

The Hundred Days, March 11th-July 24th 1815

The Hundred Days

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Saturday March 11th 1815: Received this morning from my father the following letter:

Lord Cochrane has escaped from prison¹ – *Bounaparte has escaped from Elba*² – I write this from the House of Commons and the intelligence in both cases seems to rest on good authority and is believed.

Benjamin Hobhouse

Both are certainly true. Cullen³ came down today and confirmed the whole of both. From the first I feel sure of Napoleon's success. I received a letter [from] Lord John Townshend⁴ apologising for his rudeness, but annexing such comments as require a hint from me at the close of the controversy.

Sunday March 12th 1815: Finish reading the *Αυτοχεδιοι Εποχασμοι* of Coray.⁵

¹: Thomas Cochrane, 10th Earl of Dundonald (1775-1860) admiral. Implicated unfairly in a financial scandal, he had been imprisoned by the establishment enemies he had made in his exposure of Admiralty corruption. He was recaptured (see below, 21 Mar 1815). He later became famous as the friend and naval assistant of Simon Bolivar.

²: Napoleon left Elba on March 26th.

³: Cullen was a lawyer friend of H., at Lincoln's Inn.

⁴: Lord John Townshend. (1757-1833); H. has been planning to compete against his son as M.P. for Cambridge University, which has made discord for which Townshend has apologised. See BB 130-1.

⁵: Autobiographical essays and prefaces to Plutarch (1809-1814) by Adamantios Korais, leading writer of the Greek diaspora, a culture-hero of H.'s whom he meets on 15 and 18 April 1815, below.

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Monday March 13th 1815: I ride up to London with Cullen. In the morning I find that the *Moniteur* of the 10th had given every hope of Napoleon being put down. Kinnaird⁶ and others [are] treating Napoleon's attempt as a piece of desperation, but alas! by five o'clock the *Moniteur* of the 11th comes to London, which states Napoleon to have slept at Bourgoigne, four posts from Lyons, the night of the tenth, and "il avoit du entrer Lyons" [on] the 11th! What, Lyons, which in the paper of the day before is said to have opened her arms to Monsieur⁷ and his generals? In the *Moniteur* of the 10th is given a ridiculous account of Napoleon's invasion – he left Elba on the 28th with about 1,100 men, of Corsica, Elba, Italy and a few French – one ship tried to land at Antibes but was fired upon by the fort – he landed at Cannes in the department of La Var on the 1st of March, with four pieces of cannon and a handsome coach which preceded his march – three drums, &c. The cannon were left at the gate of the first town – his men deserted – two or three corporals' parties were sent to summon as many forts, and were disarmed, &c.

Clermont Perrigeaux's⁸ partner tells Kinnaird there is not the least danger for Louis.⁹ The Chamber of Peers and of deputies are convoked; they promise fair: the National Guards declare their devotion – Soult, Minister of War,¹⁰ addresses the soldiers – but [in] the *Moniteur* of the eleventh, Napoleon entered Seranon on the 2nd, Castellane on the 3rd, Barrême on the same day, Digne on the 4th, and according to all appearance, Gap on the next day. However he was at Bourgoigne on the 10th. The Prefect of the Upper Alps says the spirit of the people is good, but that they were taken by surprise, and have not done what could be wished.

⁶: Douglas Kinnaird (1788-1830) friend of B., whose banker and agent he was during the poet's exile, and of H., whose 1813 journey round Europe he had in part shared.

⁷: "Monsieur" is Louis XVIII's brother, Charles de Bourbon (1757-1836) comte d'Artois; reigned as Charles X until 1830 when he was forced to abdicate in favour of Louis ("Citoyen Roi") Philippe.

⁸: The Parisian banker.

⁹: Louis XVIII (1755-1824) brother of the decapitated Louis XVI; nicknamed from his size "Louis le Gros". Gout and obesity forced him to be moved about in a special wheelchair.

¹⁰: Nicholas Jean de Dieu Soult (1769-1851) French Marshal. Napoleon's Chief of Staff during the Hundred Days.

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Opinion varied wonderfully at the Cocoa Tree in two hours. I was the only person who would bet even on Napoleon's success at first, and latterly no-one would back the Bourbons at all. Cavendish Bradshaw¹¹ told me that at Rosier he dined a short time ago with a mess of eighteen officers, and when he was going to give the health of Louis XVIII – one whispered to him "For God's sake don't do that unless you wish to be turned out of the barracks". So there! [as to] any doubt of Napoleon's adventure.

I took a sandwich at the Cocoa Tree and went to Byron's box with the family and saw Kean in *Richard II*. He was very great and gave a wonderful interest in the part. The play, however, was heavy for the first two acts and a half. The Corn Bill disturbances are dropped in the universal anxiety respecting Napoleon. Notwithstanding the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder over the body of the midshipman who was shot by the soldiers out of the window of Robinson's¹² house (the mover of the bill) in Burlington Street, and notwithstanding Robinson was fool enough to *cry* in the House of Commons when alluding to that transaction – ¹³

Napoleon Bonaparte is declared a rebel and a traitor by the French Government and 100,000 *louis d'ors* set upon his head – his adherents are declared the same – he is to be taken before the first military commission and to undergo the sentence of a court martial instantly.

Came back to Whitton same night in the *cong * – write to Lord John Townshend, for the last time I hope.

Tuesday March 14th 1815: Wrote to Lord Sidmouth¹⁴ asking him for dispatches for Paris or Italy, and also if I might apply without binding myself to parties for the G.P.R. uniform.¹⁵ Sent this to London by Parsons.¹⁶ Dispatched copies of correspondence with Lord John Townshend to Rolfe¹⁷ and to Lord Tavistock,¹⁸ asking him the same question as to the G.P.R. I

¹¹: Note on Bradshaw pending.

¹²: Note on Robinson pending.

¹³: Ms. gap

¹⁴: Lord Sidmouth, (1757-1844) unpopular Home Secretary 1812-21.

¹⁵: Note on G.P.R. pending.

¹⁶: H.'s valet.

¹⁷: Rolfe was a lawyer friend of H. who worked from Lincoln's Inn.

¹⁸: The Marquess of Tavistock had been a contemporary of H.'s and a member of the "Whig clubby-O".

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employ myself in making preparations for departure, and finished extracting from the *Αυτοχ Ετοχασμοι*. No news from ...¹⁹

Wednesday March 15th 1815: Sorting and destroying letters all the morning. Kept up 1,065 at battledore with Amelia²⁰ – caught cold.

Thursday March 16th 1815: Dreadful cold. Took salts – burnt nearly the whole of the manuscript of my *Travels*. Arranged papers, books, &c. &c. Mr Gostling's ground's gravel walk is 1,214 common walking paces in extent, and ours 1,165²¹ – coddled for my cold.

Friday March 17th 1815: Letter from Cockburn,²² stating he fears all is over in France – General Marchand has been killed by his own troops,²³ who joined Napoleon. Monsieur retreated from Lyons – which is said to have received Napoleon with open arms – to Clermont. Soult leaves the War Department: Clarke²⁴ takes it. Monsieur can't depend on his soldiers, nor Masséna,²⁵ who is said to be firm to the Bourbons. Measures taken for the defence of Paris. Napoleon is said to be 190 miles only from the capital. Grenoble taken with twenty-four pieces of cannon. Embargo on the shipping in the French ports.

By the *Morning Post* of yesterday it seems Murat²⁶ has marched to the north of Italy and, on the 28th, issued a proclamation to the Italians, from himself and Napoleon, "Emperor of the French and King of Italy", promising the Independence of Italy. All seems to have been done in concert between the two – the inattention to this probability seems miraculous. Napoleon had an agent at Naples when the British had no minister. Murat kept 80,000 men on foot under pretence of marching against the Pope. His proclamation when he joined the Grand Alliance; his duplicity [of] conduct before that period; the manner in which he has been treated since; everything

¹⁹: Phrase not completed; "Byron" could be implied.

²⁰: One of H.'s half-sisters.

²¹: It looks as if Amelia has a counting mania.

²²: Note on Cockburn pending.

²³: Note on Marchand pending.

²⁴: General Henri-Jacques Clarke, duc de Feltre, French War Minister and traitor. Bribed by the English to render Paris indefensible in 1814, he betrayed Napoleon's plans to Wellington in 1815.

²⁵: Marshal André Masséna (1758-1817) had beaten Suvorov in Switzerland; he was afterwards Napoleon's C-in-C in Spain; but, unlike Ney, did not support him in 1815, remaining at Marseilles; although he was persuaded to attend the Champ de Mai.

²⁶: Joachim Murat (1771-1815) Napoleon's colourful cavalry commander and brother-in-law, made by him King of Naples (see 11 May 1815).

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justified the suspicion that the new King of Naples would join his relation instantly – the unpopularity of the Austrians in Italy was too apparent to be mistaken for a moment at Milan and Verona. 20,000 are stated to have been massacred, and Bellegarde²⁷ to have fled.

Switzerland too – Switzerland is in arms against the deliverers of Europe. 18,000 soldiers are ready to co-operate with Napoleon in the Pays de Vaud – now shall we see the true merits of Lord Castlereagh.

From Baillie²⁸ I had a letter on last Tuesday, dated Vienna – he says, “Lord Castlereagh, having divided Saxony, given Poland to Russia and Italy to Austria, is returned home to receive the thanks of a grateful parliament”. He tells me that the Emperor Alexander and a Countess Wübra,²⁹ or some such name, have had a dressing match. They met and by signal left a common room – the Countess returned fresh-dressed in one minute and twenty-five seconds – the Emperor in one minute and fifty seconds. General Czernichef and Sophie Zichy³⁰ had another match. Sir Sidney Smith³¹ has had a fête at the Angarten, and proposed an expedition against Algiers – in which all the potentates concurred, and which ended in the subscription of a few ducats and the waggeries of the Vienna wits, who said Sir Sidney meant to preserve another lamp for the Holy Sepulchre – whilst these mummeries are performing, Napoleon puts his foot on the French shores and exclaims “Le Congrès est dissous!” I have sent Parsons to London for news.

It seems to me that I have spent last year £732, a fearful sum considering I have been living five months at the expence of others. I have two horses, which may bring in ninety or a hundred pounds.

Saturday March 18th 1815: This day, having packed up all my travelling wardrobe, I bid farewell to Whitton and rode up to London, where going into Murray’s shop I was greeted with the intelligence that things had taken a favourable turn in France, that Drouet³² and the Lallemands³³ had been taken and shot for traitors, that Napoleon was staying at Lyons, that the Marshalls

²⁷: Heinrich Noyel de Bellegarde, the Austrian general whose force occupied Venetia in 1814.

²⁸: His friend David “Long” Baillie.

²⁹: *Recollections* has “Wierbord”.

³⁰: Notes on Czernichef and Sophie Zichy pending.

³¹: Sir William Sidney Smith (1764-1840) victor of the siege of Acre.

³²: Jean Baptiste, Comte d’Erlon Drouet (1765-1844); Marshal of France; seized Lille for Napoleon.

³³: Note on the L’Allemands pending.

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Ney,³⁴ Mortier,³⁵ Macdonald³⁶ [and] Masséna were hastening to surround him.

I was in high spirits, and hastened to the Cocoa Tree,³⁷ where I vomited forth my news to a gaping crowd. I dined with Mr Pochin,³⁸ 13 Grosvenor Place, where I met Sir H. B. Dudley,³⁹ who betted little Knight⁴⁰ fifteen to five against Napoleon. We had *gros chère*, and I stayed till late, talking with Lord Harwood⁴¹ about Lord John Townshend and the Cambridge affair. Afterwards I sat up till three at the Cocoa Tree, with Webb, Colonel Martin, and Cross.⁴²

Colonel Martin told us that Lord Blaney (who has written travels)⁴³ said in his presence that it was a shame the Emperor Paul⁴⁴ should be Grand Master at Malta, a Christian⁴⁵ order, when “By Jassus, he worshipped Mars and Bacchus and the rest of their damned Heathen Gods!” His Lordship had heard the Russians were of the *Greek* church.

Sunday March 19th 1815: I have a letter from Lord Sidmouth telling me he concludes I shall not think of going abroad in the present circumstances, but appointing a meeting tomorrow – news alters a little today for the worse.

I dine with Douglas Kinnaird, where I meet Sheridan,⁴⁶ Lord Erskine,⁴⁷ Lord Alvaney,⁴⁸ S. B. Davies,⁴⁹ Major Armstrong,⁵⁰ Brummell,⁵¹ and

³⁴: Michel Ney (1769-1815) duc d’Elchingen and Prince of the Moskva; Napoleon’s bravest but least intelligent Marshal. Compromised by his betrayals, firstly of Napoleon, then of Louis XVIII, he was shot on 7 Dec 1815.

³⁵: Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, Duke of Treviso (1768-1835) Marshal of France, commander of Napoleon’s Imperial Guard.

³⁶: Jacques Etienne Joseph Alexandre Macdonald (1765-1840) Marshal of France, of Irish descent; he refused to serve under Napoleon during the Hundred Days.

³⁷: H.’s London club.

³⁸: Pochin unidentified.

³⁹: Note on Dudley pending.

⁴⁰: Note on Knight pending.

⁴¹: Note on Harwood pending.

⁴²: All three unidentified.

⁴³: Note on Blaney pending.

⁴⁴: Mentally incompetent Tsar of Russia (1754-1801) assassinated.

⁴⁵: Sic Ms. H. normally writes “Xtian”.

⁴⁶: Richard Brindsley Sheridan (1751-1816) author of *The Critic*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Rivals*.

⁴⁷: Thomas, Lord Erskine (1750-1823) brilliant advocate. Ex-Lord Chancellor.

⁴⁸: Lord Alvaney, a Dandy, had been a contemporary of H.’s at Westminster.

⁴⁹: Scrope Berdmore Davies (1783-1852) Cambridge friend of B. and H. Fellow of Kings and compulsive gambler. See 2 Jan 1820 for when he takes leave of H. in Newgate.

⁵⁰: Armstrong unidentified.

⁵¹: Beau Brummell (1778-1840) the great Dandy.

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Colman.⁵² The latter I had a most pestilent wish to see, having heard great things which were not realised in this interview. He is only a bookish⁵³ little man, lively, talks like an author, said he was scribbling something for Edinburgh against Walter Scott, and repeated some lines of it across the table to Sheridan, which sounded bad enough.

Lord Erskine, when he first came in, said, "Give me a line – I'll write out an epigram", which he did, about the Corn Bill and the assizes:

By losing assizes, I lost all my bread ...

He wrote another epigram before dinner, and read it after, which was damned by common consent. He had on his green ribbon, which I saw him looking at slyly, and as he drank more wine, pushed his coat lower to show the honour – he is a perfect pantaloon. All the table laughed at him after he was gone, and he returned in the midst of a ludicrous story which Sheridan was telling against him.

Sheridan was dull – he said he wrote *The School for Scandal* for the individual actors – he talked highly of Palmer the actor,⁵⁴ who he said was always the first man in any company. He once refused to pay Palmer an advance of his salary, and told him what promises he had made the managers only three months ago, of punctual repayment. What said Mr Palmer? "Mr Sheridan and a retrospect? Oh, oh! I thought I had committed Sodomy or some horrid crime, and had not a word to say for myself!" He was the original Joseph Surface,⁵⁵ and always had some moral in his mouth.

Brummell, the son of an army tailor, and for a long time the top of the *mall ton*, the king of well-dressed Dandies, is really an agreeable man, and tolerably read. S. B. Davies tells me he⁵⁶ is £40,000 worse than nothing.

My old school-fellow Alvaney is a clever chap – [he] has spent all his own and his friends' money; says he wishes the Ten Tribes were found again, and that he has drawn out the conscription of 1816.

We had no very great things today considering our expectations. I sat up all night – I walked with H. Seton⁵⁷ and Cullen in the park today – slept at Cocoa Tree.

⁵²: George Colman the Younger (1762-1836) playwright and wit.

⁵³: The word could be "foolish".

⁵⁴: John Palmer (1742?-98) for whom Sheridan wrote Joseph Surface. Known as "Plausible Jack".

⁵⁵: A character with whom H. identifies – see 6 Nov 1821.

⁵⁶: The pronoun could refer to either Brummell or Davies. Joyce (pp.71-2) assumes it refers to Brummell.

⁵⁷: Note on Seton pending.

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Monday March 20th 1815: I went to Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office. Whilst I waited, the Duke of York,⁵⁸ Lord Uxbridge,⁵⁹ and other generals came in. Lord Exmouth⁶⁰ passed through and told me the news of Ney having defeated Napoleon and taken 800 men was not true.

Lord Sidmouth told me that His Majesty's government did not chose to think themselves justified to risk the person of any English gentleman, so that I would not have dispatches. He offered me letters to our Foreign Minister. These I knew I could buy for two guineas, so I took my leave with thanks.

I met Lord Lowther,⁶¹ who despaired of events, and from this morning all the hope I had on Saturday was lost. I called at the Board:⁶² Cockburn and Tyler give up all. I got [a] letter from the latter for Geneva, to H. Addington and Fazackerley,⁶³ for I now determined to go to Ostend and into Dutch Flanders.

Afterwards I went to Long Acre looking at carriages. I dined with poor Sastres,⁶⁴ who is as deaf as a post, but still retains his spirit – he told us a good saying, attributing it to Voltaire: a soldier who was ordered to give no quarter had a man down, who cried, “Ah! La vie!” but returned for answer, “Il n’y a pas moyen – demandez autre chose!” He wrote three letters introductory for me. My father has the gout – he dined with us.

Tuesday March 21st 1815: Strolled about, still uncertain – news worse and worse – saw at Kinnaird's bank a Mr Empson, who left Paris [] on the 15th, and who said there was no doubt as to the event, but that Napoleon would take quick unbloody possession of the throne. The English were in great odium, even with the Bourbonists, the report being that they had let loose Bonaparte⁶⁵ to cause a civil war in France. Mortier could do nothing with the troops at Lisle – they had gone over to Napoleon – no battle had been fought – Bonaparte left Lyons on the 13th – he has marched from fifty to sixty miles a day in a carriage escorted by twenty dragoons, a league before his army. Mr Empson said the King had determined to abide the event in Paris

⁵⁸: The future King William IV.

⁵⁹: Henry William Paget, Earl of Uxbridge (1768-1854) commands the cavalry at Waterloo where he loses a leg. Subsequently Marquess of Anglesey. He once seduced Wellington's sister-in-law.

⁶⁰: Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth (1757-1833) Admiral. See 21 Nov 17 for a Venetian spectacle dramatising his most famous exploit, the bombardment of Algiers on 26 Aug 1816.

⁶¹: Wiliam Lowther (1787-1872) later Earl of Lonsdale; Trinity friend of B. and H.

⁶²: The Board of Control for India, of which H. will, much later in life, be Secretary.

⁶³: Notes on Cockburn, Tyler, Addington and Fazackerley pending. The letter Tyler gives H. conveys pseudo-diplomatic status on him for ease of passage on the continent. He is unable to deliver it.

⁶⁴: Mr Sastres had a restaurant in Covent Garden.

⁶⁵: Being his supposed guards on Elba.

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although some of the courtiers wished him to fly to La Vendée. The rallying-point is now fixed for Melun, twenty-five miles from Paris – but he says the National Guards will not march from Paris, and there are doubts whether they will fight in it. All is quiet at Paris – no danger is apprehended for women or children, but the English men are running as fast as possible homewards⁶⁶ – they are [] on the road – still some of our papers hold out hopes, and the *Moniteurs* are crowded with addresses from regiments and towns, and all good news up to the 19th. Ney is marching in pursuit of Napoleon, who has only 6,000 depressed and fatigued soldiers. Three hundred cavalry.

I rode down to Whitton and dined and slept. It seems strange, but it is true, that Admiral Rowley told Mr Cockburn that when he commanded the squadron off Genoa,⁶⁷ if he had met Napoleon with transports full of soldiers and the flag of invasion flying, he could have done nothing against him: he had no orders – the captain of the man-of-war before Elba says the same thing. Colonel Campbell's brother⁶⁸ is in London, and says the Colonel gave notice to the government two months ago of the scheme. The Consul at Leghorn is said to have done the same. The plan was long organised. The King was to have been killed in the Tuileries – Lefèvre Desnouëttes⁶⁹ was to have marched into Paris – and in fact a tumult and cry of “Vive l'Empereur!” was raised in the Salle des Maréchaux, and put down. Two or three were killed. Soult has been turned out, it is reported, for working false telegraphs, but the King does not dare to punish him, or thinks him innocent.

Everyone in London is sick at heart. Lord Lowther showed me a letter from Madame Merceau⁷⁰ at Brighton – she talks of the “cruel sort de ma malheureuse patrie”. Whilst talking with him in Parliament Street, Lord Cochrane went down to the House of Commons in a hackney coach, took his seat on the Treasury bench – this was before the House met. Jones, Keeper of the King's Bench, with others entered and seized him and after a struggle carried him off. He had a bag of snuff with him for the purpose of flinging in the eyes of those who should lay hold of him.⁷¹

⁶⁶: H.. gets this idea from Murray.

⁶⁷: And was thus in theory charged with keeping Napoleon from leaving Elba.

⁶⁸: Sir Neill Campbell (1776-1827) conveyed Bonaparte to Elba on Castlereagh's order, stayed there at Napoleon's insistence, but was visiting a mistress in Italy when Napoleon left.

⁶⁹: Charles, Comte Lefèvre Desnouëttes (1773-1822) commanded the Light Brigade of the Old Guard at Waterloo. Banished afterwards, he drowned off the Irish coast on his way to the USA.

⁷⁰: Madame Merceau unidentified.

⁷¹: Whatever the case, popular imagination converted the “snuff” to gunpowder, with which to blow Parliament up.

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Wednesday March 22nd 1815: Ride up to London – buy a barouche carriage of a man in Bond Street for eighty-five guineas. Write to Tavistock and to Byron.⁷² Resolve to go, on Sunday next if possible, to Ostend. The news today *perrigates*.⁷³ I see Cuthbert,⁷⁴ who has left his wife at Paris, but talks as if it is certain Napoleon would go to Paris. The bets here are that he arrives before twelve o'clock at night. Not a shot has been fired against him. Drouet was led out to be shot at Lisle – the bandage was over his eyes – but the soldiers, instead of firing, made him governor of the fortress, and Mortier was sent to Paris.

Whitbread⁷⁵ tells a story that a letter from Lady Bessborough,⁷⁶ at Marseilles, mentions that a friend of hers, travelling to see her, met a carriage and four carrying a general, escorted by four dragoons – the general stopped the lady, and in the most polite manner begged her to change horses, his being very tired – he made a thousand apologies, said he would not employ anything but entreaty, he was quite shocked, but perhaps it was more necessary that he should get on than that the lady should proceed with any great speed. When the horses were changed, the lady asked one of the dragoons who that was. “Qui? – c’est l’Empereur!” It was Napoleon. He invades France with 1,100 men, and traverses it in a carriage almost without event.

The *Times* of today carries his proclamation and the account of his entering Grenoble and Lyons. He gave a ball at Lyons. He accuses Augereau⁷⁷ and Marmont⁷⁸ by name of the loss of Paris, and is violent against the emigrants. The Bourbons he does not declaim against much, but tells them to finish their reign in England, where they have passed fifteen years of it. He promises a general amnesty. He is at Auxerre, it is now said, but still some reports say it is only a trap, and that he is to be crushed at Melun or under the walls of Paris.

I walk in the park with Kinnaird, dine at the Eumelean. A King’s Messenger arrives at the House of Commons – at the Cocoa Tree it is

⁷²: BB 181-2. H. has been trying since the start of the year to persuade the newly-married B. to sack his solicitor, Hanson, and take on a new one. B. has not reacted, or indeed written at all.

⁷³: H.’s handwriting is clear; word unrecognised. Perhaps a joke about Perrigeaux, the Parisian banker.

⁷⁴: Cuthbert unidentified.

⁷⁵: Sir Samuel Whitbread (1758-1815) brewer and manager of Drury Lane. He kills himself on 6 July.

⁷⁶: Lady Bessborough, Mother of Lady Caroline Lamb and of Frederick Ponsonby.

⁷⁷: Pierre François Charles Augereau, duc de Castiglione (1757-1816) Marshal of France; named with Marmont as the traitors who had caused the French defeat in 1814, was deprived of his Marshal’s title despite his desperate appeal to his troops to support Napoleon.

⁷⁸: August Louis Frédéric Viesse de Marmont (1774-1852) whose treaty with the Russians in 1814 had forced Napoleon to abdicate.

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reported by Cavendish Bradshaw that the King Louis is actually arrived at Calais, but Birch MP⁷⁹ says he is gone in an open carriage to fight it out at Melun. I walk the streets and meet with a perfect Uterine fury.⁸⁰

Tuesday March 23rd 1815: Up one pm.⁸¹ Reports of the King being at Calais, others of his being at Belgium; certainly he is fled from Paris and according to all conjecture Napoleon must have entered Paris on Tuesday. The army at Melun gave up like every other corps, and melted away before the conqueror. The news of Napoleon's landing at Cannes arrived in London on Thursday March 9th – in thirteen days we learn he is in Paris – in twenty days he traverses the whole extent of a country which would take a common traveller with ladies a longer time, waiting by the way three or four days to give balls and reviews at Lyons. We do not know that a shot has been fired – the two Lallemands and those who were cut down in the Tuileries are the only persons who have as yet lost their lives in this military revolution unparalleled in the history of the world.

England wears a military air; all but Whitbread and little Knight and my friend Bickersteth⁸² are at the height of contention – all is to be done all over again – we have lived in vain for twenty-five years. We are bankrupt as it were of power and must recommence our struggle for life. I foresee everything bad.

Yet Castlereagh spoke for four hours as to his conduct at Congress, made a speech by common consent the weakest and wateriest heard in parliament. The first hour was all boast and profession and saying what he *would* say. Of Poland he said the Poles were to be left their *language*. Good God! What times!

I wrote journal from last Saturday, dined with Kinnaird, and met there Mr Cuthbert, Mr Empson and Mr Wrightson.⁸³ Mr Cuthbert left Paris on the 18th. He told us that for the first five days after the news arrived of Napoleon's landing, even those attached to him said he would be shot like a mad dog, and lamented such a man should meet with such [a fate]. Nay, it was reported he had been torn to pieces by the peasantry. The moment the news arrived of Grenoble being taken, all was given over, and by the friends of the court first. The duc de Deras, second *gentilhomme de la chambre*, said to Cuthbert, "Mon ami, tout est perdu." It is certainly true that the telegraph was falsified when the Princes were at Lyons. The news from Paris was that it was in the hands of Bonaparte, and the Duke of Orleans was obliged to return to the capital solely for news – such was the neglect of administration

⁷⁹: Note on Birch pending.

⁸⁰: Phrase obscure. I am grateful to Andrew Nicholson for this reading.

⁸¹: His long sleep perhaps a consequence of his encounter with the "Uterine fury".

⁸²: Henry Bickersteth (1783-1851) afterwards Lord Langdale and Master of the Rolls, was a close friend of H. who shared his radical views. He married Lady Jane Harley.

⁸³: All three unidentified.

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that the *maison du roi*, all composed of [BLOT: “servants”?] of the King, had not received even [BLOT: “pistols”?] when the news of Napoleon’s landing arrived.

Also were found unopened upon the table of the Abbé de Montesquiou, Minister of the Interior,⁸⁴ two letters for M. de Brettenville, prefect of La Var,⁸⁵ dated six weeks previously to the landing of the ex-Emperor, giving an account of the intended attempt, yet the Abbé was given to the King by Talleyrand.⁸⁶ It appears, said Cuthbert, that nothing was more unlucky or ill-contrived than the giving permission to Talleyrand to proceed to Vienna – had he been in Paris the conspiracy of Napoleon must have been detected and have failed. Cuthbert told us that at Paris, no tumult had taken place; he did not believe men had been killed, though *one* had been run through with a *sword*. An old woman was stirring up chestnuts and cried, “Vive le Roi!” – a man near her said “Vive l’Empereur!” – she hacked him with the ladle – this was the only blow struck.

At Paris the following story was current. Napoleon advanced to Grenoble – the troops were going to fire on him – he stepped forward – he laid hold of a grenadier by the moustache – “Et toi, vieille moustache – je me ressonnais de toi – tu a été avec moi à Austerlitz!” – the soldiers threw down their arms and exclaimed, “Vive l’Empereur!”

It is said, I see by the papers, that he waited at a post-house to give an English lady the preference of horses. This, I see, is Whitbread’s story. Mr Empson mentioned that the state of *libratum* in France was at its lowest pitch – the member of the third class of the Institute, the old forty of the Academie Française, were elected by a breakfast, so that they were called the *littérale à la fourchette*, and caricatures were printed of this species of merit.

The first intelligence Cuthbert received of the landing of Napoleon was through the Secretary of the Russian Embassy, who, dining with him, returned early with an account of the news – “What news?” – “Why, you know, Napoleon has landed!”

Sir Thomas Stepney⁸⁷ told me the following Saturday that the duc de (something)⁸⁸ attached to the court told him that the landing of Napoleon was just the thing they wished, and now they had him.

Friday March 24th 1815: In the morning there appeared in the papers (the *Morning Post*) an account of the defection of the Grand Armée at Melun, which being drawn up to oppose him was conquered by his coming down in

⁸⁴: “... upon the Abbé de Montesquiou’s minister of the interior’s table” (Ms).

⁸⁵: Brettenville otherwise unidentified.

⁸⁶: Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Périgord (1754-1838) politician and debauchee; close associate of Napoleon in earlier years, now Foreign Minister to Louis XVIII.

⁸⁷: Stepney unidentified.

⁸⁸: Sic Ms.

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an open barouche, bare-headed, between Drouet and Bertrand,⁸⁹ and crying to them, "I am your Emperor!" an exclamation immediately followed by the general dissolution of the army and flight of them to their Emperor.

It appears Napoleon entered Paris in the evening of the 20th between eight and nine, it is said with only sixty troops, their arms reversed. It is singular that some of the papers of this day state on what day it was that the Emperor entered Paris. Some say Monday, some say Tuesday – a proof of the chance which *history* has of being correct. However, the fact is that he entered on Monday last between eight and nine, a part of his army being detached, 800 or 900, before him, who prepared the way, and that he entered behind with the army which had been sent out to oppose him, but in three carriages and fours. The 22nd is the anniversary of the birth of his son – an observation made by his partizans.

I rode down to Whitton and dined and slept.

Saturday March 25th 1815: I ride up to London, taking leave of Whitton and its inhabitants, *multa generentes*,⁹⁰ I may say. I find no letters from Byron, and thereupon am filled with chagrins.⁹¹

I walk about with Cullen and young Wilmot, Byron's cousin,⁹² who details to me a conversation which Fazackerly had with Napoleon – it is contained in a letter which has been shown in England. He (Napoleon) told Fazackerly to ask him questions, and the conversation was kept up for three hours.

He asked Napoleon whether it was true that they had tried to make him become a Mussulman in Egypt. He answered, "Oui – je n'avois point d'objection sur l'article de religion comme j'en aime plus que mon armée, mais quand ils m'ont dit qu'il faudrait me perdre le prepuce et quitter mon habit de boire du vin, je leur ai répondu, comme je n'ai rien de trop, je ne puis pas être quitté de l'un, et pour l'autre, comme je l'aime, je ne voudrais pas me défaire".

In Egypt they told him he must do a good action – he said, "J'ai commencer par bâter une mosque." Also, he took two hundred priests who excited the Egyptians to revolt, and shot them. They demanded their pardon, and he returned for answer, "Mes amis, je voudrai vous acceder leur grace, mais comme ils ont étaient fusillés il y a vingt-quatre heures, il n'y a pas de moyen; après quoi ils étaient très contents de ma manière de ⁹³

Fazackerly asked him how he came to refuse peace at Prague – he answered, he depended on Saxony, and that if the Saxons had not turned out

⁸⁹: Henri Gratien Bertrand (1773-1844) one of Napoleon's most intimate and trusted aides-de-camp. He accompanies Napoleon to St. Helena.

⁹⁰: Note pending.

⁹¹: H. doesn't mention that he writes a letter to B. on this date – BB 183.

⁹²: Robert Wilmot Horton was one of the two people who incinerated B.'s memoirs in 1824.

⁹³: Ms. gap.

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false, he should have beaten the Allies. Also at Frankfurt, when he said, “J’ai cru que j’avais encore de force en France – peut-être avais-je de l’humeur”. He expressly said, “Mon rôle est fini”. He mentioned an anecdote of his seeing the Abbé de Pradt, his minister at Warsaw,⁹⁴ in his Russian expedition, and finding he talked of military affairs instead of his *diplomatique* business, let him go on, took up a pen, and wrote to the Duke of Bassano, his Secretary of State,⁹⁵ “M. le duc, en recevant ce billet, renvoyez-le tout de suite à M. l’Abbé de Prat, car c’est un pollison”. This he made the Abbé send by one of his own couriers.

I dined with S. B. Davies and Solomon Norton⁹⁶ at the Cocoa Tree. Afterwards Sir T. Stepney and Kinnaird came in – we drank rather hard, I went to bed with a head – out of spirits from indeterminate⁹⁷ but chiefly from apprehensions about Byron.

Sunday March 26th 1815: Last night the report was strong that the King of France was taken at Lisle – today it appears he is gone to Tournay.

Kinnaird came to the Cocoa Tree – a letter from Lord and a letter from Lady Kinnaird,⁹⁸ now at Paris – Louis left Paris [at] one o’clock [in the] morning of Monday 20th. Napoleon entered between seven and nine the same evening. Lord Kinnaird⁹⁹ says it is not a revolution, solely military. Carnot¹⁰⁰ is appointed a count and Minister of the Interior. This secures all the republicans. Maret [is] Minister for Foreign Affairs, Fouché¹⁰¹ of Police.

His decree of the 13th, dated Lyons, has all the assumption of royalty – he confiscates the Bourbon property, appoints a time for the coronation of the Empress and King of Rome,¹⁰² annuls the orders of St Louis, St Esprit and St Michael. Dissolves the chambers of deputies and peers, and defers the new constitution until May, when the electoral colleges are to settle it. All the emigrants returning since January 1814 are dismissed, and given fifteen days to retire.

⁹⁴: Note on de Pradt pending.

⁹⁵: Hugues-Bernard Maret, duc de Bassano (1763-1839).

⁹⁶: *Recollections* has “Lord Sidmouth”, as if denying that H. would ever dine with someone called Solomon. Lord Sidmouth would never dine at the Cocoa Tree.

⁹⁷: Sic Ms.

⁹⁸: Wife of Douglas Kinnaird’s eldest brother, Lord Kinnaird; Lady Kinnaird was the seventh daughter of the Duke of Leinster.

⁹⁹: Frederick, Lord Kinnaird. English nobleman resident in Paris; of independent political views. See *Don Juan* IX stanza 2.

¹⁰⁰: Lazare Carnot (1753-1823) French military administrator.

¹⁰¹: Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto (1763-1820) was Minister of Police at intervals from 1799 onwards. He was a Bourbon double-agent, which Napoleon suspected, and a mass-murderer, with files on everyone.

¹⁰²: François Charles Jean Bonaparte, King of Rome (1811-32) only child of Napoleon and Marie Louise. Subsequently claimed as Napoleon II. Died of tuberculosis.

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Moniteurs of the 22nd are arrived in town, but the ports of France are said to be all shut in the Channel and in the possession of the tricoloured cockade. A letter I received from Lord Sidmouth last night tells me facilities are not thought proper to be granted to travellers wishing to visit France “at this period ... under the present circumstances”, but that Hamilton¹⁰³ will forward my wishes if I go by any other route.

I am still uncertain¹⁰⁴ what to do. I pass the morning talking with Cullen, and in a foolish state of apprehension with respect to Byron, my good friend Byron, whose silence annoys me beyond what I can express – I wish I had done him something besides good – having nothing but right on my side, I cannot help looking on myself as a wretched individual, whom it is not worth while to conciliate on the most advantageous terms. By the god that made me, I cannot guess the grounds of this behaviour – he must be mad. He tells me in a letter that nothing short of insanity can make him alter his opinion of me – well, even if we quarrel, some good will arise – he is in my power and I shall have the opportunity of showing the virtue of forbearance.

I walked out for half an hour, dined at the Cocoa Tree. Bligh the madman, who carries pistols about him, and Warwick Lake, at separate tables.¹⁰⁵ Lake, talking of Lord Clermont’s¹⁰⁶ healthy old age and temperance, confined sobriety to not drinking spirits, and said Clermont never drank anything stronger than madeira. Bligh said he thought of going to France and getting letters to “a man called Berthier, a friend of Bonaparte” – but the man who talked thus ignorantly convinced me he had read my book,¹⁰⁷ by quoting my opinion of the Greek women to me – I write journal from half last Thursday.

Monday March 27th 1815: In this morning’s papers appears the *Moniteur* of the 22nd, which begins by stating the departure of the King, and afterwards registers the decrees and records the extraordinary progress of the conqueror, which is more like the voyage of a hero in Romance. Ney went over to him at Lons-le-Saunier. It is said Louis XVIII is at Tournay with Berthier,¹⁰⁸ Marmont, and Macdonald; and a Colonel Ross, from Calais, says it is there reported Napoleon was at Lisle yesterday and will be at Dunkirk today. The revolution has been brought about, as Napoleon says, without spilling a drop of blood.

¹⁰³: Note on Hamilton pending.

¹⁰⁴: This word looks like “diction”.

¹⁰⁵: Bligh and Lake otherwise unidentified.

¹⁰⁶: Note on Clermont pending.

¹⁰⁷: *Journey*.

¹⁰⁸: Alexandre Berthier (1753-1815) Prince of Neuchâtel and Wagram, French Marshal, Napoleon’s old Chief of Staff. He would not join Napoleon during the Hundred Days, but committed suicide by jumping from a window on the approach of Russian troops. See below, 13 June 1815.

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I wrote several letters, to Lady Jersey,¹⁰⁹ Lord Lansdowne,¹¹⁰ Sir Robert Wilson,¹¹¹ Brougham¹¹² and others. Walked about with Perry¹¹³ – doubts entertained respecting war and peace. Called on Bickersteth. He told me the soldiers, reckoning their rank and file in France, used to say, “Quinze! – seize! – dix-sept! – *Gros Cochon!!* – dix-neuf!”

Dined with Seton – heard from Byron.¹¹⁴ All my suspicions groundless.

[Not in diary: Byron’s letter to Hobhouse, 26 Mar 1815:

March 26th. 1815

My dear H[obhou]se – I am full of wonder & regret at your migratory project – which I yet hope may be interrupted – wishing you nevertheless all possible success & divertissement if you *will* go. – We expect to be in town on Tuesday – Lady B[yron] is very well & very grateful for the Prince de Ligne’s autograph. – – Buonaparte!!! – I marvel what next. – I have written to nobody & am as lazy & stupefied as can be. – Your intention of travelling again puts all the things I meant to say in abeyance till you come back - & I shall only add sincerest good wishes and regards of

Yours ever most affectly

B.

This is the only letter we have from B. to H. between now and H.’s return from France.]

Tuesday March 28th 1815: Got up a little earlier, by eleven. In the Brussels papers appears the declaration of Congress against Napoleon, dated Vienna March 13th, putting him out of the pale of society – the same day brings accounts of Louis having fled to Ostend accompanied by Mr de Blacas,¹¹⁵ Père Elisée,¹¹⁶ and *two priests*, Napoleon being at Lisle!!!

I call at the Foreign Office, see Lord Sidmouth who talks of acting with energy, whence I foresee war – he said we began better than last war, though “not with the iron-bound frontier” – Valenciennes, &c. Good heaven – talking the language of fifty years ago.

¹⁰⁹: Leading Whig society hostess.

¹¹⁰: Note on Lansdowne pending.

¹¹¹: Sir Robert Wilson (1777-1849) soldier and future Governor of Gibraltar. H. gets to know his sister, Mrs Bailly Wallis, in Paris.

¹¹²: Henry Brougham (1778-1868) politician; great enemy of B. See *Don Juan I*, cancelled stanzas.

¹¹³: James Perry (1756-1821) editor of the Whig *Morning Chronicle*.

¹¹⁴: BLJ IV 283.

¹¹⁵: Pierre Louis Jean Casimir, duc de Blacas (1771-1839) royalist politician. Minister of the Maison du Roi under Louis XVIII, he was popularly held responsible for all the errors of the first restoration.

¹¹⁶: Elisée was Louis’ physician.

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Called on my father – took leave of him – found he had written to Kinnaird concerning me, and at last we come back to the point whence we set out. Rode about.

Paid for a carriage – £92. 13s 6d. Dined with Sir T. Leonard¹¹⁷ – came to Cocoa Tree and did nothing.

Wednesday March 29th 1815: Got up twelve – determined to go today, hearing Lord Byron is arrived – close the journal of this book.

[End of B.L Add.Mss. 47232, start of Berg 3.]

Left London in my *new* barouchet at half past four. Slept at Sittingbourne, on the *left* hand of the road.

Thursday March 30th 1815: Got up at five, off at six. Arrived at Ship,¹¹⁸ Dover, about eleven – found the packet had sailed yesterday.

Introduced myself to Dalrymple the bigamist,¹¹⁹ who introduced me to General Scott,¹²⁰ detained in France for twelve years, who told me that the debts of France to the English, of which Napoleon had voluntarily paid a third, and which under Louis XVIII were to have been liquidated by commissioners appointed by England and France, had never been settled – so much for the justice of Louis. Another Englishman just returned told me that the emigrant proprietor of an estate near Clermont had intimated to his peasants that he should turn over a new leaf with them and that they should return to the wages of 1792. The same was observed in other parts of France.

Dalrymple has, I believe, the character of a liar – he told some most extraordinary tales. One Cobhern, an Englishman, came from Lyons whilst Buonaparte was there, and brought one of his proclamations to Paris which with the utmost *naïveté* he lent to the master of his hotel, who gave it to a *garde de corps*. Soult was the great agent of the conspiracy – he gave march routes to the regiments to meet Napoleon at certain points – Septmaison, his aide-de-camp, told Dalrymple the whole scheme – where the Emperor was to sleep every night – and offered to take or send him to him – at a Madame

¹¹⁷: Leonard unidentified.

¹¹⁸: The Ship was one of Dover's two best hotels, the other being the York.

¹¹⁹: The irregular marriages of John William Henry ("Pig") Dalrymple, 7th Earl of Stair (1784-1840) were a consequence of confusion between English and Scottish law: see BLJ V 85n. He was a relative of Lady Frances Shelley and B. implies that he was ineffably dull (BLJ V 85). He commanded the 15th Hussars at Waterloo.

¹²⁰: Major-General Thomas Scott (1745-1842); in fact he had only been detained in France for a few weeks (in 1800).

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Suza,¹²¹ or some such name, the plot¹²² was regularly talked over during its progress. Lefèvre Desnouëttes was very near seizing Paris. The plan was, if the King went to Ville Juif, for Maréchal Fouché and others to have galloped through Paris and proclaimed the Emperor.

The resignation of Soult was his own choice – the King would have made him constable of France if he would have entered heart and soul into the project of saving the Bourbons, and the Emperor was very near being fired upon at Grenoble by the fifth regiment, and saved himself by his presence of mind, as is told in the *Gazette de France* of the 28th. When he alighted from his carriage on the evening eight o'clock of Monday 20th of March he was literally carried on the shoulders of the officers to the *Salle des Maréchaux*, where Madame Maret¹²³ threw her arms round his neck, and he said “I am sensible of all you have done for me”. The enthusiasm of the women is equal to that of the soldiery. The marshals are coming in one by one. Mertier and Macdonald were presented on Sunday last; no-one is punished. Augerau is resigned [NOTE] to his estates, but he has published a proclamation to his soldiers equally strong with that of Ney!!! He, (Napoleon) says he shall punish Berthier only by making him appear before him as Captain of Louis’ guard.

The censorship of the press are abolished – the *Moniteur* is no longer official.¹²⁴ There reigns in the addresses of the public bodies to Napoleon an air very similar to the speeches of the founders of the revolution. He (Napoleon) also positively declares himself the King of the people, and holds out peace to all Europe.

Dalrymple told me that when he landed [on the] 1st March, the court was employed in grubbing-up the bones of the Dauphin and burying those of some Archbishop who died twenty-four years ago. The Duchess of Angoulême¹²⁵ got the festivities of the *Mi-câreme*,¹²⁶ the day for which all the women made up their intrigues, abolished. The shutting up the Sunday

¹²¹: H. meets Madame Souza in Paris. She is an ex-mistress of Talleyrand and mother to the Comte de Flahaut.

¹²²: The idea that the plot was arranged to coincide with Napoleon’s landing is not true.

¹²³: Wife of Napoleon’s Secretary of State (see 13 Apr 1815).

¹²⁴: In fact the *Moniteur Universelle*, having bayed for Napoleon’s blood as he approached Paris in March, when it was Louis’ official paper, became Napoleon’s paper soon after his return (edited under the supervision of Maret) and remained so until after Waterloo. Founded in 1789, it lasted until 1868. See *Don Juan* I 2, 8: *France too has Buonparte and Dumouriez, / Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.*

¹²⁵: Marie Thérèse, duchesse d’Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette; grand-daughter of the Austrian Empress Maria Theresa.

¹²⁶: A carnival dating back to the fifteenth century, in which kings and queens for the day were elected.

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was the most grievous evil to the Parisians.¹²⁷ The royal family never once crossed the Place de Louis XV, nor would walk in that part of the Tuileries which looked upon that spot. “Ils n’ont rien oublis ni rien apprīts,” a saying of Talleyrand’s now put into the mouth of Napoleon, and which General Scott heard some months ago.

I thought of going to France, but all here except Dalrymple advise me not. The packets have ceased sailing there – a French boat would have taken me but asked me twenty-five *louis*, which decided me against it. Napoleon’s governor is come to Calais and the *tricolor* was hoisted last night. The Duke of Padua Arighi, Napoleon’s uncle, told Dalrymple there was not the least danger for the English, nor as yet any apprehension of war. I dined here, and sat in the evening with Dalrymple and his friend Butler, who told me a thousand profligate stories. After all, a packet sailed to Ostend tonight, but too late for me to get my carriage on board. The emigrants who are returning look as dirty but are as merry as ever, and make as much noise. To bed, one.

Friday March 31st 1815: Wrote part of a French letter to Carnot. Walked about the wooden pier – a beautiful day – with an Irish cousin of Colonel Church.¹²⁸ Read newspapers at Ledge’s,¹²⁹ where General Scott told me the very story of Louis’ injustice, which touched him, for he had lost a hundred a year by it, which he mentioned yesterday. He thinks it crime enough to justify his loss of Empire – he says the Parisian shopkeepers are for him, and for peace, and that they received the Count d’Artois after his flight from Lyons better than when he came in with the King to Paris. Dalrymple said the soldiers would have torn the duc de Boissy¹³⁰ to pieces had they caught him – amongst other things he tore off a Colonel’s epaulets on parade – Napoleon himself could not do this – he once told an officer he was afraid, and the man put his hand to his sword – when Lefèvre ran away from his parole he came into Russia to the Emperor – it was doubtful how he would be received – when he appeared Napoleon [said], “Eh bien General, vous êtes changé pour le colonel Dalrymple”.

My memory of Dover is almost gone.¹³¹ Cath ‘Drouot’ has married handsome Pole Hammond and both look miserable – Betty Parker the apple-woman¹³² did not recollect me – she told me Tyuke and Rendle of the Miners¹³³ both married women in Ireland.

¹²⁷: Details used at *Letters* I 108-9.

¹²⁸: *Perhaps* Richard Church (1784-1873) who fights in Greece; see 8 Oct 1809n.

¹²⁹: A Dover coffee-house.

¹³⁰: François Antoine de Boissy d’Anglas (1756-1826: not a Duke) royalist general.

¹³¹: H. was last in Dover in June (??) 1811.

¹³²: “Drouot”, Hammond and Parker unidentified.

¹³³: The Devon and Cornwall Miners, the militia in which Hobhouse had unwillingly served at his father’s behest on his return from the east in 1811.

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I came home to the ship, dined, and read out of *Dodsley's Museum* some curious papers.¹³⁴ Amongst others, an account of Mauperturie's Voyage to Torres.¹³⁵ *Mem*: the wretches who work in the copper mines at Palhum lie on their backs in deepest caverns, toil by fir light, and neither speak nor sing. Also, Voltaire's inauguration speech at the French academy¹³⁶ – most excellent – but terminated by extravagant praises of the King and Marshal Saxe. Also an account of the administration of the Bishop of Luçon, Richelieu.¹³⁷ Went to bed at quarter past eleven.

Saturday April 1st 1815: Preparing to go on board *The Duke of Wellington* to Ostend. Write journal from Wednesday. *Mem*: on Thursday I wrote to Kinnaird, on Friday to Byron¹³⁸ and Sir Benjamin. Before I left London on Wednesday I saw the first of these¹³⁹ and his wife; he advises me not to marry, though he has the best of wives. Laid in tongue a bottle of sherry and a loaf and set sail a little after four pm, taking leave of General Scott on the wooden pier. The General told me his wife wrote to him that the only change she observed on the entry of Napoleon was that the newspapers and the pats of butter no longer had the lillies printed on them. We were in the doldrums for some time off the Goodwin Sands – I was not sick, but managed to eat and drink my wine and go to bed regularly in my berth and sheets – the berth was good.

Sunday April 2nd 1815: At six in the morning I heard we were off Dunkirk, and at eight off Ostend. I got up after nine and found we were at anchor a mile from the harbour, the tide being out, and the sandbank – which is daily encroaching – preventing us from coming in. However, we went in in boats at half past ten, I having no difficulty as to passport or custom-house. The harbour was full of English transports, and they were landing some horses of the 11th dragoons. The town appeared in military occupation, swarming with redcoats. It is well built, with pitching and no *trottoir*, but had to my nose the smell of all continental catholic towns. Most of the shops had boards with Flemish, French and English inscriptions. Many people about the port spoke English a little, and at the Cour Imperial Hotel, where I put up, I got a decent room, the bed in it, and then walked about the town and nearly round the fortifications, at which were two or three parties of our soldiers, 54th and 44th, at work. There are several broad

¹³⁴: Hobhouse's miscellaneous reading, while stranded waiting for a packet, is characteristic.

¹³⁵: Writer (*not* "Maupertuis") unidentified.

¹³⁶: In 1778.

¹³⁷: Alphone-Louis du Plessis (1582-1653) Cardinal Richelieu's brother. He is credited with the introduction of chocolate into France.

¹³⁸: BB 184-6.

¹³⁹: B., not Kinnaird.

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ditches, flooded by the tide, and the works are extensive. It is said to be liable to a *coup de main*. Ostend stands on the tip of a flat tongue of land with a long narrow creek of a fort.

In walking round it in my bagged blue greatcoat the English sentries took me for an officer, and asked me no questions, but I was stopped by the first soldier of the German legion, who made me walk down from the parapet. This may show the exactness of German discipline – nothing is left to individual conjecture.

