; that she certainly wants, for she impoverishes herself from all going in good deeds.<sup>1</sup> . . . I have been very lucky in having dear Lady Bedingfield so much at Windsor. She quits on the 25th and goes to her Son's; she says she is pulled all ways. I never saw so agreeable, so loveable a person. She has the perfect cheerfulness of a good mind. George of Cumberland<sup>2</sup> and George of Cambridge<sup>3</sup> received the Orders of the Garter the other *day*. The chapter was held at the Castle; a very numerous attendance of Knights and the finest dinner I ever saw

<sup>1</sup> Miss Knight writes in 1828: "Went early to Princess Augusta at Frogmore. The garden is much improved and in great beauty just now. Dear Princess Augusta makes all happy around her."

<sup>2</sup> The only child of the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover (see p. 196 and note).

<sup>3</sup> The present Duke of Cambridge.

in my life—the plate, the fine, magnificent St. George's Hall, the splendour of the whole thing was enough to make one feel proud, till I thought of the littleness of all earthly concerns and that all I saw sitting round the table would in time become dust ; it gave me a low *feel*, yet I spurred myself up to become again *la mondaine*. We had a large assembly afterwards—all over by twelve, being Saturday night. We shall have another great day to morrow, being the King's birthday. Mary goes upon business to town. She goes to Augusta's house, which she has lent her, as her own is painting, and she will return in a few days here, that we may be once more all three together, which will be great joy to us all, and I hope Augusta will be able to appear below stairs by that time, which she has not done yet. You will say by the length of my letter that you see I mean to make up for my *ill* usage of you, which never was meant, for no one is more truly attached to you than I am. I hope that when I return you will be able to spend some time with me ; somehow or other we must contrive to meet. . . . You cannot think how the increase of Luxury surprises me ; it is not to be told, and it is that I am sure that causes so much distress amongst the lowest classes. It is frightful, *everybody above themselves* and doing such silly things, and then imploring for assistance, which it is impossible to manage to the extent that is wanted—and at times it makes me very angry. Here I must end, tho' having my pen in my hand I should like to run on ; forgive my horrid writing, for it is too bad—you

know I can write better ; this will go by to-morrow's post I hope. Recall me to your sister and my young *lover*, as well as the rest.

Yrs. affly,

ELIZA.

1836





BRIGHTON, *January 4*, 1836.

I have been dying to write to you for some time, but Time will run on, and I cannot stop it, do what I will. Your kind letter and good wishes reached me on this day, and by to-night's post goes all this to Herrmann to write and enquire about your nephew, and say how desirous I am for his promotion; that seems a surer way than writing to P. Esterhazy, who, tho' all good-nature, is the most absent man known, and would in a moment forget me, young Walker, and everything about him. I have said all that can be said, but I well know that there are times it is difficult to get any promotion—and Monsieur de B——'s son was above eight years a cadet before he got a commission, so you must write to your nephew that he must not be cast down.

Now let me wish you all possible good things for this and many coming years, not only for yourself, but your Sister, their Husbands, and all their families.

I have been away a fortnight whilst we have been at Brighton to visit my old friends Mrs. Smith and the Mayo's; the kindness I experienced no words can do justice to, and I was as happy as mortal could be. One of my first visitors was Ann Countess of Newburgh,<sup>1</sup> all good nature

<sup>1</sup> Anne, daughter of Joseph Webb, Esq., of Odstock. She married, 1789, the 4th Earl of Newburgh, and died in 1861, aged 99.

and kindness to me I must say, but the oddest person I ever saw ; a great enthusiast, very sentimental, and in such a fidget all the time she was with us that she highly amused *me*. She asked me over to Slindon, tho' she was doing penance for the Soul of her Lord ; but the Priest, she told me, allowed her to receive me, and that she might do what she pleased if I was near.

In making a thousand excuses I accepted, as they told me it would please her, and to Slindon I went, where she showed me every attention, civility, kindness I must add—gave me a magnificent breakfast, invited thirty or forty people to meet me ; in short, I cannot say half how sensibly I felt the civility which *all* shewed me during this fortnight. Slindon is a very fine thing ; the House is handsome, and she appears to delight in it, but too many stairs for me, so lame as I am ; however, I went limping about, she flying like a girl of sixteen, and doing all in her power to please me. I talked of you and told her how I loved you, and we did famously together ; shewed me her chapel, the slab put up to her Lord's memory, her own rooms where she would have placed me if I would be her visitor, etc., etc.

Sir George and Lady Walker were in the house, and a Miss Clifford, a nice Girl who she wished either to marry or to become a Nun ; the latter privately I think she has no turn for, as I really believe the Girl has a turn for the enjoyments and delights of the world we live in. She is a niece of Lord Clifford's, but very poor I think : pleasing ; she was brought up from two

years old by Ann Countess of Newburgh, by which title her Ladyship wishes to be called, for there being three Countesses she cannot be *Dowager* for fear of muddle.

*January 5th.*

I could not end this as I wished yesterday, for people came in and interrupted me; I never was alone till it was time to dress for dinner, and after that adieu to everything till the morning. Stein desires me to say that she has written in the strongest tones all I desired her concerning your nephew to Herman, and she is quite sure he will do his best to oblige me. The letter went off as last night, so no time was lost.

We began the New Year with a *hop*, not a ball. I knew nothing of it at all, and only knew of a dinner; everybody was in general well drest, and appeared to advantage, but it was not a County party, only those who ought to be asked; however, they say some have been provoked at not being asked, which I think very strange, as I do not see why people should be so forward as to push themselves, and if I was the King I never would ask anybody that had need to force themselves in; I absolutely think it impertinent; besides, this year we have seen very few people, as there is hardly any one one knows here. It disheartens one so from doing anything.

George of Cambridge set off yesterday in great joy to go to Lord and Lady Brownlow's at Belton with Prince Ernest of Hesse-Philipsthal,<sup>1</sup> who is

<sup>1</sup> Hesse-Philipsthal was a small offshoot (1684) of the House of Hesse-Cassel. Probably Prince Ernest of Hesse-Philipsthal-Barchfeld, Lieut.-General in the Russian Army, born 1789, and brother of the reigning Landgrave Charles.

staying with us, and will remain, we all hope, till after Easter ; he is a very agreeable, pleasant man, always cheerful, and wonderful when one sees him walk without a stick all about the House, having but one leg. I believe at times he suffers, but you never hear him complain.

Our weather has been very changeable ; we have had one fortnight of most severe cold weather, which crippled me a good deal ; it is now, at least to-day, as mild as Spring. I took a drive with Augusta for two hours ; the King and Queen went out later, and don't feel sure that they chose *ill*.

To-night the Sea Officers here gave a Grand Ball ; I was asked to it, but have excused myself on account of my lameness ; besides, I don't like to disturb the House. I believe the Committee consists of twenty-four officers, at twelve guineas a head. The King sends five immense *Pyres* for the Supper ; the centre one is a large Ship, with the Standard, then one with the Union Jack, the three others Red, Blue, and White. Those that have seen them say they were *magnificent*.

A great many marriages are now going on.

My intention at present is to go to the Hague and then by water home. I hate the other nation, and therefore wish to avoid it, so shall go from Rotterdam to Mayence ; it takes four days, and when I once leave my own dear Country I wish to get home. Now adieu. Remember me to your Sister.

Yours aff.,

ELIZA.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *April 3, 1836.*

Being quiet for a fortnight, in the country with a bad cold (our weather being so abominable that there is no going out), I am happy to be able to sit down to write to you, dear Louisa, tho' you may say that the poor Landgravine has forgotten you and your anxieties.

You will find that notwithstanding the bustle and hurry of London, the goings-on all day, that I took upon me, by Gustave's advice, to write to the Commander of your Nephew's regiment, and that yesterday I received his very obliging answer, which I enclose, begging you not to lose it, as there it is in black and white. Your friend Hermann<sup>t</sup> has had the best attestations of young Walker's conduct, which made me do what I have done, and I sincerely hope that ere long He may be promoted. I am now here till the seventeenth, but the weather is much against me; I have never put [foot] out of doors, and only Good Friday and to-day to Church in the Castle; but I barked so unmercifully that thinking nothing so odious, I went away till the children came out, when I knew the Communion Service was to begin, and that I went through very well.

The quantity of snow and hail we have had is quite astonishing for the time of year; in two hours on Friday the glasses fell eleven degrees, and before evening fourteen to three degrees below freezing.

The Queen has been really unwell since the Drawing-room, and the fatigue she went through

<sup>t</sup> The Landgrave's A.D.C.

whilst the Prince of Portugal was here. We sisters did not join the fêtes at Windsor, it was very wise as it gave room for young people who danced ; both nights they opened the Waterloo chamber, and two very fine rooms which have been furnished. I have not seen them, but hear that the Castle literally looked like a Fairy Palace. so magnificent, so gay, so full of people ; above two hundred and fifty lodged.

I suppose that you saw the young Prince<sup>1</sup> where you are ; he appears pleasing and dignified, but I thank God he is not my son, for not being as ambitious as my neighbours—the very last place I would wish to see him in is Portugal. The Father and second brother accompanied him, the second is the one I admire most ; others prefer the eldest ; I could see but little of Him as He was the one to whom all honour was shewn, and always \*very properly put en avant ; from my lameness and little wish to push, I fell into the background where I could sit. I admired the Prince<sup>2</sup> that went there last year so much that I could not but feel a great pang when I saw him who was to replace him. I pity him beyond words ; many think he was so happy and delighted here that He would not have been sorry to have remained, but of that I know nothing. Do him justice, he has pleased every one and shewed great good sense and prudence, in parting very privately with his Father and Brother, got into the carriage which was to take him to the water's

<sup>1</sup> Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Ferdinand of Leuchtenberg, d. 1835.


edge, and behaved with great courage and amazing self-possession.<sup>1</sup>

I have been very gay for me in the way of dining out, otherwise quiet, for I have been to no public amusement. My latest night was the Duchess of Kent's ball, then I was at home by two in the morning. It was a beautiful Ball *costumé*. The most beautiful was Lady Clanricarde<sup>2</sup> in a French Ladies' dress of the fourteenth Century; very odd, but magnificent, and her beauty shewed it off; the dress was black velvet covered with the arms of France in gold all over it; the Head dress a Mitar

<sup>1</sup> The death of John VI. of Portugal in 1826 had given occasion to disputes about the crown. His eldest son, Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, being prevented by the Constitution of that State from accepting the throne of Portugal, abdicated in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria, whose claims were however contested by Dom Miguel, his brother, and the nearest male heir. Donna Maria was supported by England and a compromise was effected by which Dom Miguel became Regent, 1828. He profited by the power which this office gave him to seize the throne, and Donna Maria, who was in England on her way to Portugal, was obliged to return to Brazil. Meanwhile the Emperor Pedro had been forced to abdicate the crown of Brazil in favour of his son, Pedro II. and sailed to Portugal to defend the rights of his daughter. Dom Miguel was finally overcome with the help of English forces in 1834, and Donna Maria placed securely on the throne. Donna Maria was born in 1819. In 1835 she married Ferdinand-Augustus, Duke of Leuchtenberg, but he died within two months of the wedding, and in 1836 she now marries Prince Ferdinand-Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He was born in 1816, and his father was brother of Leopold I., King of the Belgians.

