

Monsieur Otto on account of my knowledge of the English tongue, and also, if I may say so, on account of my natural capacity. They were happy days during which I lived in the square of Bloomsbury. The climate of monsieur's country is, it must be confessed, detestable. But then what would you have? Flowers grow best in the rain. One has but to point to monsieur's fellow-country-women to prove it.

"Well, Monsieur Otto, our ambassador, was kept terribly busy over that treaty, and all of his staff were worked to death. We had not Pitt to deal with, which was perhaps as well for us. He was a terrible man that Pitt, and wherever half-a-dozen enemies of France were plotting together, there was his sharp-pointed nose right in the middle of them. The nation, however, had been thoughtful enough to put him out of office, and we had to do with Monsieur Addington. But Milord Hawkesbury was the foreign minister, and it was with him that we were obliged to do our bargaining.

"You can readily understand that it was no child's play. After 10 years of war each nation had got hold of a great deal which had belonged to the other, or to the others' allies. What was to be given back? And what was to be kept? Is this island worth that peninsula? If we do this at Venice will you do this at Sierra Leone? If we give up Egypt to the Sultan, will you restore the Cape of Good Hope? which you have taken from our allies the Dutch? So we wrangled and wrestled; and I have seen Monsieur Otto come back to the embassy so exhausted that his secretary and I had to help him from his carriage to his sofa. But at last things adjusted