

sallies. But in his most genial moments, you could never forget that he was a Christian, and a Christian Minister, for there was a savour of piety and of genuine Christian kindness about everything that proceeded out of his mouth."

All his children were gathered under the paternal roof at the time of his death, though one, unfortunately, arrived too late to be recognized by him.

TALLEYRAND—A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUTZKOW.

PART II.

I would not venture to say that Talleyrand belonged to the Orleans conspiracy, still he cannot help liking Louis Philippe, for both of them love England. Talleyrand was the ægis of the new government, and was its best representative in foreign countries. His old-fashioned airs and graces were familiar to all cabinets, and were greeted with smiles of recognition. Talleyrand gave the new government a moral stamp, and the comforting assurance, so to speak, that it would not differ materially from its predecessor. The old manners still prevailed without any alteration. Talleyrand's destiny was to pour oil upon the troubled waters of the revolution, and that of 1830 was no more to him than any political change which had preceded it. He made those who flew first learn to walk, taught enthusiasm to be wise betimes, and became the pedantic tutor of the young France of July, whose foolish pranks he undertook to find excuses for at foreign courts. The self-sufficiency of old age shews itself in the course Talleyrand is now pursuing. He has to encounter the difficulties of a veteran statesman who confides old customs and formalities as a sacred deposit to some young aspirant. Talleyrand seems desirous of making diplomacy subservient to self. He likes war still less than formerly, for he is old, very old, and would vanish in the smoke of the first cannon shot. He it was who caused the ruin of Poland, sacrificed Italy, and would have abandoned Belgium if the working of the protocol had failed. He created the domestic policy of Louis Philippe, and his motto is "Peace at any price." Talleyrand is now eighty,* his sight failing, his whole frame growing more shrunk and feeble. How many more springs will he hear the lark sing in the clear skies of Valençai?

* In 1834.