<sup>2</sup> Harriet, only daughter of the Right Hon. George Canning, married 1825 to the 14th Earl and 1st Marquis of Clanricarde, Ambassador at the Russian Court, and Minister, who died in 1874. Lady Clanricarde died in 1876.



covered with jewels, and behind the whole a gauze cap as light as air, in this shape,  with a veil; her stomacher entirely brilliants, in short, to my taste, she was as lovely as a human being could be. Mrs. Canning, her sister, Miss Stuart,<sup>1</sup> Lady Albert Cunningham and her sister, Mrs. George Anson<sup>2</sup> all lovely; some very fine, but Miss Stuart as Ondine looked the picture of innocence and simplicity. I never was more amused, and some *frightful* who thought themselves lovely, and were much mistaken.

I think the luxury at present is tremendous, more jewels, and more extravagance than ever; it may be from my being used to woods and not to Towns, but I give you my word there is nothing to be had but what costs five pounds, so that one's money goes in a way which astonishes me; and everything is so lovely one longs to have it. I shall remain here till July, then I must say adieu to all my friends and leave it in the hands of God

<sup>1</sup> Daughters of Sir Charles Stuart, Ambassador at the Court of France, created in 1828 Baron Stuart de Rothesay, who married, 1816, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the third Earl of Hardwicke. The elder Charlotte married, 1835, Charles Canning, son of the famous statesman, afterwards Earl Canning and Governor-General of India. Lady Canning died at Calcutta in 1861. The younger Louisa married in 1842, Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, who died 1859. Lady Waterford died 1891.

<sup>2</sup> Henrietta Maria and Isabella, daughters of the first Lord Forester. Henrietta married in 1833 Lord Albert Conyngham, afterwards the first Lord Londesborough, and died in 1841. Isabella married in 1830 General the Hon. George Anson, and died in 1858. These four ladies and another daughter of Lord Forester's, Anne Countess of Chesterfield (died 1885), were all remarkable for their personal beauty.

whether I return here or not ; it must depend on many things, Health, power, the dear King's *precious life*<sup>1</sup> which is of such consequence to us all ; for so honest and upright a Being never existed, worthy of being his Father's son ; wonderful to me not his excellence of heart and character but his prudence, his good humour, his extreme justice, teased and worried as he must be. I sit and admire him in silence all day ; it makes me happy to think that He has some quiet days in the country notwithstanding the badness of the weather.

We have altogether thirty-seven, which makes our party here. You know many are those very near of *kin*. Lord and Lady Mayo;<sup>2</sup> she is, in waiting ; Lord and Lady Wharncliffe<sup>3</sup> old friends and delightful. Five Maids of Honour, Miss Courtenay Boyle, who has never appeared, and Miss Hudson ; all the rest men, and some very agreeable. Lord Elphinstone<sup>4</sup> is the Lord in Waiting ; he is going *to India*, when, I cannot say ; I don't think he likes it, but to him it is something, who has nothing, and with Prudence I hope He will be able to save a little ; all like

<sup>1</sup> King William IV. died the next year, June 20, 1837.

<sup>2</sup> The fourth Earl of Mayo, born 1766, married 1792, Arabella, daughter of William Mackworth Praed, Esq., lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide, who died 1843. Lord Mayo died without issue in 1849.

<sup>3</sup> James, first Lord Wharncliffe, married, 1799, Elizabeth, daughter of the first Earl Erne (she died 1856), and died in 1845.

<sup>4</sup> The thirteenth Lord Elphinstone, born 1807. He was Governor of Madras, and afterwards of Bombay during the Indian Mutiny, when he gained great credit. He died unmarried in 1860.

him that know him, and he appears very amiable. He is reckoned very handsome, but he wants spirit to be mine; perfectly the Gentleman, and I should say a goodnatured man. He attended upon the Prince of Portugal during his stay. Miss Caton is to marry Lord Strafford; He has long owned it which she did not. Two Miss Parkers, nieces to Lord Macclesfield are to marry the Earl or Marquis of Antrim, and the other Lord Sherbourne's son, Mr. Dutton. I have now written all my say, so adieu. Remember me to your sister.

Believe me ever,

Yours affly.,

E.

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *May 7, 1836.*

I have been, my dear Louisa, very much worried with the step your nephew has taken in giving up his situation in the Austrian service. I little care for trouble, but I tell you honestly it is not agreeable to write to officers I do not know, besides, my brother-in-law Gustave and Herman are nearly wild, and now have sent me the letter to try and see what I can do.

I will write from affection for you, but after the step he has taken, which he ought never to have done without consulting his father and mother, it is very unlikely he will get promoted *now*; for I must when I write explain he was ignorant of this *step*, but I will soften it by saying it was occasioned by the impetuosity of youth and thoughtlessness. It vexed me so yesterday when my letters arrived, and I have so many young men on my hands that

it is cruel by all the others this childish silly way of acting ; for you will well remember I mentioned to you that he might remain *years* without advancement. Monsieur de —— son was seven or eight years before he got forward at all and I could name many others. He has lost a great deal of time, for with letters going to Hombourg and coming afterwards to me, days and weeks pass away. Hermann should have written himself to your sister, but he neither writes English or French, and therefore desired Stein to make his excuses, and he owns to me as well as Gustave that they fear everything for him unless I write to his commanding officer.

But you must tell your sister that she must make him promise never to do so foolish a thing again, for I can not go on with him *thus*, for I can never feel sure of him, and I have written so immensely for to assist young men that I am nearly distracted. I am confident, my dear Louisa, you will not be displeased at my troubling you with all this. I was obliged to write for fear Hermann should be thought neglectful, which he says he should be very sorry to appear in your eyes. The Oranges are come;<sup>1</sup> they are gone to-day to Windsor to remain till Wednesday, when they return to this

<sup>1</sup> The Orange family had been much in England, especially from 1806-15, during which time Napoleon held possession of their kingdom. The children of William I. (see note, p. 297) King of Holland and Belgium were Frederick, afterwards King William II., of Holland, born in 1792, and died in 1849, William Frederick, born 1797, died in 1881, and Wilhelmina, born 1810.

busy town. I shall send this to Mr. Backhouse, but know not when it will go; it is written in great haste, yet I thought it right to tell you the truth, for it was necessary; none could have been kinder than Gustave and Hermann about your Nephew.

Adieu.

Yrs. affly.,

ETH.

ST. JAMES' PALACE, *May* 24, 1836.

Tho' I am amazingly worried I must write you, my dear Louisa, a few lines, to say I have written and God grant it may do good, tho' after the letter I had received and enclosed, I greatly fear that I shall have no success, as I fancy you will see by enclosed letter which I received this morning. You will feel how vexatious it is to me, for I have reason to think after all I have done our young friend has *undone himself*; now I must write again, and grieve over his folly, for how he could be so childish and silly I cannot comprehend. As all things are for the best, we will hope it; but that time must show; you will see that I have not been neglectful of my trust, and that it is no fault of mine. I wish your nephew had a few more drops of patience in his *composition*; that he may gain them will be my sincere prayer. Don't think me the least angry for I am not, I can allow much to a young, ambitious mind, and therefore I only hope it will be a lesson to him. Pray return me both letters, the former one, and the one which goes with this, for Gustave and Hermann must see them, but I wished you all to see I had

not been indifferent or neglectful. . . . I understand you are going to live by yourself ; . . . it frightens me as I am so afraid you will be burnt to death ; you are so careless of the candle, and I beseech you to have some one within reach of you. I am sorry your poor sister has been so unwell and trust by this time she is better ; poor dear Soul, she has much to wear and tear her with her large family ; what is become of all the others.

God grant we may meet again, and that something may bring you to my part of the world.

I quit this beloved but wrong-headed country about the middle of July, and mean to go by water to Mayence. My dearest Mary will soon be at Brussels. My book I must send you from home, but I will entrust her with a dab for you. She is much better, thank God, and is to be about three months abroad. She returns the end of August, but comes to me on her way home, which is great joy after leaving them all—for as all is in the hands of a merciful Providence I may hope, yet do not look forward to many visits more, as time advances and my age is tripping just on to the age of Man, being now sixty-five compleat, and in my sixty-sixth year. My health is good and I pray to God I may live, for I hope I may be of use, that is all that can be expected *of me now*. I pretend to nothing but sincere affection to my friends which increases if possible daily and hourly, and to none more than your own dear self.

May every blessing attend you and all that is near and dear to you, is the sincere wish of your aff.

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *August 27, 1836.*

MY DEAR LOUISA,—You have, I know, thought me unfriendly in not writing. I have had no time, have begun to you twice and never could get on. I hope now to accomplish what has been so long about, and if you knew how I have been harrassed you would pity me. In the first place, there is nothing so unpleasant when one loves a person as I do you to feel one must write upon disagreeable subjects, and your nephew, who, poor soul, I pity, has caused me much writing and much pain, for I had written to Prince (at this moment his name has slipped my memory) to implore Him; he wrote me a beautiful feeling answer, but acknowledged to me that your nephew had really taken *French leave*, and had it not been out of consideration for me, he would have been taken up and treated as a deserter; that obliged me to write again approving and thanking him for his kind consideration, and assuring him I never would name young Walker again. He gives him a perfect good character as to his conduct with the Regiment, but that this act of *folly*—or call it what you will—was so very wrong that he could not save him, and should he wish to come in again He must go through all the hard work afresh, and that would be madness. I really was very angry, for I had given myself much more trouble than you will ever know.

I am now a month from England, but a perfect Wanderer; I went to the Hague, came here about the 26th, when my Brother and Sister-in-law of

Prussia<sup>1</sup> arrived with their children, so I had not one moment. Then came my dearest Mary, who I parted with last Thursday; she sleeps to-night at Cologne, goes to the Hague to see the King and Queen,<sup>2</sup> and then home; so you see I have never had a moment, and a thousand vulgar little worries, whilst she was here, which worried and annoyed me not a little; so that I have obtained the name of Job for my patience. I hope soon to write you a more comfortable letter; to-day I have been up to my throat in writing, as our post goes to-morrow. I shall enclose this to Sir G. Hamilton Seymour. I find that She is again quite confined to her Couch, where she will be forced to continue for some months. He is delightful, and one of my children.<sup>3</sup>

I trust your sister is quite well, and that your niece is turning out all that her mother and you can wish. What are your plans? where are you? do you live quite alone? all this you must tell me; send your letter to Sir G. H. Seymour.

<sup>1</sup> Prince William of Prussia, who married Marianne, sister of the Landgrave.

<sup>2</sup> William, King of Holland. He was born in 1772. Napoleon drove him from the country, and made his own brother, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland in 1806. In 1815 he returned, and by the Treaty of Vienna became King of Holland and Belgium. In 1830, however, Belgium revolted, and finally became a separate kingdom under Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (husband of the Princess Charlotte). William I. did not accept the new constitution till 1839, and the following year he abdicated in favour of his son, William II. He married, 1791, Frédérique, daughter of Frederick William II., King of Prussia (born 1774, died 1837). King William died in 1843.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 145, and note.



I shall write to him and tell him I have desired you to do so. My House is going on and wonderfully improved, tho' nothing is finished ; in time it will be delightful, and I am satisfied that what is doing will answer wonderfully ; my brother<sup>1</sup> is charmed with it, but I fear it will be about three years before it is all finished.

God bless you ; recall me to your sister.

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *November* 25, 1836.

