

**THE DAYS THAT ARE
NO MORE; SOME
REMINISCENCES**

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The days that are no more; some reminiscences by Pauline Metternich

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PRINCESS PAULINE METTERNICH

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SOME REMINISCENCES

BY

PRINCESS PAULINE METTERNICH

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PRINCESS PAULINE METTERNICH
AND THE SECOND EMPIRE

SOME NOTES

BY EDWARD LEGGE

SOME time in June 1920, I read the following paragraph in *Le Temps* :

“Now and then the Empress Eugénie comes to see us, passing like a shadow. To-day we learn from Vienna that Princess Metternich is going to publish her recollections. Like two old fairies of a time almost fabulous the Empress Eugénie and Princess Pauline de Metternich look silently at each other across a Europe turned upside down. What would they say? Nothing would be more expressive than total silence. But the Empress might tell the Princess that one day a few years ago, when she had picked a flower in what was once the garden of the Tuileries, the custodian remonstrated with her, contenting himself, however, with saying, ‘I won’t complain of you this time, my good woman, but

Preface

don't do it again!' The Empress, continuing her walk, thanked the representative of Authority with a smile not without a suggestion of melancholy, but she did not explain why she had picked that flower, nor tell the custodian who she was. Perhaps she thought that since the time of which the flower had reminded her there had been two deluges, and that her name would doubtless mean nothing to the guardian of the Rue des Tuileries."

Princess Metternich had this in common with the Empress Eugénie—that she found as many enthusiastic defenders as scornful enemies. She owed their existence entirely to herself, to her peculiar idiosyncrasies. A devoted friend of the persons who frequented her *salons*, she lashed with contemptuous words those whom, often for no serious reason, she wished to get rid of. She loved and she detested with passionate sincerity. People soon came to treat her similarly. She was "Notre Dame de Vienne" and also "la Reine Peste." Daughter of a wealthy Hungarian, Count Sandor, celebrated for his equestrian feats and regarded as the victim of mental derangement, she boasted of her father's peculiarities and found in them an excuse for her own oddities. Shortly after her marriage to Prince Richard Metternich, son of the