The women of Ostend of the middle classes are dressed in black hooded long rough cloaks which gives them the air of religious. They are fresh-complexioned and lively-eyed, but blunt-featured, well-made in the lower limbs, but do not carry themselves well. The men look much like Englishmen, and the lower classes dress much the same. Every person who has any connection with the posts or the inns or the police, and every better sort of man and woman, speaks French – the streets have French names – in the *place d'armes* I saw the 44th march off, with the Colonel Commandant and the civil authorities dressed in black. Some boots, some silk stockings, and all great cocked hats with orange cockades and small cut swords by their sides.

I dined at one o'clock, the usual hour at the *table d'hôte* of our inn – there were six or seven people, of the town apparently, and three officers of the 11th dragoons. We had a variety of dishes not badly dressed – at thirty *sous* I believe, per head, and I drank a bottle of ordinary bordeaux. I strolled about town again, drank tea, went down to see my carriage landed, and walked about with a fat Belgian who deprecated war and deprecated the Bourbons. Louis XVIII, or as the French now call him, the Count de Lille, left this place on Thursday morning. He owned the Belgians were more for the French than the Dutch.

Lord Waterford's¹⁴⁰ carriages were putting on board a packet. As mine was landing, whom should I see but Dicky Prime¹⁴¹ and Lord Sligo,¹⁴² and a Mr Coffin,¹⁴³ who is reported drowned, and has had his horses sold at Tattersall's therefore by his relations – they left Naples only three weeks ago, came through Switzerland, report great things of the armaments of the Allies, and will have the Emperor Napoleon must fall – I bet Prime twenty-five guineas he does *not* succumb. The King of Naples stands out for the best bidder.

¹⁴⁰: Lord Waterford unidentified.

¹⁴¹: Richard Prime (1784-1866) old Trinity friend of H. Future M.P. for West Sussex.

¹⁴²: Howe Peter Browne (1788-1845) Marquis of Sligo, friend of B.'s with whom he has recently been associating in Greece and the Mediterranean.

¹⁴³: Coffin unidentified.

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Caroline the Queen¹⁴⁴ asked Lord Sligo whether it was true the English had assisted the Emperor Napoleon in making his escape. Lord Sligo was a week in Elba and could not obtain an interview with the Emperor, but he lived much with General and Madame Bertrand¹⁴⁵ and at that time evidently saw and said that some scheme was in preparation. Madame Bertrand said that “Avec de l’argent il pourroit bien faire quelque chose”.

My friends give me most extraordinary accounts of the behaviour of our poor Princess of Wales – she is now entertaining her own courier, a man seven feet high,¹⁴⁶ and she positively made an assignation with the King of Naples.¹⁴⁷ The *démêlés* of her and Lady Oxford¹⁴⁸ are of the most ridiculous kind. All but Dr Holland¹⁴⁹ have left the Princess. The Italian ladies are scandalised at our female manners, which they think too free in public – Lady Oxford walks about Naples with Byron’s picture on her girdle in front. She comes in half an hour too late for the dinner of the King and Queen – puts her hand over the Queen’s shoulder to shake hands, and gives her excuse that she had been attending the sick Lord Oxford, so loud that all the company are grave and silent.

Lord Sligo is a great man at the Neapolitan court. The King gave him his picture, so Prime warned me I must never call him “Murat” before Sligo. The conduct of the Allies in hesitating to acknowledge him has been most ridiculous – he, however, talks of wishing to be for England, and promised Sligo that, let what would happen, the English should be safe in his dominions. Sligo stayed only *one* night in Rome. Prime was terribly disappointed there. He says Lucien¹⁵⁰ is a solemn coxcomb.

I played at whist with the three and lost two napoleons, fifteen francs. Went home. Wrote to Byron¹⁵¹ and Charlotte.¹⁵² I observe in this country – bells and bell ropes, and necessaries, and looking glasses – went to bed near half past eleven but did not sleep well.

Monday April 3rd 1815: Up at half-past eight – changed £40 of Herriot’s notes for 160 francs at 19. The prospect of the cursed war has brought down the exchange against us, and it is again my fate for the fourth time to lose 25

¹⁴⁴: Queen Caroline (1768-1821) the Prince Regent’s estranged wife.

¹⁴⁵: Bertrand’s wife was called Fanny.

¹⁴⁶: Bartolomeo Pergami, Caroline’s courier, was tall, but not seven feet tall.

¹⁴⁷: Joachim Murat.

¹⁴⁸: Jane Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford (1772-1824) ex-lover and political patroness of B.

¹⁴⁹: Dr, afterwards Sir, Henry Holland (1788-1873) traveller and courtier to Queen Caroline.

¹⁵⁰: Lucien Bonaparte (1775-1840) Napoleon’s fourth brother.

¹⁵¹: BB 187-8.

¹⁵²: One of his half-sisters.

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per cent. This buying and bringing over a carriage is a dear job. I got my passport visaed for Courtray and Tournay, expecting, according to information received from an officer of the regiment, to find the 69th and my brother¹⁵³ in one or the other, and paying a moderate bill I set out in the rain,¹⁵⁴ which lasted nearly the whole day about ten o'clock.

I had a pair of horses harnessed much the same way on each side of the carriage-pole, except that the latter was not trussed up as in England, the postilion, like a butcher's man in a blue frock, riding, and passed through Ghistelle, one post and a half, which is the proper place of changing, to Tourhoot – two posts more. The road is pitched, with soft road [NOTE] generally on each side, on which, however, the postillion never drives. To Ghistelle the country looked like Cambridgeshire – bad and flat – it then began to be more covered with trees, but still flat – road between trees – and country improving till it looks like a park with avenues. We crossed canals once or twice, and several crossroads, well-distinguished by direction posts. French inscriptions on all the post houses.

We went slowly to Tourhoot – there discovered the swaying of the pole had broken the axle-pole. A *maréchal* mended it clumsily, and grinned at my giving him what he asked – five francs – as did those about him. I dined here. The *vin ordinaire* – the bordeaux of the country – is not very bad – my dinner came to three francs, fifteen sous. The kitchen wench talked French. Ghistelle is [a] solitary house – Tourhoot a town – the posting here is three francs for a pair of horses per post, and the postillion claims the pay of one horse per stage, so that you pay, he being included, for three horses. The barriers are frequent, and chargeable generally [at] half a franc.

We set off at three for the next stage – two posts – a large house – the country most fertile, loaded with wheat, and a yellow-tipped plant,¹⁵⁵ The trees look too much like willow plantations, but are mostly ornamental, the road between high trees – houses very frequent, farms and villages. We were driven as fast as in England this stage, as we were the next stage, two posts and a half, to Courtray – the country richer, more populous. We met a great many well-dressed peasants walking and driving in carts and ill-made buggies – the horses large and handsome – a parson or two in a cocked hat – one, a curate I suppose, pulled off his hat very lowly to me. *Ici on vend des boissons* a very common inscription. I observed the kitchen at Ostend and Tourhoot furnished with stores &c., like an English establishment, and very clean – the postillions have a bit of the tricolour-striped stuff round their hat – they crack their hats *à la Français*.

I arrived at Courtray by seven. Coming into the town, a sergeant of the German legion asked me for my passport. There are two regiments of that

¹⁵³: Benjamin Hobhouse, second of the three Hobhouse brothers (the third, Henry, is in India). Benjamin is killed at Quatre Bras.

¹⁵⁴: Heavy rain is experienced throughout this period.

¹⁵⁵: Ms. gap.

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legion in the town, which is not fortified as I thought. I drove through some narrow streets, and then into the better part of the town, which is rather higher than the rest, into the great square – and to the post-house, the Golden Lion – a magnificent-looking establishment on the outside, into the archway of which when we drove, the waiters and landlady came running out as *chez nous* – dragoons were bivouacked in the []. I got a room, decent but with a sanded floor, and next to the mess room of the noisy German legion, who have been just singing the famous Göttingen air. A wood fire was lighted, tea was brought up.

The tall middle *fille de chambre* told me that the bridge on the road to Lille towards Menin had been broken down, and that the diligence went into France by an indirect road. She said that the moment the news of the turn things were taking in France arrived, the villages near Menin and the neighbourhood, where are the manufacturers of stuffs, discharged above three and four hundred workmen of Courtray, and that the ordinary at the inn today, which on Monday's fair used to be lately frequented by fifty and sixty dealers in the manufactories of the country, had today only ten or twelve. The trade, which had begun to revive, is dead in an instant. Their *toiles* fell six sous in the eighteen in the ell – i.e., one third on today's market.

Whilst I was drinking tea, the Commisary of Police, with an orange bow round his arm and a sword by his side – a civil man – came in, and asked for my pass, which I showed him. He asked if I was an Englishman, judging otherwise, as he said, from my French¹⁵⁶ – I find I can scarcely understand a word of Flemish. I have seen very few beggars here – except some old women at the gates of Ostend. The images on the road are very scarce – now and then a great crucifixion on a church – the houses are neatly built, with coloured blinds or sashes, and whitewashed with good tilings, the roofs rather oblique but not so much so as in Holland – there is an air of ease and happiness about the people, very like our own.

Today in the carriage read Coray's *Mémoire sur l'état actuel de la civilization dans la Grèce*.¹⁵⁷ I can't say it gave me much information, but then I have read his and other subsequent works on the subject, which superseded it. His English textbook is Williams Etoni survey¹⁵⁸ – he has caught the French inflation – “Oh verité!” and “Oh ma patrie!”¹⁵⁹

Read Horace's ode, *Phoebus volenten &c.*, and was struck with the

Imperi porrecta majestas ad ortus

¹⁵⁶: Evidence either of H.'s linguistic competence, or of his odd accent.

¹⁵⁷: Published Paris 1803. A polemical work designed to persuade France to assist the Greek struggle for independence.

¹⁵⁸: William (sic) Eton, *A Survey of the Turkish Empire* (1798) is one of Coray's sourcebooks.

¹⁵⁹: The phrases *O Verité* and *O ma patrie!* occur on Coray's pages 62 and 64 respectively. He is writing in a style calculated to appeal to French readers.

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*solis ab Hesperio cubili*¹⁶⁰

Tonight I took weak tea, bread and butter, the latter good; and should have had a tumbler of mulled wine, but the waiter says they don't sell less than a bottle – so I escape. At Ostend the waiter told me they had no sealing-wax in the house – they never kept it, it was too dear. I go to bed, at eleven I believe.

Tuesday April 4th 1815: I got up at five and, drinking tea, set off for Tournay – four posts – at a quarter to seven. The road is reckoned bad, but we found it not intolerably so. It is more open than [the one] we passed yesterday, but apparently equally fruitful. We were stopped by the advance posts a mile from Tournay – an officer of the German legion asked for my passport, and told me the 69th were about to depart to Ath – I must make haste. I was again stopped before the gates, where many were throwing up works and again within them. Arriving at the post-house, I ran to the *place d'armes* where the 69th were parading to go off. An officer kindly offered to show me where Captain Hobhouse lived. He was ill, and [the officer] did not expect him to march with the regiment. I went to his billet and found him gone to the Colonel, where the same officer, a Captain Colte,¹⁶¹ showed me, and there I found this aimiable and gallant (not in the vulgar meaning) officer and brother of mine, who immediately got leave for him[self] to stay one day behind with me, as accordingly he did.

We walked about Tournay, and he took me to the heights, where they are repairing the mound works of the citadel, a miserable defence just enough to prevent a *coup de main*, which is all there [is] to be said of the other preparations of this old fortification, which was blown up by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle¹⁶² The peasants and soldiers were working in great numbers – as we walked round some work fell in and buried a man.

From the citadel, Ben showed me the site of the battle of Fontenoy,¹⁶³ [and] the wood and the windmill where the English guards were stationed. It is a plain intricate, with two [] now ploughed and sowed. We walked from the citadel to that part of the town through which the Scheldt runs, a small Avon-like stream between stone banks, along which runs the public promenade. I observed, or rather my brother made me observe, that French is the language of this town and neighbourhood, which is so French that the Belgian troops are sent up into Holland at present. Two or three battallions of [the] German legion are in the town.

¹⁶⁰: Horace, Odes IV xv 14-16: ... *the majesty of our dominions spread from the sun's bed in the west to where he rises* ... a Napoleonic thought.

¹⁶¹: Colte unidentified.

¹⁶²: Name of treaty from *Recollections*.

¹⁶³: The Battle of Fontenoy (1745) in the War of the Austrian Succession.

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When the news came of Napoleon's advance they half-cried "Vive l'Empereur!" My brother was at Menin when the French King Louis came from Lille – his regiment was there, but Colonel Morris,¹⁶⁴ after consulting Ben, and being in great consternation, did not think fit to allow that portion of the cuirassiers, about two hundred, who came from Lille with the King, to pass the *barrière*. At this place the soldiery [and] cuirassiers took leave of Louis, kissing his hand – an officer had advanced on full gallop to Menin to tell Colonel Morris that the King was coming immediately. Luckily the regiment was just ready for parade. The King was not allowed to bring any troops past the *barrière*, and he was told he should command an English garrison, but when Louis came into the town, the regiment was drawn up, dropped its colours, played the proper points of war and gave "Vive le Roi!" as a reception to the monarch just departed from his own dominions at half a mile distance. There were no post-horses ready, so that Louis was obliged to wait for some time in his carriage at the door.

My brother, as the best Frenchman, was deputed to ask Louis whether he would like a guard of honour and he said yes, he should be obliged for some dragoons, as also for a dispatch to be sent on to order thirty horses at the next post.¹⁶⁵ The officers said he was crying. Ben said he could not see it. The cuirassiers wished to follow him in, but only one drunken dragoon with a lame horse at last pushed through against Ben's injunction and toppled into Menin crying "Vive le Roi!"

What an exit from his dominions, more sneaking than the entrance of him who has driven him out of them.

The whole 4,000 of the Maison du Roi insisted upon following Louis but were sent to their homes and indeed refused entrance into Bethune by the duc de Berri¹⁶⁶ except about two hundred, with a major-general at their head, who after great difficulties have been allowed to pass into Dutch Flanders – yet the pretence of fighting on the part of the Allies is the inclination of France to Louis, when they will not allow 4,000 men, because they are Frenchmen, to be enrolled in their force!!!

Ben was also employed to announce to a General Recard,¹⁶⁷ who came with the King in the crowd without a passport, that he must have a guard of honour to conduct him to Courtray, to General Vandeleur,¹⁶⁸ to whom by the way Morris had sent Ben on full gallop to know what he should do with Louis XVIII. The Duc de Berri told Colonel Morris that Mortier had positive orders to arrest Louis at Lille, but sent to him to get away. The young men of

¹⁶⁴: Morris unidentified.

¹⁶⁵: This dialogue is used – without naming Benjamin – at *Letters* I 164.

¹⁶⁶: Charles Ferdinand, duc de Berri (1778-1820) second son of the Comte d'Artois; nephew of Louis XVIII. Assassinated at the Opéra.

¹⁶⁷: Recard unidentified.

¹⁶⁸: Vandeleur unidentified.

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the bourgeoisie had positively sent a detachment to march to help the royal cause. They were *congédié* [NOTE] also by Count d'Artois. [The] duc de Berri told Colonel Morris that if they could have got fifty men to fire they had been saved – but that the moment Napoleon appeared the soldiers rushed to him. The Count D'Arcy¹⁶⁹ told Ben that Madame Montmorency¹⁷⁰ told him that the whole conspiracy was organised by a Senate: Cambacères,¹⁷¹ Fouché, &c., who used to meet at Eugene Beauharnais' sister's,¹⁷² and that these meetings were known.

The Duke added in presence of Captain Barlow,¹⁷³ who breakfasted with him, and Morris' old aide-de-camp at Menin, that if they could hold Paris two days longer the royal cause would have been saved by the northern volunteers who were marching from Lille – also Monsieur mentioned the story of the Abbé de Montesquiou¹⁷⁴ not opening the letters sent by the prefect of La Var de Bouthilliers relative to the landing of Napoleon.

By the way, Dick Prime told me at Ostend that John Macnamara, my friend,¹⁷⁵ asked Napoleon at Elba whether 'twas true he had a clap when [he] took his abdication tour to Elba – and that Napoleon at first did not understand him, but on hearing “chaude pisse”¹⁷⁶ smiled, and said he never had those sort of things. However, Campbell¹⁷⁷ and Keller¹⁷⁸ swear he had, and I believe say they saw him inject. Prime told me Napoleon said Douglas¹⁷⁹ was the pleasantest Englishman he had seen, not Fazakerley,¹⁸⁰ as we heard in England.

Here everything looks warlike. The inhabitants are not allowed to go out of town without a pass. Ben thinks my plan of going to Paris not feasible. We dined together at my hotel, the Imperial. Bad dinner, and drank two bottles of champagne, one good, one bad, then walked about the town, and

¹⁶⁹: D'Arcy unidentified.

¹⁷⁰: Madame Montmorency unidentified.

¹⁷¹: Jean Jacques Régis de Cambacères (1753-1824) Duke of Parma, Consul with Napoleon and afterwards his Archchancellor.

¹⁷²: Eugene de Beauharnais (1781-1824) Napoleon's stepson and his King of Italy; Hortense de Beauharnais, his sister, Napoleon's Queen of Holland.

¹⁷³: Barlow unidentified.

¹⁷⁴: François Xavier Marc Antoine, duc de Monstequiou, Abbé de Beaulieu (1756-1832) Louis XVIII's Minister of the Interior.

¹⁷⁵: John Macnamara is the schoolfriend of H.'s whose long interview with Napoleon on Elba is reported on April 2nd.

¹⁷⁶: A symptom of gonorrhoea; something H. would know about (see 10 Aug 1809).

¹⁷⁷: For Sir Neill Campbell; see 18 Apr 1815.

¹⁷⁸: Keller unidentified.

¹⁷⁹: The Hon. Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, son of B.'s friend Lord Glenbervie. Died 1819. Evidently an excellent dancer – see 4 June 1815.

¹⁸⁰: John Nicholas Fazakerley (1787-1852) antiquarian.

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into a billiard-room filled with vulgar bucks and officers of the German legion – then we came to my room, had red wine and water, and anchovies, which Ben dressed in the shovel for me.

Dear fellow, he looks very unwell and has been so three months, of a sort of rheumatism in his side. He would not tell us at home of it. He showed me the grapeshot through and through his cap, which he got at Berghen-op-Zoom.¹⁸¹ He has fought a duel since his being in the 69th, with a man who was killed at Berghen. He fired twice – his antagonist's pistol missed the first time in the pan,¹⁸² Ben not observing this – when he did, he wished him to have another chance, and when the seconds said *no* – to give him one, fired again, his pistol being in both cases averted from him.¹⁸³ At Berghen, this man was under sentence of court-martial, but asked leave to be allowed to go to action. Morris told him he could not give him leave – he must take it – he did, and was killed. Benjamin went out with a man of the 57th who tried to bully him, and went so far as having the ground measured, but then gave in – *he* was killed at Albuera.¹⁸⁴

Benjamin tells me Skerrett,¹⁸⁵ who was killed at Berghen-op-Zoom, said to him an hour or so before he died, “Well, I think Graham¹⁸⁶ has done for his troops at last.” By common consent this Scotch old woman ought to be shot – cowardice is by no means uncommon in the army – one of the 87th [NOTE] turned fright at Berghen.

Tournay has two or three large churches – a bishop's palace, and the largest tapestry manufacturer and best next to the Gobelins. It contains about 15,000 inhabitants.

I am in doubt what to do just now – whether, to Brussels, Paris, or Geneva direct – however, I will go to bed directly – half past eleven.

Wednesday April 5th 1815: Up at seven. Got bad shafts put to my carriage. Went to a *société littéraire* – where all they do is to read the papers, there not being a book in the place. Ben tells me a Mr Adam desired him to direct – a Mr Adam, *philosophe*.¹⁸⁷

An old Marquise with two carriages and four going to drink the water at Valenciennes stopped up the doorway of our inn some time. At last, after dawdling and pissing with our shafts, Benjamin and myself got into the carriage and left Tournay for Leuz and Ath. They made me pay forty *sous* a

¹⁸¹: Berghen-op-Zoom is in southern Holland. It was held by the French against repeated English attacks until France capitulated.

¹⁸²: *Recollections* (I 236) has *fire*.

¹⁸³: *Recollections* (I 236) has *his adversary*.

¹⁸⁴: Battle in the peninsular war, 15-18 May 1811, from which Benjamin emerged unscathed.

¹⁸⁵: Skerrett unidentified.

¹⁸⁶: Graham unidentified.

¹⁸⁷: Reference obscure.

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horse per post, on account of three persons being carried. We went close to the plain and wood of Fontenoy on our right, which is a preserve of one Count Ch¹⁸⁸. In this country there are game laws, and the game is let out and the partridges are in considerable quantities, Tea is much drunk in Flanders, made weak. In the morning at Tournay a fellow with a horn cries about “Pashaw!” (“Pain chaud!”), which with butter is the favourite breakfast.

The country between Tournai and Ath is more open than up to the first town in my route, but equally well-cultivated and no less populous. The road is broad and well paved. Leux is a small dirty town two posts from Tournay. From Leux to Ath is one post and a half, an undulating country road up and down gentle declivities.

We met a strong detachment of the Green 95th on the road, going into country quarters – also vedettes¹⁸⁹ of this regiment were in straw huts on the side of the road, being near the French frontier, for the same reason. The garrison of Tournay was turned out at four in the morning. The last orders given to the commandants of regiments were to retreat, in case the French appeared in force, to Termonde, and inundate the country. The French papers, however, speak pacifically, and announce that English have landed lately at Dieppe. We met Major General Adams¹⁹⁰ and an aide-de-camp on the road. Adams commands the Light Brigade.

We entered Ath, a fortified town, at three, and Benjamin found his regiment under inspection of Sir Henry Clinton,¹⁹¹ Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Belgium, and sent out as a master to the Prince of Orange.¹⁹² He is an old woman – and martinet. I got on the bank and looked at the regiment perform one or two manoeuvres – it was five hundred strong, colours flying, and seemed to me to march well. However, there are a great many boys amongst them who would be utterly incapable of marching a forced march such as was common in the campaigns of the peninsula. Captain Barlow¹⁹³ of the 69th informed me that the 52nd marched forty eight or fifty miles in one day, and that after three weeks marching they had lost only one man.

The 33rd and the 74th were inspected afterwards. Generals Hackett¹⁹⁴ and Cooke¹⁹⁵ with their staff accompanied Clinton. Captain Barlow, Dr

¹⁸⁸: Ms. gap.

¹⁸⁹: Vedettes: sentinels.

¹⁹⁰: Adams unidentified.

¹⁹¹: Sir William Henry Clinton (1769-1846) English general.

¹⁹²: Willem Frederik George Lodewijk (1792-1849) Prince of Orange; he had the previous year been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Princess Charlotte. King of Holland 1840-9.

¹⁹³: Barlow unidentified.

¹⁹⁴: Hackett (“Halckett”??) unidentified.

¹⁹⁵: General Cooke commanded the Guards division.

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Banks,¹⁹⁶ Benjamin and I dined at our hotel, the Swan, and drank champagne &c. – weak.

Lord Wellington¹⁹⁷ arrived at Brussels at five this morning.

Thursday April 6th 1815: This is fair day. The hum of the market under the windows of the Swan, the red handkerchiefs over the heads of the women, and the blue frocks of the men, give that sort of air to the scene which reminds me of Flemish paintings. Walked with Benjamin to the ramparts, and there discovered I had not my watch in my pocket. Went back to the Cigne and could not find it – a waiter who came into the room at half-past six in the morning and asked for my boots was apparently the thief, but I found him not out. I went to the Commissioner of Police and left a direction for the town crier.

After dawdling about, Benjamin and myself set out at half-past two pm for Enghien, two posts and a quarter. The road was broad and straight and the country most cultivated with corn and yellow plants and well-clothed with coppice – houses at almost every hundred yards. Benjamin made me observe a pole on which they fix a mark to shoot at with crossbows, a favourite amusement with the Flemish. We had a noisy, butcher-like postillion. Arriving at Enghien, we discovered the perch cracked in the old place, and were obliged to stop to have it mended by a blacksmith, who said he had qualified it for going to Paris and received six francs for his pains, his journeyman asking for a gratuity, a usual demand in this country. We sat down in a pot-house, where our postillion drank Louvain beer, and dined. Afterwards we walked to a neighbouring meadow, in which a battalion of the guards stationed at Enghien were playing at football – Benjamin observed that the soldiers of the line never amused themselves in this way – he told me that the belts of the guards are much broader than those of the soldiers of the line.

We walked about Enghien, a dirty town which seems to have a park near it, then, putting a poor lame Cossack white horse into our shafts, rattled through the place at a half-gallop towards Halle – one post and three-quarters; a noble road and beautiful country, the evening lovely and we in placid spirits. Halle seemed a large town – the 52nd were in the place which we rattled through and changed horses at the extremity of, taking up a tall, well-booted, powdered driver.

From Halle to Brussels is two posts and a half, the road like a park, through trees principally. The evening set in pleasantly and we went a respectable pace, till within a half-quarter of a league of Brussels, the heights of whose upper town we saw – when we broke down, the insidious, twice-mended perch giving way. We procured help from a great inn, Van der something, at the barrier hard by – got the broken carriage, by help of poles,

¹⁹⁶: Banks unidentified.

¹⁹⁷: Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington (1769-1852) victor of Waterloo.

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to the yard, emptied our luggage into a cabriolet and walked with it to the city. The gate was shut, but Benjamin procured us admittance by telling his name. We paced through several streets much deserted for the time of night (ten) and came at last to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a civil gentlemanly landlord, although he had no vacant room, let us sleep in a chamber belonging to Commissary Whyte.

Brussels is as full as it can hold of strangers so that at the Hotel de Flander, and Bellevue above, there is no chance of accommodation. We took claret and fowl with a friend of Benjamin, an odd dog, and his croney, an odder. The room seemed peopled with English parties – Benjamin seems to know an infinity of red-coat personages. About twelve I went to bed, out of temper, tired and heated – Benjamin slept in the same room.

Friday April 7th 1815: Up at nine and went into the coffee-room, which by the way is very large and airy, to breakfast.

When seated, to us came in Captain Hillier,¹⁹⁸ our relation and Ben's friend and companion, now on the quarter-master general's department by Lord Hill's¹⁹⁹ interest, and Major Churchill, the Churchill formerly military secretary to Lord Hill in Spain. Hillier is a short, plain fellow, like the Bloomfield,²⁰⁰ sensible and well-mannered – much attached in appearance to Benjamin. These youths told us, Napoleon's despatches to our government had been returned unopened, and that war was certain. The Duke of Wellington talks of being in Paris, say they, in three months, and is to have ten thousand cavalry from England. His Grace is at Ghent with Louis the Desired, but the troops, English and Hanoverian altogether, amount only to 22,000, and the former chiefly second battallions.

When Lord Hill came out he found the Prince of Orange as obstinate as a pig, and his little head quite overturned by his appointment of General, which gave him command even over his Lordship. He could do nothing with His Royal Highness, and was glad when the Duke of Wellington came to settle all his boyish pretensions. This child sent the other day for young Charles Somerset, eldest son of Lord C [NOTE] of that ilk, and said, "So sir, I understand you said the other day Napoleon is a great man?" – "Yes your Royal Highness, I did so because I thought so, and think so still." – "Well, Sir, if you do it again I shall put you under an arrest." He also heard the youths in the guards' mess were in the habit of giving "Vive Napoleon!" and sent to say they might give "Vive la guerre!" but not "Vive Napoleon!" He ventured to take Sir Alexander Gordon,²⁰¹ brother of Lord Aberdeen,²⁰² and

¹⁹⁸: A cousin of H.'s (see 14 July 1815).

¹⁹⁹: Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, army corps commander under Wellington.

²⁰⁰: "the Bloomfield" unidentified.

²⁰¹: Sir Alexander Gordon, aide-de-camp to Wellington, was killed at Waterloo.

²⁰²: George Hamilton Gordon, 4th Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860) old Harrovian. B. and H. had found his signature on the wall of a Greek cave on 26 Dec 1809. He was

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aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, to task for telling bad news, when he had such a retort as silenced him at once: "I'd have your Royal Highness to know that I am perfectly aware of when to speak and when to hold my tongue, and that I think it is more serviceable to our good cause to tell the truth than to conceal and falsify facts, however unfavourable to us."

Walking about afterwards with Benjamin and Captain Hillier and Digby Mackworth,²⁰³ whom I recollect at Westminster,²⁰⁴ and who is now military secretary to Lord Hill, I saw this young Prince, with his tall white feather and on his chestnut horse cantering – his perpetual pace – along the square of the park, at different times – the last time with a roll of white paper in his hand. His father the King is a most miserable pattern of royalty, and here scarcely recognised as such – though he goes to plays and puppet-shows, and gives and takes falls at the town house to and from the shopkeepers' wives and daughters. The houses, some few of them in the park and the *maison de ville*, are hung with withered green and orange bunting.

From the Hotel we walked a little up the hill to the place or square where the *Landwehr* were mounting guard with a pretty band. They were soldier-looking, but diminutive men – this upper part of the town is certainly handsome and regular, and the park, with alleys of trees in the middle of it, round which run the fashionable streets, is agreeable and pretty. The houses are well-built, and as far as I can see well-furnished much in the English style, with decent necessaries.

Hillier introduced me to Lord Hill, a shy and kind man's man, and as good a general for a *corps d'armée* as any in the world. We walked into one of the churches, where I was struck with an inscription over a poor box: *Aux pauvres honteux*, and gave two francs. I see but few signs of devotion here.

Their walls to livery stalls which are the only ones I ever saw imitating the English. The keepers of them were cool and indifferent, and expected a horse to be bought if once taken out. The price of good horses much the same as with us. We walked to the lower part of the town, a dirty place, but the steeple in the middle of the Hotel de Ville is airy and high and handsome. Captain Hillier, Benjamin and I dined at the Hotel d'Angleterre – Mills, of Brün²⁰⁵ dined in the room, with a French Count, whom Benjamin recognised as having first given advice to his regiment of the retreat of the King upon Menin – to the rogue Mills I spoke not. In the room next to the public room dined King,²⁰⁶ the Duchess of Sagun's²⁰⁷ King, with a French piece of goods.

Prime Minister during the Crimean War.

²⁰³: Mackworth was aide-de-camp to Lord Hill.

²⁰⁴: Westminster School, where H. went before Trinity.

²⁰⁵: Mills unidentified.

²⁰⁶: King unidentified.

²⁰⁷: Duchess of Sagun unidentified.

The Hundred Days, March 11th-July 24th 1815

After dining and drinking four bottles of French wine we went to the theatre and got into an upper box. The theatre was dull-looking, small, ill-lighted, and very ill-attended. The Dutch King came into his box and was received with applauses rather extraordinary, so Hillier said. However, there was not a genteel person in the house to greet the new sovereign, and before he retreated everybody, as well as ourselves, moved off without ceremony as the play ended.

The supporters of the Orange arms are two lions holding out their tongues as if at the crown:

*Ces Lions rampants devant la throne
Qu'ils osent se moquer de la couronne?
Si non, les puissant bêtes jadis
Ne sont du tout de mon avis* –²⁰⁸

His box was surmounted with a paper crown, which I had a mind to cut and clip – came home after laughing a little at the King and Madame La Joquiere.²⁰⁹

Saturday April 8th 1815: Got up at nine and went to breakfast with Captain Hillier, who entertained me with an account of the college at Farnham, where it seems grown-up colonels are taught their rudiments, beginning with simple arithmetic. A Dr Dalby²¹⁰ reviews the diagrams of these aged pupils on a slate, and treats them all as ignoramuses.

Benjamin and I walked about the upper part of the town and called at the Commandant Colonel Jones²¹¹ of Woolly, known in the army by the vulgar title of “Butcher Jones”, who was not slow to surrender at Berghen-op-Zoom. Coming from his house, where [we] saw not him but a polite German adjutant, who dissuaded my project of traversing France. We saw a regiment, three-deep, of Belgians in blue and red, and dresses originally made up for the Portuguese in the English service. This day I learnt from Benjamin, for the first time, that the bombs on the corners of the jackets of the soldiers designated the *grenadiers* or throwers of grenades, as also that they were to be seen on our own regimentals.

There was a court today, to which I did *not* go. Hillier tells me that the young Prince here has filled up his staff in the most ridiculous manner imaginable.

²⁰⁸: “These lions rampant before the throne – dare they mock the crown? If not, the hitherto powerful beasts are not at all of my opinion”.

²⁰⁹: The description of King William of the Netherlands’ visit to the theatre is used by H. at *Letters* I, 14-16.

²¹⁰: Dalby unidentified.

²¹¹: Jones unidentified.

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Benjamin bought a horse for fifteen napoleons, and at one o'clock, mounted him and parted from me under the arch of the Hotel d'Angleterre. God speed him as gallant honourable a man as any living – he has lately read a good deal, and his conversation is bookish. No man is less of an egotist, even in thought. He has a modest decision in his manner and character, as well as an easy, unassuming familiarity with his friends and acquaintances, which I envy him much.²¹² Although sensible of the advantages of pushing himself in his profession, he cannot bring himself to make a request to a soul, and this day I heard him mention to Colonel Barclay that Major Morley was looking out for a staff situation, without hinting a word of his own desire. Everyone asks him if he is, and supposes him to be on the staff. Hillier asked Hill direct to be employed.

After we parted I went to my lodgings (which by the way are very good ones) and wrote thrice over a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset²¹³ on his behalf, and to Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe,²¹⁴ [and] Quarter-Master General Hare.²¹⁵ I pray they may be of some avail, but I doubt.

Then I walked to the library, and purchased Voltaire's works in [] fifty-four volumes, for sixty-seven and a half francs. Then I dined alone at the Hotel d'Angleterre – Sir William Elliot,²¹⁶ a beast, sitting at one table, and Mills, a rogue, at another, both of whom I know but did not speak to nor will. The former had the insolence to be put up for an F.R.S., happening to come one Thursday night to a meeting of the Royal Society with his relation Sir W. Stirling²¹⁷ instead of going to the play. He literally applied to people to whom he was introduced on purpose to sign his certificate, and is now a Fellow. It is time for me, ignorant as I am, to resign. Hillier yesterday observed that Mills took off his spectacles to read a letter, so that these are evidently a disguise. I heard him say aloud today, "No-one was so comfortable as I was at Paris; all the old *noblesse* I knew long ago, and to all the new I had letters of introduction" Someone asked him if he had been to court today. "No," he said, "I am not well, and I have not got my dress here – I know all the family most intimately, I lived with them at Berlin." This he said for me to hear, and then in an undervoice proceeded to lie in detail.

²¹²: H. was awkward in unfamiliar company.

²¹³: Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, subsequently 1st Baron Raglan (1788-1855) Wellington's Military Secretary. His objection to the passage about his attempt to fly Paris was the cause of the most important emendation to the 2nd edn of *Letters*. Lost an arm at Waterloo; led the English expeditionary force to the Crimea. Played by Gielgud in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Was at Westminster.

²¹⁴: Sir Hudson Lowe (1769-1844) was to be Napoleon's jailer on St Helena.

²¹⁵: Hare unidentified.

²¹⁶: Sir William Elliott (1792-1874) son of one of Captain Cook's companions, had fought in Spain, and subsequently in India and Burma; why H. calls him a beast is not clear.

²¹⁷: Stirling unidentified.

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Lord Harrowby²¹⁸ and Sir Henry Torrens²¹⁹ arrived here yesterday – the Duke of Wellington is still at Gend, as is Sir Charles Stewart.²²⁰ The alarm here was very great a fortnight ago – one Smith, an English sadler, was knocked up in the night, and advised to decamp by some native friends, who kindly offered him one fourth value for his stock in hand,²²¹ so ignorant are the people here, as well as with us, of the Emperor Napoleon’s politics or intentions. Valenciennes is made – I’ve heard word – [or is] to be made a headquarters.

I have still some faint hope we shall have peace, although the extreme vanity of our Regent,²²² and the extraordinary ignorance of his ministers, give us but little chance. What we go to war [for], as Churchill²²³ says, [is] that *Henri Quatre* may be played on the hand-organs of Paris, and for Mr de Blacas, de Duras,²²⁴ and (as Mr Mills called them in my hearing) “all the other asses”.

After dinner I walked to Colonel Jones, a butcher indeed, but he will give me a letter to General Dornberg²²⁵ in Mons, commanding the garrison, to help me to cross the frontier. A Belgic regiment, light blue, arrived this evening. The Prince of Orange, in rebuking Sir Alexander Gordon the other day, told him there was no evidence on the part of the Belgians of an inclination for the French – how does he get over the troops crying out “Vive l’Empereur”?

I send my letter to Fitzroy Somerset. Drink tea at home, write journal, and read a little from my new purchase²²⁶ for the first time. I know some little of Saavedra²²⁷ and his imposture. His name, like that of many other worthies of whom I am quite ignorant, was before familiar to my ear.²²⁸ Benjamin told me that in Brussels there are three distinct languages spoken in separate quarters of the city – French, Flemish and Brabant. My folks talk French and nothing else, but with such a poisonous accent ...

²¹⁸: Dudley Ryder, 1st Earl of Harrowby (1762-1847) President of the Council.

²¹⁹: Sir Henry Torrens (1779-1828) Military Secretary at the Horse Guards. He and Harrowby are in Belgium to sound out Wellington as to the prospects for war.

²²⁰: Castlereagh’s half-brother; Wellington purchased his horse Copenhagen from him.

²²¹: Detail used at *Letters* I, 18.

²²²: The future King George IV.

²²³: Churchill unidentified – Charles Churchill?

²²⁴: Jean-Laurent Marquis de Civrac (1746-1826: family name Duras) royalist Lieutenant-General; friend of the Comte d’Artois.

²²⁵: Note on Dornberg pending.

²²⁶: The fifty-four volume Voltaire.

²²⁷: Note on Saavedra pending

²²⁸: Saavedra is the last name of Cervantes.

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My brother has told me that reading has given him quite a new and a decided scepticism in all matters of faith, whether of historical or religious fact <but that the persuasion instead> To this information I thought it proper to reply only that I thought there was no reason why a man's honesty should suffer by his religious doubts, to which he answered that on the contrary he should conceive that they must strengthen the propensity to virtue. He told me that he thought it impossible that a man without principle could be happy, or unless a very great <man> genius, successful.

Young Hillier told me last night that Lord Wellington had no more heart than the board, and then told me an anecdote which proves that if he has not, he at least regrets the want of it, which is something. When he heard of the loss of young Pakenham²²⁹ in the Saldanha, he said, "I don't know how it is, but I don't feel as I used to at these things – some years ago such a sad thing would have made me cry, but now I have no inclination." This seems to me natural and noble. A little mind would not permit a man to make such an observation. I should like to know what he said on learning that Pakenham the General²³⁰ was killed at New Orleans, which he first saw in the papers, after learning that he had succeeded. An honourable Colonel Mullins²³¹ with his regiment ran away there so shamefully that one of the staff galloped up to stop him and made two cuts at him with his sword.

Sunday April 9th 1815: Walked out to Colonel Jones, Commandant of Brussels, who gave me a letter to General Dornberg at Mons, and visaed my passport to go through France to Geneva. Then, coming back, saw Fitzroy Somerset, who promised to do what he could for Ben, and talked of sending a letter by me to the duc de Vicenza,²³² relative to the Duke of Wellington's baggage, now at Paris. I left him, and afterwards walked to the Palace of Laeken, going by the side of the canal to Mallines between roads of fine trees, about three miles. Laeken is on a height – well-situated, but the ground too open in the distance – the water in front, *the lake*, is no great thing – the ground on a small scale.

A madman in a dragoon's dress told me that he was King of Italy.

Lord Hill, Mackworth, and staff were looking about them, and I went in with them into the palace – also on a small scale, but neatly furnished by the Emperor Napoleon, who gallantly had given the best rooms to the Empress. Wisely, the Prince of Orange has changed nothing of the distribution of the furniture. The tapestry in the palace is good, but we were all at a loss at a man with a frog's head in the [] by Latona, with Apollo and Diana in her

²²⁹: Young Pakenham unidentified.

²³⁰: Major-General Sir Edward Michael Pakenham (1778-1815) Wellington's brother-in-law; killed on January 8th 1815 in the attack on New Orleans.

²³¹: Mullins unidentified.

²³²: Armand, marquis de Caulaincourt and duc de Vicence (1772-1827) Napoleon's Foreign Minister.

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arms. On a paper affixed to a wall opposite the palace, I saw it called "Chateau Imperial," which shows how long an *affiche* may last.

Lord Hill offered to carry me back but I walked. Got half wet through – however, I had the advantage of looking at the arch and its triumphal []ges, under which Gulielmus I²³³ entered Brussels three weeks ago, in pursuance of a proclamation or article of treaty made by the imperial and royal crown-brokers at Vienna; and I also saw that the national militia were called out by edict of the 7th inst., to serve their *bon roi*.

I dined *solus* at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Mills, in spite, came up and reminded me of his dinner at Brünn. A gentleman who left Paris last Tuesday told me he had no difficulties – I determine to go. I go home and write a letter to Kinnaird and a letter to Amelia and a letter to Ben. I go to bed at one o'clock.

Monday April 10th 1815: In the morning I call at Fitzroy Somerset's. He tells me, "I am just going to the Duke – I have nothing for you." He says, "By God, you had better not go – you can come and see him", From this I foolishly excused myself, and took leave of him.²³⁴ He is going to send in a letter to Lille to Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza, about the baggage. I pay my bills – write to Byron²³⁵ – get £100 of Baring's bill – exchange at eighteen francs fifty cents – and finally, in spite of all advice, set off at half-past one from Brussels to Mons, first of all hoping there may be peace, secondly, that if there is no peace there will be no war yet, and thirdly, that the Emperor Napoleon will not detain humble individuals.

I went to Halle – two posts and a half – one and a half to Soignies, a town, one and a half – and to Mons, two. The whole way most beautiful, woody and highly cultivated – and all along the yellow lintseed producing an agreeable effect – near Mons the country a little more open and flat, and a little common land or green wood, which is unusual in Flanders. At Mons a battery has been thrown up across the road. I showed my passports – went to the post house and inn – called on the commandant – got my pass visaed – and then on General Dornberg, who likewise visaed it and said I should meet with no difficulty. I dined or supped at eight o'clock in the common *salle* with a Hanoverian who talked very big, and, as it struck me, for a bagman, very well. He was strongly against Prussia, and showed forcibly enough how much Austria gained by a comparison with her. Went to bed eleven.

Tuesday April 11th 1815: Up at four. Got up at half-past five to begin my forbidden expedition into France.

²³³: "William I", the Prince of Orange.

²³⁴: *Recollections* I 240-1 adds "He had told the Duke of Wellington of my intention. His Grace at once said, 'By George! he had better not go'; and desired Lord Fitzroy to tell me this".

²³⁵: BB 189-90.

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Went to Boissy, a small town – changed horses, and during the next stages passed the Belgic Douane and the picquets and vedettes, two dragoons patrolling on the road, and got invisibly into France. It is a wide open country, well-cultivated and -peopled – I did not see, near Mons, the field of battle of Tornappe.²³⁶ At Leuven,²³⁷ the first French town, I first saw the tricoloured cockade and a soldier or two – an Imperial flag was hanging from the church. My trunks, &c., were examined at the custom-house, and I gave the people ten francs.

Changing horses at Leuven, we went on to Valenciennes one stage, a post and a half, and coming upon the town, saw several French regiments drilling in a meadow. The Douane stopped me at the gate, and untrussing me discovered Lady Jersey's²³⁸ parcel to the Marquise Coigny,²³⁹ opening which and finding it to be *perçaille*,²⁴⁰ they said I must be searched and detained at the custom-house²⁴¹ in the town, and accordingly, keeping me before the regiments had marched in before me, they sent me through the gates with a soldier. At the gate I showed my passport again, and then was ordered to the town-major, accompanied by a soldier, bayonet fixed, who, however, in the course of our progress, took off his offensive weapon. We got into the market-place, which was crammed with troops just dismissed. The tricoloured flag was flying from many windows, the air of everything was martial, and as far as respecting ourselves, a little threatening. However, the town-major was civil and kind, blamed the ferocity of the Douane, and sent me with a soldier, whom he ordered to leave his musket, to the general with my passport, saying he might restore the *perçaille*. The general saw my passport, but not me; he said it was good; I might go to the Commissioner of Police and get it visaed. I did go there, and whilst this was about saw an *affiche* lying there with "Vive le Roi – au diable Napoleon" – "Where did this come from?" said the commissary – "I took it from the church", said his clerk.

He visaed my passport up to St Quentin. Poor Parsons²⁴² had all this time been staying in the carriage surrounded by a mob. When I came back, I moved slowly to the custom-house, guarded by men unarmed. There, everything was searched – the chief man was civil, but Madame Coigny's

²³⁶: Note on Tornappe pending.

²³⁷: *Recollections* I 241 has *Condé*.

²³⁸: Sophia, Lady Jersey (d. 1867) Whig society hostess and friend of B.

²³⁹: Anne Françoise Aimée de Franquelot, Duchesse de Coigny (1769-1820); she had been imprisoned during the Terror, and had been the inspiration of André Chenier's *La Jeune Captive*.

²⁴⁰: "percale": cambric.

²⁴¹: *Letters* I 21 reveals that the customs officials scratched "kingdom" from H.'s visa and substituted "empire".

²⁴²: H.'s valet. He is sacked on 15 June 1816, just prior to H.'s departure for Switzerland to join B.

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perçaille was seized. At the post-house an officer talked English – he asked about peace or war – he said they had been sent in a hurry to Valenciennes, but that the Emperor’s horses were come, as indeed they were, to all points of the frontiers.

I got away in an hour and a half. I find in France the posting the same as in Flanders – thirty *sous* per post per horse – and the postillion, thirty *sous* per post. He asks, however, always to be paid at forty. Leaving Valenciennes and its mighty works, we got into a country more open. On a hill, the postillion pointed out a pyramidal column and told me one Villars had been killed there. I looked and saw the word “Denain – 1812”.²⁴³

The next post was Bruchain – the town and fortifications on the right of the post-house. We did not enter. It is sunk in a flat. We went on to Cambay, the country the same. Cambay – a fortified town with old works, the square large, the houses handsome. The post-master said he was happy to see me go towards Paris – he prayed for peace. The officer at Valenciennes did the same – he talked freely, and said of the Emperor, “Il ne sera pas mechant cette fois”. <we got at Cambay into the department of La Soignes> The river which runs to the town is the Scheldt, which rises in the next stage. The next post was up and down declivities rather, to a single post-house, *bon avis*, where the road branches off to Peronne and St Quentin. It is on an eminence. In the vale to the left is a large mansion, formerly an *abbaye*, now a cotton manufactory.

We took the left road to St Quentin [and] observed, on our right this stage, a mound thrown up, and enquiring heard it was Napoleon’s great canal, from St Quentin to Cambay, to connect the navigation of the Scheldt and Somme, which runs to St Quentin. At Bellec, over the next stage, we went down, accompanied by a man and lantern, to show us this great work, where the canal first begins to run underground. The canal runs in a deep artificial ravine, whose greatest depth is 225 feet, and its least ten – its subterranean length is about a league and a half – the beginning of it is arched with stone, the remainder worked out simply from the earth, which sometimes falls in. From about two hundred yards within the first opening, the aperture at the other opening is discerned, and looks, though, five miles off, not five hundred yards. It is a great work – the barges are linked together, and drawn by men in the subterranean part – at present water was wanting – indeed the work was in an unfinished state.

The next stage was St Quentin, which we reached at half-past seven. Its great church was conspicuous afar off – the bulk of the churches is a standing feature in the part of France in which we were travelling drove to the inn – a bad one. The Commissary of Police was a draper and not at home. I could not get my pass visaed. I walked about – a Punch was playing off in the square. The women seem to me very pretty and [] in these parts of Picardy, and indeed throughout, and with English complexions and

²⁴³: Note on Denain pending.

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rational dresses. I talked with the Commissary's son, and another, and was astonished at the freedom of speech. I supped at the dirty, one-eyed host's table, and there heard a man who keeps livery stables in Paris talk still more freely. He said he would have put a stop to Napoleon's progress with 900²⁴⁴ *Marsellois* before he got to Grenoble. He declared against his having banished the Maison du Roi to thirty leagues from Paris – of this I heard a great deal afterwards – and of its unpopularity done by the Emperor, in contradiction of all his ministers and promises. 6,000 are concerned with it, say they – say half and it is too much. The King is called a *brave homme* – his family, except the Duke of Orleans,²⁴⁵ lost him his throne – I see no tricoloured bunting in this part. Went to bed and got up.

Wednesday April 12th 1815: At half-past three, off in an hour without breakfast and travelled by Ham, Noyon &c., to Compiègne, where I arrived about twelve – a most lovely journey – fine cultivation, woods, gardens, orchards, villages and towns everywhere – old Picardy, of which Compiègne is capital, fruit-trees everywhere in blossom, country seats in abundance. The approach to Ham, and the sight of its old round citadel. Both it and Noyon are surrounded with old walls, the road often between rows of poplars or other high trees. Compiègne a dirty town, built on a declivity, in a beautiful position, under a low woody eminence. I stopped an hour there and visited the chateau which was <destroyed> stripped in the revolution, then devoted to a Prytancum, where 700 or 800 boys were educated “Dans les arts et métiers”, and lastly refurnished by the Emperor Napoleon, and that in a princely royal imperial style, indeed far surpassing anything I ever saw – the back façade of the palace looks upon the woods of the great chase – fleurs de lys had been placed in some spots where Napoleon had stood, or will stand. In one apartment was his bust, crowned with laurel of gold. I looked at his library – entirely historical – the ballroom of golden pillars will be the most magnificent thing in the world. The Bourbon princes have lately been living there. The concierge told me Napoleon used to play billiards with his wife, Marie Louise.²⁴⁶ The baths of the Empress are most voluptuous, and furnished round with mirrors.

Compiègne is ten posts, or sixty miles about from Paris – we left it at one. The next stage there is a hill, the only one from Mons to Paris, whence there is a fine view, of which the winding river, the Oise I believe,²⁴⁷ is a

²⁴⁴: *Recollections* (I 243) has “500”.

²⁴⁵: The duc d'Orleans (1773-1850) son of of “Phillipe Egalité”; the future “Citizen King” Louis Philippe.

²⁴⁶: Maria-Louisa, Archduchess of Hapsburg-Lorraine (1791-1847) daughter of Francis I of Austria, married to Napoleon after the Treaty of Schönbrunn. She was by now telling the world that she wished no longer to see him, and was having an affair with Count Neipperg (see 20 Apr 1815).

²⁴⁷: In fact the Aisne.

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beautiful feature. We overtook a few troops on foot here, almost the only soldiers we had seen since Valenciennes. There is no appearance of military movement. A little before Senlis the Peronne road joins the St Quentin road – past Senlis the country is more open.

It is about five posts and a half from Paris. We met a few diligences, but hardly any travellers, even as we approached Paris. The roads between noble trees – vistas ending in towns and steeples struck me very much.