Long have I been in your debt, and often wished to write, but wishes and actions don't always go together, do what one will. So you have been at Spa? quite alone or How? Why are you away from your sister? I long to hear all about you ; I am the more anxious to write as I cannot help thinking that you have been so kind as to send me one of my prettiest Spa Boxes I ever saw, filled with Chocolet, which I am so fond of ; when it arrived I instantly called out it must be from my dear Louisa Swinburne, so said B—— and Matilda. I long to thank you in person, that I cannot do now, il faut esperer que le bon temps reviendra. When you write, tell me all about yourself, what you are doing, whether you mean to remain on at Brussels, and where your eldest sister is with her pretty daughter.

I am going on quietly, but am now to make a visit to Darmstadt next Tuesday, and stay till Thursday. My sister-in-law has married her

<sup>1</sup> The Landgrave Louis.

daughter<sup>1</sup> to Prince Charles of Darmstadt, and loving this young woman particularly I wish to do what is kind by them all.

You know that Monsieur de [*word illegible*] lost *his wife*, and has married a very pretty, amiable young woman, a Mademoiselle de Rothsmann; it was a very great marriage for her, but her conduct has been so praiseworthy that there is but one voice upon the subject, and all were rejoiced at this young person having gained the affection of a man who is enabled to make her very comfortable and happy. They gave a great Ball on Elizabeth's marriage, at which she did the honors to perfection. The Landgrave was there and quite delighted with her, and I saw an old lady who had been a friend of her Mother's, and she said, "Dieu merci, Madame la Landgrave, voilà ce que c'est que d'être brave et bonne; c'est vraiment la vertue récompensée, car la conduite de cette jeune personne lui fait grande honneur."

Are many English still at Brussels? Many you know? Is it gay or dull, or pleasant? I heard it was formal. Sir Hamilton Seymour being away, I have begged Mrs. Cartwright to take care of my letter, otherwise I would not have written. I know he is in England, and remains there some months. He finds great difficulty in

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Prince William of Prussia, and of Marianne, sister of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, born 1815, married 1836, to Prince Charles, born 1809, second son of the reigning Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. This Prince was the father of the Grand Duke Louis IV. (born 1837, died 1892), husband of Princess Alice of England (born 1843, died 1878). Princess Elizabeth died in 1885.

finding a house, the extreme dearness of everything there is great. How dearly I once loved that place ! It is much improved since that time ; do you think the Palace fine ? What is now the Inn opposite the Park, was a palace, and magnificent, so was what was la musée, when I saw it, it had been *the Palace*. The [*illegible word*] staircase was very superbe, and the flowers there surpassed all I ever smelt for sweetness ; at all times in the day they brought me nosegays. The shops are good, but all the English say extremely dear. I heard of a common hat seven pounds—frightfull ! Let me know directly if I am right about my pretty Box, for which I am all gratitude.

I talk of Hanover in January and returning in May.

Recall me to your sister ; tell her I have made her border into a Carpet, and everybody thinks it beautiful, and I am proud of the admiration it causes.

God bless you,

Believe me

Yours affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *December 7, 1836.*

As you tell me you are alone at Spa, I will write to you directly, thinking it charity, my dear Louisa.

I feel sorry to be going to Hanover, as you thought of Francfort, and only wish there was a better society here to get you to Homburg, for I long to hear all about you. I am particularly

susceptable concerning an unmarried woman, for at times worries will occur, and she has no friend to fight her battles and to see her *righted*; so that I do feel for you very sincerely, and I agree with you that one [had] better be in the country alone, away from a Lack-a-daisy world, which does not often smile upon one. Your nephew being with you I am glad of, as he will be a comfort to you, and after all your goodness to them *all* you should be considered; much more could I say on all this, but as I cannot make things better for you, I will not make them more gloomy, so commence concerning my own goings-on, which may amuse you.

My niece, Elizabeth of Prussia, having married Prince Charles of Hesse-Darmstadt, I thought it kind to offer to make them a wedding visit, saying that, was the weather bad, they must excuse me, as I could not, lame and old, return at night; so the Great Duke most kindly offered me to stay a couple of nights, which after my being there extended to four nights. I must in conscience say nothing could be more agreeable than my séjour there, tho' in secret I will tell you I was rather annoyed; after I had *settled my going* by a most odious report that I was going to be married to the Great Duke;<sup>1</sup> it was so absurd, so foolish and silly that I determined not to be ridiculous, and go as if nothing had occurred, and I was delighted at having done so, as all went off so well. I was lodged in the Queen of Bavaria's

<sup>1</sup> Louis II., son of the Grand Duke Louis I., and father of the Grand Duke Charles.

apartment, and begged the G. Duke, who you know is not an early person, not to think of me till dinner time, which did famously, and all the young people came and went as they liked; they were all most pleasing. I must say I felt going into the House without the late Grand Duchess,<sup>1</sup> who is greatly regretted; excepting her being away all is exactly as if she was there; no change whatsoever. Her Ladies attend the Great Duke at Dinner, and when his family are not with him then he sups alone. He was in high force, appeared happy and pleased with having them all around him, and one of the best of men. The two younger children charming; the little girl quite a dear, not exactly pretty, full of fun and good humour, and we made a great friendship, as I love children; she came to me of a morning, and we met in the evening, but she does not appear as yet at Table.<sup>2</sup> The rooms are exactly as they used to be, excepting that out of the second drawing-room you cannot go, the door is closed, and I understand that before she died she had thrown her closet and her own Bedchamber

<sup>1</sup> Wilhelmina, daughter of the Hereditary Prince Charles of Baden, born in 1788, and died on the 27th of January, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Alexander and Princess Marie, who were several years younger than their two elder brothers, Louis and Charles. Princess Marie, born in 1824, married in 1841 the Czar Alexander II., grandfather of the present Czar, and who was killed by a bomb in 1881. She died in 1880. Prince Alexander, born 1823, married in 1851 the Countess of Battenberg (born 1825), daughter of Count Hanke, formerly War Minister at Darmstadt, and was father of the Princes Alexander (of Bulgaria), Louis, Henry, who married Princess Beatrice of England, and Francis Joseph, and of the Comtesse d'Erbach.

into one, so had made an excellent room, having taken off a great piece of her original Bedchamber to make it square; this room was but just finished, when she was taken ill, and since that it has never been used, which I think a pity. Charles' House is perfection, more like an English house than any I have seen since I am on the Continent. It's quite new, elegant and perfect, and Elizabeth appears the happiest of the happy, and quite settled, rational, and comfortable. He is a very amiable young man, but very reserved, which her liveliness will very much improve. The sisters-in-law appear perfectly happy and friendly together, so all is well.

Some say that Brussels is not very agreeable, that society is not what it used to be, and that altogether it is not to be envied. I hear the L. is with child again. I wish with all my heart your niece may make a good match, for, poor thing, it will be a mercy for Her, and she may be of great use to her Parents, particularly to her very excellent and unfortunate Mother. Thank God she is comfortable and happy now.

I would write more, but have really no time, and for fear of missing the post will say God bless you,

Yrs. affly.,  
E.

HOMBOURG, *December 17, 1836.*

I have this very evening received your amiable letter, which I answer directly, tho' it will not go till to-morrow, for I have spent the day *incog*.

at Frankfort to make purchases for all my children, great and small, here ; came home to a late Dinner, had my English letters to finish, so sent them away and spent the rest of the day alone.

Thank you for telling me about your letter ; I have had no letters from you, which made me miserable, and never was I more startled than at finding you at Spa. I also have written to you ; and strange to say many of my letters have been lost in London. I don't so much wonder, as I was lodged at my brother Ernest's, there being no place for me, and he most kindly took me in ; there I was most comfortable, but my sister-in-law's, the Queen's servants attended upon me, but as they changed with the winds, I had much to do and [with] the running to and fro there might be some mistakes, yet it is astonishing how my letters have miscarried.

I wish you could have been here, and may be in the summer you may think of this place ; you can visit me, and I shall be delighted to see you ; if you do not dislike to come, I would then propose it while Stein is with her family, for it is right she should be with them, and I can then have you some time in comfort with me ; and try by kindness to prove to you that I am not a changeable person. But as yet I know not what is to happen. I have some thoughts of going to some Baths, so then it must be later ; and all this is speaking openly, but not as a certainty ; however, think over it.

I don't like the idea of Paris for you, and why should you not come to me ? Paris puts me into

an agony, for tho' I love those in power sincerely, they are much to be pitied in many things.

I cannot look into the hearts of Men, but I am sure that He<sup>1</sup> who is at the head has been so good a Son, Father, Husband, and Brother that I never can look upon them as bad, and knowing them intimately, I well know what their feelings are. His greatest misfortune is having been the Son of a Monster; and that is his misery, and he wisely never will utter a word which he ought not, but his conduct has been perfect since he has been where he is. You must give and take in this world, and he has gone through much. She is an angel, and all the children amiable and good, admirably brought up. But I had rather have you under my old wing.

I am going on the 5th away from hence; was it not to see a Brother I *adore*, I should be very sorry to leave my own fireside, which is, tho' lonely, very comfortable.

I saw Mademoiselle Otting; I believe the one you know is now married to Monsieur de Grancie<sup>2</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> King Louis Philippe, the son of the notorious Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité of the Revolution, born in 1773, profited by the Revolution in 1830, which drove Charles X. from the throne, to seize it for himself, with the title of King of the French. He married in 1809 Marie-Amélie, daughter of King Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and of Caroline (Nelson's Queen of Naples), and had a large family of children. His ambition led him sometimes into very unjustifiable political schemes, of which the most scandalous perhaps was that known as the "Spanish Marriages." He was driven from power in his turn by the Revolution in 1848, which made France again into a Republic, and died in England in 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Monsieur de Grancie held an appointment at the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt; his sister was governess of the young Princess Marie.



her sister is with Elizabeth my niece, as being a young woman greatly protected by the late G. Duchess. Madame de Grancie I think very pretty, and both appear amiable, but all have shewn me such attention and kindness that I should be a *monster* did I not speak well of *them all*. I assure you I was treated with a degree of kindness and amiability which was touching, and never was I more pleased than with my sojourn there. Louisa always desires her compliments to you. The Boy is quite a dear, so fine a creature, and so good.

I half puzzled myself to death with all their wants to-day. I was half distracted for such quantities of things to look over distracted my brain. First I went to the toy-shop, then to W——'s, and from thence to M——'s, where the fashions are so frightful that anybody as old as me dare not venture to sport *such frights*, all colours, all shapes; such tucks as nobody ever saw. Now I do love to be well dressed when dressed, and no tucks, all that does very well when young, but there is a time for all things. I have always been my own hairdresser, but I believe that I must become my own milliner. There is nothing that tells sense so much as dress, and I hate to appear a *figure of fun*. I think, my dear soul, you will have but a dull winter at Spa; have you any society, or only your nephew? I will write when I can, but sometimes my hands are quite full, and now I have millions of letters to write. This shall go to-morrow night.

Are the Staffords at Brussels or returned to England?

God bless you. I must now go to bed, for I really feel that I am tired.

Where are you living now? The great shop in the town, or one of the Inns out of the Town.

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.



1837



HOMBURG, *January* 11, 1837.

