

**THE CONFESSIONS
OF A PRINCESS, PP.
7-269**

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The Confessions of a Princess, pp. 7-269 by Anonymous

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Publisher's Note

It is not often, perhaps, that a book like the *Confessions of a Princess* is issued in this country, and it may be that it will be read with varied feelings. But the publisher does not consider that any apology is needed for issuing it to the American public. The "Confessions" must be judged for what they are, and not for what they might be. It may be that they can claim to possess no particular "literary" or "artistic" value. But no one will be able to read them without perceiving that they afford a picture of self-revelation, and of Manners and Morals in High Places, which is curiously lifelike though perhaps not more edifying than, for example, the famous *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*.

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my head. At any rate I shall amuse myself; and far more so than when my ladies, at tea, tell me silly stories about Capuchins and Ursulines, and orphan-children and ballet-dancers. And perhaps by this means I shall find out what it is I really want, and get to know something about myself. A quaint idea! to sit down and write letters to oneself! It reminds me of the famous passage:—"Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast"*—by Schiller, I think. I like it very much, for certainly two souls dwell in my breast, and I don't even know whether my Better Self will be writing these letters to my Worser Self, or my Worser Self to my Better. Probably it will be a case of see-saw, and these two famous "souls," which "dwell in my breast," will enter into correspondence with one another in these letters.

To begin with, I call my baby Karl, and say "Karli" to him, when nobody can hear. And when old Bredenbach declares: "His Highness Prince Ulric will now do this or that,"—I really, at first, don't know whom she is talking about. I wanted very much to nurse my baby myself, but my husband looked at me in such amazement when I suggested it, that I gave up the idea at once. All the more because he observed, after some time, that we should have first to obtain the Royal Permission. He never does answer until after some time; and it bores me so, for he very seldom has

* "Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust" . . .

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anything witty or interesting to say. This is how it was when I spoke about the nursing:—

First he took a long time to realize the fact that "he must ask the King;" then, after another long pause, something further occurred to him, and he said: "You know, there's this about nursing . . . it might spoil your figure. . . ." I got tired of the subject and wanted to talk of something else, but he kept on mooning about it, and, after a fresh pause, he brought out: "Do you know, I shouldn't like it, either. . . . The doctors would have to be consulted . . . and I don't want anybody to go pulling you about." I felt indignant at this expression, and at the whole thing, as he represented it. Johann is dreadful in that way—he always uses the coarsest words for everything, and expresses himself so roughly that one literally does feel "pulled about" by his conversation. He has a really frightful phrase just now, which he considers a dazzling witticism, and so he is forever bringing it in. He is so proud of it that yesterday, when Eric and his wife were visiting me, he actually introduced it into the talk. Now we are not by any means intimate with Eric; and his wife, Mathilde, intrigues against us with the King, I know, as she only can. So I was furious, and turned red to the roots of my hair. Eric behaved splendidly; he went to the window, and began to talk about the Castle-Guard; but Mathilde looked at me maliciously, and Johann was the only one who laughed at the famous joke. So I'm at a sort of crisis of m-

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discontent. I have been married for a year, and my husband did, when he came as a wooer to our home at Kressnitz, quite genuinely please me. He is attentive, amiable, impassioned, and in this respect I am far better off than another Princess, who had to be married at twenty to a man who didn't want her, and whom *she* didn't want, either. But my husband is—I don't know how to express it—is so obvious, both in words and deeds. I wasn't accustomed to this robust sort of treatment at home; in my girlish dreams I had imagined a greater gentleness and tenderness. . . . I must say that it was a great disillusionment to me to find that married life was so commonplace, somehow; and I never thought that love consisted of such coarse, material sort of actions. Ever since our wedding I've struggled in vain against his roughness, against the indecorum of his whole behaviour, and against the boundless freedom of his conversation. Up to to-day it hasn't done much good, but perhaps things may improve now.

On the fifth day after my baby was born the King paid me a visit. This time he was a little bit more polite, more polished, and I think he might be a very agreeable man, if he could only manage to smile now and then, and if one were permitted to make a joke in his presence. Goodness! I always do so long, when he's there, and I'm talking to him, to say some quaint, witty thing right in his face, and make him laugh out loud. But I restrain myself, and, up to the present, no such scan-

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dal has taken place. What his private opinion of me is, or how he regards me in any way, is totally unknown to me. Even my husband is not quite sure whether he is in favor or not; is frightened to death of him, and never does anything at all without "wondering what the King will say about it." Lately he told me that the King, a little while ago, sent for Eric, and asked him why he so rarely lived with his wife. And Eric had to promise that he would be a better husband from that time forward. When I think of it, Johann ought not to have told me this, for I *might* begin to think that his own attentions were only the result of his fear of the Lord and Master. But, after all, that's not likely, for, in the first place, I am not so very anxious for his attentions; and, in the second, the King is much more likely, if he does send for Johann, to order him to be more restrained in his behavior.

Well, as I said, the King was with me, was very gracious, and wished me happiness. When he was going away, he even kissed my forehead, which he hasn't done since I came to the Royal Residence, Ebenstadt, at the time of my marriage. And since, he has inquired for me every day; and I hear that Professor Rodl, who was present when the baby was born, is to be made a Councillor. I've also heard that I am to have a regiment, all to myself, as soon as I go over to the Residence with the little one. Of the other relations, the Most Reverend Cousin Moritz has come to see me. But I made