At half-past seven we got into Paris, in the rain – the effect of the lamps in the middle of the street is certainly fine, and I think, going down the boulevards in the evening, superior to anything we have in London. We potted about the rue St Honoré, looking for an hotel called the Prince Regent's Hotel, and at last put up [at] a villainous little tavern, attracted by "Great Britain Hotel", written up in large characters. I got into a chamber where I would not whip a cat. Enquired if English were going from Paris – "On the contrary, they were arriving", said the Commissary of Police to the landlady. Went over to Massinot's, place de Vendôme,²⁴⁸ and dined. Came back and enquired at the Hotel de Nouilles for Mrs Cuthbert²⁴⁹ – she is gone. Went to bed ten.

Thursday April 13th 1815: Up nine. Sent pass to the Commissary of Police below. Went out to look for Louis Levaux²⁵⁰ and could not find him. Breakfasted at a café on chocolate. Walked to Perrigeaux, Rue Mont Blanc, and heard peace is expected, chiefly from the message of the Prince Regent to parliament, and the debates there in the papers of the 7th. Walking along, saw all sorts of ridiculous caricatures against the Bourbons, and the tricoloured flag floating on the column in the place Vendôme – this the only change. In the *Journal de Paris* I read "the liberty of the press permits us" &c., which assures me there is none. The Duke of Angoulême²⁵¹ has been arrested by the National Guards²⁵² in the south.

Napoleon has ordered that he shall be embarked at Cette, reserving only his monies until the Crown Jewels (fourteen million) are restored by Louis. Napoleon observes that the declaration of the Allies from Vienna would justify his retaliation on the Bourbon family, but that he proceeds in other steps. In this day's *Moniteur* is a translation of the declaration and minutes

²⁴⁸: H. eats more often at Massinot's than anywhere else in Paris.

²⁴⁹: Mrs Cuthbert unidentified.

²⁵⁰: Leveaux unidentified.

²⁵¹: Louis-Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Angoulême (1775-1844) was the eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, and for subsequent royalist reactionaries the legitimate Louis XIX.

²⁵²: The National Guard were predominantly bourgeois, shopkeepers, for example, as opposed to the *Fédérations* (see below, 14 May 1815) which were corps from the working-class districts. H.'s supposedly radical politics cause him to favour the former; of the latter he is quite frightened.

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of a deliberation upon it by the Council of State, signed St Jean d'Angely and and countersigned Maret.²⁵³ They affect to say the whole is a forgery of Talleyrand's, but Madame de Souza, Monsieur de Flahaut's mother,²⁵⁴ aide-de-camp to the Emperor, owned to me that was only to put the attack in a polite shape, yet Monsieur Barray, a great friend of Fouché, either did not know, or pretended not to know, that the forgery was supposed not believed.

I called on Lady Kinnaird – her Lord is gone. She was at breakfast and told me some most amusing anecdotes. She owned the extreme folly of the Bourbons, and their exclusive attention to the emigrant class, their neglect of the military. She was at court on the Thursday that the news of Napoleon's arrival at Lyons was known, and after Marshal Ney had got seven millions from the King, and had promised to bring Napoleon alive to Paris, they were joking about his iron cage, and agreed to put him in the *jardin des plantes* – the moment Ney's troops went over, all was over. Ney went over before them – he is cut for his unnecessary treachery.²⁵⁵

The King and royal family were kept in perfect ignorance of Napoleon's approach.²⁵⁶ At night on Sunday March 19th, Louis was called up out of his bed and told that Napoleon was at Fontainebleau. He would not believe it, and when he did could not be persuaded to stir he talked of waiting in the Tuileries, or of going to fight at Melun – he did neither – the National Guards lifted him into his carriage at two in the morning. The foreign ministers knew nothing of his departure until seven in the morning, when by some accident they received another note, also inviting them to a court on the following Tuesday. All the foreign ministers waited quietly, but Somerset who was thrown into a fidget and fright and kept his room three days – he wrote to Caulaincourt to ask passports to join the King,²⁵⁷ this King not King acknowledged no answer was sent. Lord Kinnaird told Somerset this was not the way, he must ask to go home – he did, and got passes immediately – the other ministers had done the same before.

²⁵³: Hugues-Bernard Maret, duc de Bassano (1763-1839); Napoleon's Secretary of State.

²⁵⁴: *Née* Adèle-Marie Filleul, she had married Charles-François Flahaut de la Billarderie (1728-1793) who was guillotined during the revolution. Now married to the Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary. Her son, August Charles Joseph de Flahaut (1785-1870) was aide-de-camp to Napoleon, lover of the Queen of Holland, and in fact the son of Talleyrand, whom he hated. Subsequently a diplomat, and husband of the English heiress Mercer Elphinstone, friend of Princess Charlotte and "the fop's despair".

²⁵⁵: The Parisian wits said of Ney's treachery, "il faut être né pour ça" (*Letters* I 51-2).

²⁵⁶: The reception in Paris of the news of Napoleon's landing is described at *Letters* I 144-61.

²⁵⁷: H. had to rewrite part of the second edition of *Letters* (I 155-6n) to accommodate Somerset's objection to what he was said to have done at this time.

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Lady Kinnaird was in the Boulevards the day Napoleon entered. Several carriages came in, but no Emperor – then came his regiments, crying “Vive l’Empereur!” – not a word from anyone. They tried “Vive Bonaparte!” – still silence – then, Lady Kinnaird says, the dragoons galloped into the people, and holding out their pistols – “Criez donc vive l’Empereur!” – yet not a word was said²⁵⁸ – the shops and windows were shut – not a genteel person showed herself, none but the *bas peuple*, no waving of handkerchiefs. However, when the Emperor on horseback with three attendants came to the Tuileries, it is positively true he was carried on officers’ shoulders into the palace, and that those who carried him were not on their legs.

Lady Kinnaird was at the review on last Sunday, and stood close to the Emperor. She heard him say, when he was looking at the noble Old Guard,²⁵⁹ to Bertrand, “Et ils ne voudraient pas se servir de tels gens – quels bêtes!” He kissed the eagles – he seemed in great spirits – there was great enthusiasm.

Lady Kinnaird says that before his coming the shopkeepers were very insolent to English – she told me that the duchesse d’Angoulême, talking to the officers at Bordeaux the other day, who were preparing their services, [said] “Plus de vos belles paroles, Messieurs – *je veux du sang!*” She spoilt the cause – the duc d’Angoulême was going on well in the south, when the Duchess’s letter to Spain for Spanish troops was discovered, and broke up all the Bourbon army.²⁶⁰ It was said the Lyonese were in arms for him – on the contrary, when they heard of his approach, they tore up the flagstones to oppose him. The Duchess at Court used to cut all the new *noblesse* – Madame Moret and others.

Whilst we were talking, in came a Mr Barry, an oldish man, who talked vehemently in favour of Napoleon and against the Bourbons. He recommended the *Moniteur* of today as a masterpiece. He said the French people were determined to be free, and that nothing could prevent constitutional liberty but a foreign invasion, which would throw people, soldiery, and all, into the hands of Napoleon. It is true that the Duke of Orleans was offered the crown six months ago, and refused it. He was the object of the most decided jealousy to the King and royal family.²⁶¹

When the King Louis XVI was buried again at St Denis,²⁶² the preacher made a sermon against him personally. If Napoleon had not come, there would have been a revolution in six months. Lord Kinnaird, after many

²⁵⁸: Reported at *Letters* I 190.

²⁵⁹: Napoleon’s Old Guard were his élite, and feared throughout Europe.

²⁶⁰: Napoleon said that the Duchess of Angoulême was the only man in the family. Her attempt at calling in Spanish troops wrecked the Bourbon cause – temporarily.

²⁶¹: The Duke of Orleans was in fact offered the throne (*Letters* I 186-7).

²⁶²: On 21 January 1815.

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attempts to see Castlereagh²⁶³ when he passed through Paris, did at last give him, through Lady Castlereagh's prayers, a moment's hearing, and when he heard how things were going on in France gave him one of his damned smiles and said "Oh no – every thing was as it should be". Thus are Empires lost.

The military was ill-treated everywhere – old officers emigrant put amongst them – the duke of Labedoyère's <brother> who first <commenced> <the revolt> went over²⁶⁴ to Napoleon – [he] had his regiment taken away under pretence of giving another, which was never given. De Flahaut, whose father was guillotined for serving Louis XVI, was cut at court because he had been aide-de-camp to the Emperor. He and his family would have been content if a kind word had been said to him. The Emperor has made him his aide-de-camp again. Madame de Souza, his mother confirmed this to me.

Talleyrand also sunk the army from 240,000 to 86,000, pocketing the pay of the rest, "But", said Madame de Souza to me, "Though the Duke de Feltre²⁶⁵ has told this to your Prince, he will find himself mistaken if he thinks the whole army will not be found in all its force – we shall have our 300,000 men directly".

I learn everybody is most anxious for peace, and that the Emperor talks most quietly. I see by his *Moniteur* he consents to stand by the peace of Paris. He asked Madame Maret if there were many English here – she said no, they had run away – "Ah," he said, "ils se ressouvienent de ce que j'ai fait auparavant, mais ces temps sont passés". She told this to Lord Kinnaird, and he to Lady Kinnaird, who told me – however, a Mrs Bailly Wallis, a sister of Sir Robert Wilson,²⁶⁶ has been ordered to quit Paris, to 130²⁶⁷ leagues distance, a sentence that has been mitigated into a residence at Versailles.

I put horses to my carriage, at eighteen francs a day, and after writing letters to Kinnaird and Byron,²⁶⁸ called on Michael Bruce,²⁶⁹ whom I did not

²⁶³: Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh (1769-1822) unpopular English Foreign Minister.

²⁶⁴: Colonel Charles de la Bédoyère; the defection of his 7th Regiment before Grenoble on 7 March was the first major desertion from Louis.

²⁶⁵: General Clarke, duc de Feltre.

²⁶⁶: Frances Bailly Wallis, wife of General Lewis Bailly Wallis. She was a Bonapartist friend of H. and the Kinnairds, and the elder sister of Sir Robert Wilson.

²⁶⁷: This figure could be "80".

²⁶⁸: BB 193-4.

²⁶⁹: Michael Bruce (1787-1861) sometime lover of Lady Hester Stanhope and soon-to-be lover of Lady Caroline Lamb and of the widows of both Marshal Ney and Admiral Sir Peter Parker, functions, in his relaxed sexuality, as a kind of "substitute Byron" for H. At BLJ II 49 B. reports to H. Bruce's passionate declaration of friendship for him, made in Greece.

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see, and on Mrs Damer²⁷⁰ – whom I did see, and with a very pretty *fille de chambre*! – then on Mrs Bailly Wallis, as well as the other two.

I had letters to carry, which I put into the post at Mons, and so saved, I hope, for at Valenciennes they would have excited suspicion. For Mrs Bailly Wallis there was a *Morning Post* containing the declaration of the Allies against Napoleon. I wonder Sir Robert Wilson should think of sending it by me or anyone. At Mrs Bailly Wallis I met a Baron something (a member of the electoral colleges) who talked strongly of the establishment of a republic, of which Napoleon is to be president, if he behaves well – if not, Carnot.

Mrs Bailly Wallis informed me that a great friend and agent of Fouché told her that a printed paper was flung into his window, stating that on the 16th of March, the tocsin would sound, the cannon would be fired in Paris, and a republic established in the ruins of a monarchy. At this juncture Napoleon landed, and either prevented or matured the revolution – he told Fouché and others concerned that they had been too precipitate by three months. There are two versions – some say they did know, others they did not know, of his coming²⁷¹ – a change was certain – the King never could go on – the Duke of Orleans had a good chance, and even made some of the soldiers wear hyacinths, his symbol.

Mrs Bailly Wallis told me that the alarm of the English to get away was more <difficult> ridiculous than can be conceived. They said “*He is coming! He is coming!*” not daring to name him. Delicate ladies mounted diligences, brave men took to their beds – Somerset’s fright was the worst.

I then called on Marquise Coigny, a lively old woman, and told her about the *perçaille* – she said, “I shall write to Lady Jersey and tell her you are come and brought nothing!” When I was going downstairs and had left my name on a bit of paper, she bawled after me “An’t you in parliament?”

I dined, after writing to Lady Jersey at Massinot’s, then came home and rewrote my letter to her, then called on Lady Kinnaird, and went to Madame Souza’s with her, and was introduced. There was a small circle: Mr de Flahaut, young de Lautour Toucy, Trazit, son of the author, Latour Mauborg, envoy at Constantinople, Mr de Souza and others – a few females. I was introduced to de Flahaut, and he asked me whether it was true that we in England knew nothing of public feeling in France. He told me that the Emperor had sent offers to England, which had been returned – I told him to try again, at which he left me abruptly. They played cards for Louis, the ladies chiefly together. Madame de Souza treats her husband like an upper servant: “Monsieur de Souza – arrange les cartes!” She talked some time in English to me – confirmed, as did Mr Souza, all I heard of the revolutionary state of things and the folly of our going to war against a whole nation. The women at Vesoul told young de Flahaut to tell the Emperor that if their

²⁷⁰: Anne Seymour Damer (1749-1828) sculptress. A staunch Whig, friend of Fox, the Duchess of Devonshire, and so on.

²⁷¹: *Recollections* I 250 has *second coming*.

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husbands did not fight, they would. Young Coigny is amongst the exiled household of the King, but is not yet gone – the measure must be repealed.

Everybody was very civil to *ma petite personne* – a general alarm at war – therefore this may be just the time to make it, or it may not it, may be in the other extreme. Mr de Souza assured me that nothing but the coming of Napoleon prevented the massacre of priests and nobles, and all the supporters of a worn-out incompatible system. I left at half past one. I was asked for *jeudi* next.

The papers contain accounts of movements in Italy, which may prevent my tour there but will not keep me from Geneva.

Friday April 14th 1815: Got up half-past eight. Wrote journal from Tuesday. In the road I observed the oddity of French shop devices: *au desire de confiance* and *au cul blanc* – a man showing his breech, or breeches, I could not see which. Also, the immense number of *eau de vie* and *bonne double* bierre houses. Picardy is chiefly come. Saw few flocks and no herds but one.

I went out and dawdled about the gardens of the Tuileries, opposite the room at which Napoleon usually appears at the windows and where a crowd, small and moveable, was assembled. I waited two hours and saw him not. I could not help being amused at the collections round plebeian politicians, who were telling their minds in orations of some length.²⁷² There I called on Mrs Bailly Wallis, and met there Count Sierakowski,²⁷³ who seemed delighted with the reinstallation of Napoleon, as doubtless will be all his brother Poles. I dined at Massinot's and went to the *Variétés*, in one of which pieces – *Les Anglais pour rire* – I saw my countrymen well-burlesqued – as far as dress goes – by Brunet and Vernet.²⁷⁴ The wit was no great thing – one of the ladies says, holding out her hand, “Sir *serre*,” when the puppy to whom she speaks lays hold of it and puts it [on] his breast, which produces a box on the ear. There were four pieces – I was tired and went away before the last was finished.

Saturday April 15th 1815: Up late. Breakfasted at a coffee-house near on chocolate &c., twenty-six sous. Called at twelve on Lady Kinnaird. She out. Called on Madame de Souza – she out also. Went to Count Sierakowski and Mrs Damer – a female prig.

There is [in] the *Moniteur* of today extracts from some papers found in Blacas' chest in the Tuileries, in which the Abbé de Montesquiou and

²⁷²: Hobhouse, the future radical MP, writes satirically of working-class political speakers.

²⁷³: Count Joseph Sierakowski (1765-1831) Polish diplomat, traveller and collector. An ardent Bonapartist.

²⁷⁴: Note on French actors pending.

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Talleyrand are convicted of endeavouring to cheat the French of their constitution.

I was writing a letter to Madame de Souza and Denon,²⁷⁵ to contrive to get a place for the next day's review, when in came two ill-looking men, one of whom, the eldest but not old-looking, proved to be *Coray*, on whom I had called at Madame près de Luxemburgh. He is an unseemly looking man – large nose – bad complexion – short – but with something mild in his manners; he gently put aside all my attempts to flatter him. He told me little of Greece. His companion was Bambas, who is going to Scio speedily to instruct his countrymen – he also is ill-looking, and ill-dressed, but has a mild air. Coray told me I had a good Greek accent – “Pas pour vous flatter, Monsieur”.²⁷⁶ He told me he was most intimate with Villoisin,²⁷⁷ who was acquainted not only with every branch of the *plus haute littérature*, but also with the transactions of every house in Paris – an infinite variety of information. They paid me a short visit.

I dressed and went to Beauillons, where I dined – and went to the Française,²⁷⁸ into Lady Kinnaird's box, where I found Mrs Damer. The play was *Omusis*;²⁷⁹ Talma²⁸⁰ acted Joseph, and Mlle Mars²⁸¹ Benjamin. An odd play, but I saw pretty girls crying at it. Latour Maubourg²⁸² came in and went out – afterwards I stayed out the farce – *La fausse Agnes*²⁸³ – which pleased me much. I see they let pieces²⁸⁴ into the boxes after the proprietors are gone.

Sunday April 16th 1815:²⁸⁵ In the morning I received a note from Madame de Souza, telling me to come to her precisely at eleven. I breakfasted and was in great fidget because my carriage did not come, but going for it to the stalls, I set off, and found Madame at breakfast in her bedroom. She told me she had seen a letter of the 11th from England, in which peace was said to be

²⁷⁵: Dominique Vivant, Baron de Denon (1747-1825) painter and diplomat who was in favour successively with Madame de Pompadour, Voltaire and Napoleon. Saved from the scaffold by David.

²⁷⁶: Further evidence of H.'s linguistic competence.

²⁷⁷: Note pending on Villoisin.

²⁷⁸: The Comédie Française, founded by Louis XIV in 1680, split up at the revolution, and that part of it taken over by Talma – the Théâtre de la République – was reorganised by Napoleon in 1812, with Talma as director.

²⁷⁹: Play unidentified.

²⁸⁰: François-Joseph Talma (1763-1826) great tragedian. The first actor to play Romans in togas.

²⁸¹: Note on Madame Mars pending.

²⁸²: Marie Victor Nicholas de Fay, Marquis de Latour Maubourg (1768-1850) soldier and diplomat; sometime French envoy to the Porte. Minister for War, 1820.

²⁸³: Play unidentified.

²⁸⁴: Prostitutes.

²⁸⁵: The review in the Tuileries which now occurs is described at *Letters* I 32-41.

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the order of the day. However, the House had passed a vote of credit for five millions.²⁸⁶ She was telling me the mistakes of the Bourbons, when in came a friend, Mr Le Roy,²⁸⁷ to whom she said, “Now say no more – for you see his opinion by the colour of his hair.” Others have told me that, under sixty, there is not a Bourbonist to be found.

Baron Gaudelle Renny,²⁸⁸ Mrs Bailly Wallis’s friend, told me that there was a vast deficit in the age of men about forty – the war had swept them off – the rising generation was fine and flourishing. Soon came in Lady Kinnaird and Mr Latour Maubourg, and shortly after General Flahaut in his aide-de-camp’s uniform, being that day on service. We set off in two carriages for the Tuileries, I with Latour Maubourg, to whom I told that I had come to France purposely to see Napoleon – true enough, and silly enough.

We dismounted at a gate of the Tuileries gardens, and I took Madame de Souza under my arm – she entertained me with telling her son’s merits, who indeed is a charming person – he has been wounded nine times – is twenty-nine years old – The duc de Berri said to him, “What rank have you held?” – “I was aide-de-camp to the Emperor Napoleon.” – “In what campaign did you serve?” – “In all.” – The duc turned up his nose and walked off. We had some little difficulty in getting into the Tuileries, and when we did, wandered about some time in passages until we met a party with which we turned back, and got up last into the apartments of the Queen Hortense of Holland,²⁸⁹ on the ground floor, looking into the <place de Carrousel> court of the Tuileries – one of the party we met was a beautiful, soft-eyed woman to whom I was introduced by the Madame de Souza, and who proved to be the Duchess of Vicenza.²⁹⁰ She had some talk with me, and prayed for peace with England.

The square began to be filling with the National Guard who filed in without number – 30,000 were to be received – twelve legions, forty-eight battalions. We sat at one of the windows. The Duchess told me a hundred cannon were to be fired today for the reduction of Marseilles,²⁹¹ and the general peace of the Empire, and she mistook the drums for guns (however, the guns were fired at twelve o’clock). In other instances she showed her anxiety – she said she did not fear the military, but was frightened by the men in plain clothes standing near the entrance of the palace where the Emperor was to mount. Mr Latour Maubourg said, “I am under no alarm,” to which she replied, “I own willingly you are braver than I am!” Indeed, this

²⁸⁶: Thereby indicating that England was going on to a war footing.

²⁸⁷: Mr Le Roy unidentified.

²⁸⁸: Gaudelle Renny unidentified.

²⁸⁹: Hortense de Beauharnais (1783-1837) daughter of Josephine, and Napoleon’s step-daughter. Wife of his brother Louis, King of Holland. Mother of Napoleon III.

²⁹⁰: Wife of Napoleon’s Foreign Minister.

²⁹¹: Note pending.

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day had long been feared as a day on which some great blow was to be struck, by the Jacobins or others. Monsieur Gaudelle²⁹² told me so, and Madame Souza owned it, and Madame Caulaincourt's fears confessed it – some said a woman was to do the deed.

We had some little amusement with a pertinacious burgher's wife, who would not go out of the room though she was told it was the apartment of the Queen of Holland but said, "If she comes I will go" – several hints were given but in vain – at last a chamberlain turned her out. There were a number of ordinary-looking folks going to and fro in the apartments.

The Place continued filling with troops – several led horses, of which two or three were whites, and were led under our windows. Suddenly we heard a shout of "Vive L'Empereur!" and Latour Maubourg and I ran through the rooms to the gate of entrance. Napoleon had mounted and was gone off to the left of the line – in a short time however, the cries of "Vive L'Empereur!" came towards us again, and an officer galloped by, waving his sword to the line, shortly after followed Napoleon himself, with his cortège, and distinguished from them all by being in a plain cocked hat, without tassels or feathers, but ornamented only with the <small> tricoloured cockade. His hat was placed square on his head; his uniform was that of a colonel of the National Guards, with one star and a small cross hanging from his button. He went past on a canter and suddenly drew up – an old soldier near me said, "See there, how he stops to read the petition of the meanest of his army".

I could not help waving my hat and joining in the cry, so hard that the fact of my coming from London to see Napoleon had created some merriment in some chamberlains in gold and red, to whom Maubourg had told it. I left the gate and got into the apartments again, where I stood behind a lady in the same window with the Duchess of Vicenza, who told me to stand up in the chair behind her to satisfy my curiosity. I said I should spoil the velvet coverings of the chairs, when Madame la Duchess exclaimed, "Up! there is no fear!" and added, "The old Duchess of Serrent²⁹³ left the rooms in a state of inconceivable nastiness!" The lady asked me if I had been in Paris before, and I pointed out I came in with the Allies.²⁹⁴ In the meantime I caught repeated glances of the Emperor as he cantered down the lines – he seemed to stop at the end between each line, and his approach and progress were always announced by shouts of "Vive!"

I left the apartments again and went to the gate again. The regiments moved nearer the palace, and, the gates of the triumphal arch being opened, the remainder of the guards came in (the other twenty-four battallions from the place de Carrousel). There were a crowd of officers about the gates of

²⁹²: Monsieur Gaudelle unidentified.

²⁹³: Bonne-Marie Felicité de Montmorency-Luxembourg, wife of Arman Louis, duc of Serrent.

²⁹⁴: H. had hastened to Paris on Napoleon's abdication in April 1814.

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the palace, and I got amongst them. A space was made between the palace and the arch, half-way, and, a large body of the officers of the National Guard quitting their ranks, came towards Napoleon, who with his staff drawn round him, addressed them shortly in a speech every now and then interrupted with shouts. I was close behind his generals but could not hear a word – the press was great, and the *gendarmarie* on horseback rude. We waited then in a throng some time, until movements took place in the troops, who prepared to march by in columns of companies.

Being pressed up under the windows of the palace, I suddenly heard the “Vives!” and the Emperor passed close by me. He wheeled round and coming into an open space just before the palace gates put himself in front of his staff to review. He was on a lean-looking white horse. Two officers who knew from Maubourg of my pilgrimage pushed me forward, and I got within ten paces in front of his right hand. Scarcely a regiment had passed before he suddenly threw his foot out of the stirrup, and came with a sort of lumpish tread upon his feet and put himself in front. His horse was led off – an aide-de-camp rushed forward to take hold of the stirrup, but was too late. Some of his staff dismounted, but a general with a red ribbon always stood on horseback on his left – a foot-grenadier of the Guard remained near him on his left – there was a press of officers, and a very few men in plain clothes and women on each side. Maubourg and myself were the only gentlemen in plain.

I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is the very counterpart of Sir James Craufurd the runaway,²⁹⁵ and when he speaks he has the same retraction of his lips as that worthy baronet. His face is of a deadly pale – his jaws do overhang, but not so much as I had heard – his hair is short of a dark dusky brown. The lady in the Tuileries told me the soldiers called him “notre petit tondu”. He is not fat in the upper part of his body, but his abdomen swells out very much, so much that his shirt appeared – he looks short. He has the habit of *chewing* like Kean,²⁹⁶ and like Byron, of whom he much reminded me.²⁹⁷ He generally stood with his hands knit behind him, or folded before him – but sometimes played with his nose, picking it decently; three or four times took

²⁹⁵: Sir James Craufurd (1761-1839) brother of the cavalry commander Sir Robert Craufurd, had been British resident in Hamburg and was subsequently Ambassador at Copenhagen; it is not clear in what sense he is a “runaway”.

²⁹⁶: Edmund Kean (1789-1833) the tragic actor, who had first succeeded in London two Februaries previous to this. The topos which H. creates, “Napoleon – Kean – Byron”, is thought-provoking.

²⁹⁷: See H. to B., 13 June 1815: “... I have remarked myself in him [Napoleon] one or two little personal peculiarities of behaviour and appearance which recall to me the person whom in spite of all late neglects and forgetfulness I love *plus quam oculis* ... His pensive pale face the sentimental quiet working of his lips and a little labouring with his bosom, added to the [lozenge-]box and its contents made me think myself in Albany opposite your armchair ...” (BB 216)

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snuff out of a plain brown box, once looked at his watch, which, by the way had a gold face, and I think a brown *hair chain* like an English one. He seems to have a labouring in his chest, having the air of sighing or swallowing his spittle – he spit out once.²⁹⁸ His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. He very seldom spoke, but when he did, smiled in *some sort* agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eyebrows. He caught my eye, and soon withdrew his gaze – naturally enough the first, I having only him to look at, he having some 20,000.

As the front of each regiment passed he put up the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to salute; but did not move his head or hat. He had an air of sedate impatience. As the regiments came by, they shouted, some loudly, some feebly, “Vive l’Empereur!” – and many ran out of their ranks with petitions, which were taken by the grenadier on his left. Once or twice the petitioner was nearly losing his opportunity, when Napoleon pointed to the grenadier to go and take his paper. A little child, in true French taste, tricked-out, marched before one of the regiments – a general laugh ensued – Napoleon contrived to talk to someone behind him, that none of the ridicule might reach him. A second child, however, dressed out with a beard like a pioneer, marched in front of another regiment directly up to him with a petition on a battle-axe, which he took and read very complacently. An ill-looking fellow ran from the crowd, I believe towards him, in an old regimental with a sword by his side. The grenadier and another stepped forwards and collared him, but Napoleon, unstartled, motioned them to loose him, and the poor fellow talked close to him some time, with eager gestures and with his hand on his heart.

I did not see Napoleon equally well at all times, but stood during the whole review close to him, gazing at him through hats and a musket or two on tip-toe. I positively found my eyes moistened at the sight of the world’s wonder – the same admiration of great actions which has often made me cry at a trait of Greek or Roman virtue caused this weakness; but I do not know that if Napoleon had not then stood before me as the man against whom all Europe was rising, and as the single individual, to dethrone whom, or rather to destroy, a million of men were rising to arms from the banks of the Borysthenes²⁹⁹ to the Thames, that I should have felt such a sensation. No, there was something of pity, however unreasonable and unnecessary perhaps, which made me look upon him with such gratification and melancholy delight. Add besides the reflection of his recent exploit, the most wonderful of all his actions, and I am not astonished or ashamed at having experienced such feelings at the sight of the man who has played the most extraordinary gigantic part of any human being in ancient or modern times.

²⁹⁸: Napoleon’s breathing difficulties may have been caused by his suicide attempt the previous year (see 18 May 1815).

²⁹⁹: *Recollections* (I 256) has *Tanais*. The Borysthenes is the river Dnieper in southern Russia.

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The last regiment of the National Guards was followed up by the boys of the Imperial <polytechnical school> Lyceum,³⁰⁰ who came rushing by shouting, and many of them running out of the ranks with petitions. Then, for the first time, Napoleon seemed delighted. He opened his mouth almost to a laugh, and turned round to his attendants, right and left, with every expression of pleasure. I did not catch the sound of his voice. I should say that Flahaut brought Lady Kinnaird into the cortège behind him, which making some bustle, he turned round and Lady Kinnaird, blushing and dropping several curtsies, made I believe an obeisance. The people by me, said, “Ah, it is la petite anglaise!” After the boys went by, he went into the palace. I followed with the crowd and found him sitting on the steps speaking to someone. I pressed up within two paces of him – he passed quickly upstairs and received his court, some of which shortly after came down officers. Marshal Moncey,³⁰¹ an old man – whom by the way I saw this time last year by the King’s carriage on his entry – members of the Institute, and several ugly ill-dressed women.

I came again into the Queen of Holland’s apartment, and found by enquiring that the lady who had told me to stand up on the chair was Her Majesty herself. She is old-looking – bad teeth – like an old Lady Westmoreland³⁰² but easy, pleasant manners. Fanny Beauharnais was once a beauty – she was vastly civil to me – asked me how I liked the sight, and seemed pleased at my curiosity – she ended by saying, I believe, she hoped to see me again. She talked anxiously about peace – I always say what I believe: the people are for, the ministers against it. Mrs Damer tells me Lord Wellesley³⁰³ is gone to Vienna.

I walked to my carriage and went home. It was [] [] [“hard to”??] sleep. I called upon Mrs Wallis, at whose house I met G<xxxx>,³⁰⁴ who took me to task for being dazzled with the Emperor, and told me he had been confined at Turin under suspicion of being connected with Pichegru’s conspiracy,³⁰⁵ for something he said eighteen months before, and was next chamber to a man who was tortured with blows, and finally died. He talked of a republic as certain, said that in that case five or six marshals would have their heads on the scaffold, that the republic “ne badine pas”. He said that on going through the streets he had seen a written paper, *Aux Français*, and

³⁰⁰: Founded by Napoleon for the training of engineers and artillery officers.

³⁰¹: Moncey unidentified.

³⁰²: H. means an elderly version of Wellington’s sister-in-law, wife of the English ambassador to Florence.

³⁰³: Richard Colley, 1st Marquis Wellesley (1760-1842) Wellington’s brother; formerly Governor-General of India, Ambassador to Madrid, and Foreign Minister.

³⁰⁴: “a Mr G.” pencilled over erasure. Unidentified, though as he seems French it should be “Monsieur G.”

³⁰⁵: Charles Pichegru (1761-1804) revolutionary general who went over to the Bourbons. He was murdered, it was said, by agents of Fouché.

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beginning *Les Rois*, which in enquiry he was told was republican. Now I happened to see this paper, and got out of my carriage on purpose, when, so far from being republican, it was an invitation to all Frenchmen to rise in defence of the Emperor, and ended with “Vive L’Empereur”!!! – so much for Mr G.’s accuracy. He is soliciting a place in diplomacy! So much for his honesty – he is however a clever man, and talks very well. I asked him how the Parisians and French in general showed such unconcern at such strange events. He said, “Parmis nous on compte la vie pour rien, presque tous ont servis, et après on a courru cet risque il n’y plus a craindre – il n’y a que la vie qu’on peut perdre.” He said there was a question of making Carnot dictator, or him and Fouché and St Jean d’Angelly³⁰⁶ consuls, and Napoleon generalissimo. He had doubts of the meeting of the electoral colleges in May, seeing that in Caulaincourt’s report to the Emperor, there was an expression “If the interference of foreigners should prevent the regulation of our internal affairs ...” Should the colleges meet, there will be about 6,000 members out of the 20,000 assembled – and the *tenth* constitution of twenty years will be framed. The meeting is called the Champ de Mai.³⁰⁷

I dined at the Rocher³⁰⁸ – and had good fish and a decent warm room. Two officers entered into a warmish argument with me. One *fouted* away at the Allies, and at England paying them – said they would not move without us – owned that a Frenchman in London agreed to everything said against his countrymen, but an Englishman in the middle of Paris and alone, always stood up for his compatriots. I did not stand up much, but only said there was everywhere a mutual respect between Englishmen and Frenchmen abroad. The whole of France is to be in arms. 2,000,000 at least of National Guards. I came home and wrote to Sir Benjamin,³⁰⁹ and Lord Byron.³¹⁰

Monday, April 17th 1815: Had a letter from Benjamin at Ath. Wrote journal from Friday last – Count Sierakowski called, and told me that Castlereagh’s memoir relative to Savary,³¹¹ given in the *Moniteur* of

³⁰⁶: Michel Louis Etienne Regnault de St-Jean d’Angély (1761-1819) had been a politician since the Revolution; it was he who decided that Voltaire’s remains should be returned to Paris. Exiled at the second restoration, he died on the day he was allowed home.

³⁰⁷: The Champ de Mai – the ceremony ratifying Napoleon’s new constitution – takes place on 1 June. The phrase recalls the general assemblies of the Franks under the supposedly popular and certainly pre-Bourbon kings Clovis, Pepin and Charlemagne.

³⁰⁸: The *Rocher de Cancalle* restaurant.

³⁰⁹: Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, his father.

³¹⁰: BB 195-8.

³¹¹: Anne Jean Marie René Savary, duc de Rovigo (1774-1833) French soldier and diplomat. He presided at the execution of d’Enghien in 1804 and the kidnapping of the Spanish royal family in 1808.

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yesterday, was the most ridiculous paper in existence. "I think he'll fall," said he.

I called on Mrs Wallis and she went with me to see the plaster elephant, fifty feet high, over the canal of the Lathe,³¹² a vast, ugly piece of workmanship. We returned by the Market of the Innocents, and saw the fountain there, which is really fine.³¹³ I walked out and went to the Palais Royal – bought three numbers of *Le Vieux Republicain*, one an address to Napoleon. I see pasted up the *Telegraphic Dispatch*, giving account of the volunteers of Marseilles by the Minister of War, Dumont. The government naturally attached a great importance to this news: it appears a body of 2,000 men moved upon Gap, and that they were defeated by 300 and a company of artillery – 250 killed and wounded. The Duke of Angoulême has certainly been taken, but no-one knows what has become of him. The Emperor in his speech to the National Guard yesterday dwelt on the reduction of the Marsellois, and mentioned that a hundred pieces of cannon would tell the news to their neighbours. He says the nations arm, but are not at war with France – France arms, and is also at peace.

Called on Lady Kinnaird. She not at home. Walked about – dined at the Rocher – good fish – heard there two officers talking, one violently, of the treatment he had seen a soldier receive for wearing the tricoloured cockade by accident. Came home and read the third number of *Le Vieux Republicain*, in which some strong things are said to Napoleon, who is told to make himself the King of the *People*.

Tuesday April 18th 1815:³¹⁴ Called on Lady Kinnaird, who amongst other things told me of the follies of Lord Wellington's public addresses to Grassim,³¹⁵ who lived in the same house with the Duchess – also of Madame de Staël's having a house a little way out [of] Paris, and setting up a Kensington and a Lady Holland. Also, that sixty priests dined every day at the Tuileries, Madame sometimes presiding. This has been confirmed to me by several.

Thence I went to call on Coray, whom I found in high airy apartments overlooking the Luxembourg gardens – we had long talk. He told me there was no better account to be found of the Romaic language than in the *Turco Grecia*³¹⁶ and Ducange.³¹⁷ He said that changes had taken place in the language since the beginning of the seventeenth century, but that the present

³¹²: Conjectural reading.

³¹³: The elephant and fountain were part of Napoleon's new public works programme. The elephant was on the site of the Bastille.

³¹⁴: The account here of Napoleon's removal from Elba is expanded at *Letters I*, 115-42.

³¹⁵: Note on Grassim pending.

³¹⁶: Note pending on the *Turco Grecia*.

³¹⁷: Charles du Fresnes Du Cange (1610-1688) linguistic scholar.

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Romaic was more like that of the twelfth century – *Ptopechodromos*,³¹⁸ e.g., than the present French to Montaigne. He enquired of Sir Francis Burdett, but knew nothing of Lord Grey.³¹⁹ Leaving him, he told me he had been working since five in the morning – that he always got up at that hour in summer and six in winter, going to bed always before ten. He was working at the French Strabo, and your Oxford Strabo³²⁰ was worth nothing, and that the editors had not even taken advantage of the *scholia* which he had used.

I left a card at Denon's, no 5, Quai Voltaire. Walked about – dined with Lady Kinnaird met there la Marquise de Coigny, her relation Luttrell,³²¹ Latour Maubourg, Mrs Damer, Prince something with a wounded leg. Madame de Coigny's relation, who is exiled as one of the Maison du Roi, told me that there were great troubles in Provence, and that the priests and nobles ran a chance of being massacred, and that Napoleon was obliged to encourage this spirit for the sake of making the war national. He told me the *émigréd noblesse* were foolish enough, on returning, to demand the exclusive right of chase over all the new seignories, so that the great change affected by the revolution, namely so many peasants becoming absolute masters of national lands, was in danger, to all appearance, of being annulled. Napoleon had had recourse to Fouché and Carnot, and at last even to Benjamin Constant, who the day before his arrival wrote the most violent philippic against him.³²²

All agree that France is at a crisis – claims and questions which had long been laid asleep were once more brought into play by the Bourbons, every principle of dissension was revived, so that at this moment the shock of parties seems inevitable, and the revolution of '89, instead of being concluded, may be said to be just begun as far as relates to any chance of final settlement and repose – it would be folly to guess at what a month may produce. All agree that the Bourbons would not have sat on the throne six months longer – the lame Prince even went so far as to tell me that the movement of Count d'Erlon and Desnouëttes was independent of Bonaparte,

³¹⁸: Note pending on *Ptopechodromos*.

³¹⁹: Sir Francis Burdett (1777-1840) and Earl Grey (1764-1845) distinguished Whig politicians, the former slightly more radical than the latter. H. proposes without success to two of Burdett's daughters.

³²⁰: Note pending on the Oxford Strabo.

³²¹: Henry Luttrell (????-1851) conversationalist and versifier; his publications were *Advice to Julia* (1820) *Crockford House a Rhapsody* (1827) and *Lines written at Amptill* (1829). I do not know in what way he was related to the Marquise de Coigny.

³²²: Benjamin Constant (1767-1830). He had compared Napoleon with Attila and Genghis Khan. On his return Napoleon wanted to arrest him, but was dissuaded, and after a long talk with Sebastiani, Constant agreed on a compromise (see *Letters* 2nd edn, I 198-200n) and drafted a new constitution (see 27 Apr 1815). A long note about the constitutionalists' activities on Napoleon's approach to Paris is at *Letters* I 174-9.

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and that Soult, with all his contrivances, so far from being engaged with Napoleon, had a wish so to embroil the military and civilians as to create a disturbance, and offer *himself* for the crown. Certainly it is only just now that the Emperor has seen him, although he has demanded audiences before – that lame Prince told me that Macdonald the marshal had told his brother that the duc de Berri had put him on his staff – on which Macdonald respectfully told him that he would command a division or corps, but could not be on his Royal Highness's staff, to which the Duke replied, "You would not have given such an answer to Bonaparte" – "No", he said, "certainly not, but your Royal Highness is not Bonaparte." Macdonald advised him to trust only to the volunteers, as it was not to be expected that the regulars should fire on their old chief, but the Duke would command an army of old soldiers: he liked not Macdonald's advice. Hence we see in his letter to Monsieur, which was intercepted, "I do not like Macdonald". He thought he was a traitor – he who was almost Monsieur's only faithful servant.

Napoleon has written to Macdonald to come and embrace him, but Macdonald has refused, and has leave for three months absence to his *terres*.

From Lady Kinnaird's I went to the Princess Jablanowski's³²³ and met there Count Sierakowski,³²⁴ another Pole, the Polish Colonel Jermanowski,³²⁵ who accompanied Napoleon to Elba, and back, and General Kosciuszko.³²⁶ In other times I should have looked much at this character, but things on so vast a scale are now performing, and then the Colonel, who had just come from the dinner offered by the National Guards to the Imperial Guards, and brought some of the songs with him and toasts, was telling anecdotes of the great man and his late triumphant invasion. At this dinner, there were twelve tables laid out for sixty or seventy of all classes of soldiers, and one table for the ministers and marshals, at which sat besides, this Colonel and Mallet (or Mallin),³²⁷ who also accompanied, and two common soldiers of the Elbese guard, a mixture which gave the Princess and her Poles great delight.

The Colonel told us Campbell was too much of a politician too little of a soldier – what a change a little place of court can make in a man. No-one was less diplomatic than Campbell when I knew him in Germany.³²⁸ Two men certainly came to Elba to assassinate Napoleon – one was named Romperi³²⁹ from Corsica, and another, who had even [gone] again on purpose. The attendants of Napoleon had contrived a little police amongst

³²³: Almost certainly Jablonowski; otherwise unidentified.

³²⁴: Sierakowski unidentified.

³²⁵: Jan Pavel Jerzmanowski (1779-1862) leader of Napoleon's Polish lancers.

³²⁶: Tadeusz Kosciuszko (1746-1817) exiled Polish patriot and statesman, had a farm near Fontainebleau. Fought against the English in America as well as against the Russians in Poland. Friend of Jefferson.

³²⁷: Malin (or Mallet) unidentified.

³²⁸: This estimate of Sir Neill Campbell is paraphrased at *Letters* I, 10.

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themselves. The Colonel had Porte Longone, and had a spy, the physician of the English consul. They knew beforehand of the man sent by Brulart³³⁰ from Corsica, and dismissed him, keeping his gun. The Colonel had about 400 men under him – he had no notion of the real intention of Napoleon. Six days before, Napoleon had sent for him, and asked him how many vessels were in Port Longone – he told him, three or four. He was ordered to hire them and provision them, and stop all boats from leaving the port – this he did, when an Englishman who was thus detained came storming to him and said his detention might bring on a war between Great Britain and the Emperor. The Colonel smiled and treated him civilly, but kept him. The day before the embarkation the Colonel disbursed 3 or 4,000 francs to make a road. He was the next day arranging his little garden, when he received orders from Napoleon to embark all his men by six o'clock in the evening, and join the flotilla at a given place. It was so late that it was impossible to get them on board before half-past seven, after which he, according to his orders, was rowed in a boat to the brig, which contained the Emperor, who when he came on board, said, “Ah, comment ce va-t-il? Où est votre monde?” and said no more. The Colonel knew not, and no-one appeared to know where they were going – the next morning however, the wind was declared good for Italy. All thought they were going to Naples, but soon Napoleon told his plan, and began to dictate his proclamations,³³¹ which were read aloud, and which he very frequently corrected. Everybody set to copying them, and about fifty copies of each to the army and French nation were got ready. The next work was to make national cockades, and this was easily done by ripping off one round of the Elba cockade. Napoleon had first on coming to Elba instituted a cockade too like the national one, and fearing this might give umbrage, altered it.

Whilst on board there was scarcely any sleeping. The troops assembled round the Emperor, and familiarly asked him all sorts of questions and opinions relative to living characters – Kings, Marshals, and Ministers, many of them indiscreet – but all which he answered and discoursed with an easy persuasive eloquence on a variety of topics, to the delight and instruction of all about him. He said, “In a case like this one must think slowly but act promptly – I have long and maturely weighed this project – for military men, who have so often faced death, the reverse which may await us is not terrifying”³³².

At last they got to Cannes – a party was sent to Antibes, and fired upon – this was an unpleasant commencement, but they were not afraid of the garrison of Antibes, about 1,200. There were 800 Imperial Guards and 3 or

³²⁹: Romperi unidentified.

³³⁰: Brulart unidentified.

³³¹: Napoleon's proclamations from the *Golf-Juan* are printed at *Letters* II 341-5.

³³²: *Recollections* I 263 gives this last thought to H. himself; but *Letters* I 121 shows it to be Bonaparte's.

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400 others. Napoleon had often given rank in his army to poor fellows who came from all quarters to Elba, but whom he said he could only give fifty or perhaps even thirty francs a month. On landing, Napoleon told the Colonel that he had brought only four horses with him, which had disembarked a little farther off, so that the Colonel and others put their saddles on their backs and walked some time to the horses.

Napoleon mounted one and Cambronne³³³ the other, Malonet³³⁴ a third, and the Colonel the fourth. Bertrand said, "No, I'll march on foot". The Colonel was given money by Napoleon to go into the country and buy horses to mount his troops. He did so, and brought fifteen in a hurry, for treble their value. They sent a soldier to Dignes, who was detained. This looked as bad as Antibes – however, the great object was to get to Grenoble, or rather the defile of Viselle, or some such name, before the alarm – they marched might and main. The peasants of the villages said nothing, all stared. The first man who joined was a grenadier, who was in the middle of the road and was stopped by the Emperor. He was told by the Colonel he had better join them – he said he would, but he must go and tell his mother who lived three leagues off – he would rejoin the Emperor – which he did, and tapped up the Colonel in the night to tell him he was come, desired him to report it to the Emperor, immediately. His name was Melon.

They arrived at Grasse, a town of 10,000 inhabitants perhaps, where Napoleon left his three pieces of cannon, and his sister Pauline's³³⁵ carriage, as they could not get them through the mountains. The people stared and said nothing as they passed – would not believe it was the Emperor – however, when they had halted on a hill above the town, the inhabitants took a sudden turn, and came up [to] them, and supplied a good breakfast for 1,200 people. From that moment, the people in all the villages and towns received him with transports – the road was blocked up to his quarters. It was difficult for him to march. He rode on horseback generally, but sometimes walked. However, no troops had joined him. They advanced upon the defile of Viselle, the colonel was ordered forwards – he saw regiments drawn up with white flags, and as he tried to *parlementer*, an officer cried out in a fierce tone, riding forward, "Je n'ai point de communication avec vous – éloignez – je fais tirer!" On which the colonel tried to pacify him, saying, it was not with *him* he was to speak, but the Emperor. The officer still talked big when Napoleon came forward, his soldiers with arms reversed, and going up to the troops, told them if they pleased to fire upon and kill him. The soldiers, who were composed of the 7th and 12th of the line, and chosen on purpose, cried "Vive l'Empereur!" and joined him, the officers trying to make them fire.

³³³: Pierre Cambronne (1770-1842) commanded Napoleon's forces on Elba.

³³⁴: *Recollections* (I 263) has "Molat". Unidentified.

³³⁵: Pauline Bonaparte (1770-1825) married firstly to Napoleon's friend General Leclerc, then to Prince Camillo Borghese.

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It was not till afterwards that a horseman rode up to the colonel and said “Je vous salue de la part du Colonel Labedoyère”, who presently came over with his regiment. Thus was Grenoble gained, and 3,000 men, which settled the whole.

The Emperor, when there was at an inn, the people burst in, and there were at least fifty strangers all round him without his having a single guard, or man of his troops with him – he was alone. The colonel and others got in and barricaded the doors, but they still pushed in. The same eagerness to see and congratulate Napoleon prevailed everywhere up to Paris, except at Macon – the only place where the colonel was not directed to the Emperor’s quarters by the crowd about the door. The people pressing about him at all other places prevented the possibility of guarding him, so he was often, as at Grenoble, alone.

The colonel mentioned other things, but in a voice and pronunciation I could not understand – he said that several English wanted to embark at Elba with Napoleon. He also had heard of the event expected on last Sunday from the National Guards.

From all I can make out, it appears Napoleon came just in time to take advantage of the revolutionary spirit, and prevent the establishment of a republic which would have shut him out for ever. Who his informers were is not yet known – the whole, as the young lame Prince said to me, is wrapped [in] inextricable mystery.

Madame Carnot came in. I went away with Sierakowski to the Marquis de Livres²¹ where pieces and blacklegs meet to gamble after eating gratuitous dinners. The sight of a woman playing is horrid. Thence I went to the Salle des Étrangers,³³⁶ where there are Gazettes and gambling. The Emperor was at the opera tonight. To bed one.

Wednesday April 19th 1815: Up late, as usual. Did nothing but lounge about and make calls – buy pamphlets – the *constitution*, as expected, will be published tomorrow – the tenth since the overthrow of the old monarchy.

Dined with Mrs Wallis at Very’s in the Tuileries.³³⁷ Princess Jablanowski there, and Kosciusko – besides Sierakowski, another Pole, and Mr Bonpland, who travelled with Humboldt and his wife.³³⁸ We had a foolish day – Kosciusko is [a] big child.

Coming back, sat waiting for Parsons in the landlord’s room, where several acquaintances came in, and where I was much struck with the great

³³⁶: Marquis de Livres and Salle des Etrangers: gambling hells otherwise unidentified.

³³⁷: On the Terrasse des Feuillants. Along with Robert’s, Beauvillier’s and Naudet’s, one of the four best restaurants in Paris, famous for its *trufées entrées*.

³³⁸: Aimé Goujauld Bonpland (1773-1858) naturalist. On his 1799-1804 excursion to South America with the German geographer Alexander von Humboldt (1769-1859) he had collected 6,000 unknown species of plant.

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formality or politeness between their classes. The landlord told that the parson (curate) of a parish where a friend of his lived had built a barn for the reception of his tithes next year. [He] told also that the duc de Berri, being told by one of Napoleon's officers how many campaigns he had made, said, "Autant de crimes vous avez commis!" Also the [] told some troops manoeuvring before him that he had seen it better done in England.

It was about Good Friday that the news of Napoleon's advance arrived – all were ready to pull off their decorations and crosses – it was said there never were seen before so many descents <from> of the cross – also that Napoleon, who signed his abdication about or on Good Friday, and came back early Monday – was like the *bon dieu* who died Friday and rose on Monday.

Walking this day in the Palais Royal and purlieus,³³⁹ I observed how quickly and entirely they had taken down all *royal* signs – everything is Imperial: Coffee-house du Roi de Rome, Tailors to their Imperial Majesties, Bibliothèque Impériale, Pictures of the Imperial family. Walking into a shop, I saw all those of Monsieur and the royal family turned with their faces to the wall. The caricatures against the King and emigrants increase daily, and against the English – the great joke is to laugh at the *voltigeurs royales*, dressed in uniforms of Louis XIV, which arose from two military wags who came into a coffee-house in the King's time so dressed, and congratulated each other on the good old times coming back again – they were put under arrest for eight days, but the joke lasted. Also of the chevaliers of the Order of the Extinguisher, of which Messieurs de Berri and Angoulême are founders and grand crosses, and are always generally drawn with extinguishers on their heads – this is because they put a stop to the innovatory improvements of the age.³⁴⁰ Amongst the many ridiculous advertisements in the Palais Royale, I see one for *marriages*, places, employments, undertaken by so-and-so. The republican spirit is every where prevalent – *mesures* []

Thursday April 20th 1815:³⁴¹ I breakfast with Bruce. He tells me that Talleyrand is contriving to get Count Neipperg to cuckold Napoleon at Vienna.³⁴² We walked about. He mentioned that the night the King ran away he walked by the Tuileries at half-past twelve, and saw the King's carriages drawn up, but not a soul but the coachmen with them – the gentleman who handed Louis XVIII into his carriage assured Bruce the King was much

³³⁹: *Recollections* (I 266) has *parterres*.