. . . No letters from England; the storms have been such that the snow has been so high, no communication between London and Dover, and the sea running mountains high, and no vessel can pass. A French vessel did go out the night of the 13th, wishing to get into Calais, but a ship has stranded at the mouth of the harbour, and no vessel can get in. Of course it worries me not hearing from home, though, thank God, all was well when I did hear, and my brother's<sup>1</sup> gout is nothing, for he is in good spirits, and I rejoice it has come out; it proves him much stronger, which makes me very happy. I am sure we ought to bless God for his precious life, for a better man never existed. I wished to write Sunday to congratulate you on the New Year, and to wish you every possible blessing, sincerely praying you may have no more troubles, but that in this world is impossible; there must always be a something to remind us that this is not our resting-place; may be it is as well, as at times it is an engaging world, and we might grow too fond of it. I sincerely wish that your nephew may be so fortunate as to get forward again, his own good sense will tell him not to attend to young silly friends. You well know that I am always willing and ready to pardon

<sup>1</sup> King William IV.

young people, and if I could serve him I would, but it is out of my power. A young protégé of mine is just dead who would have made, I am told, a brilliant career. Whether it was cholera or what I do not know, but he really is dead, which I sincerely grieve for, for his old father was wrapped up in him, and he suffered much in parting with him. . . . What horrors in France! how I do feel for the poor dear Q., she is more to be felt for than words can say, for they are so respectable and so attached to each other; he must be admired for his courage and his calmness, but these perpetual attacks are too shocking, I cannot bear to think of it.<sup>1</sup> They say that society at Paris is detestable, and all agree that nothing can be better behaved or more to be admired than the R. F., yet there are a few families, they tell me, that still remain wedded to noise and confusion—what fools! How wicked, and what would they gain? It is much too bad; I have not patience with them. I must now quit you quite wild—having received letters which must be answered by the post.

Yours affly.,  
E.

<sup>1</sup> An attack was made on the life of King Louis Philippe on June 25, 1836, and the would-be murderer was executed the next month. Another attempt to assassinate the King by means of an infernal machine, and with more disastrous consequences had been made the year before. The King escaped, but one of his sons and forty other persons were wounded, while Marshal Mortier and thirteen others were killed on the spot.

HANOVER, *March 6, 1837.*

You are right in your conjecture. I have been very unwell and still confined, my dear Louisa, this gripe is a horrid complaint, but before all things let me say how deeply I feel for your poor sister who has had so much to go through, it really is awful. . . . The loss of friends is at all times dreadful, but as one advances in years a thousand times worse. I really believe I am outliving all those I love. Every soul has been ill, and my anxiety has done me no good, therefore how much more is your poor dear sister to be pitied.<sup>1</sup> . . . God grant I may see you, but my motions are uncertain as they talk of bathes for me; still I hope to see you. . . . The deaths have been frightful since I left England, about eight months, I have lost some very dear old friends and many acquaintances. It has half killed me, and the anxiety I have been in concerning my English friends and at home. Mary has been dying—thank God she is now well, but must be prudent—and all the rest very ill but doing well now. At Homburg every soul has been in bed. Louisa is now *recovering*, but conceive, could not go out for she had no *servant*, all being in their beds—here it has [been] very melancholy and very laughable, for in some houses every soul has been so bad that they could not be of the least use—and in one family, and indeed

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Walker of Purbrook died in February of this year, and Mrs. Walker and her children left for England. Miss Swinburne, who had returned from Spa, remained on at Brussels.



many, they put up telegraphs from one house to another to get assistance every two or three hours. Forgive this vile letter, my dear Louisa, with nothing at all but misery, illness, and gripe. Express to your sister how sincerely I feel for her, and be quite sure you are never forgotten by me. . . . You will stay six weeks or two months, won't you, in your old quarters, and I hope to have you quite comfortable. You will find us much improved.

Yours affly.,  
ELIZA.

HANOVER, *March* 21, 1837.

I received yours, my dear Louisa, last night, and as you are so amiable as to wish to hear of me, I will instantly tell you that I really am as to health well, but that the snow makes me very rheumatic, and I dare not go out. I have been twice out in the shut carriage, and was to have dined out yesterday at my brother's; a fall of snow locked me up, and to-day I am lame, having the rheumatism in my left leg, so that ill as I now generally walk, it is worse; the moment the snow makes it retreat I shall appear in full blossom. However, I never have been more thoroughly employed than during my illness, but I have read, wrote, and painted without intermission. I hate idleness, and the more one can occupy oneself, it makes one forget pain, cares, and distresses.

We perfectly agree about the loss of friends, the more I lose, the more attached I am to those

that are left. This year has been a fatal one, for scarcely a post comes without some friend gone, and I have lost one of my oldest and dearest friends in dear Mrs. Arthur Stanhope,<sup>1</sup> a friendship of fifty years, which cannot be replaced; it made me very ill, being unwell at the moment. She became a widow in the summer, and never held up her head afterwards; she had been married fifty-six years, and had a horror when she returned to Town to begin a new life. She had, thank God, been with her daughter, who had done all in her power to soothe and console her; she arrived on the Saturday, instantly went into her room, sat down in his chair, cried bitterly, and said to her Grandson, "My dear child, this is too much for me." The Sunday she was well, but in taking leave of her son-in-law, Mr. Shirley, she said she had a pain in her stomach; it grew worse on Monday, and towards evening sent for advice. She did not suffer much, which is my great comfort, and by Wednesday at eight in the morning literally sank from not having strength to overcome her loss. She was a remarkably sensible, frank, open-hearted, good woman, exceedingly beloved and liked, for she was very clever and entertaining; all parties regret her, as she received all with kindness, and when she differed she did it in a manner never to offend, and with a degree of fun which amused. I feel

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Robert Thistlethwayte of Southwick Park, married Arthur Stanhope, a third cousin of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. She had one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Evelyn Shirley Esq., cousin of Earl Ferrars.

quite happy that I went to her several times in peace and quiet of a morning when I was in England, and certainly did not think I was parting with *her* for the last time. He was 83 or 4, very much altered, so I went away with a lump in my throat and said nothing. I must prepare myself for hearing of my dear old Lord St. Helens' release, which is and was, they write me word, expected; he is breaking fast. I have a very nice picture of Mrs. Stanhope, and a magnificent enamel of Lord St. Helens, which I had done whilst I was in London, which will be great treasures to me now. The English post is not yet come in. . . . My sisters are better, thank God, and the King and Queen well—they are at Windsor, my sisters in town. Mary must be very careful, as she has been so very dangerously ill; but she is all that is right, and obeys Sir Henry Halford thoroughly. . . . God bless you—tell your sister how deeply I feel for her, and how sincerely I pray for her happiness and welfare.

Yours affly.,  
E.

HANOVER, *April* 13, 1837.

We have had such dreadful weather, my dear Louisa, that we have been perfectly locked up with snow, six feet deep in the streets, so that hundreds of men have been employed to clear a way that we might pass. You know I am not courageous in the carriage, so conceive what it was, I am astonished you did not hear my

screams of agony. In the country it has been much worse ; there it drifted to 30 and 40 feet, and the road from Embeck to this place which one generally does in five or six hours at most, a gentleman took three days and three nights to accomplish. In some senses it was ludicrous, for some of the houses were so barricaded with snow, that no soul could go out without calling for assistance from without. There was no Saturday's market, the 11th, which was sad ; the peasants could not come, and no soul could move without the greatest difficulty. We went to a very small party that Saturday, which I was obliged to accept out of civility, but *entre nous très contre-cœur*. We set out, at times I was two feet up in the air on one side and jolted within an inch of my life—arrived—had a very bad staircase to mount—not at all pleasant, and was nearly knocked up by my alarm in coming : in returning quite as bad, and they are going on clearing the snow from morning to night. My brother Ernest<sup>1</sup> arrived from Berlin, which he quitted at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, about half-past four this morning. I have not seen him yet, so scribble this whilst waiting for him. I am sure you were sorry to hear of poor Mrs. Fitzherbert's death,<sup>2</sup> she had been unwell and ailing all the winter ; when I quitted England she was with me the day before, looking as handsome as possible, quite astonishing for her years. At last she went off easy, thank God—regretted by all rich and poor, good, bad, and indifferent, in short,

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 156 and note.

generally regretted, and there is a very just and sweet character of her in the papers, which I have copied that I might have it. Mrs. Dawson-Damer was with her and closed her eyes; some people blamed her, poor thing, for going abroad during the winter; she thought dear Mrs. Fitzherbert so much as usual that she saw no danger; thank God, she was with her the last months; no posts coming in I have heard nothing of her will, but shall hear it all. She had been so generous while she was alive that people in general do not think she will have much to leave, excepting her two houses, jewels, and plate—most of her jewels she had given away. How soon she has followed her sisters. I have had such losses in old friends this year that it makes me quite sad; not being well at the time it nearly did me harm—thank Heaven, I am now well, all but my cough; that does not leave me, and will not till the weather changes.

I am to have a dinner to-day for my brother, and this evening we have a ball at the Duchess of Cambridge's.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E.

HOMBURG, *June 7, 1837.*

. . . I enjoy everything but walking, which is totally out of my power, and getting up off my chair when I have been long seated, gives me great pain; however, I look forward to Wiesbaden with hope and even with affection for having

learnt to know and love you as I do. . . . You will see many things improved here, though you may think the house goes on slowly. You must remember it all comes out of my purse, and as I am neither a Rothschild nor the Duchess of St. Albans, I cannot do as much as them—but I go on prudently, and this year the attics floor will be compleated—but I have ten thousand difficulties which a little good humour must overcome. I am afraid that as you will come in fine weather I shall not be able to show you the beautiful carpet worked by your sister. I have managed it remarkably well, so that it looks like a compleat carpet, laid down upon a brown *fond*—in the room. . . . I have your book,<sup>1</sup> which I have so long promised, by me for you—you will be glad to hear that it has *funded* a good deal for the school which I had so much at heart at Hanover, and the ladies have assisted me so handsomely that we have near a hundred children in. We saw them at dinner one day, when they were desirous I should see with my own eyes the wonderful progress it has made—I saw about 80 children at dinner, none as yet six years old—we take them in<sup>2</sup> at a year. You must understand that it is a Repository for the children of *those* who go out to work for the day; the children are fed, well taken care of, and when the parents return they take them home at night. By this means we save the lives of many who formerly were run over in the street. They sing a school hymn before their dinner, are taught to sit quiet

<sup>1</sup> See p. 229 and note.

till every child is served before one dare eat, and when over they sing a hymn of thanks, the older ones go to play, the others have a sleeping-room with mattresses all round the room where they sleep. And I went down to see them play; they first learn to *purfelt* silk and linnen, which is combed and spun into a sort of yarn which they knit, and conceive, both boys and girls when they quit the school often take three pairs of stockings of their own knitting. I really felt both grateful to God and happy when I witnessed the scene, there is nothing I love more than children. I wish I could manage it here to stop them from becoming wood-stealers, but that I fear is beyond my power. I will now say adieu.

God bless you,

Yours affly.,

E.

