The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great Grandmother of Victor Emmanuel Tanska-Hoffmanowa
Title: The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great Grandmother of Victor Emmanuel

Author: Tanska-Hoffmannowa Klementyna

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The Journal

of

Countess Françoise Krasinska
FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA.

(From a portrait by Angelica Kauffmann.)
THE JOURNAL OF COUNTRESS FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA
GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF VICTOR EMMANUEL

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH
BY
KASIMIR DZIEKONSKA

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FRANCOISE KRASINSKA — — Frontispiece
From a Portrait by Angelica Kauffman, now in possession of Mrs. George Rutledge Preston, New York.

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The Summer Residence of Stanislaus Ponia-towski, the last King of Poland.
THE JOURNAL

OF

COUNTESS FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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IN THE CASTLE OF MALESZOW,
Monday, January 1, 1759.

One week ago—it was Christmas day—my honored Father ordered to be brought to him a huge book, in which for many years he has written with his own hand all the important things which have happened in our country; also copies of the notable pamphlets, speeches, manifestoes, public and private letters, occasional poems, etc., and having placed everything in the order of its date, he showed us this precious collection and read to us some extracts. I was much pleased with his idea of recording interesting facts and circumstances; and as I know how to write pretty well in
Polish and in French, and have heard that in France some women have written their memoirs, I thought, “Why should not I try to do something of the kind?”

So I have made a big copy-book by fastening together many sheets of paper, and I shall note down, as accurately as I am able, everything which may happen to me and to my family, and I shall also mention public affairs as they happen, as far as I may be acquainted with them.

To-day is New Year’s Day and Monday, a very proper season to begin something new. I am at leisure; the morning Service is finished, I am dressed and my hair is curled; ten is just striking on the castle clock, so I have two hours till dinner time. Well, I begin.

I was born in 1742, so I am just past my sixteenth birthday. I received at the christening the name of Françoise. I have heard more than once that I am pretty, and sometimes looking in the mirror, I think so myself. “One has to thank God, and not to boast,” says my gracious