³⁴⁰: Joke explained at *Letters* I 276-7.

³⁴¹: On this day Carnot, finding anti-Bonapartist opinion rife in the provinces, dismisses every mayor whose town contains fewer than 2,000 people. On the 30th he has to bow to public opinion and reappoint them.

³⁴²: Marie-Louise's lover was Graf Albrecht Adam von Neipperg (1771-1828) a one-eyed but handsome Austrian Hussar general. She married him in 1821.

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affected, and expressed fears for his safety – how contradictory this to Lady Kinnaird’s story!!³⁴³

Bruce and I and Mrs Wallis went to see Mr Bonpland and his American fossils, and pictures of Malmaison plants. Mr Bonpland is the most obliging of his sex – my ignorance I felt and was ashamed of – I learnt, though, little of him. He told us it is sixty-two leagues from the bottom to the top of Chimborazo,³⁴⁴ and that the day he and Humboldt went to the greatest height anyone had ever trod³⁴⁵ they were not at all incommoded except by cold. It would have taken them eight days to get to the summit from that spot. He showed us a diagram or picture of the mountain and the mountain with the volcano, which is a complete sugarloaf. The top of Chimborazo is also very conical – the green fades as the trees approach the summit, until at last there is no vegetation – all white rock and ice.

Bonpland is going back to South America with his wife – a pretty woman, who told me that before Napoleon came back, she was ashamed of being a Frenchwoman – yet she lost half a dozen relations by the guillotine. She hastens to get from France – such is the state of the country – Gouville³⁴⁶ always carries opium pills with him to prevent another imprisonment.

Humboldt is going to Tibet, to visit the mountains chiefly – a very curious thing is the comparative height of the American and eastern clouds, which bear about the same proportion as Mont Blanc to Chimborazo. The meaning of Chimborazo is “Snow on the Other Side”, a sort of direction to travellers – how far they might advance. Bruce told us he had seen a plant in Syria, the eating of which gilded the teeth in sheep and also, the composition of stone which sucks out poison like a leech and gives it out in milk – Bonpland was incredulous. He told as odd a story himself, against some preventative against poison, which, like inoculation, renders all infection impossible and enables the natives of Mexico to play with serpents without taking out their teeth. The climate of Mexico is like that of Paris.

I walked about the Tuileries – admired Napoleon’s terrace – drove to the Musée Napoleon, over the door of which the bronze, laurelled, crowned bust of the Emperor is placed again. Walked in – admired Vernet’s³⁴⁷ picture of the battle of Marengo – saw the workmen replacing the Imperial symbols, exactly in the same place as last year at this time I saw them taking them down. Turned out at four o’clock – the Leda I could not find. Went my usual round in [the] Palais royal. No extract of *Moniteur* today, but instead, they

³⁴³: As told to H. on 13 Apr 1815.

³⁴⁴: “Chimborazo” (Ms.) Chimborazo, the highest mountain in Ecuador (20,702 feet); thought at the time to be the highest in the Americas, Popocatepetl not yet having been surveyed.

³⁴⁵: Humboldt reached 18,893 feet.

³⁴⁶: Gouville unidentified.

³⁴⁷: Emile Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863) military painter.

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cry about “N’ayez pas peur – soyons sur pied. Si l’étranger parait, voilà comme il se passera!” A song for a *sous* – this looks like fright. I see by yesterday’s *Moniteur* that Grouchy³⁴⁸ has had some fighting in the south, and that at one time, the duc d’Angoulême had 8 or 9,000 men – two or three regular corps – under him, and was advancing on Lyons, which was put into a state of siege. It seems strange the Duke should have surrendered – Masséna does not think fit to leave Marseilles although the place has submitted without waiting for Grouchy’s troops.

I dined with Bruce at Very’s in the Tuileries, then went to the Française, and at eleven to Madame de Souza’s, where was a stiff, formal party – the women of the new school, the beautiful Madame Caulaincourt, the beautiful Madame daughter of Marshal Macdonald,³⁴⁹ and others vulgar, or [so] I thought, and stiff. The men were Duremel,³⁵⁰ commanding the National Guard, Dulaly, general of artillery of the Imperial Guard,³⁵¹ with his rich uniform and chamberlain’s key – also Monteron,³⁵² who is just returned from Vienna, and who has made his way after Flahaut failed, Maubourg, and others – Souza is the politest of all, I think. The folding doors were thrown open with great ceremony to admit each guest – we had about twenty-five. I left them going to play.

Friday April 21st 1815: Wrote journal from Wednesday – nothing but drumming and trumpeting every morning – received an odd note from a Madame Tennier³⁵³ desiring me to call on her, to watch after her English friends – Est-ce qu’elle est macarelle? – adventure with her.

Saw Mrs Wallis today, who dined in company with the Polish Colonel at Elba, who told her that in the first night of the embarcation [he] was occupied in repainting their brig from yellow and grey to black and white, so that by the next morning, no one could know her. Also that at Castillian, between Cannes and Grasse, Napoleon tried to make the post-master drink “Vive l’Empereur!” but he would only drink “Vive le Roi!” – at last he was got to drink “À votre santé!” to Napoleon, who was much pleased at his loyalty. He said that every Sunday Napoleon at Elba had several children to dine with him.³⁵⁴

³⁴⁸: Emmanuel, Marquis de Grouchy (1766-1847) cavalry commander. He defeated Blücher at Ligny two days before Waterloo, but his failure to go to Napoleon’s aid during the battle lost it.

³⁴⁹: *Letters* I 163 records that she is described as “the daughter of the only honest man in France”.

³⁵⁰: Duremel unidentified.

³⁵¹: Dulaly otherwise unidentified.

³⁵²: Monteron unidentified.

³⁵³: Anglo-French demi-rep otherwise unidentified.

³⁵⁴: They were the children of Bertrand.

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I dined at Beauvillier's³⁵⁵ and went to the Française,³⁵⁶ where *Hector* and *Le Lys* were acted, and where Napoleon came, about the third scene. The house was crammed full, and previously to the curtain rising the air of *La Victoire* and the *Marseillaise* were called for, and performed amidst thunders of applause. A performer of the Feydeau³⁵⁷ said he would sing the *Marseillaise* from the balcon, which he did, and was joined at the chorus, "Ran tam plan – lambru battant!" by all the house. The enthusiasm of the military was at the pitch "Vive l'Empereur!" was a thousand times repeated when Napoleon appeared. I recollect the Princes going to the Theatre this time last year – certainly the Bourbon exultation was not half so great. I was in Lady Kinnaird's box and went over to Madame Souza, who was in Monsieur Montero's³⁵⁸ just opposite the Emperor – Napoleon's face appeared new to me – so difficult is it to fix it decidedly in your mind, as the painters have found.³⁵⁹ He was sitting down, and his officers standing. Flahaut, I think, was behind his chair. He was very attentive, and whilst I saw him, spoke to no-one. The audience applied all the speeches, both concerning Hector and Achilles, to him – *enfin il reparoit* and *c'étoit lui* – Achille drew down unnumbered "Vives!" Talma was very great in Hector. Andromache³⁶⁰ gave us the translation of Homer, also in good style. Napoleon's hair is very thin – he had long white shirt wrists. He played with his nose, as before. He went away suddenly at the end of the play, and had a short shout.

I went to Madame Tennier, and was disgusted –

Saturday April 22nd 1815: Went to Bruce's and saw John Macnamara, who gave account of an interview he had with Napoleon in Elba on the 13th or 14th of last January. He put himself in his way when he was riding from his castle at Porto Ferrajo down a hill, and pulled off his hat. Napoleon stopped and said, to Bertrand or Druot,³⁶¹ "Qui est celui-là?" – Bertrand answered, "I know not – apparently a stranger." Then he said to Macnamara, "Qui êtes-vous?" – "Je suis un anglais." – "Ah – êtes-vous militaire?" – "Non." – "Marchand?" – "Non." – "Alors, vous êtes a gentleman – pourquoi venez-vous ici?" – "Seulement par la curiosité de vous voir." – "Ah. Quand est-ce que vous êtes arrivé?" – "Ce matin. Nous avons eu une tempête le soir, et manquâmes d'être perdus."

³⁵⁵: Beauvillier's restaurant was in the Palais Royale.

³⁵⁶: This account of the visit to the Comédie Française is the basis of *Letters* I 42-3.

³⁵⁷: The Feydeau was formed in 1801 as the Opéra Comique, by amalgamating the Théâtre de Monsieur with the Théâtre Favart. It was in the Rue Feydeau.

³⁵⁸: Montero unidentified.

³⁵⁹: As was the case with Byron.

³⁶⁰: Played by Mlle. Duchesnois.

³⁶¹: Antoine Druot (1774-1847) one of Napoleon's most trusted aides-de-camp.

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“Non – vraiment?” Here Napoleon appeared quite concerned. “D’où venez-vous?”

Here Macnamara determined to make for a more serious conversation, and said at once, “*De Paris.*”

“Quand ça?”

“Quinze jours.”

“Ah, c’est bien vite, par où êtes-vous passé?”

“Par Turin.”

“Avez-vous de nouvelles de Paris?”

“Pas beaucoup – on a arrêté une trentaine de personnes et doublés les gardes.”

“What?” said Napoleon.

Macnamara repeated – and Napoleon cried out, “Apportez lui un cheval!” and one of the aides-de-camp mounted Macnamara. Napoleon turned to Bertrand, and said, “Had you heard of this?”

“Non, Sire.”

“You shall ride with me,” said Napoleon to Macnamara.

They pursued their way till Bertrand said, “This is the road, Sire.”

Napoleon replied, “No, I will go to San Martino” (his country house) and thither they went. On the way Napoleon said, “What do you think of the state of France?”

“L’Empereur” said Macnamara, for so he always called him, “you see that we had a storm last night – now there is no wind, but the flottes are yet agitated.”

“Well answered!” said Napoleon. They arrived at St Martino. Napoleon took Macnamara into a small room, where there was a little fire, and, shutting the door, said to Macnamara, “À present nous sommes seuls, vous pouvez me demander tout ce que vous plaira, je vous donnerai de réponse.” “The Emperor stood,” said Macnamara to us, “and I did not like to sit down.” Then followed a conversation from half-past two to five, with which Napoleon seemed pleased, and told Macnamara he had more of the Englishman in him than anyone he had seen. It was a most singular talk.

Macnamara showed his originality. He asked Napoleon why he had stayed at Moscow.

Napoleon: “I looked at the meteorological tables for Moscow for thirty years, and never but once had the winter set in so soon by five weeks as it did in 1812 – I could not foresee that – I made mistakes, as every man does, and since I have been in public life and a soldier have made ten a day.”

“What? Dix par jour?”

“Oui – dix par jour.”

Napoleon: “I made a mistake respecting England in trying to conquer it. The English are a brave nation – I have always said there are only two nations, the English and French, and I made the French. What would you have done if I had landed in England?”

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Macnamara: "Risen against you to a man – I myself, with all my admiration for you, would have poisoned you, or anything to get rid of you. I would have sent you a dozen bottles of wine."

Napoleon: "Ah, you are right – do you think the English would bear being governed by me?"

Macnamara: "No."

Napoleon: "No? Why – don't they like me?"

Macnamara: "They admire your abilities, but there are three or four things which you have done and which they cannot bear."

Napoleon: "What are they?"

Macnamara: "You wont like to hear."

Napoleon: "Yes, I shall – speak!"

Macnamara: "Well then the death of the Duke d'Enghien –"³⁶²

Napoleon: "Ah, c'est un enfantillage!"

Macnamara: "Comment? Enfantillage? Tuer un homme?"

Napoleon: "Yes – What business had the Duke to plot with Pichegru and Georges within five miles of France? Why could he not go elsewhere? He was condemned by a counsel. He was not shot in the night – he was shot in the morning – I was told I must put him to death."

Macnamara: "I am glad you have cleared yourself so well."

Napoleon: "Well, what else?"

Macnamara: "Poisoning your sick."³⁶³

Napoleon: "Ce n'est pas vrai – there were fourteen or fifteen ill of the plague – I could not carry them with the army. I assembled a medical board – they said they would die in twenty-four hours. I determined to wait, rather than leave them to the Turks, who would cut off their noses and ears, and put their privy members in their mouths – at the end of the time one or two only were alive, and they were dying when the army marched – non, ce n'est pas vrai."

Macnamara: "The massacre of 2,000 Turks at Jaffa."

Napoleon: "Il y avoit trois milles. Well, I had a right. They were prisoners of war whom I had enlarged. I knew they were in Jaffa. I sent a captain with a flag of truce to tell them to get out before the town was taken, or I must put them to the sword – they cut the man's head off and put it [on] a pike – the town was taken by assault, and the men shot. I had a right – Mr Robert Wilson³⁶⁴ and Sidney Smith, who blamed me, would have done the

³⁶²: Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, duc d'Enghien (1772-1804) last of the ancient Condé family, had been kidnapped on the suggestion of Talleyrand 15 Mar 1804 and shot at 3am on 20 Mar. He had been organising royalist plots; but the murder created a major foreign policy embarrassment.

³⁶³: Both this and the next atrocity alluded to were alleged to have occurred before Jaffa in 1799.

³⁶⁴: Wilson made the accusations about the Turkish dead and the poisoned troops in his 1802 *A Narrative of the Expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie* (1802)

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same – besides, there were not provisions enough for French and Turks – one must go to the wall – Je ne balançois pas.”

Macnamara: “How did you escape from Egypt?”

Napoleon: “Nothing was more easy – but if Sidney Smith, instead of playing the politician with the Pasha of Cyprus, had been attending to his profession and cruising before Alexandria, I could not have got away.”

Macnamara: “Did you not bring away three or four mamelukes with you?”

Napoleon: “Yes.”

Macnamara: “We had a foolish story in England.”

Napoleon: “What is that?”

Macnamara: “You will be faché.”

Napoleon: “No – what is it?”

Macnamara: “Why, they said you had fallen asleep and that your mameluke, burning some of your papers by accident, you woke up took a pistol and shot him.”³⁶⁵

Napoleon: “This hand is innocent of blood – is innocent as yours. No, I never did this – it is nonsense – my mameluke never slept in the same room with me – he had a chamber apart.”

Macnamara: “Is it true that your mameluke offered to cut off your head at Fontainbleau last year, and that pistols were left for you to shoot yourself?”

Napoleon laughed heartily here at this story – said, “Non – c’est une bêtise – what? – kill myself? – Had I nothing better to do than, like a miserable bankrupt because he has lost his goods, determine to lose his life? – No – Napoleon is always Napoleon and always will know how to be content and bear with any fortune³⁶⁶ – it must be confessed I am in a better plight now than I was when I was a lieutenant of artillery.”

I am not sure that he did not say after this after Macnamara told him, he had not finished his career, in reply to his saying “Mon rôle est fini,” which he did.

Napoleon told Macnamara he was writing his history – Macnamara said, “L’histoire aura une fois un triumvirate des grandes hommes, Alexandre, Cesar, et Napoléon.”

Napoleon looked at him steadfastly without speaking – Macnamara thought he saw his eye moistened. Napoleon at last said, “Vous auriez eu raison si une balle m’avait tué à la bataille de Mojaïsk, mais mes derniers revers ont effacé toute la gloire de mes premières années”. Saying this he

64-5n and 67-8n. He specifies 3,800 Turkish prisoners killed and 580 French soldiers poisoned.

³⁶⁵: Source of rumour unidentified.

³⁶⁶: He had attempted suicide by poison the previous year, and still suffered from the effects.

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walked away to the end of the room, and paced once or twice up and down in silence.

Macnamara told him that Italy was in a turbulent state and would have soon 200,000 men in arms – he hinted Napoleon might do something there – “Non,” said Napoleon, “Ce n’est pas là.”

“Perhaps,” said Macnamara, “You think that country not large enough for you – but recollect the Romans gave laws to the world.”

Napoleon said that Louis XVIII was “Un brave homme, trop bon pour les français, et moi j’étois trop bon.”

Macnamara: “Quoi? Trop bon?”

Napoleon “Oui – trop bon, on m’a trompé finalement.” He said that he could not think of Marmont “sans rougir”. A man whom he had brought up from the age of sixteen, and who, the night before his submission to the Allies, had sworn fidelity to him at the gates of Paris, whither he went secretly – Talleyrand, he said, was contemptible – he insisted that his last movement would have succeeded perfectly, if it had not been for the treachery of Marmont – that if the Allies had one gate of Paris, he should have had the other – that they must have left 30,000 men to keep the capital, and then he should have beat them – Marmont’s surrender decided the business. He affirmed not one of the French marshals was worth “That”, snapping his fingers – that he could make a French army bear and do anything. Wellington was a brave homme – he would sooner trust him with 100,000 men than any of his generals, even Soult. It was very foolish sending him to the coast of France to face those whom he had humiliated.

Macnamara: “Why do the French generals talk slightly of him?”

Napoleon: “Because he has humbled them one after another.” Napoleon: “How did the English like the Bourbons?”

Macnamara: “They thought little of them. They did not like the duc de Berri, he was too debauched.”

Napoleon: “Debauched? How do you mean? That he loved the women?”

Macnamara: “No, not that – he loved boys, and that is not liked in England.”

Napoleon: “Ah. On n’aime pas ça, non plus en France.”

Macnamara: “Did the Empress Marie Louise like you?”

Napoleon: “Ah pauvre femme, si elle ne m’aimait!”

Macnamara: “What sort of boy is the King of Rome? Is he a fine child?”

Napoleon: “Ma foi, je l’ai vu très peu, j’ai été à la guerre, je n’en sçais presque rien” – he talked with great indifference of him, adding or saying of the alliance, “C’est une funeste marriage”. He asked repeatedly about the Princess Charlotte, whether she was not a person of character and spirit, and, as Macnamara thought, as if he had some views respecting her. Of the Prince of Orange he said that he had intercepted a letter from him to his father abusing the Prince Regent violently, which he said was wrong, and which he had a good mind to publish in the *Moniteur* but did not. Of Belgium he said, “The French will have it, or Louis lose his crown in a year – nay, in three

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months.” Then, tapping Macnamara on the shoulder, “Put that down in your tablets, and say Napoleon told you so”.

Napoleon: “How is the old King? I know he never liked me – did he abuse me?”

Macnamara: “Why he followed the bent of his ministers – however, he praised you for one thing.”

Napoleon: “Ah – what was that?”

Macnamara: “I don’t like to tell you.”

Napoleon: “Never mind, speak out.”

Macnamara: “Well then, when you divorced Josephine and married the Archduchess, he said he wished he could change his wife too.” Here Napoleon laughed violently, as indeed he often did during the conversation.

Macnamara: “Is it true you said the Emperor of Russia was a *bête sans le savoir* and the King of Prussia a *savant bête*?”

Napoleon: “No it is not – the Emperor of Russia is a *brave homme* – but the King of Prussia the greatest *bête* I ever knew – he kept me half an hour talking to me of my uniform and buttons and laying hold of my coat, until at last I told him he must ask my tailor.”

Macnamara said, “Another time that you invade Russia you should have the alliance of England.”

“Aye, aye,” said he, “I made a fault there.”

Macnamara: “Is it true that you used to cut the throne and chairs with your penknife, at council?”

Napoleon: “Non, non, ce sont des bêtises – ne croyez-vous pas que j’avais pas quelque autre chose à faire que de telles folies?”³⁶⁷

Macnamara: “You are fortunate in having such good health.”

Napoleon: “Yes I was never ill in my life.”

Macnamara: “Yet our foolish papers and stories made out you had all sorts of disorders – even one of a peculiar kind.”

Napoleon: “Ah – what was that?”

Macnamara: “I don’t like to say.”

Napoleon: “Nay, speak – I shall not be angry.”

Macnamara: “On a dit, qu’à Fontainebleau vous avez attrapé la chaude pisse?”³⁶⁸

Napoleon: “Ah non, je n’ai jamais eu de telle maladie de ma vie, ni aucune autre.” He smiled – but said this seriously.

He said Castlereagh was a *mauvais politique*.

Macnamara: “Cependant, c’était lui qui vous a fait abdiquer.”

Napoleon: “Non, c’était la trahison.” Of Colonel Campbell he said, when Macnamara asked him what he thought of him, “Je le connois très peu, ce Monsieur.” He then asked Macnamara if he knew why Campbell continued

³⁶⁷: But see 14 June 1815, where H. and Bruce do see cuts and knife-scratches on Napoleon’s chair at Fontainebleau.

³⁶⁸: See 4 Apr 1815.

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to frequent Elba so much. Macnamara said – to watch him. Napoleon said, “As to the other English which I have seen, ils connoisaient très peu ce que j’ai fait, et ils voudraient sçavoir ce que je ferois”. He preferred Douglas to any of them for this reason, that though only twenty-five he had the face of a man of forty-five. He laughed at and abused the King of Naples³⁶⁹ as being the first who deserted him, and on hearing from Macnamara of his fondness for dress, called him a *magnifico lazarrono*.³⁷⁰ He asked a great deal about Paris – Macnamara said they were defacing his symbols and initials – Napoleon said “Ah, c’est une bagatelle, et peut-être aurois-je dû jamais avoir mis des N —”

Macnamara: “Is it true you ever put money in any foreign funds?” Napoleon seemed hurt at this, and replied, “Never. How could you believe it? I did everything I could to destroy your funds. Talleyrand might – I did not – never a sous.”

Macnamara laid hold of his orders and asked him what they were – one, he said, was the Eagle of the Legion of Honour, which he would never part with – the other the Iron Crown. He told Macnamara to wait for him whilst he went into another room, which he did. Macnamara went near the door, half-tempted to look, which did not please Napoleon. He had been to make water. Macnamara told him that troops of all nations would be happy to serve under him if he should ever want them – he said he had no money, and had lately been obliged to borrow.³⁷¹ He would give his soldiers all he had.

He asked Macnamara where he lived – Macnamara told him at L’Aigle Noir. Napoleon: “Well, I may send for you again.”

During this conversation Macnamara once or twice rubbed his eyes, and Napoleon asking him for what, said, “I can scarcely believe my eyes, that I am alone talking with you”.

Napoleon was pleased – and when Macnamara talked of his delight and fear at taking up his time, said, “I assure you, I am as glad to talk to you as you are to me – a stranger is a great entertainment for me”. Macnamara asked him if he was afraid of assassination – Napoleon replied, not from the English, whom he knew were never assassins, but of others he was obliged to be cautious, especially as the Corsicans were, many of them, very rancorous against him.³⁷² At one of his speeches, I believe that relative to his resolution to live a long content,³⁷³ and not die like a bankrupt, Macnamara so far was transported as to cry out, “Bravo, Emperor!”

³⁶⁹: Joachim Murat, his own cavalry commander.

³⁷⁰: “Pretentious Neapolitan scum”.

³⁷¹: By Article III of the Treaty of Fontainebleau Napoleon had been given a pension of two million francs per year, which Louis XVIII had refused to pay. At *Letters I 331* it is conceded that this was not “the real cause” of Napoleon’s leaving Elba.

³⁷²: The Comte d’Artois had several times tried to have Napoleon assassinated. See *Letters I 331-2*.

³⁷³: The word “Napoleon” is overlined at this point.

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I think I have put down all or nearly all Macnamara told us, and as he told us, without following any order.

Bertrand said to him, “So – you had a close conversation with the Emperor?” and seemed to hint Napoleon had let out too much.

“Yes,” said Macnamara, “he was very condescending. I think it is impossible he should ever be in a passion or other than in the best humour”.

At this Bertrand smiled, and said “I know him a little better than you”.

Macnamara did not see him again, although he hinted to Bertrand he could talk with him for a day, but Napoleon, seeing him from his carriage, kissed his hand to him and nodded. Napoleon told Macnamara the bees were the old arms of France. Macnamara dined twice with Bertrand – he told us Madame Bertrand was nearly torn to pieces by the mob at Marseilles who, as well as at Bourdeaux and Toulouse, were violent for the Bourbons.

Macnamara, Bruce, Rich and I dined at Very’s in the Tuileries, and afterwards walked [at] three to the Palais Royale, where we found the Café Montansier³⁷⁴ guarded with soldiers like the entrance of a playhouse – at this café they sing patriotic songs – *Ça ira*,³⁷⁵ &c. &c., and form a sort of military democratic club, for sporting and singing.

I hear the *Censor* paper³⁷⁶ has been stopped and seized by the police, the two advocats Comte and ³⁷⁷ are to be tried, say they, which the *Gazette de Paris* of this day (Sunday 23rd) says is a true sign of the liberty of the press. Certainly the *Censor* talks with little respect of the choice of the soldiers, or the acclamations of the inhabitants on the road between Cannes and Paris.

Macnamara told us today some horrid stories of the depravity of Paris³⁷⁸ – of what he had himself seen of beastly unnatural crimes in the Palais Royale, and the reality of the horrors of *Justine*:³⁷⁹ a man has been guillotined for cutting his mistress out of lust, and opening a vein in her neck which killed her.

He says the women of Italy talk publicly of the mortality of the soul.

Sunday April 23rd 1815: Macnamara and I breakfasted together at the Café des Arts at three.

I walked to the Place de Caroussel, and saw a review and inspection of the Imperial Guards and five or six regiments of cavalry – Polish lancers –

³⁷⁴: The vaudeville Théâtre Montansier in the Palais Royale, founded in 1790 by Marguerite Brunet (“La Montansier”) was a centre of jacobinical enthusiasm; see *Letters* I 219-21.

³⁷⁵: Bloodcurdling revolutionary song, seldom heard since the 1790s.

³⁷⁶: The *Censeur* was a liberal monthly; see *Letters* I 173-4.

³⁷⁷: Ms. gap.

³⁷⁸: Alluded to at BB 205-6.

³⁷⁹: Novel by the Marquis de Sade (1791); see 26 Apr 1816 for B.’s ownership of a copy.

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the forty or fifty Poles that were with him in Elba, with the little ragged horses on which they rode to Paris. The eagle which *he* had in Elba, and the Elba soldiers all distinguished by the Cross of the Legion of Honour.³⁸⁰ A dozen or twenty mamelukes marched in – the guard were first reviewed in the court of the Tuileries, the cavalry being in the Place de Caroussel. Napoleon walked on foot between most of the ranks – nothing can exceed the appearance of the Imperial Guard – there were some recruits in plain clothes – the quick march of the Guard at the *pas de charge* before the Emperor made the eyes of all about me glisten, and their ears beat – when the Guard had passed, the cavalry entered. Amongst them were the grenadiers, *à cheval*, of the Imperial Guard, which a naval officer near me said was the finest regiment in France. Their appearance is tremendous – the cavalry seemed to fill the court, in which, however, and the place de Caroussel, my navy friend said, Napoleon had, before the Moscow [campaign] reviewed 100,000.

They dismounted, and Napoleon again walked through the ranks, followed by his staff, and distinguished by his simple hat. He came not far from the gratings, and I saw him distinctly. He was walking with his hands knit behind his back. He looked very short. He was followed by Count Librau (General Monton)³⁸¹ a great favourite of his, and all in feathers and blue ribbons. The soldiers could not help crying “Vive L’Empereur!” though it appears this exclamation was forbid. He then placed himself near the palace gates, and the cavalry passed him. I saw him bow low to the Colonel of the Grenadiers, *à cheval*.

I paid ten sous for a place on a stool which gave me a good view of him. It was over by about half-past six. The guard had been on the spot from eight in the morning, some of them. They cried about in the crowd, <“presentez vos armes”> “Le depart des braves”, &c. and “Le gros Louis”. Also a proclamation of Armée Hinault³⁸² to the army and people, an *inflammation brichene* to serve “Dieu, Napoleon et Patrie”.

Coming home, I bought the proposal for the new constitution³⁸³ which appeared in this day’s *Moniteur*, and dining at Massinot’s alone, read it over. It is very free in theory, and borrowed much from the English – hereditary peers, &c., trials in the Lords, all deferred to the meeting of the electoral colleges of the 26th of May, the Champ de Mai, previously to which the people are to signify their assent or dissent to the articles by signatures to the copies, which will be left open to them in every department, town, village, and in the Empire.

Napoleon convokes the assemblies, gives the constitution – in short, according to the nature of the circumstances, [he] is at this moment the

³⁸⁰: H. has a digression on the dignity of the Legion d’Honneur at *Letters* I 136-7.

³⁸¹: Librau (Monton) unidentified.

³⁸²: Armée Hinault unidentified.

³⁸³: See 27 Apr 15.

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dictator of the republic, the master absolute of an interregnum. Benjamin Constant has been named as Counsellor of State.³⁸⁴ I see the papers and brochures continue to spread reports of the probability of England keeping at peace, and in the Programme to the Constitution the Emperor decidedly mentions the wish to preserve the present peace. He styles himself simply “Empereur des Français”, without any “&c. &c.” Wrote journal from Friday last. Bed at home.

Napoleon³⁸⁵ told Macnamara that he usually went to bed at half-past eight, got up again at twelve, worked till four, and then went to bed again until seven or eight.

Someone told me that his pictures have all been taken surreptitiously – he not sitting chiefly when at breakfast when playing with children.³⁸⁶ Other memorabilia are. He told Macnamara that Pichegru had strangled himself with a stick, and showed him how, making great grimaces. He said he knew nothing of Wright’s death, except that he had killed himself from *ennui*. He appealed to Macnamara whether he could gain anything by killing Wright. He said he won the battle of Marengo before Dessaix came up, and that he only prolonged the battle to bring up the []. He said Talleyrand was not the clever man he was taken for, and that Europe would find it out one day. He said he had heard the English soldiers were brave – he never had had an opportunity of trying. The only time he marched against them he culbuled³⁸⁷ them into the sea – Macnamara advised him to land with 20,000 men and France was his. He said “I believe the army like me”.

Monday April 24th 1815: It appears that the Constitution is to be accepted entirely or rejected entirely by the voters, who are all paying a tax of three francs, and that no-one will be permitted to object individually to the articles. The electoral colleges will only *dépouiller* the votes of their departments and *arrondissements* – that is, balance them and give the report – so they are, it seems, called together to give an *éclat* to the Emperor’s return. All the members of the Legion of Honour, and a certain number of the officers of the army, are *ex officio* members of the Champ de Mai, so that the army is twice represented – in their family and individual capacity. Likewise the electoral colleges in the departments are to be presided over by a member of the Chamber of Peers named for life by the Emperor – a double fault, giving the government an influence over the representatives of the people and over the peers likewise. No law is to be proposed except by the

³⁸⁴: Constant had drafted the constitution, and the State Councillorship was his reward.

³⁸⁵: H. tidies-up his recollection of the previous day’s interview with Macnamara.

³⁸⁶: On Elba, Napoleon would dine once a week with the children of Bertrand – *Letters II* 144.

³⁸⁷: “Knocked them over” (Anglo-French macaronic, from *culbuler*).

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government – the chambers may amend and discuss – an evident fault – then, the peers are to be hereditary – which I find is that at which the chief objection exists, as being a complete recurrence to the old principles of nobility without any of the pretence which such names as Montmorency and Grammont, and others associated with the glory of France, must command.

But that at which I find all the world open-mouthed is the form of the Constitution, and of the manner in which it is announced. Napoleon seems to skip over his abdication entirely, and by calling this an additional act of the Constitution of the Empire, to re-establish all the other constitutions which his own abdication and the *charte constitutionnelle* of Louis XVIII had annulled. He is Emperor of the French by the Grace of God, and without an interval, as Louis reigned nineteen years in England. This objection I foresaw, and it seems to have thrown all people into a conviction that their hopes of Napoleon's having changed are void of foundation. Those who spoke loudly in his praise before are now silent; those who were formerly silent are now violent in their detraction.

This day I called on friends – walked in Palais Royal, dined at a restaurateurs, &c., and only gaped about and listened.

Tuesday April 25th 1815: I breakfast at the Café des Arts, and I walk up [with] Macnamara to the Grand Maréchal du Palais, next door to the Elysée Napoleon Bertrand; then I walk to Lady Kinnaird's. There I find young Lascour³⁸⁸ violent against the Constitution, and saying that it begins with a ridiculous assumption of Napoleon's imperial rights. The Jacobin party are all discontent.

Returning, I see Macnamara, who found the Bertrands in great alarm, especially Madame, who is an Englishwoman, and who said "Ah, Sir, do what you can for peace, for God's sake – I'll go on my knees to anyone who can contribute to the peace with England – neither the Emperor nor anyone else thinks of anything else, nor cares for any other power than England – she can do any thing – for God's sake give us peace". Bertrand said to his wife, "Calmez-vous, ma chère," but all seemed in alarm. Bertrand told Macnamara that when he was in Elba in January, the Emperor had no thoughts of going to France, and that when he did go it was entirely without concert with any body in France.

I call on Dame Wallis, who seems in great fright for her Emperor. She swears he is to fall by some traitor near him – a woman is to be the instrument. She denounces Fouché as having persuaded him to the Constitution only to make him unpopular. Everybody stares, and talks as if a commotion was expected any moment. Baron Gaudelle says the police will have fifty people to cry "Vive le Roi!" and that the soldiers will be ordered out and begin military execution against the malcontents. The royalists and

³⁸⁸: Jerome Annibal Joseph Regnaud de Bologne, baron de Lascours (1761-1835) magistrate and legislator.

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republicans seem to approach each other. The latter leave the Imperialists, that is the talk – at the Café Montansier in the Palais Royale, which by the way is so crowded it is guarded by bayonets, republican songs are sung before the Emperor’s bust – all agree that a *crise* is at hand. Baron Gaudelle advises Madame Wallis to go to Switzerland.

Macnamara and I dine at the Rocher de Canzale, walk in the Palais Royale, can’t get into the Montansier; then I go with Dame Wallis to the Princess Jablanouski, where I see Sismondi, the author,³⁸⁹ a short, civil, ugly man, who talks much. The Poles stand by the Constitution alone – the *Moniteur* writes upon it and is laughed at – I am not sure all this did not happen yesterday.

Wednesday April 26th 1815: I call on Lady Kinnaid – tell her news – hear she has a letter from Lord Kinnaid, giving up hopes of peace almost. The people against war – Castlereagh holds out the necessity of standing by the declaration of the Congress – all are in a fright. Madame de Souza can’t sleep thinking of Flahaut’s chance of falling with Napoleon.

The Constitution more unpopular than ever; however, the *Censor* has reappeared today, with all the offensive matter in it. The editors previously sent to their subscribers to tell them that all the reports respecting their being at liberty to publish were false – that they were still stopped by the police – this act of firmness proved the restraint being taken off.

Today I dined with Baron Gaudelle at a *table d’hôte* – a perfect piggery, yet frequented by Colonels and Generals and persons *comme il faut*. An officer of the Maison du Roi, who had applied for service, a Mr d’Aubigny, received at table a letter telling him that he would, *according to his application*, be placed in the Imperial guard. Now he had never applied for this, which shows how eager the government are to be served. They talk very openly indeed – call the Emperor “Napoleon”.

Today I bought a *memoire justificatif* of the Duke de Raguse, in which he abuses Napoleon violently. Gaudelle says this shows the [“palais” “polloi”?] is not for Napoleon – indeed a wonderful change has taken place since the publication of the Constitution, but yet I hear observing people say, “N’importe – the French always talk – the thing will be forgot in twelve days”. The *table d’hôte* seemed frequented chiefly by people in the habit of dining there – the fat hostess licked the knife with her tongue, and said the English were *mal élevés* because they changed their knives and forks. I walked afterwards to the Champ de Mars, and back through the Elysian Fields with Gaudelle. He asked how it was we made so much fuss about

³⁸⁹: Jean Charles Léonard Simonde de Sismondi (1773-1842) Swiss economist and historian. B. admired him (see BLJ IV 161) and his *Histoires du Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age* (1807-18) was B.’s source for *The Two Foscari*; and its influence is seen in details in *The Corsair*, *Lara* and *Don Juan*.

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duels in England, when in Paris they were fought every day without any notice being taken of them. I go to Dame Wallis and sit till ten, or half-past.

Thursday April 27th 1815: Read in the *Journal de l'Empire* that the Duke of Bedford³⁹⁰ has been killed in Italy, by eighteen robbers. I had this morning written three letters to *Sophy*!! Kinnaird, and Byron.³⁹¹ I run and write another to Byron, telling him to inform Tavistock – my letters go by a Mexican friend of Bonpland's. I go with Macnamara to Perrigeaux – there I learn *assassiné* does not mean killed but kilt,³⁹² and that in the *Journal de Paris* it is only six of the Duke's people who are killed – not he – he is only stripped – so I write to Byron another letter.

Call on Lady Kinnaird – letter from Lord Kinnaird – no papers of peace, but the debates are violent. Call on Bruce – dine at the Rocher de Cancalle – go to Dame Wallis, where is Kosciusko, Sierakowski, and Gaudelle, and afterwards to a formal court party at Madame de Souza's, where at the end of the evening I heard violent holding-forth against the Constitution by Mr Girardin. But the Constitution was warmly defended by a man with spectacles, whom I did not hear nor go to hear, not knowing it was Benjamin Constant – the very man who is said to have made the Constitution, and himself to have added the hereditary peers.³⁹³

When Madame de Souza heard I was going to Geneva, she told me to write to her, thus: "If Switzerland preserves her neutrality, say you regret my judis: if she does not, say you regret you could not call before you went away to express your thanks for my goodness". – "But," said I, "if Switzerland joins France – what must I say?" – "Oh – oh – she won't join France – however, in that case, desire to be remembered to Monsieur Flahaut; if Austria, to Monsieur de Souza". I bowed assent, and had the lesson repeated to me. Mr de Souza told me the French were a "méprisable nation", that in twelve days I should hear them defend the Constitution as they now abused it. Yet he talked openly against Napoleon to me. He introduced me to Humboldt the traveller, an ugly, pock-marked man who told me nothing, but called Napoleon "that man". He is going to Tibet if he can.³⁹⁴ I like his brother infinitely better. Marshal Macdonald's daughter was there – Madame Perrigeaux – and tossed about her head as usual. Lady Kinnaird explained her airs to me by saying her father had in the late affairs behaved so well – virtue is the most disgusting of pretensions.

³⁹⁰: John Russell, 6th Duke of Bedford (1766-1839).

³⁹¹: BB 199-200.

³⁹²: Distinction unclear.

³⁹³: The Constitution (the *Acte additionelle aux Constitutions de l'Empire*) had indeed been drafted by Constant, the liberal conscience of the age, who amazed many by including a hereditary chamber – the Chamber of Peers – as well as an elected one – the Chamber of Representatives.

³⁹⁴: Humboldt never went to Tibet.

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Friday April 28th 1815: Went to the *Bureau des Relations Extérieures* for my passport to Geneva – they sent me to the prefecture of police. The prefecture told me to call tomorrow at nine. Going over the *Pont neuf*, I observe Henry IVth's statue erected when Louis entered – the arms, and the *Ludovico reduii*, have been effaced, but not entirely.

I lounge about the Palais Royale – the new Constitution is pasted up, and is opened for signatures up to the 7th of May.

I dine with Macnamara, Bruce, and Luttrell at Massinot's – a bet dinner, lost by Macnamara, about Napoleon having been at Rome. We talked long and loud – I went to the opera, into Lady Kinnaird's box, where I found a lady who did not go out – it is the fashion here. I did not send my letters to Byron about the Duke of Bedford. Perrigeaux³⁹⁵ tells me yesterday that Napoleon has dismounted the *gendarmerie*, which gives him 12,000 horses, and taken a horse from every post-house, which makes about 7,000 more. He has given the gendarmes from 5 to 700 francs for their horses, to provide more. I call on Madame Teissier, and buy, for twenty francs, the King Louis proclamation from Gand, and the *Journal du Lys*, which were thrust into her doors by persons unknown. It is a silly proclamation – Louis says he intended to leave his kingdom forever, but was prevented by the sovereigns, who determined to replace him with 1,200,000 men. The *Journal du Lys* has for motto,

Sa douceur querit la figure de labeille –

Gand is called “notre chateau royale de Gand”, which seems to justify the story here, that Talleyrand has got the Allies to cede Gand, Mons, and two other *arrondissements*, to France, for the sake of saying that Louis has not quitted French territory. It is dated 15th April, countersigned duc de Feltre – talks of his speedy return to his capital, and also promises a reform of all abuses.

Saturday April 29th 1815: There is a stupid defence of the Constitution in today's *Moniteur* by Sismondi, who signs his name, and says he is ready to say that he thinks it the best of constitutions – and offering twenty-one new guarantees for public and private liberty. Latour Maubourg says, “Pauvre Sismondi – il voudrait être conseiller d'état”.

I go to the prefecture of police at half-past nine in carriage, get my passport visaed after much ado, and, going from table to table, then go to the Foreign Office, where they take my passport and tell me to call on Monday.

I go to Coray, who showed me a letter from a girl of fifteen from Kydrognis,³⁹⁶ in which she begs him to send her a French book to translate –

³⁹⁵: Jean Frédéric Perrigeaux (1744-1808) Swiss co-founder of the Banque de France in 1800.

³⁹⁶: Kydonies: present-day Aivalik (thanks to David Holton for the note).

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“I wept when I read it”, said Coray. Also a letter from Walpy³⁹⁷ to him, desiring him to engage in Stephens’ Thesaurus.³⁹⁸ I took leave – he told me Bambas³⁹⁹ was a great loss – he used to see him every afternoon. I promised to come back to see him on my return. he said “Vous ne me retrouverez plus, je serai dans l’autre monde”.⁴⁰⁰ There was an air of melancholy merriment in this parting – he showed me his bath going out. He is a charming man – good, virtuous, and great in the true sense. He exhorted me to send the transactions of the Royal Society of London to Chios [to] the library there, that the establishment might see the Greeks were honoured by the European nations. I recommended him to read Gibbon’s *Nomina gentesque antiquae Italia*,⁴⁰¹ which as he is in Strabo he is going to do.

I called on Bruce, and found <Mac[amara]> and another. Soon came in Monsieur de Lascour, who talked very eloquently against the hereditary peers, and against all the *faute* and Charlemagnic imitations of the Champ de Mai, and indeed the whole of Napoleon’s institutions. He said that when Napoleon came to the crown, France was an undivided people – a republic glorious by its victories – the nobles were without power or title – no-one thought of King or them; Napoleon’s counts and marshals awakened the ancient prejudices, divided the sentiments of the nation, and in a manner prepared the way for the return of the Bourbons and the nobles. He said Napoleon had no sort of enthusiasm of head or heart – nothing seemed to affect him – he was with him at Fontainebleau at his abdication last year, and was standing near him when he was reviewing his troops, and Caulaincourt whispered to him his fall and formal dethronement – he just drew back and bit his lips – nothing else. He seemed a little unquiet for twenty-four hours – no more.⁴⁰² Afterwards he had the same spirits and manners. He told Mr de Lascour that it was not the armies nor the peoples that had dethroned him – not the sovereigns of Europe, nor the vast efforts of England, but the march of liberal ideas, which if he had listened to four or five years ago – his his power had been⁴⁰³ confirmed for ever. “However,” said he gaily, “I did not – and it is come to this”. Mr de Lascour was the person who prevented Paris from being blown up according to Napoleon’s orders. Monsieur Pichon was told by the King of Westphalia, Jérôme Bonaparte,⁴⁰⁴ that the Emperor had positively ordered the burning of the place, and that when he asked

³⁹⁷: Note on Walpy pending.

³⁹⁸: Note on Stephens’ Thesaurus pending.

³⁹⁹: Neophytos Bambas (1770-1855; thanks to David Holton for the note).

⁴⁰⁰: Korais lived until 1833.

⁴⁰¹: Note pending.

⁴⁰²: Detail used at *Letters* I 205.

⁴⁰³: “was” (Ms.)

⁴⁰⁴: Jérôme Bonaparte (1784-1860) Napoleon’s youngest brother, made by him King of Westphalia.

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Napoleon what he would do with such or such papers, was told, they would be burnt with the rest.

But Macnamara asked Napoleon whether he had ordered Paris to be burnt, and was told by him positively *not*.

I met Lascour afterwards at Lady Kinnaird's – he told me several instances of the perfect disjointure of everything in France. He said the bayonets were brought to help the police because otherwise these men would be beat to pieces, so little are they respected. The laws, or their servants, have no force; the government is alone feared.

I bought yesterday an attack on the Constitution, and especially on putting the power of the army entirely into the hands of the sovereign, called *Lettre d'un bon français aux écrivains patriotes – sur la liberté, les droits de la nation et de l'armée*, which the author tried in vain to put into one of the papers.

Lascour told me of the *demèle* between Mlle Bourgoigne the actress and Étienne, the author of the *Deux gendres*⁴⁰⁵ the other night at the Française. Etienne, who is of the police, and editor of the *Nain jaune*,⁴⁰⁶ was standing behind the slips when Miss was hissed – she told him it was done by his police – words brought on words – till he struck [her] over the head with his hat, which made her cry out violently “Murder! murder!” – the play was stopped. She is the actress who lived with Oudinot, and who in reply to a letter sent to her by Madame Soult, signed “Elizabeth de Dalmatic”, returned an answer signed “Iphigénie d'Aulide”. Her cat had eaten one of the duchesse's birds.⁴⁰⁷

Lascour told me that last night at the play, a man in the gallery wore a white ribbon – the Order of the Lily. The pit roared out “À bas les lys, a bas le rubon blume!” The man got up and said, “I am a stranger, and I wear a foreign order – if anybody wants a further explanation, I live at such a place”. Everybody applauded then. Lascour said people now talk. Formerly no-one spoke of politics in society – if he did, he had a visit from the police, who warned him a repetition of his remarks would send him from Paris. They never talked of the killed and wounded in their battles, which, he said he understood, made an effect in England. He said the abdication at Fontainebleau was a perfect drama and a melancholy one – he could not help pitying a great captain, reduced to the necessity of resigning his sword and his crown, and deserted by his soldiers and servants. When they got up each

⁴⁰⁵: Charles Guillaume Étienne (1777-1845) liberal journalist and comic playwright.

⁴⁰⁶: The *Nain Jaune* (“yellow dwarf” – so called from its size and cover) was an anti-royalist satirical weekly. H., for whom politics were serious, didn't like it; see *Letters* I 172-3. It was suppressed at the Restoration. Etienne was not its editor; see 24 May 1815, last sentence.

⁴⁰⁷: This anecdote is repeated by H. in a letter to B. of 23 May (BB 207). It is shorn of its political overtones – evidence perhaps of H.'s fear that his mail will be intercepted.

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morning and enquired for such-and-such a marshal or general, he was gone – gone to Paris – they dropped off one by one. Napoleon bore it unmoved. The Duke of Raguse owns in his justification that Napoleon would have marched against Paris, if his soldiers would have gone [and] if his officers would have gone.

I call on Lady Kinnaird, come home, write journal from Monday last, dine somewhere by myself.

Sunday April 30th 1815: Macnamara having procured tickets from Marshal Bertrand, he and I went at eleven to the Imperial Chapel in the Tuileries, where were a crowd of ladies on benches in the centre, and a press of gentlemen either side, that is, shopkeepers and others. In the gallery above, on a level with the Emperor's pew, several court ladies appeared in plumes – some decent-looking.

We waited, squeezed together, for an hour and a half. A person next to me complained of the pushing of another – he was in the way. "I know it," said he. "Can I put monsieur dans ma poche?" At last the grenadiers, some four or five of the Imperial Guard, who were regulating the aisle, gave a sort of signal with their guns – presented arms – and in came Napoleon, and with him his brother the King of Spain, in a broad red ribbon. Napoleon was as usual simple, in green.

He was towards⁴⁰⁸ me [most] of the time, and I being opposite below, enjoyed the sight of him during the whole mass. I looked at nothing else – thought of nothing else – the fine music in the gallery opposite occupied me not, the priests and ceremony I thought nothing of – though warned by the clash of the muskets, which, it seems, was the signal for praying, or some part of the mass – the presenting of arms was the reverence to the host. Napoleon was perpetually swaying about – not still for an instant – he took up the mass book once, opened it, and put it down on its face, then took it up, turned over the leaves without looking, and put it down again. He took snuff often, and continued half-picking, half-playing with his nose. He fixed his eye on myself – I stared him out as before – he was perpetually restless – my *bourgeois* near me were free of remark on his manner: "Ah what a head he must have!" – "I could not do with two hours and a half sleep!" – "He has got Belgium in his nose – and wants to get at it!" – "What battles that man has seen!"

Another clash of muskets gave the signal of the Emperor's departure and the end of the mass, which lasted about fifteen minutes. This, perhaps, is the last sight I shall ever have of Napoleon the Great.

I should say that the folks near me laughed at the different comportment of *sa majesté* – "Très chrétienne!" – and of the Emperor at the mass – "His brother the King of Spain is something like him in the face, but not so handsome!" – the freshness of his look is remarkable, and was remarked by

⁴⁰⁸: "forward" (Ms.)

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my neighbours. He told Macnamara that he had long to live, and much to do – he told him also that from the Battle of Leipzig he knew the Allies would get to Paris if they followed up their success, and when asked by Macnamara why he did not make peace at Chatillon, said, because he could not; the Allies were never sincere. Bertrand told Macnamara that the King of Naples (against whom, by the way, England has declared war), had not acted in concert with the French court, and that the Emperor was displeased with his conduct, which he considered hasty and inconsiderate.

Leaving the chapel, I looked about me of the gates of and in the Tuileries to see the carriages return from the Emperor's *levée*. There was no review – that took place yesterday, and half the garrison of Paris left the town. There I bought a report from the Minister of the Interior, in which he recommends the institution of primary schools after the manner of Bell and Lancaster,⁴⁰⁹ whom he cites. It is observable that he calls Napoleon the chief of the French nation, and signs himself simply *Carnot* – no “count”.

Rumours of the Emperor's leaving Paris not true, apparently – Colonel Wardle⁴¹⁰ arrived from England. He tells me everything is going on so badly in England that a revolution is expected daily, and determines me not to go to Switzerland yet, but stay here. I dine at Massinots, walk, &c.

Monday May 1st 1815:⁴¹¹ This day the force of public opinion obliges the government to publish, in the *Moniteur*, an Imperial decree for the immediate election of the Chamber of Deputies in the departments, &c., which chamber shall meet in the Assembly of the Champ de Mai. The Emperor there designates his power as I have heard it designated before, and did designate it myself – a dictator created by circumstances and the confidence of the people: “la dictature dont nous trouvons investie par les circonstances et par la confiance du peuple”. Had he told this truth before, the complaints against the Constitution would not have been so loud. The *Moniteur* contains the declaration of the Prince Regent that he goes not to war to impose any government on the French people, but against the power of Napoleon.⁴¹² This is thought a triumph by the French government.

Macnamara calls on Bertrand, and finds the family in high spirits – reports of a peace with Austria – why does it not appear in the *Moniteur*?