HOMBURG, *July 1, 1837.*

How kind and good of you, my dear Louisa, to have written to me. Deep, very deep is my distress, for you have no idea what a kind, warm-hearted brother I have lost.<sup>1</sup> It is all most sad, yet murmur I trust I do not, for whatever is inflicted by the Almighty is all right, but never was a severer blow. His dear, valuable, perfect widowed queen.<sup>2</sup> She is my great object; she is the first to be thought of; how much she deserves

<sup>1</sup> King William IV. died on the 20th June, in his seventy-second year, and was succeeded by his niece, her Majesty Queen Victoria.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Adelaide, daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. She died in 1849.

from us all ; never did she leave him night and day. To the last she supported him, and he died in her arms. It is impossible to be too strong in her praise, so well has she conducted herself ; soothed him, calmed him, softened the pain and anguish he experienced by her amiable and sweet manner towards him, and for twelve days literally never took off her clothes. You may suppose what a loss it is to her, and yet she bears it with that strong sense of religion for which she has ever been so famed, and which has made her go through everything with a degree of calm which one must so much admire. My poor dear sisters, particularly Augusta and Mary, who lived so constantly with the King, are much to be pitied, and both wrapped up in him. I do indeed bless God that I passed that year and a half with the dear angelic King. Now God knows whether I may ever see dear old England again ; but that I won't think of. To me my brother was everything—most affectionate, and we all feel that the change will be most dreadful to us all. Don't think I mean an unkind word. I pray most sincerely for the prosperity and happiness of our young Queen, but we are all so much older, that we cannot expect the sort of attachment we have been spoilt with from him who is no more. Then again to me dear Adolphus,<sup>1</sup> leaving Hanover all nearly kills me. I have not a doubt

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland, eldest surviving brother by the death of William IV., became King of Hanover, that kingdom not descending in the female line, which made necessary the departure of the Duke of Cambridge, the Viceroy.



that my brother Ernest will do all in his power to do what is right and kind ; but the whole thing is so changed, one's mind is quite overset, and my heart of course is so entirely over the water at this moment. I cannot tell you the state of unhappiness I am in. Time and quiet will soothe and soften in time, and I think with great pleasure of the thoughts of seeing you in September. I will write soon again.

In health I am well, in mind wretched.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA.

WIESBADEN, *August 26, 1837.*

. . . I remain the winter at Frankfort. All is so changed that often my spirits still flag. Yet you will find me what I was, maybe altered in appearance, for years tell. I quit this place to-morrow and go home. Adolphus quits this country on the 1st of this month for England. You may suppose what a severe pang that is to me, so I will not be there if I can help it when they all say adieu. . . . I have just come home from doing the civil thing ; went to the Kursaal Gardens to take leave of the English. . . . I have taken the ground-floor at Mme. de Penhuy's house on the Zeil.<sup>1</sup> I had neither heart, power, or strength to go to Hanover this year ; my legs have been so very painful and weak, so care I must take of them ; it will enable me to have my whist party most evenings, and being near home, I may always manage to take

<sup>1</sup> One of the principal streets at Frankfort.

my drive there. . . . Only tell me what day you will be at Frankfort ; I will send over a carriage and horses for you ; you will like it in a quiet way, so a small open carriage shall meet you. You cannot think with what pleasure I think of our meeting. . . .

HOMBOURG, *September 5, 1837.*

This evening I have received your kind answer, my dear Louisa. You cannot be happier with the thought of seeing me than I am at looking forward to seeing you. I believe it may so happen that I may not be able to lodge you so comfortably as before, as my sister of Dessau,<sup>1</sup> from want of room in this house, as the building is going on, lives in that apartment you had. But I will do my best. I know you are so amiable that you will forgive it. I thought, between ourselves, she would have been gone, but every hole belonging to me was put in requisition for my sister-in-law, nephews, ladies, etc., etc. Prince William of Prussia and Marianne<sup>2</sup> are still here ; they have been stopt by the cholera and cholerine being at Berlin and in Silesia. I am sorry for the cause, but glad she remains, as her Daughter,<sup>3</sup> who married Prince Charles of Darmstadt, is upon the point of laying in, and I was anxious her Mother should be near her ; now of course she hopes to be so, and Elizabeth is such a size that one may expect it at

<sup>1</sup> Amelia, Princess of Hesse-Homburg, widow of the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 191 and note.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 299 and note.

any moment. She wished to have come here again, but the medical man wisely would not let her. It was a disappointment to both Mother and Daughter ; but I am sure it was very right.

Let me know as soon as you can for certain what you can do, and where is your poor unhappy sister ? I shall have much to ask and much to hear when we meet. The boys will now all go to school. Did not one go to India ?

I mean, in November, to settle at Frankfort, and not go further. I have neither heart nor spirits for grand doings, so the more quiet I keep the better. I mean to work hard in many ways, and get on with much I am about. Many things you will think improved here ; the House is not near finished, but is getting on, and delights the Landgrave,<sup>1</sup> which is great joy to me. . . .

My accounts from England pretty good. My sister Augusta is now with Mary at Bagshot Park for a fortnight, which I hope, in God, will do her good ; she has been sadly cut up by the sad blow that has so deeply afflicted us all.

God bless you. Believe me,

Yrs. affly,  
ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> The Landgrave Louis.





FRANCFORT, *June 7*, 1838.

I send you away that I might write this note to assure you how very sorry I am to say adieu. You have been most kind in indulging me so long with your company; all I hope is that you have not been bored to death of me. With this note you will receive may be what I hope may be useful, but a paltry little star (?) just to shew you my gratitude for all your kindnesses. You cannot think the pleasure it has given me, hearing that your nephew will be replaced in his Regiment, and sincerely pray He may now turn out all we wish. Pray write him a strong letter, and tell him how necessary it is for the sake of his excellent mother and family. I do not say half what I wish to you not to make you low, for I well know you have a heart to feel deeply; therefore you may judge of mine, for I love you sincerely.

God grant you every possible happiness, and that you may long enjoy health and happiness will ever be the prayer of your sincere friend,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *June 9*, 1838.

Many thanks for your amiable note; much have I to thank you for, for being satisfied with being with me so long, much would *I say*, but am a sad hand at fine speeches, tho' no one feels more than I do.

It is fine this morning, but so cold when we arrived, and so miserably cold yesterday morning, that we had—scarcely to be credited—a snow-storm. However, in the evening I packed myself up and went my rounds, which I mean to do again this evening.

I hope all are well at Francfort, and that Fanny still keeps up your spirits. I have written to my sister about Prince Windischgratz's son, and you may tell your nephew I would have given him letters when at Frankfort if I had known it, but I have written to Augusta, who can do little, and to the Duchess of Gloucester,<sup>1</sup> who lives in the world, and will speak to her friends; also to Lady Grosvenor, who is a great *dear* of mine.

My matrass is passable. Braun has done her best.

We have much to do to get all the quantities of things I have collected straight. My face is quite heated with the cold air, but that I don't mind.

All that is doing at the *Source*<sup>2</sup> beautiful, all done with good taste, so is all the Landgrave does. They have not got on much with the House; my presence will frighten them. My clock is put up in my closet, and looks beautiful; and the clockmaker has taken the clock out of the case to repair it; it is a great joy to me to see it. You will, I hope, be taking a walk. By the bye, will you, when you see Madame Charles Rothschild, say if it had not been for my lame-

<sup>1</sup> The Landgravine's sister Mary.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 102.

ness, and Mr. Charles Rothschild's illness, I should have come to see her garden, but that I would not think of it when he gave me such an alarm. I sincerely hope he is better, and thank her for all the civility she has shewn me. I hope I shall ever prove worthy of it, and also that I am not ungrateful.

Pray take care of yourself, and be in spirits, for soon I hope to see you again at Francfort, for occasionally I shall come in. At present I have enough to do here.

God bless you. Recall me to Mrs. Steele,<sup>1</sup> Pidgeon, and Fanny.

Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

Stein speaks for herself.

HOMBOURG, *June 17, 1838.*

I was vexed with myself for disappointing you of your note to-day ; it was not my fault, my dear Louisa, as I had so much to write for the post. I have not thanked you for the finest nosegay of Roses which are flourishing under my nose at this moment.

And now to give you a commission. Will you give my love to Mademoiselle de Dungeon, and beg of her to keep my secret, but to *bespeak* for me (if she has no objection) just such a cloak as Hers, muslin over green, and with the same kind of lace, that I may give it Stein on her

<sup>1</sup> Sophie Jocelyn, granddaughter of the first Earl of Roden, married, in 1818, Walter Steele, Esq., and died in 1856. "Pidgeon" was her eldest daughter Thomasina, married in 1847, fourth Earl of Donoughmore.



birthday. I would not speak of it the other evening; she was too near. Beg of her to bespeak it as for *herself*, and send me the bill; she shall have the money *directly*. . . .

Should you see Monsieur de —, (?) would you tell him that my sister, the G. Dss. Hereditary of Mecklenburg-Schwerin,<sup>1</sup> set out the twelfth from home for Paris; she wrote to me about six miles from Hanover, and was to get to her journey's end on the 19th, when the Duke of Orleans<sup>2</sup> was obliged to leave Helena, as he was to go into Normandy; this has hurried her journey, otherwise she would have come this way. I hope this week to accomplish seeing some of the *natives*. I have as yet seen none, but I must begin. Louisa is taking these waters, which prevents her coming into company. Caroline is taking some other cure. Elizabeth and the Boy<sup>3</sup> quite well, but Elizabeth's hair is grown quite dark, which I think will improve her much. They have never dined with [me] yet; I shall speak to Gustave if he comes to me about it. This weather makes me sleepy and

<sup>1</sup> (See Pedigree of the Homburgs at beginning of this vol. and p. 90). Auguste, Princess of Hesse-Homburg, and sister-in-law of the Landgravine. Born in 1776, she married, 1818, as his third wife, the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He died the next year, and she brought up his children. Hélène, born 1814, was one of her stepdaughters.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of King Louis Philippe, and father of the late Comte de Paris; born 1810; married, in 1837, Hélène, daughter of Frédéric Louis, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (she died in 1885), and died in 1842. He was killed in a carriage accident.

<sup>3</sup> The children of Prince Gustavus of Hesse-Homburg (see p. 355).

stupid. I am waiting with impatience for my English letters. Remember me to the Steele family and all the English I know, and to who ever recalls

Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *June 23, 1838.*

I heard of you yesterday from Mrs. Steele, and to-day from the excellent Princess of Nassau,<sup>1</sup> my dear Louisa. We had a very fine day to enjoy all my favourite spots *here*. She was all kindness, I must say.

To-night you are with the Good Boy who will make himself most agreeable to you all.

I have given Mademoiselle de Dungeon a message for you. To my astonishment I received a letter from Prince Windischgratz, in which he tells me he has taken your nephew into his Regiment, a grand flourish of obliging me, which I must answer, and hope you will write strongly to your nephew that all now depends on his own good conduct. It really gives me great pleasure that He has been so fortunate as to clear himself of all that was wrong in the Prince's eyes, and I sincerely pray that He may turn out an Honour to his family and to me. I have most excellent accounts of my other young men. You will say all that is kind to your Sister about her son, and assure her how much I have his good character at heart.

<sup>1</sup> The sister-in-law of the Landgraf Freidrich of Hesse-Cassel. She lived at Frankfort.

Mrs. Steele will have told you that she changes her lodging here, and has got a very nice one. Many, they say, are coming, but I know none of them; some of the Francforters are come. Everybody says my picture is like, but not flattered, tant mieux pour moi. I don't pretend to know anything of it, but at a distance they think it like. I think Mrs. L. a most singular person, certainly a genius, whether bullied or not I cannot justly say. You have drove me wild with Alice; I can scarcely bear to lay her aside. To-day I have not read one line. . . .

Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *July* 1, 1838.

A great dinner, and having people to see, things to do, and my letter which I was obliged to end for them to go, prevented me the pleasure of writing you a line. First I wanted you to pay my money to Mademoiselle de Dungeon, before she went for the Cloak, which has enchanted Stein beyond words, and I thank you again for the trouble you took about it. I hope, my dear Louisa, you enjoyed Wiesbaden. I like the Dawsons much; they called the day I went to *Francfort*, not knowing I was going there, so they dined with me, and the more I see of them the more I appreciate them. I took them into the Library and showed him some books, which appeared to amuse him, and she also entered into all this with spirit. I thought

her looking better. He is very agreeable indeed.

I was so heated and so tired when I saw you that I had scarcely time to talk with you. Our play went off well ; not a quarter so full as usual ; the heat killing, which was not their fault ; the [*illegible*]'s civility more than I can say. After the Play we had a Supper, well served and well managed. Prince William of Prussia,<sup>1</sup> the King's son, was there ; also the Duke and Duchess of Holstein ; the Hereditary Grand Duke of Darmstadt.<sup>2</sup>

How grieved I was to see our valuable and dear Madame de Penhuys so suffering, poor Soul ; she gave up the amusement of the evening for the sake of dining with the Princess of Nassau, where we spent some-very pleasant hours.

I think you said twenty-two or twenty-four florins for the cloak ; will you ask Mademoiselle de Dungeon where she got it ? You shall have the money on Wednesday, when I send in the messenger, and you can pay it and send me the receipt. I was furious with myself for not paying it yesterday, which I could have done easily.

I find since writing thus far that Braun sent you the money for the cloak yesterday, in which

<sup>1</sup> Second son of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, afterwards, on the death of his elder brother without posterity, King of Prussia ; and in 1871, Emperor William I., born 1797 ; married 1829 Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar, and died in 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Louis, who became in 1848 Grand Duke Louis III. of Hesse-Darmstadt.

she was perfectly right, as I told her to do so ; but I was prevented writing by being perpetually stopt, which I was all day yesterday.

To-day we had [*illegible*] the Landgraves eight or nine, and twenty in number. Hom-bourg is filling. I am going to take out the Countess of Isenbourg and her Daughters, that she may not think me a Bear.

The heat is so great that I am near dead.

God bless you. I send you two letters which are come for you.

Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *July 7, 1838.*

Very little is to be said from home, only I must thank you, my dear Louisa, for the flowers. The weather has been heavenly. All those that are here appear pleased with the place and the waters. Monr. de Darenberg has dined twice with me, and came to me twice of an evening ; I like him much. I hope somebody won't be jealous of *me*. He don't allow that they are at Paris, but I believe he knows nothing of it.

What do you hear of the Charles Rothschilds ; I long to know how England suits her. General W., they say, went into the country ; he would have nothing to do with the Coronation ceremony ; that the night before, by the Railway from Liverpool, came up forty thousand people to see the sight. The order does those that had had it in hand and the Police eternal credit ; never did anything go off so well, and the

Queen's dignity, graciousness, modesty, and grace, enchanted every one. My sisters all write the same about it, and all say the same thing; Balls and fêtes are following so fast that it sets my poor head quite in a whirl.

All tell me the same about Wiesbaden, that it is woeful—the society there, and the gambling is frightful to witness; it makes me so wretched I never go near the room. But Wiesbaden is not full this year; it may improve, which I believe, as I think June is too early; the K. of Wurtemberg and his two Daughters are there.<sup>1</sup> I suppose the dear Princess of Nassau is now quite established. Have you had any accounts of your sister when she moves to Ems?

I have no thought at present of Francfort; the heat is too great, and I am bathing, which makes me languid, though I am well; but I believe to-day there is much thunder about; we heard some at a great distance this morning, but all the storms have been most severe.

They say Lord Glenelg is to marry a widow, but I do not know it is true. Two or three others I have heard of, but have forgotten them. Lady Sophia Lennox is to marry Lord Thomas Cecil. God bless you.

Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

<sup>1</sup> William I., 2nd King of Wurtemberg, succeeded his father in 1816; born in 1781, and died in 1864. He was married three times, and had four daughters, besides a son, Charles, who succeeded him.

HOMBOURG, *July* 10, 1838.

. . . Be very careful of saying what you think, so many repeat, and that makes enemies; for I speak from knowing formerly how I have done myself harm by talking of People as *Boars* and *plagues*, etc., without an idea of malice; and many think the *English gossip*, not recollecting they are much more so.

I saw the Steeles yesterday, that is to say the Girls; she was ill with a bad headache. I shall introduce them to the Landgrave on Thursday; He quits us Tuesday next for Schlangenbadt.

Believe me, it is much more trying to have those in the House one loves, who won't come, nor will not receive you, which is my case; *L.* will not appear, and her poor girl is quite locked up with the children.

God bless you; say what is civil to the Baron de Rothschild, and believe me,

Yours affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *July* 14, 1838.

. . . I had fifteen to table—none of the Gustaves, which I am sorry for, but *I* say nothing of that; one must in this world make one's mind up to contretemps. . . . I am nearly knocked up with the heat, even *here* I am absolutely *subdued*; I was out till 9 o'clock last night, and mean to do the same thing again.

I sit and work at the cottage till near eight o'clock, and then take a drive, and come home and work till near eleven—if I am tired I go

away sooner ; but to-day I am on my *good behaviour*, for yesterday Les Pays Bas chose to be in an uproar. I conclude the 24 articles are not agreed upon, and I was very much overcome by the *riot* and *rebellion*, which brought me low—but I am better ; still, heat never agrees with me. The gardens round Frankfort must be lovely at this moment.

. . . Dearest Mary's ball went off famously, and she stretched her house marvellously well, keeping up all that was perfectly right, having a *haut-pas* for the Queen, who enjoyed everything as she should at her age. Her whole conduct is perfection one must say.

Now God bless you. Believe me at all times, seasons, and weather,

Yours affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *July* 31, 1838.

You will have had a letter from me, as ours crossed, so I waited a little, having a great deal to write and many people to see besides. I have had a most kind letter from your sister from Cheltenham, full of gratitude about her son, that I answered by to-day's post, for I thought it would please her.

I have had a great dinner for the Hereditary Great Duke of Weimar,<sup>1</sup> but was obliged to

<sup>1</sup> Charles Alexander, born in 1818, eldest son of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick, born 1783, who married, 1804, the Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna, daughter of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia.



dine at Two on account of the Landgrave, who will in a few days return to Schlangenbad.

The Cowells I have not seen; they did not come to Francfort. They brought me a small parcel which I got by the Minister. I was in hopes to have received Mr. Fox here, but he has had a good deal to do, and unfortunately arrived when I was at dinner to-day, so could not see them, which was a great vexation to me.

I must write a line to Mrs. Molyneux. They have had their great musical fête at Francfort; I never thought of going; I hate crowds; besides, as I did not go to hear Countess Rossi I certainly would not think of any one else.

They say many English are coming abroad who I don't know. Wiesbaden is as full as it can hold now. The King of Wurtemberg quits it to-day, the Princesses to-morrow, so I understand. The P. of Orange is returned for the present to Holland, but, though a secret, it is le secret de la Comedie, for He certainly marries his Cousin, the Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg<sup>1</sup>; they appeared arm in arm all the time he was there, but no one dare say a word.

It had been my intention to go out; we have had a thunderstorm without Lightning, and a great deal of rain, and having the toothache I have given it up. My dinner went off very well. Just now I have Stein's sister and brother. He

<sup>1</sup> Sophia, daughter of William I., 2nd King of Wurtemberg; born in 1817, married in 1839, William Prince of Orange, who succeeded to the throne of Holland on the death of his father, William II., in 1849, and was father of the present Queen of Holland. He died in 1890.

is clever and agreeable, tho' a dwarf, but all is forgotten when he talks—he is so sensible. Louisa is a sweet, amiable, warm-hearted, good girl; I like her very much, as being her sister. They quit this place on Saturday to visit both their married Brothers, and then return to Giesen.

I have not thought of Frankfort, nor shall I think of it for some time—I am so thoroughly comfortable *here*, enjoying my Garden and my little wood, constantly visiting the Springs,<sup>1</sup> which are every day prettier. It is wonderful what Louis has done; the people like the water and enjoy themselves here, for they are generally quiet people—a good many English I am told. A sister of Lord Herries's who I am to see, but she is not well. The Steeles I should see more of, but that she suffers sadly from headaches; so does poor Pigeon. I wished them to dine two or three times; they could not come. . . .

HOMBOURG, *August 5, 1838.*

I write in haste, as my sister Marianne<sup>2</sup> is just arrived; she is come without the Prince, as he stays at Francfort, not being very well, and they proceed to Schwalbach to-morrow.

We are going to drink tea at the Cottage, and where else is as yet a doubt to me, as she does what she pleases when here. The heat to-day will please you, we have had showers, but nothing

<sup>1</sup> See p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> Princess of Hesse-Homburg, married to Prince William of Prussia.

of consequence, and the soft rain does a great deal of good, but Farmers always croak, and make me very angry; we are never thankful enough for our *blessings*.

I have my English letters; little or no news. Lord Clanricarde goes to Petersbourg as ambassador; she will be very much admired there, for she is beautiful. Augusta has been unwell at Frogmore; better *now*. Mary unwell in London with a severe cold; she assures me she is better, and I hope by this time at Bagshot. Lord Sandhurst is to marry Lady Mary Paget, and if she turns out as well as her sister, Lady Sydney, they will be very much pleased, for there cannot, by all accounts, be a more amiable creature. I heard of some other match, but it has escaped my memory.

Some say Parliament will be soon up, but others say it is doubtful till it is; the Queen is fixed in town, then talks of Windsor for a time. Lady Bedingfield is at Brussels. Lord Strafford has lost one of his daughters, and Lady Strafford wrote to beg her to come, as they thought her presence and good spirits would do him good.

She will stay some little time, see her Daughter I believe, at Bruges, and then return.

A good many English are here whom I am to see. General Lestrangle, who commands at Cork, is come to take the waters. I saw him to-day. Mrs. Lestrangle will come another day. A Mr. and Mrs. Bradley (she is sister to Lord Herries), she is to come also, but has been ill; and some Scotch people are also here; by and bye

I shall get them through, but I am so uncertain of what I am to do it drives me wild. This is merely to show you I am alive, and hope that Ems will be of essential use to you all. Is Mrs. Walker arrived, or is she still with her friend?

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *August* 11, 1838.

I have had your letter some days; you will find mine crossed, and that may happen again, dear Louisa. I am glad you are comfortable at Ems. Yesterday I saw Mrs. Dawson Damer (Miss Luttrell that was) with her two Daughters; he is lame and going to Wisbaden. She enquired after you, and she hoped to find you there; I told her you was at Ems. She is taking her Husband, who is very lame; much like me, I believe, as Dr. Downe has sent him there. I was delighted to see her again, we had not met these thirty years; seeing her with these grown-up daughters quite astonished me, and yet how silly it should; I then recollected how much older I am. Mrs. D. Damer is exactly what she was, only fatter. She is so much disturbed by this lameness of Mr. D. Dawsons, as they wished to get back to England. Her girls are nice girls; the youngest, the third, I did not see, she is out of health, tho' better.

I have been so very much shocked by the death of the youngest Mademoiselle de T., for I did not know she was ill till yesterday; she died to-day; that poor eldest breaks my heart, I hear

she is almost distracted ; it is enough to drive any one *mad*. She has not been ill a week. She was at the musical fête at Francfort, and at a great party at the great wood ; stayed late, got a tremendous fever, and was released on this very day. It affected me more than I can tell you, for tho' I do not pretend to have been extremely intimate with them, they were such good girls, and this one was so improved, by all her excellent elder sister had said of her, that I can scarcely recover it. These things shake, and so they ought ; poor thing, she is not to be pitied ; her sister is greatly, and she said the other day she only wished to live for this sister. The suddenness of it is most awful ; it certainly makes one think, for who knows who will follow ? How necessary to be prepared, and how few can be, for do what one will we never can be good enough.