I walked with Lady Kinnaird and Latour Maubourg in the pretty gardens of Tivoli, where Latour Maubourg told us of some of the schemes by which he used to humbug the Turks: he prevented them from breaking into his

⁴⁰⁹: The Anglican Andrew Bell (1753-1832) and the nonconformist Joseph Lancaster (1778-1838) pioneered a cascading educational system, economic on teaching staff.

⁴¹⁰: Wardle unidentified.

⁴¹¹: Lady Dorchester cuts every May entry from *Recollections* (I 272-3) except the 22nd, the 27th and the 28th.

⁴¹²: See *Letters* I 337-8.

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house at Pera⁴¹³ to seize Dendrino,⁴¹⁴ the *soi-disant chargé d'affaires* of the Seven Isles,⁴¹⁵ by posting up the Imperial arms of France in large paper on the door. He said Arbuthnot⁴¹⁶ was a personal coward, and that Sebastiani,⁴¹⁷ so far from expecting to gain his point with the Turks when Duckworth's⁴¹⁸ fleet came, burnt all his papers and had his horses ready. He said Adair's⁴¹⁹ was a disgraceful peace, and that Adair was a passionate man, who disgraced himself by following the servant-maids of Pera, which shocked the Mussulman gravity.⁴²⁰

I dined afterwards at Massinot's as usual on pheasant, three francs ten sous, wine, &c. and [in] the evening went to Café Montansier, struggling through the guards of the door, and getting into the pit first, and then into the gallery, into which I passed the guard, owing to an officer saying "C'est un étranger". The Café still preserves its theatrical appearance. The drop was down, and a marble bust of the Emperor crowned with laurels appeared in an arbour of evergreens. Vulgar-looking dogs and a grenadier of the Imperial Guard mounted the stage up steps guarded by two gendarmes, and intoned stanzas in favour of liberty, honour, and Napoleon, in the choruses of which they were joined by the good company.

There was much laughing at one or two turns, such as "The king offered vast sums for this head, and no wonder – if he had had it he would not have been *si bête*. Napoleon offered nothing for his, for he knew it was not worth an *obole*"⁴²¹ – now an English audience would not understand the *obole*. The company were drinking beer, brandy, tea, coffee, and eating biscuits, fruits, and in every part of the theatre, which was a lively blackguard audience. The *confrères* of Brittany⁴²² made a figure there. I offered my seat to a woman

⁴¹³: Suburb of Constantinople containing foreigners, embassies, and so on.

⁴¹⁴: Conjectural: name hard to decipher.

⁴¹⁵: The Ionian Islands.

⁴¹⁶: Charles Arbuthnot (1767-1850) English ambassador to Constantinople before Adair.

⁴¹⁷: François Horace Bastien, Comte de Sebastiani (1772 - 1851) French soldier and diplomat, veteran of Marengo, Austerlitz, and the Peninsular and Russian campaigns. Ambassador to Turkey 1806-7, just before B. and H. went there; referred to glancingly in the notes to *Childe Harold*; subsequently ambassador to London, where B. and H. meet him. See 29 Dec 1815.

⁴¹⁸: Sir John Thomas Duckworth (1748-1817) English Admiral. In January 1807 his fleet bombarded Constantinople with a view to forcing the Dardanelles, but had to withdraw.

⁴¹⁹: Sir Robert Adair (1763-1855) English ambassador to Constantinople during B.'s and H.'s stay there in 1810.

⁴²⁰: See 16 May 1810, and the quotation from *Don Leon* there printed.

⁴²¹: An obole had to be paid to Charon before he would ferry the dead over the Styx (it was put in the corpse's mouth).

⁴²²: Unidentified.

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who was standing, and heard two officers say “Il est poli – ah! ce qui voyage le sont – nous auront de morales”.

Walking into the Palais Royale afterwards, I saw a fellow walking about with a large paper extinguisher⁴²³ to laugh at the *chevalier de l'éteignoir*. The man at Delaunay's *galerie de bois*⁴²⁴ observed to me on this that the French were a fickle people – it is a remark which no-one hesitates to make. Late events have forced this truth upon them – within this day or two I have observed on the boulevards pictures of the royal family, and bouquets of pensées (flowers) exposed – “ils vivent dans nos pensées” – to answer to Napoleon's violets; also wafers, representing Louis XVIII. However, during the reign of Louis, I hear that pictures of the little King of Rome at prayers for his papa were common. The liberty seems strange in France. I drink tea with Dame Wallis.

Tuesday May 2nd 1815:⁴²⁵ I walked with Macnamara to the Foreign Office, and told them I determined to stay; then, or rather before, called on Mrs Damer, who gave an account of an interview she had yesterday with Napoleon.

Three years ago she sent a bust of Mr Fox by herself to Paris for the Emperor. The man who brought it got into disgrace – the bust was not delivered. She comes to Paris just as Napoleon comes, and contrives to find her bust, which is unaltered except that the inscription, *Napoleon Empereur et Roi*, is scratched out. She contrives to get it presented through Denon – she is at first mistaken for an artist who wants to sell it – the appointment was for the Elysée Napoleon at ten – she goes there, and waits till twelve, when she is shown through a dark passage into a room in which she finds Napoleon standing at a table, on which stood the bust. The Queen of Holland was standing at a little distance. Napoleon received her very graciously; he said the bust not only showed the face of Mr Fox, but the mind: “It was the man”. He praised the original, said had he lived much blood would have been saved.

He talked of his own pictures – Mrs Damer told him she had seen none like him. He asked if she had seen Canova's naked statue – she said yes, but did not think it resembling, nor good – “You are right,” he said. He asked her opinion of David – they talked ten minutes – he asked her to what family she belonged – she said the chief of her father and mother's were the Dukes of Argyle and Somerset. This, she said, he contrived to ask to do away the mistake respecting her trade in marble. He asked about the story of the Duke

⁴²³: Anti-royalist joke.

⁴²⁴: Location unidentified.

⁴²⁵: On this day a fete is given by the Imperial guard to the National guard on the Champ de Mars, after which all proceeded to the Tuileries and thence to the Place Vendôme, where a bust of the Emperor is unveiled. H. misses all this; but describes it at *Letters* I 277-8.

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of Bedford – knew his name was Russell. The Queen Hortense spoke not at all. She (Mrs Damer) curtsied backwards out of the room. Napoleon asked her when she came to Paris. She answered, “About the same time as your Majesty”. He smiled, and added, “N’avez-vous pas peur de moi?” to which she answered, “Non, Sire – les grands hommes n’effrayent pas”, an answer with which he was satisfied, and which was passable for Sappho.⁴²⁶

Macnamara dined with me at Massinot’s, and we walked to the Théâtre rue St Martin, where I lodged him in a box with some Countess Regnaud, whom he [had] found willing the first evening, and then returned.

Going through the rue Richelieu I was boarded by a woman who made me several singular propositions *à la Justine*, beginning with the most brutal.

I came home and wrote a political letter to nobody.

Wednesday May 3rd 1815: Wrote letters to Sir Benjamin and Kinnaird, and sent them, together with *Opinions d’un homme libre sur la Constitution*, to England by Macnamara, whom I saw off in the diligence for Calais – and had an *égarement* in my way back.⁴²⁷

Today’s *Moniteur* contains an account of the preparations made for the military defence of France and the fortifying Montmartre and near Paris with three hundred pieces of cannon. I walked about looking at lodgings – in which article I have been woefully cheated here, paying 280 francs for the bad rooms instead of 150 for good ones.

I then dined with myself at Massinot’s, read the *Moniteur*, which contains the address of the city to the commons, and also read the *Independant*, a new newspaper which sets out in a strange taste, abusing all the other papers and giving a singular account of the dramatic works of four months, which if you believe him have been almost all worth nothing, and hissed off the stage. The *Independant* criticises a paper for making use of the word *assimilé*, the continuation of which style it says will ensure its death and burial in a fortnight. It speaks freely enough on government matters.

I walked about with Gaudelle today, whom I dislike more as I know him, and with Dame Wallis, who is mad, and with Colonel Wardle, who had an interview of an hour today with the Duke of Bassano, who asked him how he liked the Constitution, and if he did not find it very like the English.

After dinner I came home and wrote journal till ten o’clock. I found an Englishwoman in a lodging house here, who told me most extravagant stories of the certain success of the Bourbons, and that Louis had dated his return here to the 15th – that Lille had surrendered, that 10,000 men had gone over, and that Napoleon had scarce a friend in Paris. The woman has

⁴²⁶: Napoleon gave Mrs Damer a diamond snuff-box containing his portrait. It is now in the B.M.

⁴²⁷: Meaning unclear.

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communication with St Maloes,⁴²⁸ and I have little doubt it is from her and hers our government get some of this French news.

Thursday May 4th 1815: I called on Lady Kinnaird; there I met Latour Maubourg and Lascour – the latter confessed that there were 40,000 noble families in France who were doing everything to repress the general spirit in favour of Napoleon. I saw young Trasit⁴²⁹ there – he is going down to his department to be elected deputy to the new convention, for so in fact these too may be called. The edict of Monday gives great content, I see. The alteration which allows of discussing the Constitution, makes the assembly a convention. Latour Maubourg wishes to be elected, and Lascour would if he could, but being of the Maison du Roi he thinks it impossible.

Called on Bonpland, dined at Massinot's, walked about the Palais Royal with Baron Gaudelle, who gave me an insight into the impurities thereof by some pleasant confessions touching himself. He said it was impossible to say how many *coup de fruettes* were at that moment distributing within a hundred yards. He said he knew a woman who for four years took a caramel of chocolate *à la crème* every Sunday morning *διανα βαλλσ εις το στομα του δεινα*⁴³⁰ – I went to Dame Wallis and tea'd.

Friday May 5th 1815: Intended to keep an appointment at one, but went to 34 George Street in a hurry to see Lord Kinnaird, who received me with an agreeable retinue of manner, and, having much to tell, told me nothing, except that all England was mad and that war would be made. He lectured me upon taking for public opinion, the ones of the Palais Royal and the sentiments of half a dozen *frondeurs*. He was delighted with the Constitution, and said they in England were – praised the hereditary peers, and assured all those who attacked the Constitution were *frondeurs* before – Maubourg and all.

Yet for all this, he was unable to account for the change by the decree of Monday last, to which, in fact, Napoleon was forced by public opinion. Lascour told me that at one notary's the constitutional act had only eight votes to it, at another's only two. People did not like to vote against for fear of being marked.

Madame Damer came in and told us of an interview between the Emperor and Sismondi on the subject of his essays in the *Moniteur* on the Constitution – he praised the English nation for their character, said they thought more, and were more steady than the French. Said he should never forget their conduct to him at Elba.

⁴²⁸: Detail used at *Letters* I 30.

⁴²⁹: Trasit unidentified.

⁴³⁰: H. probably intends *διαβαλλω εις το στομα το δεινα* ("thrust it into her privy part"); for *το δεινα* as a euphemism for *το αιδοιον*, see Aristophanes, *Archarnians* 1149.

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I walked about all day. Dined with myself. Went to Variétés – came and sat with Dame Wallis.

On a motion for peace by Whitbread, there were only 72 for it, and 278 against it.

Lord Kinnaird says he believes Castlereagh has cheated his colleagues, and kept back facts from them.

Wellesley is decidedly for peace.

Saturday May 6th 1815: I see that the greater part of my review on Leake is in the *Edinburgh* for February.⁴³¹

Got up twelve – breakfasting, hear troops marching and singing. Went out, and found volunteers going to the army, singing the Marseillaise with a verse about “Marchons, Marchons! le grand Napoleon!” Peasants with mustachios of their former service, and who have found an agricultural life too ungrand, are happy to rejoin the armée – they are in fact volunteers. There are decrees on the walls – extracts from the *Moniteur* about the formation of *francs corps*.

I bought several pamphlets – and a reason for a negative to the Constitution by Sa F.P. de Kergorlay,⁴³² who gave it in at the Prefecture of Police, in which he says he thinks the return of the Bourbons necessary for the happiness of France. Two hundred of them were bought by one person, and distributed *gratis* – also a caricature against Napoleon.

In the Emperor’s conversation with Sismondi he said that the English were just the contrary of the Kings of Europe. They had admired and courted him only in his adversity. He complained of these Kings, but added, to be sure, “Je les ai un peu mystifié moi-même.” He said, upon Sismondi’s remarking on the exploit of coming to Paris and dissembling his plans so well, “Je n’eu aucun autre mente que d’avoir bien deviné la situation de la France”. He said, “I am a child of the revolution – and a friend to all liberal ideas – I confess I sometimes wandered from them in the height of my glory – but I wandered from them without losing my respect for them. The French will wait for nothing. They must always be in motion – you can reason them into anything, but patience and perseverance – not so the English”.

I dined at Massinot’s – went to Variétés – tea at Dame Wallis.

Sunday May 7th 1815: Took carriage and drove to pay visits. Napoleon reviewed today in the Tuileries. Dined with Lord Kinnaird, Bruce, and Mrs

⁴³¹: The review of William Martin Leake’s *Researches in Greece* is in the February 1815 *Edinburgh Review* (XLVIII) pp. 353-69. It refers to H. in the third person, and ends by querying Leake’s querying of the account of the revolt against Sultan Selim II in *Travels*. B. had sketched an opening to it, which was never used (CMP 48-50).

⁴³²: Louis Florian Paul, Comte de Kergorlay (1769-1856). His pamphlet is reproduced at *Letters* II, App, XLII.

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Damer at Lord Kinnaird's – learnt nothing, but that the Duke of Bassano was going to resign when the King's household was banished.

Went in the evening to the Princess Jablanouski – still in doubt about going to Geneva or Calais or staying here.

Monday May 8th 1815: In direful doubt – called on Kinnaird with *Edinburgh Review*, part of an article in which on France I have read – very good – my own review has nearly all the Greek misprinted.

Dispositions continue to be taken for fortifying Paris and Lyons.

Dine at Massinot's – write to Byron⁴³³ whose wife, I hear, is in the family way – and Lord Wentworth⁴³⁴ dead. Evening at Madame Wallis, who told story of her discovering a man, Lord Somebody, at the Quen Square school, where she was. Wardle tells me Sismondi confesses that as much as possible is to be got from the Emperor – they must get as much of the republic as they can from him – this looks like suspicion.

Tuesday May 9th 1815: Wardle called, and told me that Burdett had a mind once to be Prime Minister, and thought the Whigs would act under him. Lord Cochrane has told Wardle he will dip his handkerchief in Ellenborough's⁴³⁵ blood. Wardle heard Cochrane propose to defend Burdett's house with a swivel against the sergeant-at-arms. He had been at the Tower all night, and had found out a drain by which he could blow it up and get at the arms – he mentioned this to Burdett and Wardle.

Called on Lady Kinnaird, where I saw usual company. Lascour read to Maubourg with glee a letter of Carnot's to the prefects, telling them he had heard with anger that letters were opened by government agents, and those who did it would be punished incontinently.

I walked about – dined at Beauvilliers – tea'd with Dame Wallis. Wrote to Byron⁴³⁶ congratulating him on Wardle's dev[] and his poesies.⁴³⁷

Wednesday May 10th 1815: Lost morning writing answer to Sismondi. Dined at Massinot's. In evening, went to Lady Kinnaird's rout, where were Duchess Bassano and Vicenza. The beautiful Cazzani, *qui touche, dit on*, Madame Perrigeaux, Madame Laladie, and other beauties. Lady Kinnaird did what she could to break the *circle*, but did not succeed. Latour Maubourg allowed that everyone in the room was a demirep,⁴³⁸ and said we had seen no

⁴³³: BB 201-4.

⁴³⁴: Note on Wentworth pending.

⁴³⁵: Edward Law, 1st Baron Ellenborough (1750-1818) Lord Chief Justice.

⁴³⁶: BB 201-4(??).

⁴³⁷: Last word could be “promises”. Neither alternative matches the content of H.'s letter.

⁴³⁸: A demi-rep was “a woman whom everybody knows to be what nobody calls her” (Fielding; OED).

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good French female society – all *parvenues* but the Duchess of Vicenza – hence their cold manners. They are obliged to have extreme words.

I was introduced to Talma and to Denon – the former a good-natured man, acting a little when he talks – the same quick eye and eager hand. He told me that when Napoleon first came back he mentioned to him his intention of going to England and that the Emperor said, “By all means” – but that at a second audience he said, “You had better wait a little, times are doubtful”. Talma talks English very well indeed, though he has not been in England these thirty years.⁴³⁹ He does not look above forty. He talked of the impossibility of the Allies entering France.

Denon, a little man, curly grey hair, bald head. He was very civil respecting the note I wrote to him. He told me that Mrs Damer said to Napoleon, who asked her if she had not been afraid of him, “Non – Ce ne sont que les petits hommes qui m’affrayent”, which, says Denon, “Was a *polizonerie*, but which the Emperor took as it was meant, in his good-natured way, and was very pleased with it he told me”.

We had a supper at Lady Kinnaird’s. Latour Maubourg told me an anecdote of the late Queen of Sweden and the Abbess of Limborck, the Queen’s sister. The late King (Gustavus Adolphus’s father) wanted an heir – he had particular reasons of his own for not making one himself, and applied to the Duke of Sudermanica, his brother. “Nay,” said the Duke, “you have the pleasures, you ought to have the pains of royalty – but our sister, the Abbess of Limborck, has a child every eighteen months – we can contrive to settle the crown on one of her infants”. This was agreed to. The Queen pretended a pregnancy, whilst the Abbess endured a real big belly. Everything was prepared – the Queen was in bed in state surrounded with ladies and courtiers and physicians, according to custom. The King at her side – the child was to be brought in clandestinely by the Duke, who arrived at last, but with a melancholy face – and communicated to the King, “Alas, the Abbess is brought to bed of a mulatto!” The horror of his majesty need not be described – he rushes to his sister’s room – upbraids he, almost beats her – “Ah!” said she, “I could not help it – I was in hopes it would not have been *Domingo’s*!” It is allowed that Gustavus Adolphus is the son of Baron Monk.

In today’s *Moniteur* appears a report of Fouché’s, and a decree of the Emperor, denouncing ye pains and penalties of the old Imperial constitution against all abettors of the white flag and the Bourbons, and mentioning the disturbances which in several places have been exerted by them. A general was arrested today. This measure comes oddly enough after Carnot’s letter of yesterday, which by the way I did not see in the *Moniteur*.

Young de Staël⁴⁴⁰ told me that he thought Castlereagh 10,000 [times] a better statesman than any on the continent, and that France would be happy

⁴³⁹: Talma had been brought up in England.

⁴⁴⁰: Note pending.

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if she would ever get a House of Commons [as] bad as ours, but men who would take a bit of ribbon to their button-holes disdained to be elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Some have refused to serve upon being elected. I see that *propriétaires* (“freeholders,” as Sismondi called them to me) and *fabricants, maires*, and people attached to the courts, are chosen. Lafayette⁴⁴¹ is chosen, however. Lascour tells me that many cannot serve on account of the expected return of the Bourbons, and that the old *noblesse* disdain to serve. We broke up at three at Lady Kinnaird’s – a pleasant day. Benjamin Constant there – they call him “Benjamin” sometimes.

Thursday May 11th 1815: Writing bad French in the morning. Walked out to Neuilly *barrière*. Returning, observed the sports of the French city – footballs, and long tennis,⁴⁴² which except in this orderly country could never be played – the older *gentlemen* playing at church-farthing.⁴⁴³ The Champs Elysée a lively sight. Dined at Massinot’s – fine day for first time.

Went at evening to Madame Souza’s, where I got unwittingly into talk with Sismondi, and mentioned his own name to him. He argued about the Constitution, which he has defended – affected to the hereditary peers – appears not so pleasant in talk as in print with things – owned that it was the business of the republicans to get what they could from Napoleon, who, after all, might be too hard for them. Lascour inveighed – I did not – to say when we asked him to what the country must revert if the Constitution is refused, and was obliged to own, to the old constitution. Lascour told me that he doubted if the Champ de Mai would take place – the representatives rendered it unnecessary for the electors to appear, only to examine the votes, which might be a million, perhaps, in all France. In short, the acceptance of the Constitution by votes is a farce. The director of the posts was there – he said, the communication with England was reopened. A gentleman read a note he had received hid in a bag of money, giving an account of a battle gained by Murat⁴⁴⁴ at Fourli. Of Lord William Bentinck’s⁴⁴⁵ quitting Italy, and the English headquarters being broke up.

Rumours also of Geneva having hoisted the tricoloured flag – Wellington has proclaimed he shall shoot any soldier who puts his foot in the French

⁴⁴¹: Marie Joseph Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Morier, Marquis de La Fayette (1757-1834) independent soldier who fought in both American and French revolutions.

⁴⁴²: Note on long tennis pending.

⁴⁴³: Note on church-farthing pending.

⁴⁴⁴: Murat advanced north (an action deplored by Napoleon, and interpreted by many as an attempt to liberate Italy before Napoleon did) but was defeated by the Austrians at Torlentino on May 2nd / 3rd. He then offered himself as cavalry commander to Napoleon, who refused him. He was hounded by the Austrians, and shot on 13 Oct 1815. See *Letters* I 370-3.

⁴⁴⁵: Lord William Cavendish Bentinck (1774-1839). Drove the French from Genoa in 1814 and gave the city to Sardinia.

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territory – this is told from telegraph in the *Moniteur* – cannon fired yesterday for Napoleon’s visit to the Invalides ...

Friday May 12th 1815: Write journal from Tuesday – walk about and call dine at the Rocher de Cançale, after buying a book of gourmand songs, sung by a club that dines there every twentieth of the month – they seem good – are chiefly written by actors who compose the club. One would think they were determined drinkers, but the waiter told me that they sat but a little time after dinner. They compose a journal called *l’Épicurien français*. The waiter told me, after looking round to see if there were any listeners, that he had served the campaigns in Spain, and was at the battle of Talavera and fought against Wellington – “Wellesley et tous ses Messieurs”.

I sat in the evening with Dame Wallis.

Saturday May 13th 1815: Called on Lady Kinnaird. Met Bruce there. Walked about with him at Very’s in the Tuileries. Went in the evening to Madame de Coigny’s, where was a very pleasant party – Lady Kinnaird, Monsieur de Chauvelier,⁴⁴⁶ a beautiful Madame —, sister of de Tracy’s,⁴⁴⁷ who gave us an outline of *Anatole*, Madame Gay’s last novel.⁴⁴⁸ I find Mrs Opie, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs Inchbald,⁴⁴⁹ and our story-writers are all known in Paris. Chamlin⁴⁵⁰ a libertine. Whilst Madame was telling the tale, he said aloud, “*Quelle figure! quels yeux!*”

Lady Kinnaird told us that she was first who told Madame Talleyrand⁴⁵¹ of Napoleon’s landing. They were going to ride in the Bois de Boulogne, but Madame Talleyrand turned upstairs again, went into her cabinet, threw herself on her couch, tore open her clothes, and said, “Je serai la première victime!” – “Ah!” said Benjamin Constant, “Pourquoi se donner ces pretensions-là?”

Monsieur Benjamin was drole this evening – they talked of some conspiracy at the court of Ghent – he said, Blacas should write to Talleyrand saying “Pends-tu, brave Crillon – there has been a piece of treachery, and thou wert not in it!” This is the only reference to history and similar application of it in conversation that I have heard in France.⁴⁵² Lascour and

⁴⁴⁶: de Chauvelier unidentified.

⁴⁴⁷: Aristocratic beauty unidentified.

⁴⁴⁸: *Anatole* (1815) third novel of Marie Françoise Sophie Michault de Lavalette, Madame Gay (1776-1852); the mother of Delphine Gay.

⁴⁴⁹: Amelia Opie (1769-1853) Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) and Elizabeth Inchbald (1753-1821) English novelists.

⁴⁵⁰: Chamlin unidentified.

⁴⁵¹: Talleyrand’s wife was Catherine Noel Worlée (1762-1835) whose previous lovers had included Sir Philip Francis, supposed author of the Letters of Junius.

⁴⁵²: Note on Crillon pending.

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Maubourg were there, also a Madame Girardin,⁴⁵³ who says that after God she loves the King. I could not help saying once afterwards to Lady Kinnaird that, *d'après ses yeux*, I should think there was someone she loved better than either. She told me she had written home exactly the same thing to Mrs Hope.⁴⁵⁴

I came home to my new lodgings, N° 334 rue St Honoré, which I have taken at 200 francs per month – *conge* and *nouris*.

Sunday May 14th 1815: I went at two to the Tuileries palings. and saw the blackguards of St Antoine and St Marceau, who have *fédérés* to the number of 30,000,⁴⁵⁵ and who, to the number of 12,000 according to a request made two days ago to Napoleon, were ranged in order of battle in the place de Caroussel, and marched before the Emperor, who also went between their lines – the shouting was perpetual. Many had dustmen hats on. Bruce tells me that as they were going along the rue Napoléon they cried out, “À bas les royalistes! à bas la <crapule> canaille!” A man said to Bruce, “C’est vrai, nous sommes la canaille – ils sont la crapule!”⁴⁵⁶ In their *proclamation fédérative* they demand arms, and say they wish to serve as *éclairceurs* to the National Guard in case the enemy presents itself to the city again. This step hits at the National Guard, which indeed is peaceably inclined, and gave no great proofs of d[]n to French glory when the Allies arrived. I have a pamphlet stating the necessity of reorganising this guard – these fauxbourgs commenced the revolution – the timorous begin to shrug up their shoulders.

The Emperor afterwards reviewed some troops of the line, 65th and 2nd regiments. Some of the young guard, who looked like troops of the line, and the tall, red-feathered Imperial Guard – I paid fifty sous for a place on a table – saw Napoleon ride to the right of the line, and get off his horse. Then I walked about the Tuileries gardens, where troops of girls were dancing whilst the federates of the fauxbourgs were figuring on the other side of the palace.

À propos, I see the *Journal de l’Empire* says that the cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” were added [to] by the federates [with] other shouts, which they would have wished not to hear, and which recalled epochs too famous. I stood at one of the gates towards the river and saw the cavalry of the Guard

⁴⁵³: Wife (probably) of the Comte Alexandre Louis Robert de Girardin (1776-1855) a prominent royalist.

⁴⁵⁴: Wife of Thomas Hope (1769-1831) interior designer and author of the exotic novel *Anastasis*.

⁴⁵⁵: For “blackguards” read “men from poor areas”. The volunteer *fédérations* were from St-Denis, St-Martin, St-Antoine and St-Marcel; they presented themselves as *tirailleurs* (sharpshooters) to precede and protect the National Guard. Napoleon neutralised the threat they represented by going unprotected amongst them and promising them arms (he gave them 3,500 muskets, but no ammunition).

⁴⁵⁶: Conversation discreetly paraphrased at *Letters* I 222.

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rush out, the lancers, the mamelukes, the dragoons, the horse grenadiers – superb regiments – then went into the colonnade of the Tuileries, which was soon opened to the people, and saw Joseph⁴⁵⁷ and Lucien⁴⁵⁸ in their *cordons* come down from the audience and step into the carriage. Lucien was in spectacles as I saw him at Cagliari.⁴⁵⁹ He was here when the Emperor first came, but the Emperor quarrelled with [him] again, and would not admit his wife to be a princess – the original source of their animosity it seems they have adjusted matters, for Lucien is now an Imperial prince – has the *grand cordon* – and lives in the Palais Royale in the Duke of Orleans' apartments – so much for the republican.

I dined next to Bruce at Very's, then walked about the Tuileries with him – went to his rooms – heard some strange stories of a friend of mine's imprudent behaviour at a certain distant country, and told a most determined falsehood to save him.⁴⁶⁰

Went with Bruce to the Café Montansier, where saw the same scene as before, except that the Emperor's bust is placed two feet higher than before. The most jocose song was a play upon his nickname of Nicholas.

In today's *Moniteur* is a most curious account of a forgery of some letters by Blacas and Talleyrand, which Castlereagh has been reading for authentic in the House of Commons in the debate relative to Naples.⁴⁶¹ “Any English *of distinction* who are at Paris are invited to verify the forgeries by a sight of the original minutes” – – –

Monday May 15th 1815: Tyler called, and Gaudelle Renny,⁴⁶² who is a great rogue – [he] has cheated Dame Wallis out of fifty pounds, and had the impudence to ask her to lend him fifty pounds more to go to Marseilles for her other fifty pounds. I took a letter to Byron,⁴⁶³ including one to Harriet, and two for Sierakouski to Lady Kinnaird, who will dispatch them to

⁴⁵⁷: Joseph Bonaparte 1768-1844) Napoleon's eldest brother, made by him King of Spain.

⁴⁵⁸: Bonaparte's fourth brother.

⁴⁵⁹: On his return from Malta on 14 Aug 1810.

⁴⁶⁰: Bruce tells stories of B.'s homosexual activities in Athens; H., knowing them to be true, refutes them.

⁴⁶¹: Castlereagh had read the doctored letters to the Commons on May 2nd; they were intended to blacken Murat's name with a view to removing him from the throne of Naples. *Letters* I 381-400 deals with the matter in detail, and concludes with a note added after Murat's death had been reported. H. inspects the letters on 23 May 1815.

⁴⁶²: “Tenny” (Ms.)

⁴⁶³: There is no letter in BB for this date.

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England by Adams,⁴⁶⁴ American. I called on Dame Damer, who has had a present from Napoleon.⁴⁶⁵

I walked about with Luttrell, who entertained me for two hours, then walked in the Palais Royal, then dined at Massinot's, then called on Dame Wallis, and heard her curious adventures.

She owned her brother Bob⁴⁶⁶ used her ill – made her marry a man she did not like,⁴⁶⁷ and whom she was going to break with at the church door, until he consented to let her take her pug dog to the altar. She was sold by a woman of fashion to Colonel Bosville at fifteen,⁴⁶⁸ and secondly sold by Robert Wilson to Colonel Bayly Wallis. She fitted out Robert Wilson as a volunteer to Flanders, lent him money afterwards to purchase his majority, and received in payment his order to marry a man she did not like. She was in love with Colonel Walker,⁴⁶⁹ who was killed at Talavera.⁴⁷⁰ When a girl, she borrowed five hundred pounds of a man in Doctors' Commons to get her brother out of it – she never saw the man until many years afterwards, and could not get him to take any interest. She struck her guardian, who wanted to take the five hundred pounds out of her hand, and was brought up before the Chancellor Thurlow,⁴⁷¹ for so doing, and reprimanded – she said she'd do it again. Colonel Bosville gave, or was to give, £2,000 for her – the woman is a minister's wife.

I went to Madame de Coigny's, where was an agreeable party – Lord Kinnaird there, spoilt a little – he is dreadfully selfish – his wife charming. Benjamin Constant talked about the Constitution, and said that 629 men of any kind collected together could not fail of doing good – he is a droll. I see in the *Moniteur* that it is necessary to advertise the public that the meeting of the deputies does not annul the meeting of the Champ de Mai – I think therefore that the Champ de Mai will have no place. I differ with Constant, and asked him if he recalled Cromwell's Barebones parliament. He said, "Il n'est pas question de Cromwell".⁴⁷²

I bought a pamphlet recommending the exile of all the nobles of France who have not served since the revolution, and their punishment – also I

⁴⁶⁴: This could be John Quincy Adams (1767-1848) sixth President of the United States, who was in Paris during the Hundred Days; he was American ambassador in London from 1815 to 1817.

⁴⁶⁵: The diamond snuff-box.

⁴⁶⁶: Sir Robert Wilson.

⁴⁶⁷: General Lewis Bayly Wallis.

⁴⁶⁸: She had previously married a Colonel Bosville in 1793.

⁴⁶⁹: Colonel Walker unidentified.

⁴⁷⁰: Peninsular War battle, 28th July 1809.

⁴⁷¹: Edward, 1st Baron Thurlow (1731-1806) Lord Chancellor.

⁴⁷²: Detail used at *Letters* I 436, without naming Constant as the speaker.

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bought a pamphlet written by Comte,⁴⁷³ on the impossibility of establishing a constitutional government under a military despotism, especially under Napoleon – written, I suppose before he came. Home half-past twelve.

Tuesday May 16th 1815: Wrote journal from Friday. I must not forget that Napoleon told Macnamara that if the Allies endeavoured to remove him from Elba, he would defend himself to the last drop of his blood, and that they would find it difficult to drive his grenadiers out of his castle – they would die for him. By the way, all his Elbese guard have received the Legion of Honour – which amongst other things gets the attention of the sentries who carry arms to those who wear it.

Luttrell, Bruce, and I dined at Very's, Palais Royale, after which I walked about.

Wednesday May 17th 1815: Wrote a little in the morning. Walked about, dined at Very's, went in the evening, after doing a deed disgraceful enough,⁴⁷⁴ to Lady Kinnaird's, where was a party as before, and supper. Moutron⁴⁷⁵ told the story of his treatment at Besançon – he took a letter from Fouché, couched in these words: "I beg to recommend to your notice, Monsieur Moutron, so-and-so . . ." Moutron wanted to be elected deputy. The prefect read the letter, and either wilfully or otherwise pretended he was a suspected person recommended to his notice, and instead of electing him sent him back, guarded, to Paris. Maubourg was agreeable as usual. A Monsieur de Bassan⁴⁷⁶ was enlightening us on the subject of England – it is astonishing how ignorant the French are on these topics.

Thursday May 18th 1815: In this day's *Moniteur* appears an Imperial decree ordering all the royal volunteers to present themselves before sundry generals instantly, and join the Imperial armies – also commanding them immediately to fill up their offers of money and horses, made to the King, for the Emperor's service. This seems to me a hard measure, but it may be found necessary to remove the King's friends from Paris.⁴⁷⁷ I wrote a little bad French, dined with Bruce at the Very, went with him to the Française, saw Talma in *Britannicus*,⁴⁷⁸ and afterwards Thenard⁴⁷⁹ in *Scapin*⁴⁸⁰ –

⁴⁷³: Auguste Comte was seventeen years old at this time.

⁴⁷⁴: Deed unidentified; but H. does it again on 19 May.

⁴⁷⁵: Perhaps Georges Mouton (sic) Comte de Lobau (1770-1838) who fought at Waterloo and was exiled.

⁴⁷⁶: Bassan unidentified.

⁴⁷⁷: Discussed at *Letters* I 215-16.

⁴⁷⁸: Tragedy by Racine (1669).

⁴⁷⁹: Pierre Thenard (1779-1838) comic actor.

⁴⁸⁰: *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, comedy by Molière (1671).

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Britannicus is tiresome and unnatural – I understand Molière much better than modern French, I think.⁴⁸¹

Walked about the Palais Royale. Dear me – forgot to put down that Bruce and I went to the Institute.⁴⁸² It was the inauguration of Monsieur Aignan,⁴⁸³ translator of Homer, who read the eulogy of Bernardin de St Pierre,⁴⁸⁴ his predecessor – this eulogy was continued by the President, Monsieur⁴⁸⁵ who was frequently applauded, especially when he alluded to the Emperor's granting the freedom of the press, and when he said that he renounced foreign conquest and vanquished himself. The laurel crowned statue of Napoleon is replaced since I saw the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia &c. received.

Monsieur Duval⁴⁸⁶ then read a scene of a comedy reasoned according to the ancient style, as he said, in a grave way,⁴⁸⁷ against ambition – he gave us an outline of his comedy and introduced this (sort of) hit. It ends with the remuneration of the modest merit of⁴⁸⁸ a species of justice not unfrequently to be found ——— “*dans nos comedies.*”

The President had declared Monsieur Duval would finish the sitting, but after Duval had done, said aloud the Prince Lucien would read an ode on the Odyssey.⁴⁸⁹ Accordingly, Lucien advanced with his grand *cordon* and spectacles, not just as he was on board the American merchantman at Cagliari, mounted the tribune, and after prefacing with a short account of the doubts thrown upon the author of the Odyssey in England and Germany, read the most prosaic stuff put into the mouths of Homer and Calliope I ever heard.⁴⁹⁰ The assembly looked grave, but applauded at the end – could they do less for an Emperor's brother who condescends to subject himself to their sneers?

The papers say he was applauded throughout, which is false, and that he mixed modestly with his *confrères* going out, which is true. Regnaud St Jean

⁴⁸¹: See 13 May 1811.

⁴⁸²: The Institut had had a chequered history since the revolution. It was known at this time as the Institut Imperial de France. See 25 Jan 1814.

⁴⁸³: Étienne Aignan (1773-1824). He translated not only the *Iliad* (1809) but also Pope's *Essay on Criticism* and Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

⁴⁸⁴: Jacques Henri Bernardin de St Pierre (1737-1814) author of *Paul et Virginie*.

⁴⁸⁵: Ms. gap. President unidentified.

⁴⁸⁶: Alexandre Vincent Pineux Duval (1767-1842) dramatist.

⁴⁸⁷: The work is a discreetly anti-tyrannical comedy called *La Manie de Grandeur* (1817).

⁴⁸⁸: Ms gap.

⁴⁸⁹: “Odysee” (Ms.) Lucien had, while alienated from his brother, composed an anti-Bonapartist poem, *Charlemagne*.

⁴⁹⁰: Lucien's current work is called simply *l'Odysee*, and is against the detractors of Homer.

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d'Angely in all his ribbons was there. A Monsieur St Martin⁴⁹¹ of the Foreign Office came out with us, and laughed heartily at Prince Lucien's poesy. He talked very freely indeed of his brother – said that on his return from Leipzig he gave himself up to laziness – slept half the day, and sent for girls.⁴⁹² He is different now – he reviews troops at seven in the morning almost every day. This St Martin is the only man I have met with who seems to know anything of English literature. I did not go to Madame Souza's.

Friday May 19th 1815: I called, after writing bad French against Sismondi and [], on Madame de Coigny, where I saw Lascour in bad spirits about the Royal Volunteers, of which he is one.

He told a story in today's *Journal de l'Empire* of a Captain Saint-Claire of the line, member of the Legion of Honour, who stabbed himself before a council of war upon having sentence pronounced upon him for murdering a girl – Keric Macker, called "La Belle Hollandaise". The judge said "St Claire, vous avez manqué de l'honneur". The young man jumped from the bench and said, "Jamais!" – then stabbed himself – he took off his Cross of the Legion of Honour himself, and was carried away dying to the Abbaye. His counsel, in pleading, said a report had gone abroad that his client had murdered the girl upon the principles which had entered into the head of that monster who had finished his disgraceful existence amongst the madmen of Charenton. This is the famous de Sade, author of *Justine*.⁴⁹³ I have little doubt of St Claire being a disciple of de Sade's, and the advocate, mentioning the matter, shows how far the thing has gone in France. de Sade gave Courthande to a whole party at a ball, and then debauched his sister-in-law.⁴⁹⁴ In the Fauxbourg St Antoine there was a club *à la Justine*, which was discovered, but for the honour of the nation all the details were concealed, and except de Sade, who I believe was then sent to Charenton, nobody punished.

I walked about, dined at Very's, met young de Staël, who on my complaining against Napoleon's making his proclamations pass for law, said "Aye, very true. I suppose you have heard how he served my mother by proclaiming the grant of her two millions of francs null and void – this was ridiculous, but it was nature". He laughed at the part Lord Kinnaird has played here. I called on Bonpland, who told me of the effect of Napoleon's embodying the National Guard *mobilière*, which he said takes ten times as many as the old conscription – at Malmaison only eight used to be conscripted – now sixty have marched as *mobilières*. The prefect writes to the *maire* for a list of all those between twenty and forty – and a designation

⁴⁹¹: St Martin unidentified.

⁴⁹²: In fact he had, on the night of April 13th 1814, attempted suicide by poison.

⁴⁹³: Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade (1740-1814) published his novel *Justine* in 1791. Though not the first sadist, he gave his name to the vice.

⁴⁹⁴: See 23 Oct 1816.

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of them: bachelors, married, childed and childless. Receiving the list, the prefect returns for answer, "You will use your discretion in sending so many of each class to such spot". This is not the conscription which took off the young from seventeen, but without terrifying by designating any, takes *all*. The old military are not comprised – they march by another decree or invitation, so that Napoleon's disposable force will be immense.

After my visit to Bonpland I repeated the folly of Wednesday – walked about, &c. Came home. Spain has declared war against France. Bonpland tells me there are 15,000 Spaniards in Paris.

Saturday May 20th 1815: Letter from Kinnaird⁴⁹⁵ – he tells me he and Byron are managers of Drury Lane – he wants me to send him farces &c. from France. I think of the *Pie Voleuse*,⁴⁹⁶ which is now running at St Martin Theatre. That instant, comes in Luttrell, and tells me the *Pie* has been translated by Lucius Concannen⁴⁹⁷ and is ready for transportation. Luttrell owns to me that he is annoyed by the devils-in-waiting sometimes – the natural consequence of a man who does nothing as he says, and who has no object in life. I must mention that the Royal Volunteers are called upon only in certain divisions in the south, and that the decree which summons them is dated April 19th – and now it appears for the first time, in a communication from Toulouse.

I called on Lady Kinnaird – whilst talking with her, the beautiful Duchess of Bassano came in, and put myself in a flurry – why, God knows. Luttrell, Bruce, and I dined at Very's. I write letters, to Byron⁴⁹⁸ and Kinnaird, till late – called on Dame Wallis – did not go to Madame Coigny's.

Sunday May 21st 1815: Wardle called. Tells me one Hauteuil is taken up as a spy, and suspects he was employed by Castlereagh to watch Wardle.

Luttrell came – we walked together to the Champ de Mars, and got in by paying two francs, and being called *amateurs*, into the half-finished building⁴⁹⁹ – lath and painting I think, pretty – five sides of a decagon, throne &c. in face, projecting from the military school, curiously enough in face of

⁴⁹⁵: Douglas Kinnaird.

⁴⁹⁶: *La Pie Voleuse, ou la Servante de Palaiseau*, mélodramme by Louis Charles Caigniez (1762-1842) and Jean Marie Théodore Baudouin d'Aubigny, first performed 1815.

⁴⁹⁷: "Concannen Lucius" (Ms; see BLJ IV 315). The play had already been put on at Covent Garden in 1814 in a translation by John Howard Payne; another version, called *The Magpie*, not by Concannen but by T.J.Dibdin, was mounted at Drury Lane on 12 Sept 1815. Subsequently an opera by Rossini (*La Gazza Ladra*, 1817) H sees it at Venice on 29 Dec 1817.

⁴⁹⁸: BB 205-7.

⁴⁹⁹: These are the half-completed stands for the Champ de Mai, which occurs on 1 June.

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the department of Corsica. All the departments written up – surmounted with two eagles,⁵⁰⁰ large, gaudy and frequent. The extent of the building and the names of departments had a sort of admirable effect upon both Luttrell and myself – we could not help crying out “What a noble country!” Strange power of association. Letters written on painted boards, clouds of dust.

Dined at Massinot’s. Went in the evening to the Princess Jablanouski. There heard violent disputing. The *Nain Jaune* has denounced Monsieur Biot⁵⁰¹ the naturalist for an anti-imperialist because he won’t wear his cross. This is a time of arrest and proscription is considered shameful of Étienne, if Étienne is the man. Sismondi had published a fifth article in the *Moniteur*, which is to be bound up with his other four on the Constitution. Nobody knows whether the electoral colleges are come – no mention made of the peers at all – the deputies are said to be a species of convention. Napoleon’s conduct is uncertain.

In the evening moonlight walk with _____⁵⁰²

Monday May 22nd 1815: Wrote French against Sismondi. Luttrell, at two o’clock, came to take me to meet Kinnaird, to go to see the falsified letters. Kinnaird was not there. We waited half an hour, and in that time told each other our minds freely of Kinnaird: *ah! ah!*

Luttrell is living in a house of his, and I call on him every day. Poor human nature – yesterday it was thought the Parisian federation was to be presented to Napoleon after the fashion of the faubourg federations. It amounts, say they, to 40,000.

I walked to Montmartre,⁵⁰³ where they were working away in front of the hill, partly towards the city, and cut ditches, no cannon laid as yet. The lookers-on were bragging, (“foutre”), that if there had not been treason last time the Allies might have come, but could have had their tomb there. Yesterday whilst dining at Massinot’s I saw the Emperor go by in his carriage up the rue St Honore towards the Elysée palace. He had but a trifling guard with him, and no-one beside his carriage windows, out of which he looked as he passed my window. I saw very distinctly, and agree, as my one-legged shoe-maker said, that I never saw anybody with just such a face – the lower part is not even imitable, scarcely – except in Dame Damer’s picture.

Came home from Montmartre and wrote bad French till seven. Dined at Massinot’s. Called on Dame Wallis. She told me she saw General

⁵⁰⁰: “eagles two” (Ms.)

⁵⁰¹: Jean Baptiste Biot (1774-1862) physicist and astronomer.

⁵⁰²: With whom, unidentified.

⁵⁰³: Napoleon, anxious for the safety of the capital, had on 1 May ordered Davout (see 7 June 1815) to fortify Montmartre, Ménilmontant, the Butte Chaumont, the Couronne de Belleville and the heights of Charonne. The locations rapidly became attractions for sight-seers. See *Letters* I 301.

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Caffarelli⁵⁰⁴ last night, who told her there were 100,000 tried troops in the Belgian frontier, and nodded assent when she asked him if it was true there were 100,000 troops in and about Paris to prevent confusion at the Champ de Mai. Yesterday at Massinot's I talked with two old emigrants, who blamed Louis for not having acted in France as Ferdinand has done in Spain.⁵⁰⁵ This is enough for me – I want no more proof of the impossibility of wishing well to the Bourbon cause.

Tuesday May 23rd 1815: Wrote letters – Byron,⁵⁰⁶ Kinnaird, Sir Benjamin – deprecating war, and begging for peace.⁵⁰⁷ Then at two went with Luttrell *aux archives Quai de Louvre*, where having given in our wishes to see the falsified letters and a Monsieur Joan's name, we were immediately shown in through suites of stack-ranged apartments, in the most admirable order and disposition, to the cabinet containing the papers immediately connected with the Imperial person and family.

Monsieur Joan was there – he was, and I believe is, *secrétaire du cabinet* to Napoleon – and wrote the three letters which have been falsified from Napoleon's own mouth. It was he who recollected the expressions cited by Lord Castlereagh, and who, mentioning the circumstance, led to the research in the box left by Monsieur de Blacas at the hotel of the *maison du roi*, and which contained the details of all the machinations contrived in France and elsewhere by the French Princes since the revolution, together with the names of their agents in France. This the Duke of Bassano told me, and added that the Emperor ordered all the papers compromising individuals to be burnt, except such as were immediately connected with national and state affairs.

Monsieur Joan put before us all the papers alluded to in the *Moniteur* of May 14, 1815, Lord Wellington's letter written in his own hand, which Luttrell swears is an autograph, and which an Englishman in a black stock, who entered afterwards, swore was written on English paper of the Foreign Office. I observed Wellington had not accented – his grammar is false, in putting *lu* for *lus* – he signs himself "... très fidele et sincère" without the high consideration – the letter does him great honour. We read the minutes, in Mr Joan's handwriting, of the Emperor's dictating – the passages left out in the letters cited by Castlereagh were under-marked with red chalk for the Emperor's observation. We read the three letters written on the right half side of sheets folded after the manner of official papers – the letter from

⁵⁰⁴: François Marie Auguste Caffarelli (1766-1849) aide-de-camp to Napoleon.

⁵⁰⁵: Ferdinand VII of Spain (1784-1833) was unexampled in his savage oppression of liberals.

⁵⁰⁶: BB 205-7.

⁵⁰⁷: *Letters* I 340-58 (Letter XV, May —) begs its unnamed recipient "to vote for peace", and is clearly addressed by H. to his father – who voted for war (see 29 May 1815).

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Compiègne dated 30 August 1811, which was falsified, and of which they took only the two first sentences to frame the letter dated “7th March”, (no year named) and which Castlereagh supposes to refer to March 1814, when Murat was at Anonce. Also the letter dated <Nangis 17 February> Fontainebleau 24 January 1813 written by Napoleon to the Queen of Naples, of which the two first sentences (after the first) are taken to frame the falsification cited by Castlereagh, as dated from Nangis 17, supposed to be written in 1814, when the Emperor did not, as Lord Castlereagh said, despair of success, and still located Murat *en maitre*. The words “le roi a quitté l’armée le 16” were left out in the falsification – also the letter to the King of Naples from Napoleon with the date of Fontainebleau, Janvier 26, 1813, also terribly mutilated and falsified, into the pretended letter, without a date but by the interpolations supposed to be written after the successes obtained by the Emperor in Champagne in March, 10 and 11, 1814. This original letter is conceived in the strongest terms and does treat Murat like [a] valet. He tells him to look to his cannon, and warns him for the last time – he there tells him not to think that the lion is dead and that “on peut pisser dessus”.

Whilst we were reading these papers the Duke of Bassano came in with his red ribbon, and very kindly entered into explanations with us, and answered our questions. I asked him why Blacas had not forged the letters entirely, instead of taking bits of actual letters and adding other pieces. He said, “Your question is very just – had he done so he would have thrown the Emperor into an embarrassment, who could only have said he had not written the letters. There is no saying why the forgeries took place. If Monsieur Joan had not recollected the real expressions we should not have found the minutes”. I asked him how the real minutes pieces had not been inserted entire into the *Moniteur*. He answered that we in England might think there was some collusion between Murat and the Emperor, and that the former would say he had the originals of the minutes, if the minutes were published first – but if the originals were published first by Murat, any Englishman who had seen the papers might be able to judge of the truth by comparing the two. He told us that in the campaign of 1812 he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was perpetually ordered by Napoleon to write to Murat for his contingent of 12,000 men – Murat hung back and sent his answer to the Emperor – hence the expression in Napoleon’s letters, telling him to correspond with his minister – and all his hard work to his *beau frère*.

We then read together Monsieur de Blacas’ letter of the date 4th March 1815 to Lord Castlereagh, accompanying which were the copies of the forged letters, of which we saw copies, also in the handwriting of the Abbé Fleuriel, nineteen years *Secrétaire de Cabinet* of Louis XVIII. Before the words “J’ai retrouvée encore depuis dans une autre liasse trois minutes de lettres écrites par Napoleon”, quoted in the *Moniteur*, “Besides the other papers of which you have seen or have been shown the original.” Luttrell asked what these originals were – the Duke answered, they could not tell –

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were they the papers seen by the Duke of Wellington? They would not say. Perhaps they were forgeries altogether.

Monsieur de Bassano went for some time into his inner cabinet, and came out with the papers which the Duke of Wellington must have alluded: to *copies* not *originals*, in the same hand as the falsified letters, and which he found yesterday in Monsieur de Blacas' famous chest. They are certainly the papers seen by the Duke, on which he pronounces judgement on Jan 4th 1815, and just such a judgement as any honest open soldier would pronounce. They contain a letter from the Princess Eliza <of Berghoze> to Napoleon from Lucca <three> two (I think) letters from Fouché, Duke of Otranto for the same date – one from Eugene Beauharnais, and the letters from the duc de Feltre, to which Wellington particularly alludes, and a communication from the French consul. Seven papers are mentioned in the envelope, but the third is wanting. The letters of the princes are worthy of a man. It mentions that the reason which has principally determined Murat to side with the Allies was a letter written to him by the Emperor of Austria, in which was a postscript of Metternich's⁵⁰⁸ to this effect: Austria is the only one of the Allied powers who “lutte pour la dynastie de Napoleon” – “By siding still with France, you will do no good to her, and you will lose your crown – by joining Austria you will preserve yourself, and contribute with Austria to the preservation of the dynasty of Napoleon”. I remarked this policy of Metternich to Monsieur Joan, who only laughed.