They say that there is a bad fever at Francfort, at the Swan Inn the report is Twenty dead and six very ill, but I never believe half they tell me from Francfort. I only hope that they will whitewash and clean the *House well*. News I know not a word for you. I suppose that the arrival of the Dss. of Nassau<sup>1</sup> will make Ems more gay, the Imperial Great Duke of Russia,<sup>2</sup> etc., etc. The fever has again been very

<sup>1</sup> Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg.

<sup>2</sup> The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, younger brother of the Czars Alexander I. and Nicholas I., born in 1798, married in 1824 Helen, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg. The Grand Duchess Michael and the Duchess of Nassau were sisters.

severe on poor dear Prince William<sup>1</sup> to-day ; Marianne hopes, as it has changed the hour, it will begin to yield. I assure you it is an anxious business, tho' no danger. Louisa I have never seen, for she says she has the rheumatism in her Head and face. I have it also bad ; with the weather we have had, who would be well ?

Remember me to your sister and niece, who I hope is better for Ems, and

Believe me,

Yours affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *August 21*, 1838.

I write you a few hurried lines to thank you for yours, my dear Lousia ; my fate is determined upon, and is contre cœur. I am to go to Wiesbaden, and shall be there this day fortnight, I hope for three weeks. It annoys me, as I meant to have got well *here*, but the uncertainty of the weather has made me so great a sufferer with Rheumatism that I must consider my health, tho' I really am as to health well, only at times much pain.

I have had several English here this last week, the Gore-Ouseleys, who are delightful ; they dined with us, and made themselves so agreeable that they staid much later than we expected ; by this time they are near England. Also Elizabeth and Charles of Darmstadt<sup>2</sup> with

<sup>1</sup> Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who married Marianne, Princess of Hesse-Homburg.

<sup>2</sup> See pp. 299 and 323 and note.

their Baby ; but I believe they go away some time to-morrow. We sit down twenty to dinner in the House.

I intend to write to the dear Princess of Nassau. I rejoice Mlle. de Dungeon's sister is better ; what a happiness it must be to her.

We are just come in from our drive, and I dined with Louisa in her own room, for I cannot manage those stairs twice a day. Parliament is up, so all will get out and get cool, which they want. News I know none.

Remember me to your sister and niece.

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *August 25, 1838.*

. . . Don't you mind or take ill what the young person says, for advice she will give, for that is now the fashion, everybody fancies they can know best what suits their neighbours, which I really think very troublesome and very impertinent—but so it is, and she takes it from others, not considering that she has no right to do so. She naturally is touchy, as all her countrymen are, and no one takes a joke so ill and so little understands it, though she loves to joke others ; I know her merits, and really love her, for there is much good in her ; you may not see it, that is very possible, but it is not required you should be intimate, only be careful what you say, as often things are misunderstood. . . . When I saw the Duke of Nassau's sons I thought the second charming ; the eldest very clever and

very pleasing. Maurice recalls his father in his younger days.

Yours affectly,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *August 31, 1838.*

I received yours last night and tho' there is little to say, excepting that I live in a great hurry.

We have had the Electrice<sup>1</sup> since Monday, always here to see her brother, and she is so sweet, but I am delighted she should have enjoyed her brother Prince William. She set off from Fulda at five o'clock this morning.

I intend to be at Wiesbaden on the fourth late, and remain three weeks, if it agrees with me, which it always has done, excepting last year, which was not to be surprised, as I went when it was much too hot for me. I am very glad that, besides the pleasure of having you, I shall see Mrs. Dawson Damer, who I think delightful, and my dear and best Princess of Nassau. I don't think I shall write again to you before I go. Yesterday you would have laughed I had so many English. I was to give a dinner, and just as I was going to dress Lord and Lady Downshire arrived with Lady Charlotte Hill and their youngest son. I sat a little while with them, and again as I was going to dress arrived Lord and Lady Lincoln, she looking lovely, and much

<sup>1</sup> Frederica, Princess of Prussia, sister of King William III., and Prince Frederick William, born 1780, married in 1797, William Elector of Hesse-Cassel. She died in 1841.



better than she was ; she is going to Italy till the meeting of Parliament.

Louis took his flight after Tuesday, to be out of the way [of] his Birthday, and where he is we do not know, so I am keeping House ; to-morrow I give another and supper. I hear that Lord Granby is to marry Miss Forester, his cousin ;<sup>1</sup> what a very great thing for her ; I wish it may be a happy match, for they say she is the image of her sister, poor Lady Chesterfield. . . .

It gave me pleasure to learn that your nephew is now happy and contented, God grant all may go well, and thus, by his own exertion, he may rapidly advance.

All say that the Imperial Grand Duke<sup>2</sup> is very amiable and civil.

I daresay your niece was pleased with her Ball. Mr. Walker<sup>3</sup> is, I hope, quite recovered of his accident, and now able to walk about, and that He is more comfortable in respect to his affairs. That will be a source of comfort to your sister.

I am going to get ready for going out, so adieu.

Yrs. affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *September 4*, 1838.

Instead of seeing me you must have this note to say I have so bad a *swelled face* I am

<sup>1</sup> This marriage did not take place.

<sup>2</sup> The Archduke Francis Charles Joseph of Austria, younger brother of the Emperor Ferdinand I. He was the father of the present Emperor, in whose favour both brothers abdicated in 1848. They died, Ferdinand I. in 1875, and the Archduke in 1878.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Richard Walker.

not shewable, and that tho' my carriages were gone I was obliged to send for them back. I hope in a few days to see you, at present it is quite out of the question for I am a perfect monster; it is so very provoking, but I daresay it is for some wise purpose, therefore I do not mind it. Your letter I received last night; I am too stupid to say more for I am in such pain with my face.

Believe me,  
Yrs. affly.,  
ELIZA.

Pray tell Mrs. Dawson Damer I hope to find her at Wiesbaden. I hope we may often meet of an evening. I hate Inn dinners, one is more comfortable when they are gone bye.

HOMBOURG, *October 4, 1838.*

I write you a line to say I am safe at Home. I got here before six yesterday after[noon?], it may have been a little more, but the Clocks don't go the same.

I stopt as I intended to see Madame de Penhuys. I think her altered I own; very glad to see me but I fear I staid too long as the Princess of Nassau kindly came in just as I was going away, and that prevented my taking my leave. I found the Princess very well; she enquired kindly after you, and so did Madame de Penhuys. I told her you talked sooner or later to come to Francfort.

. . . The cold is so dreadful here that I have

not moved to-day for fear of coughing, but mean to go out to-morrow at half-past five. I have candles, and the clouds make me fear snow, they are so woolly. I hope you are comfortable and enjoying the society of the amiable Chichesters, I find a Brother of Mrs. Philips' is coming with his wife and nine or ten children to Francfort for the winter.

All are well here, tho' Louisa, who was at the theatre last night and returned in the drowska late, tho' she came to see me says she is ill and did not come to dinner. I saw the girls, but the Boy hurt himself, and having cryed he did not like to show himself. I found two more large Pictures to clean for the great wood ; that I am most ready to do. Now adieu.

Yrs. afftly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *October* 14, 1838.

I have waited a few days hoping to have something worth relating ; but mine is a very John Trot sort of life and the cold has set in pretty sharply here which makes me as stiff as a poker, tho' I feel the good effects of the Wiesbaden water, by not being in so much pain.

I did a very gay thing this day week. The Duke of Nassau came to invite us over to see the Infantry Parade at [*word illegible*], so the Landgrave and I went over. I was much delighted for it delights me to see soldiers, having been used to them all my life ; we were favoured in every way, never was there a finer

day, the troops looked very nice, all clean and in perfect order. The Duchess met me and came into my carriage; I turned out Stein, and she followed with the Duchess's Gentleman and Lady. We had a very magnificent dinner; one hundred and forty. I staid till after five, and then came away, got home by seven o'clock; they have been fortunate as they have had fine weather all the time. They returned home I believe the day before yesterday. I am quite sure that Wiesbaden is much warmer than here. . . .

Pray write me again the name of the flowers you mentioned; also that flower you brought me which covers the ground *so well*; which you brought to me one morning at Wiesbaden, and which smelt so sweet and pleasant, that pretty purple flower.

I think you may be walking about at this moment, when the Sun is shining. Mrs. Steele is still here with her Girls. . . . She has given me a most valuable print of the Ladies of Llangollen.<sup>1</sup> I never saw such singular figures in

<sup>1</sup> Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, the former being sister to John, who was acknowledged seventeenth Earl of Ormonde by the Irish House of Peers in 1791. They vowed an eternal friendship to one another and left their homes in order to live together in complete seclusion at a cottage at Plasnewydd, in the vale of Llangollen. They remained there for fifty years, neither passing a single night away from the cottage till her death. One result of this eccentric seclusion was to attract the attention of many who otherwise would never have heard of them. Tourists in Wales sought for introductions to them and many, including distinguished foreigners, travelled all the way to Plasnewydd in order to visit them. Their costume is said to have been a semi-masculine one. Lady

my life ; yet they always interested me I must say. . . .

The quantities of English coming to Francfort, wonderful ; two families with ten children each, most of them Irish. . . .

God bless you.

Yrs. afftly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBOURG, *October 27, 1838.*

I have little to say, and indeed am sorry not to have thanked you sooner, but I have had such quantities to write that I have had no time to scribble a new one. For the letters I have written are chiefly questions and recommendations, very tiresome both for those that are to receive them and also for myself. I go on as usual and the weather favours me very much. The place is still in great beauty, and I delight in it more and more.

Yesterday I went to Francfort, having much to do there. I am papering the sitting-room. I like what I have chosen, and think my room will be very pretty, and some linnen from England will make it very smart. I hope not to be there for some time yet.

The Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark<sup>1</sup> have been here ; they dined with me one

Eleanor died in 1829 and Miss Ponsonby in 1831, and they are buried with their maid, Mary Caryll, in the churchyard at Plasnewydd. The picture in question is probably a print of one taken by Lady Leighton surreptitiously during a visit of her mother and herself to the old ladies.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Christian born 1786. Became King of Norway in 1814, but abdicated the same year, and King of Denmark

day whilst the Prince and Marianne <sup>1</sup> were here ; and the Princess came again to see me, my having been at Francfort to see her. She was out. The Princess of Nassau was ill, so I only saw Madame de Penhuys whilst the Horses were resting, and returned *home*, when I thought her much more nervous and unwell.

The Seil <sup>2</sup> has several new shops, and part of old Monsieur de [*illegible*] 's house below stairs a Jew has taken ; it will be a fine shop ; this I was told at Francfort. Not one word of truth in Captain Stephen's being ill ; he is quite well, and has been with my Brother Adolphus <sup>3</sup> at Kew ; I have had a letter from her from Brighton.

I daresay you enjoy your walks about dear Wiesbaden, which has done wonders for me.

Believe me ever,

Yours affly.,

ELIZA.

HOMBURG, *November* 12, 1838.

Have you heard the story of Prince Dona who is to marry Lady Mary Talbot ? He was to have married a very beautiful girl at Rome, the *great* beauty, and a large fortune which this Prince greatly wanted. You must know better than me that after a young lady is promised she retires to a convent till she is claimed by her

in 1839 on the decease of his cousin Frederick VI. He married in 1815 as his second wife Caroline Amelia, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein (she died in 1881) and died in 1848.

<sup>1</sup> Prince and Princess William of Prussia.

<sup>2</sup> The Zeil—one of the most important streets at Frankfort.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Cambridge.

future husband. This *girl* went into her convent happy, pleased, and contented, receiving each post letters full of the kindest expressions, all flames and darts, when one day her father comes and tells her that the Prince Dona had written to him to say that he was grieved, but (he) must obey his uncle's commands and that he must give up his daughter. The poor girl was so seized that she said she never would eat again, and the next day she died. All Rome was up in arms at this conduct, and in the crowd they heard people say there never was so abominable a murder. They followed her in shoals, the corpse being exposed, and her beauty naturally excited great interest, and they heard many say he ought to be killed, which they think is awful from an Italian. God knows what will happen when the Shrewsburys arrive, for they mean to have a great to do at the wedding. I think of it with horror, as one really dreads the anger and jealousy of that country. Whether the Shrewsburys are going or gone I do not know. . . . I am trying to finish all that must be done before I go.

Yours affly.,

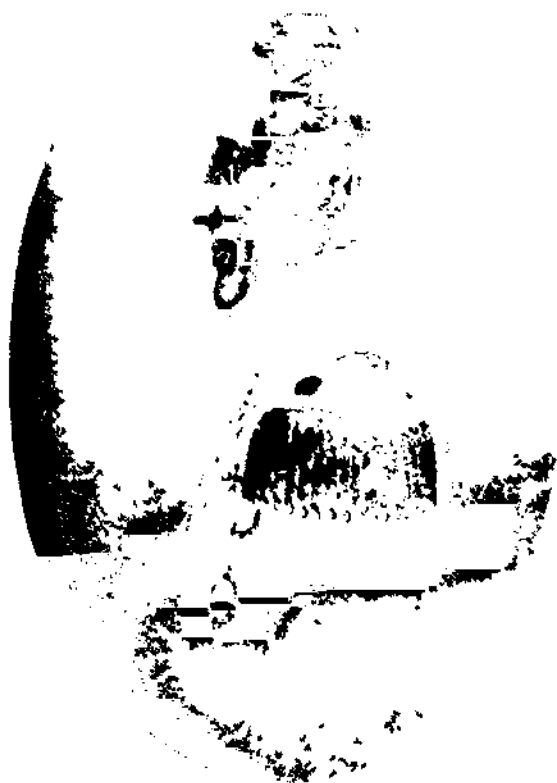
ELIZA.

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A few months after the date of this last letter the Landgravine was to suffer another great loss in the death of the Landgrave Louis. In November he paid a visit to the Princess at Frankfort on his way to Luxemburg, where he arrived on the 16th of December, apparently in







THE LANDGRAVE LOUIS OF HESSE HOMBURG

*(From a painting by J. B. I. 1811)*

the best of health, giving a dinner party and going to a ball on the 6th of January. Two days afterwards, however, he was struck down by an attack of paralysis, and died on the 19th, in his 69th year in the presence of his brother Gustave, who had hastened to his bedside from Homburg. His death must have been felt deeply by the Landgravine, for they had lived together at Homburg for many years on happy terms of mutual respect and affection. With all the regrets though which the loss of near relations must have occasioned and the increasing burden and infirmities of advancing old age, and the loneliness perhaps of her existence in a foreign land away from her beloved England, she went on ever happily to the end, and doubtless never found cause to change the opinion which she had expressed a few years before : " I say to you with truth that no one enjoys their old age more than me, and am convinced that I have been a much happier being since the spring and summer of my life are over." She died on the 10th of January, 1840, at Frankfort, and was buried at Homburg in the vault with the Landgraves. The following letter was written by the Hereditary Princess of Dessau to Princess William of Prussia (sisters-in-law of the Landgravine) :—

" DESSAU, 22 *Januar*, 1840.

" Je ne savais point hier en recevant Votre lettre le souhait de la bonne Landgrave, d'être ensevelie suivant le rite Anglais, ce qui était bien naturel pourtant. Et aujourd'hui par une lettre

de Desnoyer à sa sœur j'ai appris déjà qu'il y a eu cinq Ecclésiastiques Anglicains qui l'ont accompagnée dans le caveau ; aussi l'ambassade Anglaise à Francfort accompagna le cercueil envoyé de Hannovre. Ce fut à six heures du soir que le convoi se mit en chemin. Grâce à Dieu, que le cher Philippe a supporté ce jour sans en devenir malade. Desnoyer dit :—'Ich sah sie noch Tags vorher und kann sagen, dasz ich nie einen Todten gesehen habe, welcher so sanfte Züge hatte ; sie schien nur zu schlummern, Keine Verzerrung war sichtbar, nicht einmal das Längliche, was sonst jedes Todtenantlitz hat.'

"Actuellement je sais au juste que la chère Landgrave donnait par an fl. 70,000 pour éteindre les dettes, ce qui fait en écus 39,880 Thlr. Et le cher Louis donnait de son côté pour le 'Staatshaushalt' 6,000 fl. das sind 3,428 Thlr. Et ce qui circulait à Hombourg pour sa maison n'était aussi pas peu de chose. Représentez vous, comment on fera pour exister là sans les plus grandes 'Einschränkungen.' Quel bouleversement à Hombourg par la mort de notre bonne Landgrave ! je ne sais comment ils feront pour suffir. Et ce château qui n'est pas fini non plus, dont elle payait si régulièrement les ouvriers ! Ah quel changement !"

The Homburg line of Landgraves only survived a few years the death of the Landgravine Elizabeth. Of the five surviving sons of the old Landgrave, Frederick and Louis, the two eldest, had already died without children. Philip, who

became Landgrave on the death of Louis in 1839, had made a morganatic marriage with Frau von Schimmelpfennig the year previously and died in 1846 without any heir. Prince Gustavus, who came next, had married, as has been before mentioned, his niece Louisa, the daughter of his sister Amelia, Hereditary Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, and had three children—Caroline, born in 1819, and married in 1839 to Henry XX. of Reusz-Greiz; Elizabeth, born in 1823, who died unmarried; and Frederick, born in 1830. On this one son all the hopes of the Homburg family were concentrated, for Ferdinand, the youngest brother, was unmarried, and he was thus the only heir in the next generation to the little sovereignty. He is said to have been a young man of considerable intellectual gifts, like his father of very handsome appearance, and of a remarkably amiable character. When he was seventeen years of age, he was sent by his father to the University of Bonn. He had only been there a few weeks when he was attacked by influenza which quickly developed into inflammation of the lungs, and he died on the 4th of January, 1848. Professors and students expressed their grief in deputations and addresses, and the death of the young Marcellus called forth the sorrowful strains of more than one poet. No sympathy, however, could console the afflicted father, who, broken down with grief, followed his son to the grave the same year. Ferdinand, the last brother, then succeeded. He was a man of a curiously shy and retiring disposition, and in

his old age remarkable for many eccentricities. He did not live at the Castle, but in a small set of rooms close by in the greatest seclusion and simplicity. His one care seems to have been to avoid all visitors, and when the Emperor Francis Joseph accompanied by Prince Alexander of Hesse rode over to pay him a visit he refused to see them; while on their entering the park they were told they must put out their cigars as smoking was not allowed there. His niece Caroline, Countess von Reusz, even did not dare to approach him when he was on his death-bed, and could only sit in an adjoining room till the end. In this loneliness and separation, even from his nearest relations, died the Landgrave Ferdinand in 1866, in his 83rd year—the last Landgrave of Homburg. The state then reverted to Hesse-Darmstadt, but shortly afterwards became Prussian territory.

But though the fine race of Homburg princes has sunk into the dust of the grave, and the Homburg dynasty has disappeared for ever, it will be long before the inhabitants of Homburg forget their beloved Landgraves and their benign and fatherly care for their people,<sup>1</sup> and though many years have now elapsed since the Princess Elizabeth said her final farewell to Homburg and to England, and though few now survive who can themselves have seen her amiable countenance or have been acquainted with her genial per-

<sup>1</sup> The rooms of the Landgrave Ferdinand at the Orangerie can still be seen exactly as he left them, and the uniforms of the Princes pierced by the bullets.

sonality, yet the time is far distant, we believe, when her affectionate and sympathetic nature, her good will and her good deeds, will sink into oblivion, and when the pleasant and happy memory of the good Landgravine will fade from the minds of the people of her little kingdom, or be forgotten in the land of her birth.

## APPENDIX

### THE APARTMENTS OF THE LANDGRAVINE ELIZABETH, PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE following description of the Landgravine's apartments was kindly sent to me by Mr. F. C. Fischer from Homburg :—

These were situated in the northern wing of the Castle over the terrace, and offered a splendid view of the Taunus Mountains. The dining-hall was the largest of the suite of rooms. It was furnished *à l'Empire*, light blue, and the curtains, as well as the coverings of the furniture, were painted by the Princess. In this hall were steel engravings of the Royal family of Great Britain—one of the Duchess of Kent, with Queen Victoria, a baby, in her arms, and of King Leopold of Belgium; a model of a country-house of Queen Victoria, and a relief of the castle of the family of Schwarzburg.

The studio was the favourite resort of the Princess, where she had her writing-desk, her easel, and her embroideries. It contained a small, carefully selected library, and the pictures of her nearest relatives. Among them were those of King William IV. of England, King

Ernest Augustus of Hanover, and Landgrave Christian of Hesse-Darmstadt.

The bed-chamber of the Princess contained a large-sized lounge in the middle of the apartment, a large bed with a canopy, a Japanese toilet-stand, antique clocks, portraits in porcelaine, etc., etc.

The reception-room contained antiquities, Chinese vases a small library, etc., a very curiously carved cupboard in ebony, richly inlaid with silver, formerly the property of Queen Elizabeth.

The drawing-room contained also the portraits of the Empress Maria Theresa, and Joseph II. of Austria, Landgravine Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, Frederick William III. of Prussia, and many pictures by Dutch masters.

The library contained many very rare books, amongst them Bensley's great illustrated Bible in seven volumes, London, 1800.

The large reception-room contained many valuable things, the most remarkable was a table of malachite, a bridal present to the Princess by the Emperor Alexander of Russia; a toilet-stand in ebony with gold knobs; a man-of-war in miniature in silver, a present of King William IV. of England; a watch, formerly the property of King Louis XVI., presented to the Princess by the Duchess d'Angoulême; alabaster vases, China articles, etc. There were also several portraits—King George III. on horseback, the Duke of Cumberland, the King of Hanover, etc.

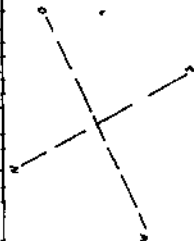
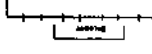
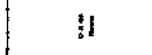
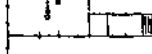
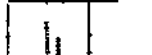
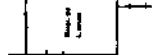
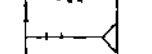
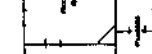
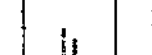
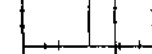
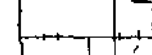
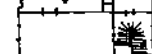
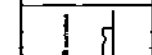


The apartments of the Princess remained in the same order in which she left them until after the death of the last Landgrave, in 1866, when the private property all went to the family of the Reusz Greiz, the heirs, while the rest went to Darmstadt, which inherited the Landgraviate.

The room near the reception-room was a bed-chamber, and contained two beds. The room adjoining contained a very large number of miniatures of the Royal Family.

# APARTMENTS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH

MAIN ENTRANCE



TERACE

To face A 500