The conclusion drawn by Wellington is exactly the correct conclusion, and I have not the least doubt in saying that the *Moniteur* has a right to assert that after Blacas found these papers produced not the desired effect with the Duke of Wellington, he set about the forgery, which took place some time between the 4th of January and 4th of March 1815. The only question with me now is respecting the originals, to which Blacas alluded as having passed through Castlereagh's hands. I do not quite like the sentence being not inserted in the *Moniteur*. Monsieur de Bassano observed that even had these letters been real, they were family documents, which ought not to be published to a parliament – Eugene signed himself “... affectionate son and faithful subject” – what are become of the originals of these? – they have not been found.

Monsieur de Bassano acquitted Lord Castlereagh of the forgery, but said he was carried by passion to a too hasty belief – certainly he ought to have asked how the originals of letters written by the Emperor Napoleon at Nangis and other places after he left Paris in 1814, and which it is probable he carried to Elba, came to be found at Paris. This is enough of me.

The Duke and the Secretary were vastly polite, and showed us every attention. Afterwards, the gentleman in the black stock told me that he had gone to the Foreign Office with the *Moniteur* in his hand. They told him the ministers were sitting. “That is just the time,” said he. They wanted to put

⁵⁰⁸: Clemens Lothar Wenzel Metternich (1773-1859) Austrian Foreign Minister.

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him off, but at last one of the ministers came out, was very civil, and showed him the letter of the Duke of Wellington. "I have ferretted out the other papers", he added, "or you would never have seen them".

I walked about with Bruce, dined at Very's with him, went to Dame Wallis – after, Princess Jablanouski, where I heard read a thing called *Address to the National Guards*, dated Gand, advising the delivering up of Napoleon to the Allies. From the same quarter comes *le in d'alarme*, which they are stopping in Paris, and for which they have arrested several. A lady who has a press in her house has been taken up also – Gautier, *medecin*, and his son, *avocat*⁵⁰⁹ – *plusieurs autres*. In the *Journal de l'Empire* of today is a capital article on the royal family, said to be written by Monsieur Montalivet,⁵¹⁰ Conseilleur d'Etat. The *Nain Jaune* is edited by a Monsieur Le Marré.⁵¹¹

Wednesday May 24th 1815: Wrote journal from Sunday. The Baron called, and bored, and knocked up my morning. Walked about ... dined at Massinot's. Napoleon has issued a proclamation ordering the the Jacobins of [the] fxbourgs to enrol themselves into twenty-four batallions of 790 men each, to be put under officers of the line. This qualifies their republicanism, and makes them useful. Also he invites the Parisians, by a proclamation signed "Hulin", to enter into his guard and form four regiments. The organisation of *franc corps*, as well as that of the moveable National Guard, is also in activity. The army of reserve is at <Lons le Jonlerie> Laon, above 60,000. Paris seems full of soldiers of all regiments – I found the place de Vendôme choked with them – they are deputations, perhaps, from the army – went to a Dame Crowley's.⁵¹²

Thursday May 25th 1815: At two, walked with Bruce and Luttrell to the archives, but Joan was not there, so returned, then walked about with Bruce. Dined at Very's. Walked with him in the lovely Tuileries gardens, and sat down opposite the temple of legislative body – charming spot. Sat at his rooms. We heard what we thought a continued fusillade – it was a revolution! – No, it was Tivoli – when it is a toss-up between a massacre and a bouquet of crackers!!!

Went to Madame Souza's. Few there. No-one knows <whether> when the Champ de Mai does meet. It seems it does not meet tomorrow – "Good God!" said Luttrell – "Only think if such a thing was put off in England in such a manner!"⁵¹³ Madame Souza seemed to think that the Electoral colleges won't meet – no-one knows, nor about the peers – yet there is a

⁵⁰⁹: Gautiers, father and son, unidentified.

⁵¹⁰: Jean Pierre Bachason, Comte de Montalivet (1766-1823) had been Napoleon's Interior Minister.

⁵¹¹: Le Marré (could be "Marrison") unidentified.

⁵¹²: Mrs Crowley unidentified.

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designation of the houses in Paris in which these college are to assemble previous to the grand ceremony. I see some of these colleges have been presented to the Emperor, which is useless and suspect. Lucien Bonaparte has been chosen Deputy, but has a suppléant. Regnaud St Jean d'Angelly has taken care to be chosen twice. The voting in the electoral colleges is by county – there are rival candidates in some cases – Tracey⁵¹⁴ has not been chosen. The government is said to be strong in the chamber, although a sort of complaint is gone abroad that the proportion of advocates, a dangerous set, is too great. For my part I see too many mayors and *procureurs imperiaux*.

There are observations in today's *Moniteur* on Castlereagh's lame answer to the discovery of Blacas's forgeries of Napoleon's letters to Murat. Castlereagh now goes on the strength of the other five letters, and says he has examined the originals of the other three, of which he is perfectly satisfied – *diable!* – what originals? The originals are at Paris! There is no complete answer to Castlereagh. How came Napoleon, after writing such letters at Nangis &c., after quitting Paris – supposing they were written in 1814 – to send the originals to Paris, which he never again visited that year? Castlereagh ought to have known this to be almost impossible, and that Blacas could not have found these three papers *dans une autre liasse* a Paris. They seem to have made very little of the business at <home> London.

Friday May 26th 1815: The day fixed for the Champ de Mai, but now there is talk of the 9th of June.

Wrote French in the morning, then walked about. Dined at Rocher de Cançalle. See by the *Moniteur* that Liverpool says we may be considered in a state of war, though war has not commenced since the Regent's message, and that embargo may be put on at any time.

Went to the Theatre St Martin and saw the *Pie Voleuse*. It certainly is affecting – the folks cried at it, and a fat fellow sitting next to me entered so completely into it as to exclaim "Scelerat!" when the Bailli says Annette looks more charming than ever in prison.

Uncertain <and not th> go to Madame de Coigny and did not go, but took lemonade, and bed.

Saturday May 27th 1815: Up early – ten. Opened windows – lovely day. A fellow brought me a violent libel by Kergolay, who wrote the motive of a negative vote. It would be called high treason in England.

Went to the Imperial Library, which shuts at two, and read a little Blackstone,⁵¹⁵ then went to Lord Kinnaird's. Found him, Sismondi and

⁵¹³: Quoted *Letters* I 378.

⁵¹⁴: Antoine Louis Claude Destutt, Comte de Tracy (1789-1854) politician and philosopher. Of Scots descent.

⁵¹⁵: Sir William Blackstone (1723-1789) English writer on law.

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Lascour talking politics. Lascour mentioned that the nobles had but little chance of being chosen for deputies, but he and Sismondi mentioned that few had tried that. The elections had not been popular – no solicitations, or little; yet in some places the majorities had been but small – in Gard, Lascour’s department, neither nobles nor Catholics had been chosen. In that department had been perpetual disturbances between the royalists and republicans since the King’s arrival – 10,000 National Guards were assembled on the day to quell an insurrection – General Gilly,⁵¹⁶ in another place, has assembled 25,000 from the mountains for the same purpose.

Lascour mentioned that *Meineer*⁵¹⁷ or some such name, who had been one of the terrorists, had been chosen in the very county which he had wasted. It is true he made the *amende honorable*, and has long been known for the benefactor of all the neighbouring poor.

Neither he nor Sismondi had the least notion of our system of ministerial responsibility. They admitted that the only thing which entered into their conceptions, or that of Frenchmen, was that Napoleon should have his minister and two chambers as advisers – they thought [of] it as the finest thing in the world that a minister should transmit orders without knowing what they contained.

It appears a letter from the Duke of Orleans is shown about, in which he protests against all the King’s measures, and states how decided he has been always against the *éteignoir* system. Also it is pretended that the Duke has written to the King stating that he will make no effort for the crown during his lifetime. This is to make the Duke’s friends suspected by Napoleon. Lord Kinnaird is given out as a spy of the Duke’s⁵¹⁸ – he begins to change his mind as to the imperial purity.

Lascour and Sismondi agree that the French understand equality but not liberty – Kinnaird mentioned the extreme impropriety of a seat in the Chamber of Deputies not being immediately filled up at the death of a member. Sismondi agreed that Napoleon had no conception of our constitution, and that he had but little – Lascour said the great pleasure of the ministers was to differ from one another, and that the Emperor was also pleased with this division – neither one nor the other had the least idea of the formation and management of a British cabinet, directing all affairs – no – If Napoleon left Paris, the sublime part must follow him – “The stirrup”, as Lascour said, “goes with the Sultan”.⁵¹⁹ They agreed no-one thought it worth

⁵¹⁶: Jacques Laurent Gilly (1769-1829) French general. He concluded the Convention of Lapulud whereby the royalist forces had been disbanded and the duc d’Angoulême had escaped to Spain.

⁵¹⁷: *Meineer* (?) unidentified.

⁵¹⁸: That is, of the duc D’Orleans. Lord Kinnaird fell foul of Wellington in 1818 and was suspected of being a Bonapartist, when he was suspected of assisting a man who intended to assassinate Wellington. See *Don Juan IX*, stanza 2.

⁵¹⁹: Details used at *Letters I* 207-8.

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while to be chosen to the Deputies. La Fayette is talked of as President – Lucien B[onaparte, it was thought, wished it also.

I came home – wrote letter to Sir Benjamin relative to the papers of Murat. Dined with the Kinnaird's – sat with Lady Kinnaird till half-past nine. Went to Princess Jablanowski – found a Pole there, who read a letter from Poitou stating the bad spirit and disturbances – fifty of the 26th regiment have been killed near Bessières – there are other reports of slaughter, another Pole told us – there had been fighting and shooting in La Vendée.

Sunday May 28th 1815:⁵²⁰ Was to have gone into the country with Lady Kinnaird, but getting a ticket at a glover's for the Tuileries, lost time by going to Luttrell's, and found the Kinnairds setting off, so returned and went to the review.

Got into the *salle de conseil de l'état* and had a capital view. Napoleon stood sometimes nearly under my window looking at some regiments of the line on foot, and absolutely mixed with the troops. He marched in time by the side of a column filing, *absolutely* confounded with them. I saw him go up to a grenadier presenting arms to him as he was walking down the line, and after talking to him for two minutes, *pull him by the nose*. I also saw him, when a middle-aged colonel of the line ran up to him, and began to talk, interrupting him by giving him a sound box on the <right> left ear, at which my colonel seemed delighted, and went away smiling, and showing his ear which was red with the blow.

I, who had never seen such things, was almost alarmed when I saw Napoleon raise himself, for the man was tall, and strike, apparently, with all his heart, but a man near me in general's uniform told me that a soldier once crying out, as Napoleon was passing, "Vive l'Empereur!" alone, Napoleon stopped, went up to him, and asked him how many campaigns he had served, and if he had ever been promoted. The man told him, and added, "On m'a fait la queue trois fois pour la croix". – "Eh bien," said Napoleon, "je te donne la queue" – and gave him a slap in the face. He got the cross – immediately. "Faire la queue" is "to take in" – hence a caricature representing Napoleon tying Louis's pigtail.

There was a good deal of manoeuvring – the line went through the manual. I was struck with the admirable precision of the artillery regiments, and of course of the Old Guard, of which there were eight battalions. There were five regiments of the line, four of the Young Guard, with some recruits, which were paraded before Napoleon. The cavalry of the guard were in the court of the Carousel – the number of troops reviewed today were about 15,000. I should have thought there had been thirty at least. I saw the troop of Polish lancers, headed by Colonel Szermanouski – green pantaloons – one hundred [of] which accompanied Napoleon to Elba. I observed the delight

⁵²⁰: The description of the review here is the basis for *Letters I 401-7* (Letter XVIII).

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with which Colonel Szermanouski rode by his side as he went down his line, and how he turned round for the sake of saluting him as he went at the back of his regiment.

Napoleon did seem in the midst of his children – the review was not over until six. <all the> five marshals were with Napoleon. I did not know one, nor thought much about them, as I saw the Emperor – he was on a beautiful white charger when he went down the cavalry line, his dirty old hat on.

Dined with Bruce at Very's. Walked about, and sat down with him on the terrace. Saw a Parisian occupy four chairs to himself, whilst ladies were obliged to fetch others. Went home with Bruce – drank tea.

Parsons tells me that men are taken out of their beds and sent to the army – four have been taken from a house he knows.

Monday May 29th 1815: Bruce called. Went to Kinnaird's – stayed all morning. Dined with Pichon – brought newspapers of the 26th from England. Debates on the Prince's message in both houses – minority 92, majority 239. My father not in the former, so what good have all my letters done? I am unwilling to own what share wounded vanity has in my regrets. Poor Grattan, he is gone.⁵²¹ Never was such stuff as his speech for war – method in his madness and madness in his method.

Lord Kinnaird told me that Napoleon gave Rapp⁵²² a blow in the chest when he first saw him since his restoration and said, "Et tu coquin: tu voudrais me tuer."

Luttrell was infinitely amusing at dinner. I laughed at his lugger immoderately – spent a dreadful evening at Madame de Coigny's. Benjamin Constant there. He says the Champ de Mai is fixed for Thursday. He fought a duel yesterday morning with swords with Monsieur de Montlosier, author of *La Monarchie Française*,⁵²³ and wounded him twice in the sword hand – Lascour was his second. Monsieur de Montlosier said, "Ce n'est pas vrai" to him – hence the fight. The quarrel took place at Madame Recamier's,⁵²⁴ who is Constant's burning illness⁵²⁵ now – she was here tonight, fat woman – *en*

⁵²¹: The phrase does not mean that the Irish politician Henry Grattan (1789-1859) is dead, but that, politically, he has gone over to the forces of war and reaction: son of Henry Grattan the elder, he had been H.'s "alternative Byron" (see 13 Apr 1815) in his 1814 Paris visit. For a more elaborate reaction, see *Letters* I 360-6, where the *Hamlet* paraphrase is re-used.

⁵²²: Jean, Comte de Rapp (1772-1821) general.

⁵²³: François Dominique de Regnaud, Comte de Montlosier (1755-1838) author of *De la Monarchie Française depuis la Retour des Bourbons jusqu'au 1^{er} Avril 1815*.

⁵²⁴: Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaïde Bertrand de Recamier (1777-1849) beauty, friend of Madame de Staël, beloved of many, now beloved of Constant, so that he is now receiving what in *Adolphe* his *alter ego* gave to de Staël. Subsequently to liaise with Chateaubriand.

⁵²⁵: Conjectural; word hard to decipher.

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bon point now.⁵²⁶ Madame Girardin⁵ in roses.⁵²⁷ Mr Douglas has been writing a letter to Monsieur de Tracy⁵²⁸ about his speech relative to the French army, and stating he did not say that they should be exterminated.⁵²⁹

Tuesday May 30th 1815: The ratification of the treaty of Vienna is arrived at London, by the same messenger as brought the news of Murat's defeat – it seems it is over with that king. England says it will not interfere with the choice of the French nation as far as the Bourbons are concerned. This difference with exception to the original treaty of the 25th March is agreed to by all the powers. Well. France must either have Napoleon, or Louis, or a republic – we take off one third of her free agency, and yet say we will not interfere with her. Grey has been speaking nobly I hear.⁵³⁰ Byron voted for peace – this balances Sir Benjamin a little. Wrote to Sir Benjamin.

Walked with Bruce. Dined at Massinot's.

Wednesday May 31st 1815: Champ de Mai tomorrow. Write to Byron,⁵³¹ sent by Luttrell. Called [on] Madame Letort – found her and her husband⁵³² painting military maps,⁵³³ so I presume war is about to begin. General Letort talks of the French separating Wellington and Blucher.⁵³⁴ Madame Letort gave me a ticket for the Champ de Mai. Bruce got me one.⁵³⁵ Dined with him at Very's. Walked to Champ de Mars, saw artillery fired at eight, over bridge of Jena. Letters from England – Macnamara and Lord Kinnaird. At Dame Wallis'.

⁵²⁶: Compare H.'s dismissal of Constance Spencer Smith on 4 Sept 1809.

⁵²⁷: H. implies that Madame Recamier is no longer the beauty she once was, and that Madame Girardin (see 13 May 15) has overtaken her the focus of social and aesthetic attention.

⁵²⁸: de Tracy unidentified.

⁵²⁹: Douglas (see 4 Apr 1815) was a schoolfriend of H. His reported statement, and his denial of it, are dealt with at *Letters* I 305-6.

⁵³⁰: See *Letters* I 359.

⁵³¹: BB 209-213.

⁵³²: Louis Michel Letort (1773-1815) general. He was killed facing a charge of Prussian cavalry at Fleurus.

⁵³³: Reported at *Letters* I 379.

⁵³⁴: Gebhard Leberecht Blücher von Wallstadt (1742-1819) boorish Prussian general, Wellington's assistant at Waterloo. *Letters* (I 379) reports Letort as saying, "We can beat Blücher first, and then we shall try your Wellington. No one doubts the undaunted bravery of English soldiers, but the loss of 20,000 men would make the people of London look a little pale. You are rather sparing of your own blood, though I cannot say that you care about that of your friends."

⁵³⁵: So H. has two tickets. Not that many people were interested going to the Champ de Mai, and the authorities had to "paper the house".

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Thursday, June 1st 1815: Just going with Bruce to the Champ de Mai.⁵³⁶ Twenty minutes past eight. Left his rooms a little after nine. Walked through the Tuileries Gardens along the Champs Elysées – the Quai of the Palace of the King of Rome – crossed the Bridge of Jena – walked up the Champ de Mars. The infantry, National Guards and Imperial Guards, were forming.

Arrived at the *enceinte intérieure*, or building prepared for the ceremony.⁵³⁷ We showed our tickets, and after a mistake or two were shown up by a grenadier of the guard into the pentagonal theatre, which was nearly full of people. The seats were almost all occupied by soldiers, at the two wings and the electors and deputies in the middle, which was interrupted by the opening which led into the Champ de Mars, and gave even those without a view of the Imperial throne. About a hundred yards in front of the building, in the open field, we saw a raised scaffold, on the platform on the top of which was a single chair or throne – a flight of steps on each side led to the platform – there was no canopy above the chair.

We took our seats in that portion of the theatre allotted by the inscription to the department of the Sarthe, but in fact the electors seemed to have observed no order in taking their seats, and of the 15,000 said to assembled,⁵³⁸ I take it that several thousand were as much representative of the French people as ourselves. There must have been a great profusion of tickets given – Bruce had five or six sent to him.

It was a magnificent sight, however – the windows of the *école militaire* were filled with ladies – the area of the theatre, with officers and representatives, and with innumerable standard bearers, whose glittering eagles and variegated tricoloured banners made a most gallant show. The eagles were in a cluster on each side, at the wings of the theatre at first, but before the ceremony commenced they were ranged in a row round the area in face of the throne. The throne, a single gilded armchair with a *purple bottom*, and a purple cushion before it, was in the middle of the platform, which was placed about half-way between the ground and the large window, one pair of stairs high, of the *école militaire*. On the right of the throne were two armless chairs, on the left one in the same line with it, beyond, on each side, under the oblong wooden covering, was a box or tribune. The children of the Queen Hortense, in Hulan or lancers uniform, with some attendants,⁵³⁹ took their places in that to the left. Below these tribunes were others, in which were seated *la cour de cassation*, *la cour des comptes*, *la conseil de*

⁵³⁶: The ceremony at which Constant's constitution was to be publicly ratified. This entry describing it forms the basis of *Letters I* 408-41 (Letter XIX).

⁵³⁷: The buildings – or stage-settings – for the Champ de Mai, were designed by Pierre François Leonard Fontaine (1762-1853) the Imperial Architect.

⁵³⁸: Of the thirty thousand electors who were supposed to attend, only five hundred came.

⁵³⁹: Hortense's third son was to be Napoleon III (1808-73).

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l'université, la cour impériale, le corps municipal de Paris, all in robes and bonnets – some a little fantastic.

Every now and then we saw appear, on the flight of steps above the throne, and in the window opening upon it, assistants and great officers, and in singular dresses of Spanish costume – the Turkish ambassador, &c. The interval was rather tedious – our neighbours drank brandy and smelt offensively. At every movement of the eagle-bearers there were shouts, especially of the eagles of the National Guard, and calls of “Assis! assis! chapeau bas!” We were amused by the religious preparations made by lighting the candles on the altar, placed in a large tribune with a canopy over it, in the opening leading into the Champ de Mars in front of the throne. In this tribune were several priests and the opera band.

At about a quarter to twelve we heard a cannon announce the departure of the Emperor from the Tuileries. Bruce and I were about six benches from the uppermost range, so that with a little pressing through the backward rows we got a sight of the plain, which was most superb. The troops were formed on each side down the length of the Champ de Mars <an innumerable multitude covered each side of the road banks which skirt the plain>. In half an hour the cannon of the Champ de Mars told us the Imperial cortège was in the plain. We had seen the Red Lancers filing over the bridge, and the long train of the Cavalry of the Guard, with the suite of carriages moving along the Quai on the other side of the Seine. The Cavalry of the Guard, as they advanced towards the theatre, formed on both sides, so as to make a line of horse from the banks of the river to the palace, the whole length of the plain in front of the infantry. One cordon of Imperial Guards made a lane round the left side of the theatre, through which the cortège was to pass into the palace of the military school (the Commandant of Paris,⁵⁴⁰ and his staff, and the herald of arms) fourteen carriages with six bay horses, filled with the persons described in the programme, passed under us through this lane. The two latter were glass coaches – one contained Cambacères, the other the three Imperial Princes. After there came a squadron of Red Lancers, the Imperial officers of Ordonnance, aide-de-camps and [], &c. The Imperial state carriage, drawn by eight white horses, dressed in []fty white plumage, each horse led by a groom, who was scarcely able to hold him in. There were four footmen with the coachman before, and six footmen behind. The carriage was of gilt with glass panels, and an immense gilded crown on the top. Two marshals with their long batons were on each side of the carriage.⁵⁴¹

Napoleon was distinctly seen within, in his plumage-covered bonnet and imperial mantle. He bowed as he passed in only to the shouts of the soldiers and people. The cannon continually discharged from the batteries in the Champ de Mars as he advanced. His carriage was followed by the squadron

⁵⁴⁰: The Governor of Paris was the comte de Lobau.

⁵⁴¹: In fact four marshals rode with the carriage – Soult, Ney, Jourdan and Grouchy.

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of the Chasseurs of the guard. We returned to our seats presently. A body of green and gold pages ran down the steps from the palace, passed the throne, and ranged themselves, like Solomon's lions, on each of the steps from the area to the platform. A grenadier of the guard was at the foot of the flight on each side.

The tribunes began to fill, the Grand Cordons of the Legion of Honour and the marshals went into that on the left, the Counsellors of State into that on the right of the throne, several great officers of state in fancy dresses, Spanish mantles and feathered bonnets, came to take their stations, chiefly on the platform on the right of the throne – the Duke of Vicenza was one of them, on the higher step, and the Chief Master of the Ceremonies, Segur⁵⁴² – old Cambacères tottered down the stairs in a blue mantle spotted with gold bees. He had a chair a little below the Imperial chair to the right. My neighbours laughed at this worthy, whose elegant taste is indeed the laughter of the Empire. Cardinal ⁵⁴³ and the Archbishop of Tours, with four bishops,⁵⁴⁴ placed themselves on the tribune of the altar.

It was about one o'clock. The cannon continued to fire. Napoleon and a body of his nobles and princes marched down from the saloon on the platform – all were uncovered but the Emperor – he wore his black velvet Spanish plumed bonnet, with a large diamond in front. His robe was velvet purple worked with gold broad embroidery on the outside and of white ermine in the inside – it was short, and scarcely descended to his ankles.⁵⁴⁵ It had no arm-holes, but was fastened round his throat. He bowed, or rather nodded, three or four times, and flung himself, or rather, to say the truth, plumped down into his chair, and rolled himself in his mantle. The princes, in white Spanish dresses, took their seats – Lucien to the left, Joseph and Jérôme to the right. Napoleon looked very ungainly and squat and sulky, the princes but a little better.

Cambacères took his seat. He was looking over some papers in his hand. The attendants moved a little velvet altar, or *prie-dieu*, before the Emperor – the mass began. There were cries of “Vive l'Empereur!” as Napoleon came forward, but I must say once for all that I do not think the cries were very animated, then or at any period – they generally began with the military deputation on the wings, and particularly from one individual soldier on our right, who was so portentous as to raise a laugh more than once.

After the mass, during part of which Napoleon was looking at the crowd through a spy-glass, the altar was taken away before him, and a large body

⁵⁴²: Louis Philippe Comte de Segur (1753-1830) ex-ambassador to Catherine the Great's Russia.

⁵⁴³: Ms. gap.

⁵⁴⁴: There were in fact five bishops: those of Nancy, Meaux, Versailles, Parma and Liège.

⁵⁴⁵: Napoleon had got out the costume he had worn when he was crowned Emperor in Notre Dame on 2 Dec 1804; it no longer fitted him.

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of men, the central deputation of the colleges chosen a day or two [ago] from all the colleges at Paris, marched up the steps towards the throne – they filled and crowded up the whole flight, being introduced by the Arch-Chancellor. A man on the right, one Dubois,⁵⁴⁶ an advocate of changes, an elector and deputy of department, read from a paper in his hand a speech to the Emperor (it is given in today's *Moniteur*, 2nd June). This he did with infinite emotion, and action more than oratorical, but though he spoke often very loud I could not hear a word he said. Napoleon nodded several times as he spoke.⁵⁴⁷ After this speech, the herald came to the foot of [the] steps to the throne, the drums beat to silence, and he proclaimed – I did not hear the words – the acceptance of the Constitution, to which I see the *Moniteur* says there were only 4,062 negatives.

The drums beat, and the batteries fired by the throne, and, carrying a sword from the steps, the central deputation moved a little lower down on the steps. The attendants on the left placed a gilt table before the Emperor, on which was a gold writing standing. The paper, the Constitution, was laid before him, Joseph took the pen from the Arch-Chancellor and gave it to the Emperor. I saw him sign this famous Constitution, which he did quickly and carelessly. It was sixteen minutes to two o'clock.

The table was moved away. Napoleon took a paper in his hand and read a speech⁵⁴⁸ sitting. I heard some of his words and this sentence: "J'ai convoqué le Champ de Mars". He has a piercing voice, something I thought like George Vernon's,⁵⁴⁹ whose mouth is something like Napoleon's. He must have made great exertions to be heard at all by so vast an assembly. He did it well. The speech began, "Empereur, Consul, soldat ..." He was applauded at the end, but I did not hear any other cries but "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive Marie Louise!" sometimes – no "Vive la Nation!" as the *Moniteur* says.

The Archbishop of Bourges⁵⁵⁰ gave then the Emperor the oath. The *Te Deum* began from the altar, there was a good deal of crowding on the platform about the throne, during which I believe the oath was administered by the Arch-Chancellor to some of the dignitaries, &c. The sword was waved again, the drums began beating, the deputation left the steps, and the eagles pressed into the centre of the area before the foot of the throne. The Minister of the Interior (the republican Carnot) in a white fancy Spanish dress, the bald-headed d'Avoust, Minister of War, and the Minister of the Marine, Decrès,⁵⁵¹ descended the steps and shortly after returned with the

⁵⁴⁶: His name is Dubois d'Angers.

⁵⁴⁷: The original speech had said things about the repentance expected from a great man: Napoleon had had it re-written.

⁵⁴⁸: The speech is printed, with commentary, at *Letters* II 377-80 (Appendix XV).

⁵⁴⁹: George Vernon unidentified.

⁵⁵⁰: I have placed the last word in a Ms. gap.

⁵⁵¹: Denis Decrès (1762-1820) Napoleon's Navy Minister. Murdered by his valet.

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Eagle of the National Guard. The first of the line and of the marine, they ascended towards the <throne/>platform, followed by a crowd of eagle-bearers and military and others.

Then it was that Napoleon threw off his mantle, hastily leapt⁵⁵² from his throne, and appearing in his red and gold fancy dress, advanced forwards to meet his eagles. There was an animation in his manner which gave to this part of the ceremony an interest superior to any other portion of it. He took the standards, placed them in the hands of the <deputations> <standard bearers> ministers, and made a short speech in a loud voice. I heard him at the end exclaim, “Jurez!” in a lively tone, which was followed by shouts of “Nous jurons!” and “Vive l’Empereur!” The drums beat shortly after the Emperor, with all his marshals and dignitaries, descended the steps, traversed the area, went through the opening of the theatre, and, crossing between files of soldiers, mounted the platform in the open plain. He seated himself on his throne surrounded by his <ministers> court and marshals. What he did there I could not see, but fortunately, getting into the outer circle of the theatre, I enjoyed the spectacle, which was the most brilliant I ever saw. The Monarch on his open throne, an immense plain covered with soldiers, and flanked on each side with an innumerable multitude. The occasion itself, the man, all conspired to fill me with admiration.

The eagles were paraded to the left and before the throne, and finally given by Napoleon with a speech to the National Guard and the Imperial Guard – those of the troops of the line and marine which were in the hands of the military and naval deputations were marched first, lower down to the left of the plain, and then, before the end of the ceremony, returned to the palace of the military school. All the troops then filed with their eagles before the Emperor, the Imperial Guard marching from right to left and the National Guard from left to right, in admirable order. The flashing of the bayonets, of the flags and lances, of the red banners and of the helmets of the dragoons, produced a fine effect. Towards the end of the review the crowd rushed from the banks on the side of the plain round the throne, but no accident happened, and with only one exception, I saw no violence. A slight rope and one line of guards was sufficient to guard-off a large open space between the theatre and the field.

Half an hour before four, the last National Guards passed, and the plain began to be emptied of troops. The Emperor descended the platform, returned into the theatre, ascended to his former position, turned himself round, and bowed several times very graciously and with an aspect much more pleased and pleasing than at his entry. He then ascended the stairs quickly, with all his court, into the palace.

I returned to the outside circle of the theatre, and waited to see the cortège return – which it did nearly as before, except that the lancers and

⁵⁵²: His leap was unrehearsed: he was anxious that the ceremony was running an hour over, and wanted to leave the delegates and speak to the military.

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dragoons did not accompany the carriage, but by some accident were behind. General Flahaut put his head out of the carriage to hurry them on. The crowd formed a line almost to the river. The departure was announced by the batteries of the military school, and those of the bridge of Jena.

Bruce and I left the Champ de Mars, and returned, partly by the right bank of the Seine, to the Tuileries gardens. At the ferry we saw stationed a picket of gendarmes, to prevent the boat from being overloaded.

We walked about, dined at Very's. I came and sat at home. Sierakowski called, and talked very sensibly on the difficulty of coming at any facts, however recent – for instance, one of his countrymen had just asserted to him that only the military applauded today at the Champ de Mai. He was there, and said, “The civilians applauded too” – the other persisted. He mentioned how he had been deceived by the reports of Murat's force, and of the inclination of the Italians for him – several persons he knew had gone to London to persuade the opposition and ministers of this fact. Well, in spite of Murat's proclamations, no-one rises for him – he is beaten at once. Some say he is at the Gulf of Juan, others that he is at St Cloud, others that he is in the Abruzzi – however, he has lost his crown, and Lord Castlereagh will throw in the teeth of the opposition the non-accomplishment of their predictions respecting this hostile king – he is the universal scorn here – “bête”, “sot”, are lavished upon him without mercy.

I walked with Bruce to see the illuminations in the Tuileries, which were pretty enough. The trees looked like fretwork in the light. Went to bed tired, and slept – for the first time – all night.

Friday June 2nd 1815: Read the *Moniteur*, which I think exaggerates the account of yesterday a little. The peers and deputies are, it is said, to meet on Monday. Benjamin Constant's book is out – *Principes de Politique*.⁵⁵³ He also talks of his character and his twenty years [].

Voici à ce qu'on assure. Le résultat du recensement des votes mis sur l'acte additionnel aux constitution de l'Empire – onze départemens n'ont point encore fait honorer leurs registres, quelques régiments sont également en retard. Le dépouillement général a donné 1,288,357 votes approubatifs, 4207 négatifs. L'armée de terre a émis environs 222,000 votes approubatifs, 320 négatifs. L'armée de mer approximativement, 22,000 votes parmi lesquels 275 négatifs. Les départemens où les votes ont été les plus nombreux sont ceux de la Côte d'Or, du Jura, de la Moselle, de la Meurte, de Saône et Loire, des Vosges et de l'Yonne – La Meurte en a fourni plus de 43,000. Dans le Jura sur 22,584 votes, il ne s'en est trouvé que 84 négatifs. Le département du Nord compte 18,323

⁵⁵³: *Principes de Politique, applicable à tous les Gouvernements représentatifs et particulièrement à la Constitution actuelle de la France* (1815); described at Letters I 208 as “reckoned a mine of newly discovered truths”.

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votes appratifs, et 113 négatifs. Le département de la Seine fournit 24,064 votes, savoir, pour Paris, 20,082 votes appratifs et 570 négatifs; et pour les deux arrondissements de Sceaux et de Saint Denis, 3,398 appratifs, et 14 négatifs. Le département des Côtes du Nord a donné une grande preuve de la liberté des suffrages: du 6,000 votes, 1,058 ont été négatifs.

– *Journal de l'Empire*, 2 Juin, 1815.⁵⁵⁴

Walked about – saw stuck in the walls, decrees signed “Bonaparte premier consul, &c., in pursuance of the acte additionelle”, which does not annul the other constitutions of the Empire. I see the Emperor says in his speech that after the war, &c., the constitutions shall be amalgamated into one, and the French people finally satisfied and constituted.

I dine at Massinot’s – lose the evening. At Mrs Crowley, where met a civil American.

Saturday June 3rd 1815: Wrote bad French all the morning. Out at five – dined at Massinot’s, cheap – 5francs 10 sous. Walked about with the blacksmiths – tea’d at Madame de Coigny’s, where were Constant and Sebastiani and Lascour and Barre and Bruce. The peers are named – such a set – 116: Lefèvre Desnouettes the parole-breaker, General Vandamme,⁵⁵⁵ Turenne the Chamberlain,⁵⁵⁶ young Flahaut, Perrigeaux the banker – the laughter of everybody. Bruce attacked Constant thereupon, who told him he was one of those “... qui tournent la tête aux salons et auxquels les salons tournent la tête”, and went out in a huff – he is ashamed of the nomination, but said very truly that it could be difficult to choose in France an eligible body.

General Letort’s brother gave a very just picture of the state of things in France – he said he would not talk of the *voltigeurs* of Louis, or of the *voltigeurs* of Napoleon, but that generally speaking the French were pretty much agreed about things – they were determined to give themselves an individual and corporate respectability. He did not conceal the dangers of the times: “Voilà quelque chose de consolant pour nous autres, qui ont vu vingt

⁵⁵⁴: France contained 26 million people, most of them illiterate. The votes of eleven hostile departments in the south and west, and those of fourteen army regiments, had been discounted. *Letters* 1 427 makes clear H.’s attitude to the voting: “Nothing can be conceived more vicious than this method of collecting the wishes of the people, who can no more be said to be represented by the signatures of such acts than the English nation was by the mayor, and aldermen, and ragamuffins of Tower Hamlets, who chose Gloster to be king ...” (see *Richard III* iii vii). The total supposed figures were: in favour 1,532,357; against 4,802.

⁵⁵⁵: Dominique Joseph Vandamme (1770-1830) general. Exiled after the Hundred Days.

⁵⁵⁶: Turenne unidentified.

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années de révolution – d’être informés que c’est aujourd’hui que la révolution va commencer”. “I knew,” said he, “that the day Napoleon put foot in France was the first day of a new revolution – some one said ‘Ça rajeunit’”. I ventured to observe, “Oui, comme []⁵⁵⁷ a été rajeuni par ses enfants, lesquels ont commencés par le couper en pièces!” Madame Coigny found this so good that she repeated [it] for me as I was in the background. Letort observed, “Who was it that said that the Revolution was like Saturn, who devoured his own children?” and I believe I passed for a plagiarist – though what I said was not bad.⁵⁵⁸ I must make the most of it, for it is the only thing I have said since I was in France.

The Chamber of Deputies met today for the first time,⁵⁵⁹ and made some provisional appointments to enable them to proceed to the nomination of a president. Regnault St Jean d’Angelly proposed this should take place the next day, and on someone saying that the Emperor expected to see them at the Museum, exclaimed, *en patriot*, that they might have the happiness of seeing the Emperor often, but that their first business should be consider their own situation, and constitute themselves.

Sunday June 4th 1815: I write a letter to Madame Bertrand asking for two tickets of admission to the assembly at the opening of the parliament by the Emperor. Walked out. Left the note, went to the palace of the legislative body, and was shown without ticket into the tribune. The members were voting a president by tickets in a vase – the oldest member provisional president, assisted by six secretaries. A member or clerk called over the members’ names and they ascended to give their votes up some temporary stairs prepared for the Emperor’s visit at the opening of the parliament.

I saw Barère,⁵⁶⁰ Lafayette, Garat,⁵⁶¹ Merlin,⁵⁶² and other national characters. Lafayette is lame, Barère bald and short. The members were most of them in evening dresses and really looked as gentlemanly as our members – there was some noise respecting votes given for Lafayette without a designation, whether “père” or “fils,” and more than one spoke at a time. The assembly seemed quite popular – there were 472 members voted, and at the first voting, Lanjuinais,⁵⁶³ *ex-constituant*, had 184 votes, Lafayette 72, I

⁵⁵⁷: French for Saturn?

⁵⁵⁸: But H. doesn’t say what his *bon mot* was!

⁵⁵⁹: See *Letters* II 1-2.

⁵⁶⁰: Bertrand Barère de Vieuzac (1755-1841) previously a member of the Convention, called “the Anacreon of the guillotine”; now representative for the *arrondissement* of d’Argelès.

⁵⁶¹: Dominique Joseph Garat (1749-1833) deputy from de Tarbes.

⁵⁶²: Philippe Antoine, Comte de Merlin (1789-1838) was Napoleon’s candidate for the presidency of the Chamber of Representatives.

⁵⁶³: Jean Denis, Comte de Lanjuinais (1753-1827) liberal lawyer; he is President of the Chamber.

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believe.⁵⁶⁴ The tribunes for strangers were not crowded and I was near *vilain* company as to appearance, but sensible enough. Two females were in the galleries – the reporters have a box to themselves.

I left the house as they were proceeding to a second voting, no-one having had more than 232 votes as required for a majority of the whole number. Passed the Place de la Concorde and observed the preparations making for tonight. The scene of a ship and the sea and castles – really well done. Passed by [the] Place de Carrousel, the court of the Tuileries filled with carriages of visitors at the ceremony of today, when the Emperor receives the electoral colleges and military deputations in the gallery of the Louvre – came home. Heard treason talked – the National Guard are forced to work at Montmartre *malgré bon gré*.

Went out again, and walked into the Elysian fields,⁵⁶⁵ where I saw the distribution of fowls, sausages, bread, and wine to an immense crowd, and all the fooleries of Bartholomew Fair let loose *gratis* to the populace. Bands of musicians played to dancers who though of the lowest class figured better than my friend Douglas in a cotillion. I saw what by common consent is *la canaille* – considering everything there was very little disturbance – only one boy I saw carried off by the picquet. There were *gendarmes* in the boxes where the distributions were made. The “fountains” of wine were small pipes trickling out of the wooden boxes – the mob took it in buckets – they made parties. Parsons tells me he saw a set with sixteen gallons, and provision enough for a month. There were drunken people enough before I left the fields – one man tottered by me saying “Vive l’Empereur! Il est plus juste que moi!” What pleased me most was climbing upon a greased pole a considerable height to get rewards hanging from a crown above – a boy got a gold watch – he carried up dust with him – he had just reached the crown when it was hoisted higher. This did not dishearten him – he continued his efforts, crying “Vive l’Empereur!” It was lowered, and he reached it.

Coming away from the fields I went to the I went to the *Corps Legislatif*, and learnt that Lanjuinais is elected President by a majority over Lafayette of fifty votes at least. A man, apparently a member, who told me this, seemed highly delighted – squeezed my hand, and said Lanjuinais was one of them – a true patriot. They would not have Lafayette.⁵⁶⁶ The porter at the door told me he was the man who first brought the news to Lanjuinais in 1793 that he was put *hors de la loi* and afterwards concealed him.⁵⁶⁷

⁵⁶⁴: In fact Lanjuinais had 189 votes.

⁵⁶⁵: The scene of feasting in the Champs Elysées is described at *Letters* II 12-13.

⁵⁶⁶: ‘... a member of the chamber informed me on the steps of the palace that Lanjuinais had been elected, and not Lafayette, he took me by the hand, though I knew him not, saying, “Wish us joy, sir; we have not got that man, but one of the right sort; a bold, decisive man, no trimmer” – *Letters* II 5.

⁵⁶⁷: ‘One of the door-keepers, who overheard him, rejoined, “Yes, Mr. Lanjuinais is an honest and a bold man, as I can tell; for I was the man who brought him the first

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The opening of Parliament is not till Tuesday.

In the evening, after dining at Massinot's, I went to the illuminations and concert in the Tuileries gardens.⁵⁶⁸ There was an immense orderly crowd in front of the centre of the palace. After waiting three-quarters of an hour, the singers being all arranged on each side in their stages, the Emperor's temporary box in the middle was at last illuminated, and soon after came in Napoleon in his Spanish hat and feather and red dress. He moved to the front, and quickly three or four times saluted the company, then sat down, and overtures and songs were performed by the opera orchestra. It was a romantic sight – the long front of the Tuileries burnished with lights – the gardens glittering in the lamps and filled with people – the court, consisting of the Emperor, the Princess Hortense, a Prince or two and others.

At the end of the concert a rocket was fired from the palace and the fireworks began in the Place de la Concorde. I pushed after some soldiers through the crowd, and got near the basin by the great gate, where I saw the ship put into firework, and after distinguished an illuminated figure of Napoleon in green, on the deck of the vessel which was supposed to have conveyed him from the neighbouring rock, also represented in wood – a star glittered over the mainmast. The fireworks were superb – the illuminations of the palace of the legislative body magical. I do not think there was much applauding of the Emperor at the concert – the people perhaps were silent to hear the music – the orderly behaviour of the populace is quite extraordinary. I heard of no accident. I sat at Dame Wallis's in the night, and there heard the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" louder than at the concert.

Monday June 5th 1815: I went in the morning to Madame Souza's with a complimentary letter upon Flahaut's new peerage – well couched I think. I told her I should make her son's [], if I might take the liberty in the words of the Maréchalle d'Estonville, "comme il ressemble à sa mère". Madame Estonville is a character in her novel of *Eugene de Rothelin*.⁵⁶⁹

Then I went to the House of Commons⁵⁷⁰ – they had the *appel nominale* for the choice of four vice-presidents – Lafayette and Dumolard⁵⁷¹ were chosen at once. Regnault St Jean d'Angelly brought a message from the Emperor, mentioning the peers he had chosen. Lanjuinais was in the chair – a little impatient fellow, who looks through a spyglass at the member speaking. He voted against the Imperial title, and is a true republican. Today his approval by the Emperor was signified by Regnault. At first it was said

news, in 1793, of his being proscribed. I concealed him, and shall never forget the intrepidity of his conduct" – *Letters* II 5.

⁵⁶⁸: The concert and fireworks are described at *Letters* II 14-16.

⁵⁶⁹: *Eugène de Rothelin*, a novel by Madame de Souza (Paris 1808).

⁵⁷⁰: H. means "Chamber of Deputies".

⁵⁷¹: Joseph Vincent Dumolard (1766-189) liberal politician; Secretary of the Chamber.

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the Emperor would send a chamberlain to tell his opinion of their choice, but Dumolard said the president must have mistaken the message – the chamberlain was not the fit channel – the president (of age) said he had read the Emperor’s answer – however, Regnault soon came down, with the Emperor’s approval.

A man next to me assured me that the secretary of the secret committee appointed at the end of Louis XVIII’s reign to look into abuses petitions &c., which the Chamber of Deputies had hitherto neglected, found three hundred petitions from acquirers of national domains, to whom on that account the priests had refused absolution. He told me L’Aimé⁵⁷² the president was the first cause of all the suspicions respecting the King when he opposed the perpetual adjudication of the national property to the present holders because “Il ne voudrait pas fermer la porte à l’Empereur” so – fatal words. He (or the king) once made use of the words “Ainsi veut le roi – ainsi veut la loi”. A sycophant member said the words should be inscribed in letters of gold. Blacas employed himself in ruining the public spirit, and bribing the members. The sixty-two honest ones of the ancient body belong to the present with only one exception.

A Swiss walked about the Tuileries gardens with me, talking politics, and observed amongst other things the vast dispersion of public opinion by the reading the papers – every tinker hears or reads them in the walks here or elsewhere.

I dined at Very’s – a violent rain came on – the *fêtes* have been miraculously spared as usual by Napoleon’s good fortune – every day threatened, but no storm came till after the Champ de Mai. The shower would have stopped the concert yesterday.

Debauch at night.

Tuesday June 6th 1815: Called on Lord Kinnaird. In the Chronicle I see some news I sent to Douglas Kinnaird – the *Rivoli* has taken the *Melpomène*, forty-four guns, off Naples, and thus hostilities are commenced.

Went through pouring rain to the House of Deputies – they were balloting for secretaries – walked to Luxembourg – House of Peers not sitting. Walked about – received note from Dame Souza. Dined at Very’s with Bruce – meet there a young banker who talked sensibly about Murat, who, he said, wanted to have all the credit of saving Italy, and therefore began before the Emperor could be supposed to help him – he is at Marseilles, or Toulon now, they say.

He said he heard from le grand Maréchal Bertrand that Napoleon was much affected taking leave of his mother and sister Pauline at Elba, as was Bertrand with his wife, till the Emperor said, “Eh bien, partons – ou nous ne partirons jamais”, or some such expression. The captain of the brig in which he sailed told him there were so many on board he had better wait a day for

⁵⁷²: l’Aimé unidentified.

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another vessel – they should be sunk if they had not fine weather. Napoleon said, “Partons toujours. Nous aurons de bons temps”. He (the young banker) mentioned what Napoleon said to Lanjuinais yesterday in a private audience which he had, but I did not catch the words.

Went home with Bruce, then returned to my own home and found *one* ticket for tomorrow’s ceremony instead of two, from La Maréchale Bertrand. Struggle between pride and curiosity whether I shall return the ticket or not. I asked in my own mind without mentioning names for Bruce, and was I sure that the sending me was meant as a reproof, in which case I would return it. I am fearful of being taken for a bravo if I insult Madame Bertrand by sending back the ticket, and yet I should like to show her an Englishman does not ask for ten, when he wants only five, to make sure of enough.

Wednesday June 7th 1815:⁵⁷³ Went at half-past nine and breakfasted with Bruce, who had a ticket to dispose of. At two went to the *palais du corps législatif*, and after much trouble at the doors, at last got into the gallery or tribunes of the Chamber of Deputies, which was soon occupied by ladies and gentlemen, the former in evening dresses. There was a tribune boarded off for the Princess Hortense and Madame Mère,⁵⁷⁴ in which came in the Duchesses of Bassano, Rovigo, and Vicenza. I had a good seat, but at last with bad grace gave it up to a lady, highly painted, who complained of the difference of present and former times and the loss of the age of chivalry. After this a Frenchman modestly asked me to change places with him, and stand behind the column instead of himself, then pushed and quarrelled – the Duchess of Dalmatia (Fanny),⁵⁷⁵ in blond lace, was next to my madame. She said she had actually seen some Englishwomen who were polite – I believe her grace is but little received.

The deputies began to arrive, and filled all but the four lower range of benches. Madame Mère and the Princess Hortense arrived, the former a fine, regular-featured, genteel-looking woman, very young of her age. The peers began to make their appearance mostly in uniform, and nearly all in cordons – the Councillors of State, in fancy dresses, Constant among them, arrived, and took their places on the last bench on the left but one – at four o’clock we heard the cannon of the Tuileries, and in about twenty minutes the cannon near the palace, then the doors of the theatre opposite the throne, opened, and the deputation of the Chamber of Deputies, which was to receive the Emperor, walked down the steps. Afterwards followed ministers of state and marshals. The former took their places on benches on the steps to the right of the throne, the latter on them to the left.

Then came down chamberlains, &c., then the pages, and lastly a man shouted with a loud voice, “L’Empereur!” and in marched Napoleon in his

⁵⁷³: An account of Napoleon opening the Chamber of Deputies is at *Letters* II 21-5.

⁵⁷⁴: Marie Letizia Ramolino Bonaparte (1750-1836) Napoleon’s mother.

⁵⁷⁵: Madame Sout.

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fancy dress (bonnet of plumes) and Imperial mantle, surrounded with his marshals in waiting and aide-de-camps – his grand almoner, Cardinal Cambacères, the Arch-Chancellor Cambacères in his order of bees, &c.

The Emperor walked downstairs, then up the steps to the throne – there was a good deal of shouting – he turned round – bowed – sat down – Lucien was at his left in a chair, Joseph on his right – Jérôme's chair was vacant,⁵⁷⁶ as were two stools one on each side. The Princesses were in white robes, as on the Champ de Mai. All the assembly was standing – when the Comte de Segur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, communicating with the Emperor, informed them they might sit down, and all took their seats.

Then the Arch-Chancellor, advancing in front of the throne, informed the Emperor that the members of the two houses could proceed to take the oath of acceptance and fidelity. Accordingly the names of the peers were first called over, beginning with Prince Joseph, who, standing up, turning round to his Imperial brother, and stretching out his hand towards him, exclaimed “*Je jure!*” which was followed by Lucien and all the Peers, so that I saw and remarked all the men of note – Marshals Lefèvre, Masséna, and Moncey – old-looking gentlemen – Lefèvre Desnouëttes, the runaway, young Caulaincourt had his baton and boots of office – he is bald – Montesquiou, grand chamberlain, is a mean-looking man – Carnot, in his brown brutus wig and white fancy dress, looked *mesquin et médiocre* – Davout's⁵⁷⁷ bald head savage. The peers did not look noble, nor numerous.

Ney was standing behind the throne on Napoleon's left. After the “*Je jure!*” of all the lords, came the commons. Their oaths lasted a tedious time.

Napoleon from time to time took pastilles – he is *enrhumé*, and appeared to labour in his chest. He is well-made about the legs, with calves rather large, which is singular for one who has worn boots so much. He spoke twice to Joseph, and no more. When the oaths were finished, Napoleon adjusted himself, turned to the left, pulled off his hat, and saluted the assembly, recovered himself and began his speech from a paper. His Imperial mantle embarrassed him – he turned it behind his shoulders – his voice was distinct and clear, but rather feeble towards the end. I was rather surprised when I heard him mention the taking of the *Melpomène*.⁵⁷⁸ At his last sentence – “*La sainte cause de la patrie triomphera!*” – he gave a little jerk, a half flourish with his left hand, and, then rising instantly, bowed to

⁵⁷⁶: Jérôme was in a huff because Napoleon would not receive him as King of Westphalia, and would only give him a division to command. He had attended the Champ de Mai.

⁵⁷⁷: Marshal Louis Nicholas Davout (1770-1823) duc d'Auerstadt and Prince d'Eckmühl, Napoleon's War Minister during this period.

⁵⁷⁸: “*La frégate la Melpomène a été attaquée et prise dans la Méditerranée après un combat sanglant contre un vaisseau Anglais de 74. Le sang a coulé dans la paix!*” – *Letters II 42.*

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the assembly amidst thunders of applause, which accompanied him down from the throne and up the stairs out of the theatre, much to his satisfaction.

I also was happy to hear as much of “Vive la patrie! Vive la France!” as “Vive l’Empereur!” A few voices exclaimed “Vive l’armee!”

Have I seen this wonderful man for the last time?

I ran downstairs and saw his state carriage depart amidst cannon and shoutings, then walked through the Tuileries gate, where I met two battalions of the Old Guard. The Imperial Guard has nearly all marched – only the depots remain – the National Guard do duty at the Tuileries.

Bruce and I dined at Very’s. Gaudelle Geary came to us after dinner with a Marsellois friend of his, and told us that last Sunday the Emperor, as they passed before him in the Muséum with the Electoral colleges, asked him how many electors there were for Marseilles and its departments. “Thirteen”. – “Eh? Comment? How many deputies?” – “Six”. – “L’esprit est bien mauvais là – il faut le ranimer!” said Napoleon,⁵⁷⁹ making sundry contortions of mouth. “Oui Sire”, said Gaudelle.⁵⁸⁰

Gaudelle and Bruce ended with quarrelling – I went nowhere in the evening but to the blacksmith.

Thursday June 8th 1815: Went to the legislative palace but could not get in. Walked about the whole of a rainy morning with a one-eyed Swiss – who told me agriculture had doubled in [] [].

Dined with Bruce at Massinot’s – did not go to Madame Souza’s, notwithstanding her polite invitation. I get more and more averse to going out – ordered a wig this morning. Had a good letter from Kinnaird.

Friday June 9th 1815:⁵⁸¹ Went at eleven to the Chamber of Representatives – got in and waited till two, when Lanjuinais took the chair, the house being now constituted, and the tribunes, and in its proper place. There are, or seem to be, ten sergeants-at-arms – one stands at each side a little behind the president, who was in court dress with a sword, and a cocked hat lined with white feathers which he never put on. They opened with reading the *procès verbale* of yesterday’s transactions, but there was no debating on the address today, which the committee had not yet finished. There was, however, a good deal of tumult and talking – Flauguergues⁵⁸² spoke easily and well – one young man spouted horribly. The President has no manner, nor much authority – his bell is not always listened to.

⁵⁷⁹: Conversation recorded at *Letters* II 17.

⁵⁸⁰: H.’s deadpan recording of Gaudelle’s deadpan reaction to Bonaparte’s hypocritical bluster seems to signal his loss of any illusions about the Emperor.

⁵⁸¹: What H. here records as occurring in the Chamber of Representatives is the basis of *Letters* II 27-9.

⁵⁸²: Pierre François Flauguergues (1767-1838) Vice-President of the Assembly.

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The sitting ended by the reading of a petition from a man arrested at Valence, who demanded to be put on judgement – forthwith there was a great deal of debating whether this petition should be read – it was proposed that all petitions should be previously put to a committee, but this was rejected as too liable to stop their entry into the house. A member said that they ought before all things to consider their address to the Emperor an *effusion* of the heart &c., but this was treated with universal disapprobation, and the orator turned sulky and withdrew.

At last the petition was read, and ordered to be presented to the Emperor by the President – it was a hard case, and excited great attention – this spirit pleased me much. The house retired to consider the progress of the address, and I went home.

Bruce and I dined at Very's – we made preparations for leaving Paris, for Geneva – sat in the evening with Dame Wallis. Mr Payne,⁵⁸³ the American Roscius, the friend of Talma, there – he told me that the Emperor said to Talma, “Well, Chateaubriand⁵⁸⁴ says you taught me to act the Emperor. I take that for a compliment, for it shows I have played my part well.”⁵⁸⁵ He was one day talking to the same, and made use of the expression “You and I are making history at this moment,” meaning they were furnishing materials for it. Mr Payne is going to write something on the state of the French and English stage, and I recommended him to dedicate it to Byron, as manager of Drury Lane.

Saturday June 10th 1815: In the sixth volume of the *Censeur* are some very strong hints to Napoleon on the necessity of his bending to circumstances and going to the length of asking why, if he abdicated last year in favour of the Bourbons, he will not now abdicate in favour of his son. It ends, however, with rather advising, &c. &c. Address from the new parliament to the Allied Sovereigns offering [] today. The debates are in a secret committee of the whole house to take into consideration the address.

Called on various people to take leave: Lady Kinnaird, Madame Souza, Letort, and Coigny. Dined at Massinot's. Went in the evening to Princess Jablanowski, where saw Sismondi. Madame Walewska, the Polish mistress

⁵⁸³: John Howard Payne (1791-1852) American actor and theatrical hack.

⁵⁸⁴: François René, Viscomte de Chateaubriand (1768-1848) “father of French romanticism”, diplomat and politician. Ceased to support Napoleon after the murder of Enghien.

⁵⁸⁵: Detail used at *Letters* I 43-4.

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of Napoleon at Elba,⁵⁸⁶ came in with her sister and Lady Charlotte Forbes,⁵⁸⁷ just arrived from Toulon and Naples, which they left the 12th.

Lady Charlotte since told me that she sent to Captain Campbell, commanding the squadron before Naples, to know what flag could go out – the answer was, *none*. She sent again – the answer, “Any flag but a Neapolitan”. This she showed to Queen Caroline’s⁵⁸⁸ secretary – the secretary stood aghast, and asked leave to communicate it to the Queen. It was the first news of the hostile intentions of the English – the Queen sent to Captain Campbell, who answered, *he* would give her £50,000 for her two first-rates, then in the harbour – she answered, she could not sell the Neapolitan ships. He drew nearer – she assembled the civic guard, mounted on horseback, and harangued them. She said, the town was to be bombarded by yonder squadron – she had sent all the regular troops to the King, of whom she owned she had no news – if they would fight, she would stand by them to the last. They answered, “*No*”. Lady Charlotte Forbes heard the speech. It was affecting. She got out on the 12th, when the squadron was drawing in close. Passing Gaeta she heard a firing – it was the Austrians, attacking by land. Presently out came a brig and frigate with Jérôme and Madame Mère – they joined, hoisting the tricolour for which they had permission. Went to Terrauna and Corsica – at Bartia, great rejoicings for their arrival. They landed at Cannes, dined on the table on which Napoleon dined – saw the column created in memory of that event – thence proceeded to Paris. All was quiet except at Marseilles, where the soldiers were bivouacking in the streets. They were received with shouts, every[one] being taken for part of the Imperial family.

Sismondi tonight was full of terror for the cause. Said Napoleon had lost himself four times before by delay and might again. Was angry with the Chamber of Deputies for pottering so long about the address – better declare themselves for the Duke of Orleans, or the King of Rome, or anybody, at once.

Sunday June 11th 1815: Today at the Tuileries Napoleon received the two houses and their addresses. It is supposed he sets off tonight, but some say not – I called with Mr Payne, the American Roscius, on Talma, who was breakfasting in his shirt on mackerel with a fat piece, Madame Bazire,⁵⁸⁹ with

⁵⁸⁶: The Countess Marie Walewska (1789-1817); her son by Napoleon became a French diplomat, and ambassador to England. Napoleon’s other mistress at this time is Emilie de Pellapra.

⁵⁸⁷: H. may here be confusing two of Princess Caroline’s ladies-in-waiting. Lady Elizabeth *Forbes*, when Napoleon left Elba, and the English government sent a frigate to rescue the Princess, stayed behind in Naples, but Lady *Charlotte Lindsay*, accompanied her to Rome where the frigate collected them.

⁵⁸⁸: Queen Caroline of Naples, Murat’s wife and Napoleon’s sister.

⁵⁸⁹: Talma’s mistress was Madame Bazire, by whom he had three children.

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whom he fell in love when she was with child, and who has had a child, some say by him, some say by an author. I engaged him to get a correspondent for Drury Lane Theatre.

Went at two o'clock with Mr Payne to the Conservatoire Impérial⁵⁹⁰ and heard the pupils of the Opera and Française sing and act – they were not dressed, nor were there any scenes. Iphigenia was a fine girl – a scene of Molière was well got up – better, I thought, than that of Mahomet. The place was full, as usual for every amusement in France – folks pay for the entrance. Mr Payne told me that when the Emperor was here Talma had no limit to his income but his wishes – they were almost fellows from their youth, and Talma and a Mr Le Noire,⁵⁹¹ when Napoleon was high in the army but not commander-in-chief, used to amuse themselves principally in telling stories of ghosts and old castles. Napoleon was very impatient of interrupting – in order to heighten the interest they agreed to put the candles out, and the joke between Le Noire and Talma then was to dance around the room on the backs of their chairs, to the infinite annoyance of Napoleon.⁵⁹² I dined at Massinot's. Called on Lady C. P. who is insane with six beautiful children.⁵⁹³ Went in search of Dr Robertson⁵⁹⁴ – found him, and engaged him to call on her. Farewell of *⁵⁹⁵ from whom I augur some ill.

Monday June 12th 1815: Napoleon is gone to the armies by way of Soissons.⁵⁹⁶ He said in his speech of yesterday to the deputies, "*I go off tonight*". The address of the deputies as well as of the peers is good – Napoleon told the latter to take warning by the fate of the lower empire, who disputed about trifles when the battering-ram was thundering at their gates – alluding, I presume, to their delay. There begins to be a regular attack, and no wonder, made on England in the *Moniteur* and other papers. The rebels have been defeated in la Vendée. I call on the police, get my passport *viséed pour le départ*, again call on Lady C.P., call on Lady Charlotte Forbes, who

⁵⁹⁰: For the training of actors and singers. Founded under the republic; closed by the Bourbons; reopened by Napoleon. The only one of its kind in Europe. Talma was its Professor of Declamation. See *Letters* I 273. *Letters* II 301-2 reports that an actor who had distinguished himself as a rifleman in the brief post-Waterloo defence of Paris was forced to beg the audience's pardon on his knees.

⁵⁹¹: Le Noire unidentified.

⁵⁹²: Detail used at *Letters* I 44.

⁵⁹³: "Lady C. P." unidentified.

⁵⁹⁴: Robertson unidentified.

⁵⁹⁵: Asterisked blank unfilled.

⁵⁹⁶: He left secretly at three am that morning. Fouché had already sent Wellington his entire order of battle, together with all troop positions as of 2 May. The full extent of Fouché's duplicity was known to few at the time; H. allows the fact of it credibility at *Letters* II 267-8n.

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tells me unheard-of stories of Lady Oxford and the Princess of Wales. Took leave of Lady Kinnaird.

Dined with Bruce at Very's – Bruce told me he heard at second-hand from Marshal Bertrand that Napoleon was reduced at Elba, instead of his favourite Chamberton, to drink *vin du pays* – his resignation was exemplary. I came home and wrote letters, and left caricatures to be taken care of by Mrs Wallis for England.

Tuesday June 13th 1815: To go from Paris at two I purpose.⁵⁹⁷ Letters to Tavistock, Byron,⁵⁹⁸ Kinnaird, and Sir Benjamin, by an American through Mr Payne. At three I did set out with Bruce in my carriage, and his slave and mine⁵⁹⁹ in another cabriolet. We purposed going, and went to <Valenciennes> Fontainebleau that evening, and arrived by half-past nine. The postillion the last stage took us through part of the magnificent forest, and showed us the spot in which poor Berthier, who threw himself out of a window at Bamberg,⁶⁰⁰ shot a boar weighing 500 pounds last year, in company with the duc de Berri. Fontainebleau is seven posts and a half from Paris. We put up at the *galère* opposite the chateau and the large, square, pitched court in which Napoleon took leave of his troops when he left the place to embark for Elba. Coming out of Paris under the eminence of the Bicetre, we found people working at defences across the road. The inn at Fontainebleau is large and bad and dear. When we came to pay the next morning thirty-eight francs, I could not help exclaiming with the old man in Molière, “Que faisait-il dans cette maudite galère?”⁶⁰¹ The roads magnificent between rows of trees – pitched in the middle, the country highly cultivated. We saw very few people in the road.

Wednesday June 14th 1815: Got up and at eight. Went to the chateau, which we were shown by a drowsy concierge who talked patois. It is a vast pile, said to contain nine hundred rooms, some highly furnished by Napoleon, whose private apartments we saw, as also the very table – a little, round, red, one-legged, three-clawed table, on which he signed his abdication. It is marked in several places, as if he had drawn the back of his knife along it – scratched and a little indented.⁶⁰² The concierge told us that in those days the rooms were full of officers and soldiers walking about in

⁵⁹⁷: H. puts his reasons for quitting Paris thus: “... I cannot help wishing that the French may meet with as much success as will not compromise the military character of my own countrymen. But, as an Englishman, I will not be a witness to their triumphs; as a lover of liberty, I would not be a witness of their reverses. I leave Paris tomorrow” – *Letters* II 44.

⁵⁹⁸: BB 216-8.

⁵⁹⁹: Their valets, Pierre (surname unrecorded) and George Parsons.

⁶⁰⁰: See 30 Mar 1815.

⁶⁰¹: Molière quotation unidentified.

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the very imperial apartments unattended. He took us down a winding wooden staircase through a little door into Napoleon's library, desiring us to make no noise, as this intrusion was expressly forbid by the Grand Marshal Bertrand. It is a little room, and the books are all French – history, voyages and travels and politics. Napoleon's apartments open into the long gallery, in which are ranged the busts of some distinguished characters, chiefly military, of late times. Amongst others, five aide-de-camps of the Emperor, all of whom were killed, four in Egypt, one at Aspern. Marlborough is there, and Mrs Damer's Fox is to be there.

We went from the palace into the English garden, which Napoleon laid out, and was very fond of. It is small but pretty. During the days of his abdication the Emperor used to walk about there – he seated himself on a stone bench by a circular marble fountain with a Diana in the midst of it, which he constructed at the enormous expense of 500,000 francs, looking towards a little vista, in which there is a figure of Mercury on a pedestal. There he amused himself in kicking a hole with his heel in the gravel. The hole he made was at least a foot deep. The gardeners have filled it up, but I sat on the bench where Napoleon had thus employed the moments of his despair.⁶⁰³

The concierge told us that in those days he walked about a great deal in the apartments and the garden, which were open to all his army, and whence in those circumstances all ceremony seemed to be banished. He pointed out the spot in the court in which he kissed General Petit⁶⁰⁴ and the eagles, when he bid them and his army adieu. On his return he reviewed some of his troops in the same courtyard from the great stone staircase which juts into the square – with feelings how different. He left Fontainebleau on the 20th, at twelve o'clock. We saw the apartments in which the Pope lived, and from which he did not stir out for eighteen months – the seclusion was voluntary.

At ten we left Fontainebleau, and went by Fossard Villeneuve le Guiard and Pont-sur-Yonne, to Sens, where we dined. The country richly cultivated, partly vines, partly corn, but not very picturesque nor varied. The villages and towns dirty and ill-built, and wretched-looking. At the post before Sens we crossed over the Yonne, which we then had at our right – a respectable river, down which from Auxerre Napoleon floated his Elbese guard. Sens is a dirty town. Reichard⁶⁰⁵ mentions Roman antiquities, which we did not

⁶⁰²: See 22 Apr 15, where Napoleon denies to Macnamara having damaged the furniture in this way.

⁶⁰³: Details used at *Letters* I 205-6n.

⁶⁰⁴: Jean Martin Petit (1772-1856) French general; he had received Napoleon's farewell to the Old Guard at Fontainebleau.

⁶⁰⁵: "Reichard" (Ms). Heinrich August Ottakar Reichard, writer of travel books. H. is probably consulting *Guide des Voyageurs en Europe*, 7th edition 1814, which includes a supplementary *Guide des Voyageurs en France*.

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want to see, and which the woman at the town inn knew nothing about, nor of the Utrecht velvet of which he talks.

Over the gate out of which we came was the Inscription “À Napoleon le Grand” lately put up. The post-mistress told us that Napoleon when he arrived had no troops with him, but was travelling post. The inhabitants had prepared to receive him, but he changed horses on the other side of the town. The Mayor, however, came and harangued him at his carriage window. Sens last year was defended by 7 or 800 men against a corps of 4,000 Russians for thirteen days, and then was taken by assault, when about ten of the townsfolk were killed. They were cheats at Sens, as at Fontainebleau. We left the town and went to Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, Ville Valliers and Soigny, having the Yonne on our right all the way. A pleasant drive of five posts and three-quarters.

Soigny is a long [] on the banks of the Yonne, over which there is [a] bridge. We traversed it to the post-house, and saw the pretty prospect down the stream, with its allies of tall trees, which are celebrated by Reichard. Here for the first time we saw some troops – a depot of dragoons, apparently, lodged in the barracks of Soigny. Here the road to Dijon divides to the right of the Yonne by Auxerre, to the left by Tonnerre. We took the latter, it being three-quarters of a post shorter, and less hilly. We recrossed [and] crossed the Yonne, which we soon left on our right, and got into an open high down country, cultivated with corn chiefly, quite bare of trees and most desolate – we scarcely saw a human being. Auxerre is the more frequented road. We here left the pitched roads for many posts, I think [from] hence [to] Sens. It was boiling hot on the hills.

Slept at St Florquiston, a dirty inn, the post-house in a dirty town, supping not, but giving it to our slaveys.⁶⁰⁶

Thursday June 15th 1815:⁶⁰⁷ Up at four. Off at five. Dear bill – went over an ugly open country to Flogny, Tonnerre,⁶⁰⁸ [an] old⁶⁰⁹ romantic town under a hill – Ancy le Franc, Aisy-sur-Armançon, Montbard – where we arrived by one o’clock, took a meal of fish and pigeons, and were detained whilst horses fed. The post-master told us not a post-chaise had passed for two months. From Montbard to Villeneuve les Couvres, hilly, or rather undulating road, in the same high country, ugly and open. Villeneuve to St Chauceaux, the same, and to Saint June, except that there is a range of woods to the right and a valley in which the Seine, a small stream, flows – it rises in the woods. St June is in a deep valley. It contains a large house, formerly a convent of Benedictines, twenty-four in number, who did infinite

⁶⁰⁶: Sic Ms.

⁶⁰⁷: There are two entries for this date, one at the end of Berg volume 3, the other at the start of Berg volume 4.

⁶⁰⁸: This is the end of the third of the four Berg volumes.

⁶⁰⁹: After the date, this word opens the fourth of the Berg volumes.

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good to the country, now inhabited by a Monsieur .⁶¹⁰ We have seen many chateaux in the road – some large and some small, at the end of tall avenues chiefly, looking neglected, and like private madhouses. From St June we went to Val de Juson, a lovely village in a deep woody valley, into which the road winds – we walked up from it – the sun had set some time, but we could still distinguish the outlines of the woods and the hills. Thence to Dijon, two posts. We were in the dusk – the gates were shut, but soon opened, and we put up [at] the hotel close to them, a good, decent inn, where they presented us with a *carte de vins* – the third horse is marked for three of the stages, but we only paid for it, or rather paid forty sous per horse for two. Once today we made eighteen posts and a quarter today, from five to half-past ten, about ninety miles.

Friday June 16th 1815: We got up at seven, but did not set off till late. Passing through this ancient capital of Burgundy we observed [that] it was well built, a semicircle of coffee-houses and some public buildings with columns, very handsome – the walks on the outside of the town pretty – it is walled. We could not help talking of Rousseau's essay⁶¹¹ as [we] went through the gate, and if Dijon should be sown with salt it will still exist in the title page of his *Social Contract*⁶¹² – so much can one genius do. The road took us to Genlis (two posts), and Auxonne, a walled town which we found them throwing up works about. Here were about 2,000 of the National Guard, with arms but no uniforms, coming off exercise. Bruce thought the people looked gruff on him – they asked for our passports at entry, but had gone away from this duty before the cabriolet came in.

From Auxonne went two posts to Dole, which is not, as I thought, a walled town, but which is prettily situated in groves of trees on the banks of the Doubs. We were approaching the mountains. Arrived at three. Our cabriolet did not come up. We waited and waited and dined at an inn. Heard it had broken down at St Pan, a league off. An Englishman settled as a victualler of the French armies good-humouredly went to look after it. Returning, he walked about [with] us. He told us that when they came through Dole from Lons-le-Saunier to oppose Napoleon, he talked very big for the Bourbons – the next day he returned “Vive l'Empereur!” and ordered the Englishman to get 20,000 rations ready for tonight under pain of imprisonment. Nothing was then seen but little boys running about with ladders and blacking-brushes, effacing the *fleurs de lys* and other royal emblems. Jérôme came through some time after, and was as much fêted as the Count d'Artois had been in the last year's progress he made, for the

⁶¹⁰: Ms. gap.

⁶¹¹: Rousseau first gained fame with *Discours sur les arts et sciences* (1749) which was his entry for a contest set by the Academie of Dijon.

⁶¹²: *Le Contrat Social* (1762); there is no reference to Dijon on the title-page of its first edition. H. is confusing it with the previously-mentioned work.

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expenses of which the communes have not yet been paid. The Englishman told us many nobles lived at Dole, and during the last winter had begun to assume all their airs, separating themselves as much as possible from the parvenus, however rich. He told us that the vines had failed for three years, that the bargain made for this crop was half to the owner, half to the cultivator. He gave us an account of the great efforts making in this country – all are soldiers, old and young. The girl at our inn at Dijon had her lover taken from her the night before he was to have married her – he marched willingly – so do all, in the very places where the period[s] of the conscription were formerly days of mourning. The children have formed battaillons with wooden swords, and passed before the general at Dole the other day. When the Austrians were here last year they were the general mockery. The children frightened them at the fort of Salines.

We intended to leave Dole, but our cabriolet did not come. I walked anxiously in the road – at last it came about nine, having broken down again – we determined to stay all night, and be off by three in the morning.

Saturday June 17th 1815: After an hour or two, next got up half-past two; but the cabriolet not being finished, did not set off until half-past four, when we went to Mons Sans Vaudry (two-and-a-half posts) and thence to Poligny (two-and-a-quarter) the country a little more woody and picturesque. On the whole, however, the journey from Paris to this spot is as destitute of any striking beauty as any I ever saw for that distance. Poligny is at the first of a chain of hills, forming a root of Mt Jura, a little narrow town on a declivity – an old wall runs up the mountain above it – we heard at Dole that the diligence had been stopped and could not get to Geneva. We heard the same story here. It was said at Dole the French had taken it. From Poligny to Champagnole (two-and-a-half posts) the third and fourth horses are marked. There is at first a long ascent to Mount Devot, whose side is covered with vineyards. The view from the top is extensive over a dead flat, which, however, is much higher than the plain of the Yonne beyond Joigny.

At Champagnole was a fair, abounding in cherries. We took a dinner of trout and cherries and strawberries, for three francs, in the room where the landlord was dining with some farmers very well, and drinking much and various wine. Their post-master was a clever, small, hale old man – his company was ill-looking but well-talking – social eloquence is universal in France. They talked of the efforts now making in all the neighbouring departments.

Geneva is shut, but the post-master thinks we can get in, so we set off in good spirits, and went a post and a half, ascending the Jura, rather woody hills than mountains, to Maison Heure, a solitary post-house. Thence went one-and-a-half, ascending the Jura again to St Laurent. Here we found posts

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of National Guards, as well as in the villages we passed – a good hard road, the scenery quite highland. Cold and rainy.⁶¹³

At St Laurent they told us Geneva was blocked, and a lady had returned unable to proceed. We went on, however, scaling hills first, and then descending to a town in a narrow valley or ravine. Morez [is] one-and-a-half from St Laurent. Here was a post defended by about 2,000 National Guards – a few regulars. Works were throwing up at the mouth of the valley before the town.

Getting out of the carriage, we were asked for our passports, and soon had them returned with the information that the general could not suffer us to proceed. We went incontinently to the General Maréchal de Camp Baron Gaussard,⁶¹⁴ an ugly, robust, civil man, who told us that General Le Courbe had been to the advanced posts the day before – had stopped every sort of communication with Switzerland – and had let the diligence go for the last time to Gex, because there was an elector from the Champ de Mai in it. It was in vain we reasoned with him, and showed a letter which Bruce carried from Count Mollien, Minister of the Treasury⁶¹⁵ to Maréchal Suchet.⁶¹⁶ The Baron was not under the Marshal's command, but under Le Courbe's.⁶¹⁷ Gex was in the Marshal's district, but there was a tongue of land between the next stage and Rousses, and Gex, which belonged to Switzerland, whose territory was not to be violated. Had we come yesterday we might have got over – here was luck. Had we seen Le Courbe, who was at Champagnole this morning, we might have got over.

Well, we returned *se infecta* to our inn, very depressed, and quarrelled foolishly on my part. We heard all sorts of advice from a lisping post-master and a drunken gendarme – we were to send to Le Courbe – that would take us four or five days – we were to go round to Gex by another road, a circuit not much more than 120 miles. We were to send there – we went to bed, sulky and ill – beds, as usual, good – two in a room.

Sunday June 18th 1815:⁶¹⁸ We determined to make one more effort to get the Baron to let us go to Gex. He was gone to the outpost this morning so we could not see him. We made up our minds, if he would not let us advance, to go round towards Marshal Suchet's quarters, which we were told were at

⁶¹³: Heavy rain hampers Napoleon's preparations for Waterloo, which occurs tomorrow. It also hampers his artillery during the battle, as the balls do not ricochet, but stick in the mud, and his cavalry, especially Ney's, who charge unwisely uphill.

⁶¹⁴: Louis Marie Gaussard (the *Dictionnaire de Biographie Française* gives his dates as 1733-1838) commanded Napoleon's troops in the Jura.

⁶¹⁵: François-Nicholas Mollien (1758-1850) Napoleon's Minister for the Treasury.

⁶¹⁶: Louis-Gabriel Suchet, Duke of Albuféra (1770-1826) Marshal of France. Defected to Napoleon from Louis.

⁶¹⁷: Le Courbe unidentified.

⁶¹⁸: Waterloo is fought on this day.

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Point d'Ain. Bruce wrote to Count Mollien, I to Sierakowski, begging for application to the Minister of War for permission to proceed.

We read a paper containing Carnot's report to the two houses. It is of great interest, but shows a childish pettishness against England, besides being not much in a republican style. It makes the regular army of France, or rather the moveable army, exceed 800,000, and makes out that Napoleon has done more even for the clergy than the Bourbons did.

We dined at half after five – the General returned – he was inflexible – told us any communication was impossible – he visaed our passports to go back into France and fix on *il durerera*.⁶¹⁹ We set off then at half-past-six, determined to travel all night towards Chambéry, where we learnt were Suchet's headquarters. We retraced our steps towards Maison Heure. As we were descending the hill, Pierre called to us and whispered when he came out that a man whose name he gave us offered to get us across the hills at night. He had got many emigrants across to Switzerland. I did not hesitate to reject such a scheme, which I suppose was contrived by the man in order to get our carriages and goods. We preferred going round by Lons le Saunier, Bourg, Lyons, Chambéry, a distance of about 260 miles, to Geneva.

We had a beautiful moonlight night. Arrived at Champignole at eleven, set off across post road, agreeing to give twenty francs a carriage, to Lons-le-Saunier. Moon day it dropped behind the clouds on the <xxxxx> we either even brought a deal of light up.⁶²⁰ The road bad – chiefly on the descent. The postillion rested his horses half-way, and stayed some time, for it was light when we set off. At last we came to the edge, and I had a view of the plain of Lons-le-Saunier. We ...

Monday June 19th 1815: ... descended into it, and drove, through vineyards chiefly, to the town, which is large and well-built – the chief place of the Department of Jura. On our road in the mountains we were stopped two or three times by pickets of peasants with guns, fowling-pieces, pikes. Whilst changing horses at Lons-le-Saunier, which is now famous from having been the headquarters of Ney's army when he betrayed Louis, we saw a general smoking, who told us the Duke of Albufera⁶²¹ was advancing from Chambéry and had beaten the Piedmontese army at Montreuil.

We left Lons at half-past six, and travelled through Beaufort St Arrion and St Etienne du Bois to Bourg (eight posts) in the ancient *department* (province) of La Brou, having a range of vine-covered hills on our left, and a fine, cultivated, undulating, woody, hedgy, country like England to our right. The peasants dressed like Swiss women with broad-brimmed low crowned black beaver hats stuck on their heads, with black lace or ribbons hanging

⁶¹⁹: H.'s polyglot syntax and meaning are unclear.

⁶²⁰: Text corrupt.

⁶²¹: Marshal Suchet. Early in July his forces surrender to an Austrian invasion via Savoy.

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from the sides. Passed a crowded cattle fair – saw several ruins of castles – the first I have seen in France in the hills.

At Bourg, the capital of the department of the Ain, we dined, and were shown by the obliging host and hostess a telegraphic dispatch from Prince Joseph to the commander-in-chief of the commander of the army of the Alpe, Suchet, stating the Santre to have been forced, Chambéry taken, and the Emperor to have gained a *complete victory* over Duke Wellington and Blucher on the 16th.⁶²² We proceeded to Pont d’Ain (two posts and a half) over a beautifully cultivated country, having on our right the forest which stretches as far as Lyons and belongs to the Crown.

Arriving at Pont d’Ain without exactly knowing what to do, but thinking of going on to Chatillon on the road towards Geneva, we were stopped to mend my carriage. In the interval a set of officers were talking at the posthouse door, and one a vulgar blackguard pasting the royalists and saying he should wish to see the Rhine red with their blood for sixteen days – a fellow with a gun asked for our passports – we gave them – he read and returned them. We then went into the house and heard the General whom we expected to find at Chatillon was not there. We helped the blacksmith at the carriage – a man whispered to me, “On va vous arrêter!”⁶²³

I went to look for Bruce to tell him, but thought so little of it that when I found him talking with some officers (who were doing justice to our country) I forgot to mention it. In came two fellows, one in regimentals with one epaulet, another in a cotton jacket and trousers and a cocked hat – as blackguard as can be conceived, and making an obeisance, desired us to come upstairs with them – this we did. We entered a room – they shut the door and desired to see our passports – we showed them – they made a thousand ridiculous objections and insisted that after the visa of Baron Gaussard, we had no right to try to get to Switzerland. They questioned and talked and tried to make us boggle. The fellow in regimentals, commandant of the place, a lieutenant, was drunk – it ended in our being told to come to the mayor. We descended, and had the pleasure of seeing a guard of two peasants with muskets and bayonets put over our carriage, and were marched off with the two men through the village to the town house.

The mayor, a young man, looked at our passports, and said they were quite *en règle*, and that the commandant should visa them to go on to Lyons, or where we wished – the said commandant staggered out – he would not, and began to quarrel with the mayor, who stuck by us as also did some *gentlemen* who came in, one of whom asked if Bruce was related to the famous traveller⁶²⁴ – and said that we could not be confined without anything less than an order *of the legislature*. This made me bold, and, turning round,

⁶²²: Reported at *Letters* II 48.

⁶²³: The episode which follows is not in *Recollections*, and *Letters* (II 49) says that the arresting officials were drunk from celebrating Napoleon’s reported victory.

⁶²⁴: Bruce is “the famous traveller”.

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I fixed upon my man in the jacket and said “Yet he would make us prisoners”, when judge of my surprise on his saying, “And so I will!” and on my learning he was a brigadier of the gendarmerie, he civilly gave us the offer of being in the jail next door, or paying for the company of gendarmes at our inn. We chose the latter, and walked downstairs in despair, only asking as a favour that we might be sent off to the prefect at Bourg the same night. We went to the *Brigadier’s* house, where he dressed himself and in the interval questioned us as before, objected to my passport because it was English, and to Bruce’s because it was French – told us repeatedly we were lying, and at last the mayor came in and we walked back with him, the Brigadier, the Commandant, and a guardsman, to the post-house.

They put us and our luggage into a room and began to search. Bruce showed his letter case, and the letter to Marshal Suchet – they objected to Molliens’ name not being on the outside – it had only “ministre du trésor imperial” upon it, and took the letter – they read a letter from La Maréchale Ney⁶²⁵ to him: how did they know his name was Bruce? They bullied us shamefully, and we succumbed as pitifully.

Pierre got in for his share – he was abused for wishing to expatriate – they read private letters he was carrying to Geneva – he was to be confined with us – they looked at my pistols – and found a sword – “Was it mine?” – “No.” – “Bruce’s?” – “No.” – “Whose, then?” – Pierre said it was his – he had picked it up near Morez. He affirmed so stoutly that I had no doubt, but the enquirers railed and told him he lied flat – he must have stolen the weapon, or it was English – when to my utter wonder Bruce stepped forwards and said it was his – I then turned upon him and Pierre. The brigadier, the commandant, and even the mayor looked upon all of us as impostors. The party took their leave with their pistols and Bruce’s sword, leaving us with the gendarmes, and remarking that there was nothing but the windows for us to get out at, and the brigadier said we should have a *plus belle chambre*, meaning one more secure.

We were not a little vexed, as may be imagined – but nevertheless we ordered supper and made the gendarme sit down with us. I did not eat much, Bruce nothing. The sword stuck in his throat – Pierre, who was locked up with us, said that on hearing Bruce deny his own sword he thought he was afraid to own it, and owned it himself to save his master. Bruce persistently did not recognise the sword at first – but when he had and when he heard Pierre accused of theft, thought it better to tell the truth. The brigadier carried away our passports and Mollien’s letter. Before bedtime another gendarme entered – this gentleman went to bed in the next room, where Bruce and I were in two other beds. The friendly one and Pierre slept in the

⁶²⁵: Aglaë Auguie, Madame Ney (1782-1853) daughter of a chambermaid but schoolfriend of Hortense de Beauharnais and Caroline Bonaparte, and wife of “the bravest of the brave”. She and Bruce seem to be lovers at this point.

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other room, the door opening into ours⁶²⁶ – I was in a fever and a fright but laughed as well as I could.

Tuesday June 20th 1815: Dropped asleep, and awoke at a quarter-past three – the doors were locked. At half-past four the brigadier came in, wishes me good morning, our snoring guardsman got up, and he remained in the room when we dressed. His manner was altered – he was not drunk. He showed us the *procès verbal* in which he remarked he had said nothing about our arms. We talked much too much to him – read our letters to Mollien and Sierakowski – he offered to ride with our servants if we were sure of coming back, but we declined, and after breakfasting we set off, accompanied by our friendly gendarme on horseback, and followed by the brigadier in his cart with his wife and child.

I forgot to remark that the ruffian who talked to us of the Rhine running blood amused himself afterwards with some other officers in laughing at and abusing Lord Wellington in my hearing – this marks the French officer – there is not a farmer's son in the militia who would do it in England.

We went back to Bourg, sometimes saluted with cries of “Vive l'Empereur!” and put up at the post-master – the mistress of the house said her heart had beat for us. After waiting some time, the brigadier appeared. We accompanied him to the colonel commandant of the place, a man civil enough, who referred us to the Prefect Baron Bold – at the Prefect's we waited some time before we were shown in to a civil middle-aged gentleman who, looking at the *procès verbal*, our passports and the letter to Suchet, said we should go back to Paris – we could not possibly get to Geneva (which town, by the way, we before heard the French had blocked and had threatened to *échauffer* if it did not surrender in twenty-four hours) he then said he should send our passports and letter to Marshal Suchet – that the answer would return in three or four days, and that in the mean time we should give our *parole d'honneur* we would not leave Bourg – this we did.

Left the Baron – returned to our inn – gave ten francs to our friendly guard and twenty to the brigadier, which he said he should give to his gendarmes, and was overcome with silence at receiving such a return for his injustice.

We could not go out today as it rained – so we read and talked. I must not forget that on the road, Bruce told me that the Duke of Bassano assured him that at Dresden, when Napoleon saw Metternich, he said “Now, Metternich, tell me what did they give you?” [and] that Metternich flushed-up, and soon left the room, and from that time every effort to make peace with Austria was unavailing – however, the Emperor of Austria himself was forced into the war. Stadion⁶²⁷ told the Emperor Alexander that to talk of policy or profit to Francis [was useless] – that the only way was to frighten

⁶²⁶: Parsons, we have to assume, was not incarcerated – H. doesn't mention him.

⁶²⁷: Note on Stadion pending.

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him. Accordingly a letter was written telling him that he was already compromised with Napoleon, and would be punished by him and that if he did not join the alliance, Prussia and Russia would make peace and leave him to his fate. This is a story of Bruce's.

After a bad dinner we tried to walk out but were driven in by the rain – then took tea, read *Siècle de Louis XV*: remarkable coincidence of some passages to present times – went to bed tired and with no voice at all. Smoky room.

Wednesday June 21st 1815: Up late – walked about Bourg, looked at an old Gothic church here, which has been converted into a magazine, and was so spared in the Revolution that its mutilation was forbidden under pain of death. Dined at my inn, &c.

Thursday June 22nd 1815:⁶²⁸ Ditto – read this day the whole of Montesquieu, *Sur la Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*⁶²⁹ – also his *Sylla*⁶³⁰ and his *Politique des Romains dans la religion*.⁶³¹ *Mem*: Cicero tells a correspondent that he received letters of thanks for kingdoms given from persons whom he not only did not know were kings, but [did not know] were in existence.⁶³² It was Claudius Pulcher who threw the augerial chickens into the sea “quia esse nolunt bibant”.⁶³³ Walked about, dined, &c.

Friday June 23rd 1815: Walked about. Read newspaper, *Moniteur* 18th-19th-20th, account of battle of Fleurus, in which, after Napoleon forced the Prussian positions at Charleroi, he beat Blucher and cut a division of 5 or 6,000 Scotch in pieces. Napoleon is marching toward the English. There is no official bulletin, but a letter from Fleurus dated 17th June – “Quant aux Anglais, on verra aujourd’hui ce qu’ils deviendront – L’Empereur est là”, is the last sentence.⁶³⁴

⁶²⁸: Napoleon abdicates on this date.

⁶²⁹: *Les considérations sur les causes de la grandeur des Romains et de leur décadence* (1734).

⁶³⁰: *Dialogue de Sylla et d’Eucrate* (1745) a dialogue with the retired dictator, full of Napoleonic ironies.

⁶³¹: *Dissertation sur la Politique de Romains dans la religion* (1716, published posthumously).

⁶³²: <<... plusieurs princes m’ont écrits des lettres de remerciement sur ce que j’avois été d’avis qu’on leur donnât le titre des rois, que non seulement je ne savais pas être rois, mais même qu’ils fussent au monde>> (*Considérations*, XI, quoting Cicero, *Epis. Fam.* IX 15, letter to Papirius Paetus).

⁶³³: *Claudius Pulcher, voulant donner un combat naval, fit jeter les poulets sacrés à la mer, afin de les faire boire, disoit-il, puis qu’ils ne vouloient pas manger* (*Dissertation*, quoting Valerius Maximus I iv 3).

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Saturday June 24th 1815: At breakfast the Commissary of Police called, and took us to the Prefect's, who communicated to us a letter written by him to the Marshal Duke of Albufera stating his regrets that he cannot attend to Count Mollien's recommendation – his orders were too precise for him to allow us to pass. The Prefect advised us to go to Paris. We asked time to consider of it, and spent the morning in forming plans. At one time we had determined to write letters to friends in Paris and wait the event – the letters we did write, but I go out, and, finding we might wait ten days for an answer, our minds were changed, and we resolved to return to the capital ourselves. We dined at eight – called on Prefect and took our leave.

Sunday June 25th 1815:⁶³⁵ The prefect sent us our passports visae'd for our return to Paris, and the duc d'Albufera's letter with a certificate of his own underneath. At ten we left Bourg – went two posts to Logis Neuf, a lone house. Then two posts to Macon, beautiful country, cultivated to the extreme – hill and dale – a signal fire post at every turn, watched by armed peasants. We were stopped only at one of these posts before coming to Macon. Went over the vast green meadow on the banks of the Saone, a fine river. Crossed it over a bridge which they were cutting – defences throwing up. Macon a pleasant town on the banks of the Saone. From Macon to St Albin (two posts) a fine road; beautiful views of the Saone in the plain to our right and hills of vineyards to our left.

At St Albin, as we were going off, a man came to our carriage-side and asked us if we heard the news. – “*What news?*” – “Why, news – bad news. *The Emperor, returned to Paris, has abdicated!*” Two merchants going to Lyons through Tournus the next post showed a newspaper from Paris – “What newspaper?” – “*The Journal General*” – “Oh,” said we, “c'est un journal suspect”. – “So I thought”, said the man, “and we had the two merchants followed and taken by a gendarme to the prefect, who having examined them and their papers has let them go. The telegraph has announced a great victory over the Allies posterior to the date of this paper. However, everything is in disquiet.” – During the next post we began to ruminate on this news – we recollected that the *Moniteur* of the 21st, which we had seen at Bourg, said nothing more of the great victory gained on the 16th – but still the things was impossible. “*Napoleon abdicated?* – oh, ridiculous!”⁶³⁶ The men were royalists who spread the news, and why abdicated? – the informant said to us there had been some “*insigne trahison*” – but where? in battle, or where? Nothing was known at Macon, on the road

⁶³⁴: H. and Bruce derived from this that Wellington's main force had not yet been engaged – *Letters* II 61.

⁶³⁵: On this date Napoleon leaves Paris for the last time. Flahaut had given him a message from Davout saying that if he did not he – Davout – would arrest him.

⁶³⁶: *Letters* II 67.

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from which we had overtaken a column of Piedmontese prisoners taken by Suchet at Montmellian.

We jogged on, and were overtaken by our informant, who was cantering back to meet the courier from Paris. Saw a noble prospect from a hill at Tournus. Two posts – we were stopped in the streets, had our passports examined, and changed horses at the post, where all were in extreme anxiety and crowded about Bruce to hear him harangue on the improbability of the fact.

To Sennecy, two posts, is a beautiful ride, and from the top of a hill we had a noble view of the plain of the Saone. On one side and another, immense extent of country – this is *la belle France* – at Senecy, an old town, we agreed to stop ten minutes, and here we did see a paper in a pot-house where we sat down to veal, the *Journal de Campagnes*, which gave an extract from a supplement to the *Moniteur* of June 21st – Napoleon had gained victories over the Prussians on the 16th and 17th, attacked the English on the 18th and beat them up to half-past eight, when a desperate charge being made on some English batteries by four battallions of the *moyenne garde*, and these battallions being thrown into confusion by a charge of British cavalry, a rout took place. The French army thought the Old Guard had been repulsed – “La vieille garde est repoussée!” was the cry, which was followed up by shouts, supposed treacherous, of “Sauve qui peut!” The whole army began to run, in vain the Old Guard tried to stop it, it was carried away by the mass of fugitives – even the *escadrons de service* round the Emperor were thrown backwards – all rushed to the point of communication, and a complete defeat ensued. Cannons, carriages, all the park of artillery, and the material of the army was left and taken on the field of battle. The Emperor returned to Paris – the people at the pot-house agreed not to believe this news – we told them to wait for the *Moniteur* – “What is this *Journal de Campagne*?” we said – “We never saw it in Paris”.

However, the post-master said it is all true – “Il a été complètement battu.”⁶³⁷

It was the impatience of the *moyenne garde* – certainly there could be but little doubt now, and yet we did not entirely believe – notwithstanding the glories of the English arms, we both grieved sincerely at the triumph, so decided for Castlereagh, so fatal for English liberty.

At Chalons-sur-Saone we went into a coffee-house – and read the *Journal de l’Empire* of the 22nd – all is confirmed – the Minister of the Interior has communicated to the Chamber of Peers on the 21st that the Emperor had returned at eleven o’clock – “Il est venue à Paris pour conférer avec les ministres sur les moyens de rétablir le matériel de l’armée” – the two chambers declare their sittings permanent, and an attempt to dissolve them high treason. We travelled on all night, but at the small town of St Emilan were stopped for four hours, nearly, by the cabriolet breaking down.

⁶³⁷: *Letters* II 70.

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The next post to Autun two-and-a-half posts, was a beautiful drive, especially the last part of it down the woody hill La Creuse ——— into the noble plain of Autun ...

Monday June 26th 1815: ... which is beautifully situated. Remark the large college there, and old walls round the town – saw a few military. Travelled on through a fine country, through Chissey Pierre Levite, to Saulieu, where we dined on mutton chops and cold fowl. Thence through a hilly country, of open corn land chiefly, to la Roche-en-Berney, Reurarray, Avallon, Lucy le bois, Vermanton, Saint Bois, to Auxerre, where we arrived by eleven o'clock in the evening, still most anxious to hear news, especially Bruce, and only learning that Napoleon has been defeated in a great battle and has *abdicated*.

At Auxerre showed our passports crossing the Gonne. Travelled on all night to Bassou and Toigny, where we got into the road where we struck off to Tonnerre – thence to Villevallier, Villeneuve-sur-Yonne and Sens, where we breakfasted at six o'clock and read the paper of the 23rd, containing

*Napoleon's abdication in a
declaration to the French people
dated the 22nd June*

These events overwhelm the imagination. He was beaten by the perseverance of the English, and, it appears, his own obstinacy in making an effort at so late an hour, when his troops were exhausted. I see the colours of the 69th English regiment⁶³⁸ are said to have been taken in the battle of the 17th. My cares divided by my brother and Napoleon.

June 27th 1815 – *dies natalis* – 29, 29, 29!!!!

The lady of the inn told us a regiment of 1,500 had passed by yesterday crying “Vive l’Empereur – á bas les royalists!” Going in to Pont-sur-Yonne, Villeneuve la Guiard and Fossard, we began to meet soldiers coming from the beaten army, mostly wounded in the hand, it should seem. We crossed the Seine and went through Montereau where we showed our passports, and heard that Napoleon was either gone or going to England. Went by L’Ecluse to Melun – dined there. Read in the *Journal de l’Empire* “Napoleon Bonaparte” is gone provisionally to Malmaison – so it is come to this at last.

There have been great disturbances in the two chambers. Ney has declared there cannot be collected 25,000 men – members have received letters telling them to beware of another 13 Vendemiaire and 18 Brumaire. National Guards doubled over the assembly, and Paris put under their care –

⁶³⁸: In which his brother Benjamin serves.

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plenipotentiaries La Fayette, Sebastiani, d'Argenson,⁶³⁹ and Laprest,⁶⁴⁰ with Benjamin Constant *redacteurs*, sent to the Allied Sovereigns⁶⁴¹ – Otto⁶⁴² gone to England.

After some debate Napoleon II proclaimed, or rather named, Emperor. Napoleon, in his answer to the address of the two chambers consequent to his abdication, took care to tell them he resigned in favour of his son – poor fellow, his expression in his abdication, “Ma vie politique est terminée” cut me to the heart. A provisional government named on the 22nd, and in the Chamber of Deputies consisting of Fouché, Carnot, Grenier,⁶⁴³ Caulaincourt, Quinette.⁶⁴⁴

We proceeded to Lieusain, Villeneuve, Saint-Georges and Charenton, where were crowds of soldiers receiving their rations, and thence through the gate of Marengo into Paris. Passing along the Boulevards we remarked nothing singular, the same crowds, the same gaping at charlatans.⁶⁴⁵ Coffee-houses, theatres all open – no disturbance of any kind. Arrived at my old lodgings, 334 – walked about a little, went into the Palais Royal – bought *Moniteurs* of the last week, and read them partly at home – that of today contains Wellington's dispatch – it is certain, he did not know the extent of his victory. – – The *arrêts du gouvernement* are to be in the “nom du peuple français” – how does this correspond with Napoleon II?

I find here the general expectation is that Louis XVIII is to return. The Allies are known to be at St Quentin, and said to be only twelve leagues from Paris. The National Guard are on strict duty. On Friday night last they were all out on discovery of a plot to seize the different depots of arms by the *fedérés* – one gun was fired. Fouché, president of the provisional *gouvernement*, very active, seized the ringleaders. The French Habeas Corpus act is to be suspended for three months ... but there are debates thereupon, not a little violent, and one member in the peers said that he should ask for a passport to Constantinople if every prefect had the powers of imprisonment.

Wednesday June 28th 1815: At twelve, called on Bruce. He tells me he saw Mollien last night, and is shocked at the manner in which the

⁶³⁹: Marc René Marie Voyer de Paulny et d'Argenson (1771-1842) representative of the *arrondissement* de Belfort.

⁶⁴⁰: Laprest unidentified.

⁶⁴¹: The deputation returned empty-handed.

⁶⁴²: Otto unidentified.

⁶⁴³: Paul, Comte de Grenier (1768-1872: *sic*??) French general; Vice-President of the Chamber.

⁶⁴⁴: Nicholas Marie Quinette (1762-1821) republican politician; exiled at the second restoration and died of apoplexy.

⁶⁴⁵: *Letters* I 189-90 says the pavement entertainers were put there by the police (when Napoleon arrived) to divert the populace.

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government has suffered Napoleon to retreat with not above 40 or 50,000 pounds for himself, his family and dependants – they ordered him off from the Elysée-Bourbon. Fouché is suspected of making his own bargain – the deputies began to shake – yet Napoleon is still recognized by the people and soldiery. I see his pictures and busts everywhere. The houses of parliament are objects of contempt. There is no mention made of Napoleon II.

Bruce and I went to the Minister of the Police, and thence to the prefecture, where they were very civil – seemed quite changed – quite in spirits – said “C’est décidé – Wellington will be here in a day or two – you are come to see your countryman”. I saw some of their schedules, in which “Roi” and “Royaume” were introduced.

Thence we went to Perrigeaux where met Lord Kinnaird, who told us he had been arrested on the day after Napoleon’s return as a spy of the Duke of Orleans, and kept in Real’s office for seven hours. He was told to give his word of honour he would leave France in a minute’s warning. He said he could not without speaking to Fouché. He was allowed to leave for two hours. He saw Fouché, who said “Pooh! Foutez-vous de ça – vous verrez aujourd’hui”, in effect.

Napoleon’s abdication was read to the chambers that day, and Kinnaird liberated. He told us that people say Napoleon is quite tranquil, but quite lost. Mollien says the same thing – he saw him for an hour on last Saturday, and now he and his friends pretend that he has not been the man he was since he went to Elba. He had no intention of abdicating when he came back, but his ministers and some of the Chamber of Deputies forced him – everyone blames his leaving the army – every one blames his attack at night – he was completely beaten – beyond doubt. Druot has read a most interesting account of the battle to the House of Peers. Carnot appeared at first to wish to wink at the defeat, but Ney told him it was “fausse de toute fausseté” – the business was up – this has got Ney into disgrace.

At Perrigeaux I read the list of killed and wounded. Thank God, Ben not there.

Thence I walked to Lady ——— Forbes, who told me that there were great rejoicings for the victory of the 16th and 17th – a hundred guns fired, &c. – but no news, no bulletin, on the Sunday or Monday. On the latter evening it was said the Emperor had arrived at the Tuileries – all was joy – Lady Charlotte Forbes⁶⁴⁶ saw General Ornano,⁶⁴⁷ asked him if he had read the good news – “Alas – bad enough” – he held up a note – “The Emperor is come back – all is over!” Lady Caroline Forbes tells me that the Polish Madame Walewska breakfasted with Napoleon yesterday at Malmaison – found him quite calm – he was kind to her little Alexander. He talked about going to England – said it was the only place he would be safe and well-treated in. Lady Charlotte Forbes added that seven members of the deputies,

⁶⁴⁶: *Recollections* (I 288) has *Lady Elizabeth Forbes*; but H.’s “C” is clear.

⁶⁴⁷: Ornano unidentified.

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amongst whom was Sebastiani, held knives and pistols to Napoleon's throat and made him sign his abdication. She said Madame Walewska told her Malmaison is besieged by persons asking for money. Poor Mollien has been threatened to be hauled over the coals for suspicion of having given him some of the public treasury, but he did not, though he says he should be glad to have done it. Napoleon lost all his money and treasure – twelve millions in gold were taken by the Prussians. He determined to do things greatly in Flanders, and pay for everything – his end was to get to Brussels. Druot says if he had succeeded everybody would have admired him – posterity will judge whether he was right to try.

I called on Madame Souza – found her half-crazed – she bid me goodnight, meaning to tell me to come to her at night. I went away. Thence walked to Very's and dined with Bruce, next table to General Marescot⁶⁴⁸ and a republican party who were very merry and violent, and as Bruce thought attacked the English – the waiter told me the next day that this general was the man alluded to in the papers, who made Bonaparte abdicate and told him he would not leave the room until he had done it.

After dinner I went to Princess Jablanouski's, who is in a great fright – news arrives that the Allies are near St Denis. Cannonading has been heard all the morning. Dame Wallis sends to her to say Madame Bonpland is just come from Malmaison and hints that Napoleon moves and puts himself at the head of his army tomorrow morning to march into Paris. It is said he was at Montmartre this morning. I went to Madame Souza. She told me little except that Napoleon had been “indignement trahi”, and that Flahaut had performed “de prodiges de valeur” – also that the officer who was sent to tell Grouchy to co-operate upon the right of the army to keep off the Prussians went four hours out of the way – the Emperor thought the Prussians coming up were Grouchy's corps and indeed sent Labedoyère to tell Ney so.

Poor Madame Souza, she is in despair. Monsieur de Souza amused me by putting me in mind of his prophecies of French versatility. Napoleon's friends are afraid the government mean to give him up. Madame Souza counts upon the Bourbons coming in – indeed a strong report said today that Louis XVIII had been proclaimed by the chamber, and a journal tonight says “il faut être un roi Français”.

I took leave of the Souza and called on Dame Wallis, who is in a sad fright – and what between *fédérés* and Prussians, expects to be murdered.

There is a great noise tonight about a letter exculpatory of Marshal Ney's to Fouché, in which the Emperor is accused of making the attack on the English too secondary an object. Ney was seen fighting sword in hand on foot with one sergeant, quite lost in a crowd – he had seven horses shot under him.

⁶⁴⁸: “Marasceau” (Ms.) *Recollections* (I 293) has *Marescot*; Armand Samuel, Comte de Marescot (1758-1832) expert on siegework and fortifications.

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In all these times, and though Paris was declared in a state of siege this day by the chambers,⁶⁴⁹ the rents rise at the exchange – the folks at my house are in a great fright – they think the *fédérés* will do some mischief. They don't talk of the enemy – there are a thousand ridiculous rumours – one is that Wellington has been sent to say the chambers are responsible on their head for Napoleon's person – Louis XVIII is at Cambrai and is called in the papers an "august personnage".

Thursday 29th June 1815: Up at three. Wrote journal – went out at five, and see and hear a battle is to be fought tomorrow under the heights of Montmartre. The *grande quarte général* is established at the Canal of the Oure – all the military, and a certain portion of the *fédérés* are to march to spots assigned, this evening and tomorrow morning.

A law is stuck up, "au nom du peuple français", putting Paris in a state of siege, under the care of the National Guard, but I see by the *Moniteur* that in the house of deputies yesterday great care was taken to show if it was never meant there should be a battle in the town, and that all means had been tried to negotiate. Andreossy⁶⁵⁰ and others are sent to Wellington, and Fouché has written him a petition – so it may be called – to take pity on France. The chambers have given the power of requisition and arrest at last to the provisional government – yesterday the government took care to paste up the message to the houses, stating that the plenipotentiaries had received their passports, and were proceeding to the Allied Sovereigns.

Everything is going on in Paris as if no events were taking place out of the common. The Tuileries gardens full, the stocks rising – whisperings at the exchange that the King of Rome is accepted by Austria. I called on the Souzas. She tells me that Flahaut is with the Emperor, as are Bertrand, Savary, and Bernard.⁶⁵¹ He tells me that walking in the Tuileries today they asked him why he had so melancholy a face – if anything had happened!!! Yet the Place Vendôme is at one corner laid out with wounded, and a battle is to be fought tomorrow with the last relics of the soldiery. Grouchy is arrived with his 40,000 – a notion is got about that the guard and regulars are to be sacrificed to make a peace sure, and destroy the remnants of Napoleonism – no-one knows decisively about Napoleon. Some say positively he was at Montmartre this morning, and is to command tomorrow. The *Journal du Soir* says he set out escorted at half past ten from Malmaison, and that all reports to the contrary are only circulated to make the Allies and other people think the French are insincere.

A man whom I saw in the evening at Dame Wallis's says the Emperor's physician came from Malmaison today. At four the Emperor was still there,

⁶⁴⁹: *Letters* II 152.

⁶⁵⁰: Antoine François Andreossy (1761-1828) commander of the Paris military division.

⁶⁵¹: Jacques Bernard Bernard (1774-1852) general.

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and 600 of his guards were waiting for him – and he is certainly to command tomorrow. I heard boys crying at night in the street – “*Le Journal du soir!* depart de sa Majesté l’Empereur pour l’armée!” I saw remnants of the Old Guard and other soldiers in the evening, marching out for their posts, and heard the shouts “Vive l’Empereur!”

Dined at Very’s – some say there will be no battle – others there will. Blücher has tried to cross the Seine under St Germain, but has been repulsed – there was also a small action fought at a little beyond St Denis. Lord Wellington is come up.

Went to Dame Wallis met her new friend of the Emperor’s household there, who told me he had seen wounded soldiers who said the Archduke Charles⁶⁵² was expected tonight at the French headquarters. In came Mr Brodrip,⁶⁵³ and said Wellington was made king of France. I went home thinking of tomorrow’s battle. Mrs Wallis saw the polytechnic school march by to their posts – they are to fight. Parsons went to Montmartre. He says the plains are covered with people gone out to their friends at the army. I give orders to be called at half past five.

Friday 30th June 1815: At daybreak I awake. Hear cannon every now and then,⁶⁵⁴ sometimes loud, sometimes faint – am called – go to sleep again, and awaking a little before eight hear no more cannon, so I presume the battle is put off. However, at this time of writing, a little after nine, I am quite uncertain. Parsons has been out in the morning – [he] saw nothing but drunken soldiers, and now tells me the shops are shut. I go to see the truth if possible, and be an eyewitness of what is going on. Fouché is suspected – as well as the chamber – of an intention of deluding the army and after making a show of fighting, or perhaps getting the guard killed off, saying nothing is left but making peace and taking Louis. Gamon⁶⁵⁵ at the deputies’ chamber, the day before yesterday, talked of the necessity of a king and of the constitution. Just at this moment comes in the little German lady milliner here, and tells me that her husband, an officer of the engineers, just come from the Minister of War’s. *There is to be no fighting.* About forty muskets were fired in the morning, and some few cannon, which I heard. Afterwards parliamentaries were sent and all is to be arranged.

Also Napoleon is gone.

⁶⁵²: Probably Karl, Grand Duke of Baden, married to Napoleon’s stepdaughter, Stephanie de Beauharnais. He had joined the allies after Leipzig.

⁶⁵³: Brodrip unidentified.

⁶⁵⁴: Blücher attacked Paris on this date, but was repulsed.

⁶⁵⁵: Gamon had been military commander at Lyons when Napoleon had entered the city in March.

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Well, I go out and hear from Pierre quite another story. The Russians were beaten this morning, and are still in flight. Pierre hears the cannons – so do not I. I went first to Mrs Wallis, and find her prepared for an assault from the Prussians – however, Napoleon is gone – he went at four o'clock yesterday. The Princess Hortense took leave of him – he was quite tranquil, although Lord Wellington had refused him passports or a safeguard to the coast. It is said he goes to America – there was a message to the chambers yesterday relative to him. The Duke Décazes, Minister of the Marine, gave an account of his communications with Napoleon, who, it appears, at first refused to go, and has done it at last very much against his will – and no wonder. His guard is General Becker.⁶⁵⁶ Two frigates are to wait upon him when he arrives at the port of Rochefort. Décazes said he had not been to bed for three nights – the chambers are to be occupied about providing for him and his family.

In the *Journal de l'Empire* of today are some details relative to *his* abdication, in which “Napoleon Bonaparte” is not at all mentioned. Also in other papers are direct recommendations to invite the King – a brochure has been published to the same effect.

Mem: a ridiculous adventure happened to Mr Merlin the night before last, which he recounted to the Chamber of Deputies – the two men of whom he had suspicions turned out to be two valets of Fouché's, inviting him by letter to attend a committee of government.

I walked about after reading the papers. Called on the Bonfleurs – he believes the peace about to be made – the shops are chiefly shut, and there are soldiers arriving isolated and in knots. We learn nothing absolutely for certain. I call on Lady Elizabeth Forbes, and see *La belle Polonoise*, sister of Napoleon's Walewska, who told me that Napoleon once called Maria Louisa a *ganache*,⁶⁵⁷ which she not understanding, applied to the Arch-Chancellor, telling him he was “le plus grand ganache de l'Empire”.

Returning, I see two regiments of cavalry with drawn swords marching down the boulevards – some said they were Prussians. No-one knows what is doing. I thought I heard cannonading – they say Wellington is going to take up a position on Mont Labrace – the National Guard is patrolling everywhere, in large bodies sometimes – there are a number of idle soldiers of the line here and there, which does not look as if any fighting was going on or expected – a capitulation is hinted at. All this time the boulevards are crowded with walkers, well-dressed, ladies and gentlemen.

I called on Louis Concannen – came home, sat with my milliners, wrote journal in the utmost uncertainty as to what is passing two miles off, perhaps not more. I rather opine for peace, and certainly I very much wish it – if Napoleon should be taken and maltreated by the English, *our* situation will not be over-agreeable. I saw the Princess Hortense leaning over her garden

⁶⁵⁶: Becker unidentified.

⁶⁵⁷: “an old duffer”.

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wall with some ladies and absolutely smiling, nay laughing, and showing her gums. Now this is philosophy, or insensibility, which I do not understand.

The general Mouton Duvernet⁶⁵⁸ told the Chamber of Deputies the 28th of June that the Imperial Guard left amounts to 7,000, reduced to 4,000 by desertion, but of these 2,000 are at Paris.

Called and sat with Bruce – he tells me that Marshal Ney said to him yesternight that if Napoleon had assisted him on the 16th the English were lost, but that as to the 18th the affair was desperate from beginning to end. The English soldiers, he said, fought like heroes.

This evening it seems pretty clear no capitulation is to take place immediately – on the contrary, Wellington has made a movement and crossed the Seine at Meulan, where some English cavalry were. The troops I saw are going to take up a position on Mont Rouge under the Boletre – they are part of Vandamme's corps, which is arrived unexpectedly, they say, to the amount of 20,000. This day a plan of a constitution founded nearly on the English was presented to the Chamber of Deputies by the commission appointed for that purpose. A Frenchman at my man-milliners told me no king would take the trouble to reign in such conditions, A Mr Durbach⁶⁵⁹ makes a spirited speech which is ordered to be sent to the armies – the words "Vive Napoleon III!" are proposed to be added to the address to the army by Mr Berengere,⁶⁶⁰ which seems eluded by an adroit speech from Mr Manuel⁶⁶¹ – in general, however, the spirit of the assembly rises – Napoleon II has a better chance.

A Mr Gareau⁶⁶² calls Malleville,⁶⁶³ who published the address I before alluded to, "a slave" – and votes that a proposition which he made against the Bourbons a month ago in the Chamber of Deputies and his present address should be printed in opposite columns. The house behaved well on this occasion – they reprobated the tergiversation, but respected his integrity as a deputy. Commissions from the house visited the lines last night, and gave an account of their mission to the deputies – the generals Laguette-Mornai⁶⁶⁴ and Mr Garat gave the result of their observations from La Villette to St Denis. The division of Lambert Meurnier, Alex,⁶⁶⁵ and the corps of

⁶⁵⁸: Regis Barthélémy, Baron de Mouton Duvernet (1769-1816) champion of Napoleon II; shot at Lyons.

⁶⁵⁹: François Jean Frédéric Durbach (1763-1827) constitutionalist politician; exiled at second restoration.

⁶⁶⁰: Alphonse Marie Marcellin Thomas Berengere (1785-1846) deputy from la Drôme.

⁶⁶¹: Jacques Antoine Manuel (1775-1827); championed Napoleon II.

⁶⁶²: Gareau unidentified.

⁶⁶³: Malleville unidentified.

⁶⁶⁴: Jules Frédéric August Amedée Laguette-Mornai (1780-1845) liberal politician.

⁶⁶⁵: Lambert Meurnier unidentified.

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General Reille.⁶⁶⁶ Marshal Grouchy has received his alarm – the Prince of Eckmühl regained his confidence by the arrival of Vandamme, Not a man has deserted from the corps of General Reille, but 15,000 have arrived in Paris, deserters from the rest of the army. These representatives say that they forced tears from the troops, but they add that the names of honor – independence – liberty – had not so much effect as that of Napoleon II.

I went to bed without ordering myself to be called as before and thinking no more of the siege.

Saturday July 1st 1815:⁶⁶⁷ Up at twelve. Read all the morning the greater part of the sixth volume of the *Censeur*, which contains a most serious and extraordinary charge against Louis XVIII, as having Robespierre &c. in his pay, and contributing also to his brother's murder. Walked out this boiling hot day and read the papers – La Vendée is pacified by General La Marque⁶⁶⁸ – all quiet in the streets – the carts of the peasants and their moveables removed from the place Vendée – no crowds, except of promenaders on the boulevards and in the Tuileries – the shops however still shut, for the most part, and the patrols of National Guards parading the streets. One or two men have been killed for crying “Vive le roi!” in the boulevard Poissonnière.

I walk about a little. Dine at home – potatoes risen four sous a quarter and bread a little dearer – this as yet the only effect of the siege. A report that 84,000 Russians are near the Allies. An armistice concluded between Marshal Suchet and General Bubna⁶⁶⁹ on the 28th June, after two battles – the Allied Sovereigns at Nancy, forty posts from Paris – 200 miles.

Lying in bed this morning, I thought that if any one could recollect all the first impressions of his youth he would generally speaking know the vulgar common errors of his time – e.g. I was always, when a boy, persuaded that Voltaire was an atheist and a writer of blasphemous bawdy books, nothing else.

There is in the fifth volume of the *Censeur* a good idea: that kings are great feudal lords who carry on with their rival kings on an extended scale all the baronial wars of the middle age.

I walked about a little in the evening, drank tea with Dame Wallis, who is afraid a ball will fly from Mont Rouge to rue Mont Tabor, knock her on

⁶⁶⁶: Reille unidentified.

⁶⁶⁷: On this date Blücher and the Prussians try again to take Paris, but are again repulsed, by the cavalry under Exelmans, and suffer severe losses. But Talleyrand, accompanied by Fouché (“le Vice supporté par le Crime”) has an audience with Louis – for whose brother's execution he voted – and agrees to restore the Bourbons if he is allowed to keep his job.

⁶⁶⁸: La Marque unidentified.

⁶⁶⁹: Ferdinand Count Bubna von Littitz (1768-1825) Austrian Field Marshal.

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the head and rob her of her jewels. In the chamber today Barbieri,⁶⁷⁰ ex-bibliothécaire of Napoleon, demanded upon Napoleon's request the library of Trianon, consisting of about 2,200 volumes, in which request particular mention is made of the great description of Egypt and the *Iconographie Grécque* of Visconti⁶⁷¹ – the letter was referred to the commission established for taking care of the Napoleon family – the petition has been since granted, and the work on Egypt included, which was to be sure commenced under Napoleon's patronage – the magnanimous chamber ordered that even the third part should be granted to him when finished.

Mr Durbach observed a fault in the printing of his speech of the former day: *crimes* was put instead of *errors* !!! and Mr Dupin⁶⁷² made a similar remark and begged a message might be sent to *the government* to notice it!!!

Mr Bory de St Vincent⁶⁷³ gives an account of his mission to the army, and of their enthusiasm for Napoleon II. This speech is voted to be printed and sent to the armies. Mr Jacotot⁶⁷⁴ gives the reading of an address to the representatives of the public to the army, about which there has been so much boggling. The speech is printed and affixed. There was some hint given by one Mr Saussey⁶⁷⁵ that he should make a heavy charge against the government for not making daily communications respecting the state of the army. Also was read a letter from Davout to Wellington, demanding a suspension of arms dated la Villette 30th June, and an address from the army to the representatives of the people, which was called “sublime”, and ordered to be printed 20,000 copies and affixed (as it is). The message of government relates only to the armistice between Suchet and the Austrians and the pacification of La Vendée. In the Chamber of Peers the chief <effort> thing was the speech of Maréchal Grouchy to justify himself for having too dispiriting an account of the army – it is now said, he has sent in his resignation.

Sunday July 2nd 1815: Up late. Wrote journal – read a little, go out and find all tranquil. Call on Madame Souza. She told me Flahaut has a command under Exelmans,⁶⁷⁶ and that the latter has had a superb affair of

⁶⁷⁰: Antoine Alexandre Barbieri (1765-1825) Napoleon's librarian.

⁶⁷¹: Mentioned at *Letters* II 187.

⁶⁷²: Charles André Dupin (1758-1843) politician.

⁶⁷³: Jean Baptiste Geneviève Marcellin Bory de St. Vincent (1778-1846) naturalist and soldier.

⁶⁷⁴: Jean Joseph Jacotot (1770-1840); constitutional politician; champion of Napoleon II.

⁶⁷⁵: Jean François Sausset (sic: 1756-18??) constitutionalist politician.

⁶⁷⁶: General Remy-Joseph-Isidore Exelmans, baron and comte, cavalry commander. In January 1815 he had been court-martialled by the Bourbons for recruiting officers for Murat, and acquitted.

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cavalry at Vincennes.⁶⁷⁷ She mentioned one or two other great secrets to me which I found afterwards well-known: one, that the King Louis XVIII threatened all who held out against him with the pains of felony – the proclamation was shown by Wellington to the commissioners appointed to treat with him. She mentioned one or two instances of royalist ingratitude. Monsieur de Vitrolles⁶⁷⁸ and the Queen of Holland (Humboldt was there – he said he came by instinct, not having received her note) and a woman whose son's life had been saved by Flahaut has never condescended to enquire after him since the battle. I saw she took care to hint she had never been to Napoleon's court, on account of Mr de Souza's *connection with England*.

I dined at Very's – there was a dash of cavalry under the windows carrying the flags taken in the morning, they said. No English, but the waiter whispered me he was sure they were the same he had seen two weeks ago. However, it is certain Excelmans has gained a battle at Versailles – firing has been heard all the evening, and my man-milliner tells me he saw a fusillade from above the palace of the King of Rome – I heard cannonading very distinctly ... drank tea with Madame Wallis. She tells me the deputies think it all over. They must yield, but numbers will emigrate – Talma is going to America.

In the chamber today is read a letter from Gregoire⁶⁷⁹ begging the house in their new Constitution not to forget the abolition of the slave trade – also the President reads a message from the government, of the date of yesterday, stating that the negotiations are going on with Wellington, and a bulletin giving an account of Excelmans' affair – there was a good deal of talk relative to giving Bonaparte the Trianon library and the description of Egypt. In the Chamber of Peers Mr Thibaud⁶⁸⁰ came, made a long speech on the adoption of the address to the <army> people of the chamber of representatives – ordered to be printed – forty-four for, six against.

Monday July 3rd 1815: Up late. Parsons tells me there is a report of a victory gained by Wellington, who is at Loures, five leagues from Paris. I go out – read papers – all tranquil – go to Perrigeaux – a man there tells me an armistice is agreed upon between Wellington and Davout, it was hinted at in yesterday's journal. Call on Madame Souza – found her in tears. There is an armistice – the French troops are to retire, the Allies to enter Paris – Flahaut is come back. He says there is treason, and that the French are in a good position. Leaving Madame de Souza, meet Princess Jablanouski, who tells me that Flahaut is to denounce the traitors tonight in the House of Peers.

⁶⁷⁷: See previous entry, first note.

⁶⁷⁸: Eugene François Auguste Armand, Baron de Vitrolles (1774-1854) royalist agent; tried unsuccessfully to raise forces in the Midi.

⁶⁷⁹: Baptiste Henri, Comte de Gregoire (1750-1831) Bishop of Blois; high-principled constitutionalist.

⁶⁸⁰: Thibaud unidentified.

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Coming home, I hear the troops and artillery are defiling through Paris⁶⁸¹ – funds rising at the exchange. Dined at home, pass the evening at Dame Crawley's – everything quiet.

The papers today contain little or nothing – short account of the movements of the armies – useless squabbles in the chambers of parliament.

Tuesday July 4th 1815: Up late. Read *Louis XIV*. Go to Perrigeaux. Clermont⁶⁸² tells me the armistice is settled. I read the papers, but saw only the fact stated without the terms, which were discussed in the house in a secret committee – the armies yesterday morning had some skirmishing, and were in position ready to fight at two o'clock, when all was agreed upon at St Cloud between le Baron Bignon, Minister of Foreign Affairs,⁶⁸³ the Count Guilleminot, Chef de l'État Majeur,⁶⁸⁴ the Count à Bondy, prefect of the Department of the Laws⁶⁸⁵ on one side, Baron de Müffling for the Russians, and Colonel Hardy⁶⁸⁶ for the English. The conditions were cried about at two o'clock today: the Allies occupy St Ouen, St Denis, Clichy, [and] Neuilly today at twelve, Montmartre tomorrow, and the barriers the day after at twelve. The French army retires in three days from Paris and in eight behind the Loire. The present authorities are to be respected *as long as they <last> exist*.

Clermont tells me there are hopes for the Duke of Orleans, but calling on Madame de Coigny I learn that all is likely to be given up in favour of Louis XVIII. All are in despair. It is not true, however, that Talma is going to America. Madame de Coigny said, talking of Napoleon's last battle, that *fortune* and *death* had alike deserted him. She laughed as much as ever, and engaged me to go to Lady Kinnaird's country house with her the first day the barriers were put into the hands of the Allies.

There is no disturbance in the streets at this capitulation, but there are reports the troops have refused to give up their positions, which, however, is not true, for I have seen them marching away.

Came home. Bruce called – he told me Madame Vicenza complained to him of Napoleon's hardness of heart – she went to take leave of him – she never liked him – she had no reason – he ruined her husband's character – yet she could not remit her feelings – she burst into tears – he was unmoved. When Bertrand, who owes nothing to him, told him he should still remain

⁶⁸¹: *Letters* II 192. Davout had agreed to evacuate Paris on a guarantee of the safety of its citizens and their property.

⁶⁸²: Aimé Marie Gaspard Clermont (1779-1865) politician.

⁶⁸³: Louis Pierre Edouard Bignon (1771-1841) Napoleon's Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

⁶⁸⁴: Armand Charles Guilleminot (1774-1840); Blücher made him prisoner during the negotiations.

⁶⁸⁵: Pierre Marie Taillepie (1766-1847) Napoleon's Prefect of the Seine.

⁶⁸⁶: Hardy unidentified.

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faithful to his ill-fortunes and accompany him, he thanked him not, no, not by one word or look of gratitude – but to my mind this is not insensibility – a man who loses an Empire has not form or tune for the meaner sentiments.

Malmaison has been sacked by the Prussians. I dined at Massinot's. Walked to the Barrière de l'Étoile, which is in possession of the National Guards. When I was staring at some troops of line going out in small bodies, a little dirty officer rushed by and said, slapping his left breast half a dozen times, "On vend des bêtes a corner, mais aujourd'hui on vend des hommes!" The military very angry. They were not permitted to get their throats cut. I saw detached small bodies of cuirassiers and soldiers on foot straggling about, and heard a musket fired.

Going to Dame Wallis, when she came in, I found her and Mr Broderip in a fright – the soldiers were said to be determined on vengeance on the traitors. Coming home, I did hear "Vive l'Empereur!" and I did see two soldiers stop a coach on the rue St Honoré, and I found my little portress very particular in shutting the gates. She said this night was the most dangerous of all. I heard muskets going off at intervals. Parsons tells me *all* the National Guard are parading the streets. Some folks insisted to me they heard the cannons of Montmartre: *quod timeunt facile eredunt*.⁶⁸⁷ I did not sleep very well. There is talk of a most sanguinary proclamation of Louis XVIII countersigned by Talleyrand, which is read in the chambers today. Louis' chambers are to be assembled, and all those who joined Bonaparte before the King left Lille tried for their lives. Louis cannot reign a year. They say the Count d'Artois is with Wellington. The English papers talk as if the re-establishment of Louis followed of course. In the chambers communications were made of the suspension of arms by the government. Mr Garat proposed a Declaration of Rights like our Bill of Rights – adopted. The thanks of the houses voted to the army, National Guard, and citizens. Masséna's address to the National Guard read – this address [and] the <two> laws in the name of the French people were affixed in the papers – the second of five articles. The next day also <this day> the adieus of the army to the National Guard of Paris. In the Chamber of Deputies were read two proclamations of Louis XVIII, which were ordered to be printed, but they have not been printed, so that Fouché knows what is for the king's interest better than the king, and has influence enough to prevent a paper, read before 800 people at least, and twenty reporters, being made public.

A Monsieur Clermont, or some such name – a deputy whom I met at Bonpland's – told me that of the chamber, 300 were Napoleonists, 200 indifferent, the rest royalists, and of the rest about fifty decidedly so, and useful members – talkers and men of business. He said that the President should be "jetté par terre", that no man who had anything to say against the views of government was allowed to speak, that Marmel⁶⁸⁸ was sold to

⁶⁸⁷: "That which is feared is easily mistaken".

⁶⁸⁸: Marmel unidentified.

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Fouché. However, I see by the *Messagère des Chambres* that it has been proposed and carried that the chamber should have a commission resident with the army on the Loire, which is of the utmost importance.

Wednesday July 5th 1815: Up late – walked out – read the papers – saw the numerous important *affichés* – walked to the Barrière de l’Étoile – could not pass, the place being in the hands of the National Guard. Tried to get first into the Chamber of Deputies, but could not – it is strongly guarded. No-one knows what is doing – they are said to be choosing a king, but which king? The *Journal de l’Empire* speaks out at last, and says it would be ridiculous to think of any king but Louis – the Chamber, however, seems as if it would sit out at least for eight days and do something for the country, though some talk of their retiring.

Louis is said to be at Compiègne, attended by the National Guards of Flanders and Picardy – however, I have not yet heard a single cry of “Vive le roi!” although it is asserted the king is coming in tomorrow. No-one knows a word, and altogether the secrecy that has been observed throughout by the government is extraordinary. Fouché is said to have accepted the grand cordon of the St Éspirit.

I dined at Very’s – full of chatterers, the loudest my *chevalier de l’industrie*, the Baron Gaudelle. In the evening called on the Bonpland’s – met the deputy Clermont, who told me that Blucher’s answer to the Prince d’Eckmühl was conceived something in these terms: “France and Paris is in my power – I am come to support the honest men against the *canaille* – I counsel you to save Paris and not treat it as you treated Hamburg”. Lord Wellington’s answer was handsome, his terms no less hard.⁶⁸⁹ The town is to be occupied militarily, but whether the troops are actually to enter is not known. The deputy said France is sold, and that is the general cry.

I went to Princess Jablanouski’s. A fat Pole there told me the Duke of Bassano told him that the Emperor and he were some time together for fifteen leagues with only thirty horse, not knowing what had become of the army and thinking of course they were in the utmost danger and that Wellington would make instant use of his victory. Also that in the battle, when things were going badly, General Haxo⁶⁹⁰ ventured to say “Mais sire ...” and was going to remonstrate, when Napoleon gave him a friendly box on the ear, and said “Taisez-vous – Grouchy vient de nous donner de ses nouvelles!” Just then he heard Bubna’s cannons, which he took for Grouchy.

Just saw the National Guards go by waving white handkerchiefs and crying “Vive le roi!” (Saturday July 8th, four o’clock).

⁶⁸⁹: In fact the two victorious generals were at odds: Blücher wanted Napoleon dead and France despoiled, and was indifferent to the question of Bourbon restoration; Wellington saw the need to restore Louis XVIII as paramount.

⁶⁹⁰: François Nicholas Benoit Haxo (1774-1838) French general; siege and fortifications expert.

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In the chambers today communication was made from the commission of government of a proclamation to the French by them, in which they inform them what they have done for them – how they have been obliged to surrender the capital, having obtained from the Allied Sovereigns “the most positive guarantees the most solemn promises that there is no reason to fear that their liberties and their dearest interests should be sacrificed to victory.” They talk of the necessity of peace. There is one expression which disgusted me: “the interests of the people and the army – equally compromised in the cause of a prince *abandoné par la fortune et la volonté nationale*” – by some mistake it was printed, and affixed “*cause abandonée*” which shocked <several members>. Thibeau came in the House of Peers as the actual terms [were being] sought.

The chamber today finally agreed upon a declaration to the French, stating that the chamber continued to sit in spite of the occupation of the capital by the enemy, making a solemn appeal to the National Guard of Paris, and putting itself under its protection, declaring that any monarch will be considered as imposed by force who shall not adopt the national colours, and who shall not guarantee certain rights and liberties, which they detail. Also agreed finally upon a Declaration of Rights, after much debating, in which was a member observing, whilst they discussed the difference between *separation* and *division* – – “*Les_Anglois arrivent!*” – and Mr Dupin then said, “Were they here, I should demand to be heard and speak my opinion”. The chamber agreed to send commissioners to the army – Mr Bedoch,⁶⁹¹ at the close of sitting which Mr Bory de St Vincent proposed to make her unnecessary, told the chamber there were reports that there was to be an insurrection tomorrow, but that the Allies, and particularly the Prussians, had promised to lend their batallions to repress it. This sitting the members call a memorable sitting – as indeed the two declarations if of any avail would make it – “Vive la nation!” was heard from all parts of the house at the end of the Declaration of the Rights of Frenchmen. Mr Bedoch told the House he had been to the commission of government that the duc d’Otranto⁶⁹² was on a visit proposed by Lord Wellington at his headquarters – that the plenipotentiaries had returned from the Allied Sovereigns, and Mr Pontecoulant⁶⁹³ had assured them they gave a favourable answer, especially the Emperor Alexander. General Sebastiani confirmed this statement – saying *he had nothing to add to it*.

⁶⁹¹: Pierre Joseph Bedoch (1761-1837) Secretary, then President, of the Chamber of Representatives.

⁶⁹²: The Duke of Otranto is Fouché.

⁶⁹³: Louis Guillaume Doulcet, Comte de Pontecoulant (1764-1853) constitutional royalist.

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In the House of Peers Thibaudeau proposed a message to the government to explain its proclamation, especially the words *cause abandonée* – Fabre de l’Aube⁶⁹⁴ objected, and it was negated by one.

Thursday July 6th 1815: I went at eleven o’clock to the Barrière de l’Étoile to be witness to the extraordinary fact of English troops taking possession of the gates of Paris⁶⁹⁵ – on my way I bought an extract of the *Moniteur*, dated prefecture of police, signed Coutin, stating that the plenipotentiaries had returned, that the conferences commenced at Haguneau were adjourned till the English minister received his full powers, and that he and the Sovereign Allies would not be long before they arrived at Paris. Also that the Sovereign Allies, faithful to their promises, “Annoncent les dispositions les plus liberales, et l’intention la plus prononcée de n’imposer à la France aucune forme de Gouvernement, mais de la laisser parfaitement libre à cet égard; leur plenipotentiaries ont donnée à ce sujet les assurances les plus positives”. Also that the best spirit reigns in the departments, and that “tricoloured flag and cockade are everywhere found in the midst of the enemies”.

I waited with a crowd a long time, hearing various remarks amongst others from a booted fellow, an officer apparently, who amused himself in abusing the English as cowards and dolts, knowing I was one. The troops did not arrive – I was just going away – I saw Fouché, in the government-green liveries, with six gendarmes attending him, go out of the barrier – to dine, as it turned out, with Lord Wellington.

At last, after half-past four, after several English officers had been prowling about and had been refused entrance at the barriers, arrived one in splendid aide-de-camp majorial uniform, and after some talking with the captain of the National Guard, which was formed in line, rode back, and presently returned with a picket of ragamuffins of the German legion, who presently took part. The guard marching away, the gates, before shut, were opened – a great crowd pressed in. I reckoned Churchill in this officer – he was acting the general for that day and was so denominated by the French. He was desired to stop carts from going through this, being a *barrière de luxe*, but he did not understand the distinction, and ordered another gate to be opened. Presently arrived Sir Henry Clinton and his staff. A stronger guard was marched in. I walked out a little way, then returned and dined at Massinot’s.

Today in the streets I see affixed all the declarations of the chamber; also an order from Masséna for every one of the National Guard, and every person in a cocked hat, to wear the tricoloured cockade under pain of punishment – which was answered the next by a declaration of the *chefs de legion* and majors of the National Guard, avowing that they considered it a

⁶⁹⁴: de l’Aube unidentified.

⁶⁹⁵: *Letters* II 211n puts H.’s wonder in its historical context: Edward III never took Paris, and it did not formally surrender to Henry V.

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point of honour to preserve these colours, which never could be abandoned without danger – an opinion which they partake with the great majority of the Guard, they said.

The declaration of the King's, countersigned Talleyrand, dated Cambrai June 28th, appeared in the *Gazette de France* today. At last – *legitimacy* is urged – and mention made of *treason*, and the *culpable* – ! Here is vengeance in store.

The journals, all except the *Independent*, are going or gone round. The *Journal de l'Empire* is abusive and denunciatory of all the patriots Dumolard by name – this was noticed in the Chamber of Representatives by Dumolard himself, with proper contempt and disdain. In the chamber today they begun at ten – the colours and the statue of Napoleon had been taken away from the chamber – a member moved the national flag should be fixed on the pedestal – it was done on the spot. A measure was accepted by which the commissaries to the army were ordered to communicate with the commission of government and provide for the pay of the troops. Mr Malleville⁶⁹⁶ sends a letter justificatory to the President, which is read to the chamber and its distribution supported by Garmu,⁶⁹⁷ the man who had attacked him – it was proposed by Mr Dupont de l'Eures⁶⁹⁸ that the Declaration of Rights by the chamber should be presented by five members to the Allied Sovereigns. Lafayette reassured the chamber of the dispositions of the Allied Sovereigns to preserve the independence of France, and not interfere *in the form of government*. (I suspect a snare). Then Mr Marmel,⁶⁹⁹ reporter from the commission of constitution, renews the debate on the Constitution, which continued for a long time.

The sitting was resumed at eight o'clock in the evening, when Mr Bory de St Vincent announced that a factious minority had determined upon a rising in Paris, and that the posts of the National Guards, particularly at the Tuileries, were to [be] occupied that night by force by this faction, who were to commence this movement before the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns, of whom they feared the generous principles. Some cried out the order of the day, but Bery said he had seen himself *gardes du corps* in uniform, and Dumolard read a note handed down from the President, stating government had been informed of the plot, and Marshal Masséna was on guard. Regnault St Jean d'Angely confirmed this, and stated that at eight o'clock the Marshal had committed the scheme to the chiefs of the National Guard.

In the House of Peers a commission was formed to consider the Constitution and Declaration of Rights transmitted by the Chamber of Deputies. I hear that only fifty of the peers remain.

⁶⁹⁶: Either Jacques, Marquis de Maleville (1741-1824) or his son Pierre Joseph (1778-1832).

⁶⁹⁷: Garmu unidentified.

⁶⁹⁸: Jacques Charles Duponty de l'Eure (1767-1855) constitutionalist.

⁶⁹⁹: Marmel unidentified.

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By the journals I see Napoleon passed through Niort on the 2nd – nobody talks of him now, but his pictures are up everywhere in Paris – the shops, most of them, being reopened. No-one knows what is about to happen. Many entertain hopes from the promises and noble conduct of the chambers, seeing also that the King, who is very close to St Denys, does not dare yet to enter, and that though the white flag is flying in all the neighbouring villages, nothing but the tricolour is to be seen at Paris.

I passed part of the evening at Madame Jablanouski, part at the Halles – one journal affirms that the French plenipotentiaries never saw the sovereigns, and that the foreign ministers told them that Louis XVIII was positively to be replaced.

Friday July 7th 1815: I hired a horse to ride out to enquire concerning a point which occupied my whole soul, but in which, to say the truth, having read the list of killed and wounded, I had a feeling of good fortune – I had little apprehension – I shall spare myself the recital here of the manner in which I learnt how sadly I was mistaken, and what a wound was to be made in my heart by the loss of the most affectionate, the bravest and the most honorable of men – the flower certainly of our unfortunate family, unfortunate I say because it has to regret his fall.⁷⁰⁰ The whole loss of the British Army in that fatal victory is in my mind reduced to one soldier.⁷⁰¹ Had he lived, he would have made his family happy and proud, but I fear his advancement would not have been sufficiently rapid to keep pace with his wishes to be serviceable, and to be distinguished, nor with his just sense of his own superiority. I could do nothing for him in the present state of domestic politics, and his father did not know the way. Had he been on the staff, it is probable that service less exposed than regimental duty would have given us a chance of his days being prolonged, but it useless and painful to think so. I do not think he was happy, nor indeed do I know any man, who thinks as much as he did, that is. His health was much impaired by his duty in Spain. In this manner do I attempt to reconcile myself to that which admits of alleviation but not cure. This is the second great blow I have received,⁷⁰² the second of my social comforts that has dropped away.⁷⁰³ One or two more such avulsions and I shall have no part of me left – life would

⁷⁰⁰: H. discovered that Benjamin was dead from English troops bivouacked in the Champs Élysée.

⁷⁰¹: H. never refers to his brother's death in *Letters*. It was in Kellerman's final unsuccessful charge at Quatre Bras, ordered by Ney, that most of the 69th Regiment were killed, and their standard taken.

⁷⁰²: The first was the death of Charles Skinner Matthews in 1811.

⁷⁰³: H. quotes Johnson, *Lines on the Death of Dr Robert Levett*, first verse:

Condemned to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day today,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

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be intolerable – I never did anything in my life for my poor brother, nor do I know that I could – but I might and ought to have tried. I was not unkind – that is all I can say for myself, either with respect to him or any of my family – I envy him, as I do everyone who has lived honorably and ceased to live. The topic of consolation which Sulpitius suggests to Cicero⁷⁰⁴ might be supposed peculiarly applicable to this sad event, for my brother falls with an Empire with whose recent ruins I am now surrounded – I need not, however, say that this consideration, except so far as it causes some occasional distraction, affords not the least comfort. My eyes are solely fixed upon the mite which has been wrung from me to contribute to the mass of misery. I think, however, I do feel some consolation from the horror and aversion – the hatred, rather – which I now feel more than ever for the sanguinary policy of my countrymen, and the abominable cause of the late exiled tyrants of France. I did not know before that sorrow was so savage. This is the last allusion I shall make to this fatal event – I resort to silence, as when my dear friend died.

On this morning I met some of our officers, and amongst others Digby Mackworth, aide- de-camp to General Lord Hill, who got off his horse, walked with me, and breakfasted at Tortoni's.⁷⁰⁵ Some Prussian cavalry passed along the boulevards, other corps of the Prussian army passed over the bridges. Mackworth told me Blucher had asked Lord Wellington to have a public entry, and that Wellington said he may do as he likes. At one time Wellington intended to have one, but now he thinks not. The Light Division are in the Champs Elysées, and other corps of the army are expected to come in soon. All the barracks were prepared for them yesterday.

Mackworth told me nothing was like the battle – the grapeshot blinded them with dust – all the staff lost horses, Wellington two.⁷⁰⁶ Wellington put himself frequently into hollow squares – the only place – the form of battle was squares of batallions – these the French commanded, and attacked with cavalry. The English laughed at this – they wondered the infantry did not advance upon them. The French cavalry, cuirassiers particularly, behaved nobly – two regiments lost every man – our cavalry heavy, excepted the household troops, [did] badly. Mackworth heard Lord Uxbridge say to a square, “For God’s sake my lads, let me come amongst you and forget if possible I am a cavalry officer. By God, I have charged at the head of all my regiments, and cannot get them to attack!” Wellington, I hear, was in a blue cloak, which was not touched. He rode along all the lines repeatedly, and

⁷⁰⁴: Servius Sulpicius Rufus to Cicero, on the occasion of Cicero’s daughter’s death: Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view? The translation is B.’s, from his own note to *Childe Harold* II 44 (CPW II 234).

⁷⁰⁵: Tortoni’s restaurant unidentified.

⁷⁰⁶: Not so. H. corrects on 15 July.

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was in the thickest fire. A young man of the staff corps told me this gained the battle. The great use of the staff, he added, was to prevent our regiments from charging friends instead of enemies.

Mackworth told me that the battle of the 18th was gained entirely by the English, that it never was upon the point of being lost that day, but that it was taken by surprise on the 16th, and that the Prussians were beaten – lost 15,000 men. Blucher had his horse killed, and was ridden over by a regiment of French cuirassiers.

Mackworth was employed by Lord Hill to ride forward and speak to the mayors of the French towns. These asked him what colours they were to hoist. He said which they pleased, but if they did not wish to be plundered by the King Louis XVIII's followers, they had better put up white. Some did – not all. He said the army did not care about the Bourbons. Lord Wellington never committed himself on that head.

Leaving Mackworth, I met Bruce, who put me in spirits for the good cause – told me the government were behaving well. He dined with the Duke of Vicenza yesterday, who told him "I am tranquil, but today I may be denounced, tomorrow in prison, the next day lose my head". He told me that Vicenza told him the concierge of the Tuileries had received orders from the Count d'Artois to prepare his apartments, and had sent to government to know what to do. The commission told him to lock up all the rooms and put a double guard and shut up even the gardens of that palace – they are shut today for the first time I have seen. The tricolour floats everywhere. I hear no "Vive le roi!" Napoleon's pictures and busts remain. Old Viosmenil⁷⁰⁷ was taken up yesterday for wearing the white cockade.

General Foy⁷⁰⁸ told Bruce that a council of fifty general officers was assembled to decide whether Paris was to be defended or not – forty-eight said no, two said yes. Mackworth told me the English had no notion there was any chance of the battle, though they wished it to annihilate the French armies, for they had nearly 200,000 men, besides Wrede⁷⁰⁹ and his 40,000, who were making their junction. It was calculated that in three weeks the Allies would be 600,000.

I rode out – had some difficulty to pass the Barrière de Clichy. Went to Clichy and other villages, which seemed in possession complete of our troops, Germans and others. Thence towards Bois de Boulogne. In my road I was recognised by an English officer who had a white cockade, who told me he was in the service of Louis XVIII, that they were determined *to force the King down the throat of the French people*, but that he did not wear his white cockade in the town for fear of displeasing Lord Wellington. He said

⁷⁰⁷: Joseph Hyacinthe Charles de Houn, Marquis de Vioménil (1734-1827) stubborn royalist.

⁷⁰⁸: Sebastien Maximilien, Comte de Foy (1775-1825) French general; wounded at Waterloo.

⁷⁰⁹: Wrede (Wreda??) unidentified.

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many National Guards had come to St Denys – that he was employed in getting arms conveyed to them. I saw two run across the corn to him, and left him. I went into the Bois de Boulogne, which is full of our troops in tents. The scene is fixed forever in my mind by the intelligence I there received.

I returned to Paris, [and] at the Barrière de l'Étoile saw my officer, packing off now in a straw cart. Walked home, and, telling my sad story to Bruce, thought it my duty to add what I had seen, wishing him to tell the circumstances to the Duke of Vicenza. I remarked nothing in the streets, but going to the Barrière de Clichy I met Lord Castlereagh and another, in an open berlin attended by eight dragoons.⁷¹⁰

I dined at Massinot's, came home, wrote to my father. My servant Parsons was out – he came home late, and answering me in a manner which I thought pointed at my misfortune, I struck him. He was seized with a fit, first of crying, then of a kind of epilepsy, and became insensible. I called up the house and got a French physician – he remained in a sad state, the fruit of my passion, all night, I watching him until five in the morning ...

Saturday July 8th 1815: ... when I got a Canadian, his friend, to sit by him, and went to bed. Up again at eleven – got Parsons bled, which relieved him, and he was quite sensible.

I sat in all the morning, writing a letter to Lord Castlereagh, putting my little shoulder to the wheel to prevent him from naming Louis XVIII king of France, when I heard a shouting, and running out with my pen in my hand saw a troop of National Guards with music carrying white flags – handkerchiefs – and crying "*Vive le roi!*" I asked what was the matter – why the National Guards are crying "*Vive le roi!*"? – "The King comes in at three or four o'clock." – I went in *and shut up my letter*. This was about four o'clock.

I went out, saw handkerchiefs floating from the windows – the street from the Place Vendôme lined with National Guards in white cockades: not a tricoloured cockade to be seen – the white flag and *fleur de lys* on the pillar of victory – a vast crowd in the rue Napoleon, and a hail of National Guards. The windows full of women and white handkerchiefs – it was a scene of perfect enchantment – I almost rubbed my eyes. However, I went into the little newspaper cabinet in the rue _____, and taking up a *Moniteur*, one half-sheet, saw "*Le Moniteur est le seul journal officiel,*" and two proclamations of the King Louis of France and Navarre – the twenty-first year of his reign by the Grace of God. Also a proclamation by the commission of *gouvernement*, dissolving itself, and the chambers of parliament. The remainder of the paper is devoted to science and Mr Cuvier. In the other papers, the matter is explained. The *Journal des Debats*, the *Journal de l'Empire*, gives an account of what it calls the last act of the

⁷¹⁰: Mentioned at *Letters II* 223.

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ridiculous farce of the two chambers, which so far from being ridiculous I find truly noble, and worthy of the best ages of liberty. The government sent in the evening, seven o'clock I believe (half-past five), a message to them, shortly stating that the Allied Sovereigns, who seemed to differ as to their choice of a king for France at first – he now, as they learnt from the president's conference with the allied generals, determined to place Louis on the throne, who would enter tomorrow, that as an armed force of foreigners occupied the seat of government (Prussians bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries) their deliberations were no longer free – therefore they yielded to force – in consequence, the chambers with them were separated and dissolved.

In the Chamber of Deputies, where they were debating the question of the Constitution on the article of the hereditary quality of the peerage, at first a dead silence prevailed, but the members recovered themselves. Mr Manuel made a noble speech, proposing, in the words of Mirabeau,⁷¹¹ that they should sit until expelled by the bayonet. Calm was re-established – the discussion was continued. The peerage was voted to be hereditary, and Lanjuinais adjourned the sitting until eight the next morning – so says one paper. The Lords received the warrant of dissolution in mere silence and submission – they separated, it is said, directly. It had been before remarked that the court of the Luxembourg was occupied by Prussian troops.

Thus was completed at one sudden blow this impious infraction of all honour and honesty, and the most solemn promises of Kings.⁷¹² England, who made the exception to the eighth article of the treaty of the 25th March, in favour of the rights of the French nation to choose their own monarch, now decides that France is to be treated as a conquered nation. Lord Wellington behaves with the utmost moderation: the friends of freedom cherish every hope. Lord Castlereagh arrives – the curtain rises at once – and the royal *personnages* appear unmasked in all their deformity. *Müffling*⁷¹³ is made Governor of Paris by Blucher, and Wellington and tells the capital so, in a proclamation couched in terms of unrelenting ferocity. By the side of this appear the addresses of the returning tyrant to his people, denouncing vengeance and restoring, at one stroke of the pen, the corrupt authorities which vanished at the 20th of March. Not a word as yet of the chambers – they are gone and forgotten, as is Napoleon, whose portraits and busts have made way for the foolish faces of Lord Castlereagh's King and his family. This charge is more sudden than the last – the tricoloured flag was on the Tuileries at twelve o'clock. They are screaming about the order of the procession of the entry of the King, and the King's address. The address of

⁷¹¹: Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau (1749-1791) revolutionary politician and orator.

⁷¹²: The dissolution of the chambers is related at *Letters* II 239-40.

⁷¹³: Baron Müffling had been liaison officer to General Gneisenau, and Prussian attaché at English army headquarters.

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the chamber, the orders of the day, the adieus of the army, the laws in the name of the French people, are disappearing from the walls, lost under the royal and allied placards.

I waited in the Place de Vendôme to see the King pass. He was proceeded by some battallions [of] the National Guards, coaches and diligences, fourgons, a few cannon, the royal army, i.e. squadrons of the Maison du Roi, voltigeurs old and scarred, not by war, but time, and infantry of the meanest sort, clothed in English cloth and armed by us. There was an old fellow with hedger's gloves who said, "Cette place sent Bonaparte – il faut le purifier", under the column of victory!!! The people near turned round and smiled with scorn. There was little crying where I was, but the windows shouted or squealed a good deal, and the *revolution de mouchoirs* was complete.

The King was in a coach so full, and so surrounded with guards, I could not discern his person. He was followed by a mass of troops of all nations, and then came carriages, cabriolets, tax-carts, and dillys crammed with women. Never was there such an entry. An Imperial wounded guard was near me. He said not a word.

I came home in disgust, and ashamed almost of being an Englishman – to belong to the country that has forced this king of shreds and patches upon France. I see Louis celebrated a mass *pro defunctis* in the church of St Denys, thinking people give him a sixth months' reign.

I dined at Massinot's, and there for the first time heard a Frenchman trying to insult the English by calling the waiter "célébrataire". There were guards *du corps* in the coffee-house. I walked about in the Tuileries gardens in the evening – the King came to the balcony. There was an immense crowd, chiefly women mad with joy. The scene was at least picturesque, though not very edifying – rings of girls were dancing round the fountains – handkerchiefs and hats flying in the air. The King bowed, and made signs with his hands, which produced shouts of delight. Old, bald-headed citizens were capering with joy, crying out "Nous ne sommes pas payés a quarante sous!" alluding to the old way of procuring applause. I dare say many were – though certainly the enthusiasm of the female world was at its height.

I came home – could do nothing – bed early – up in the night [] about Parsons – and he frightened. Poor fellow – he [has] lost a sister's husband.

Sunday July 9th 1815: Wrote Journal since Wednesday – called on, and dined with, Bruce. He told me he had learned from the Duke of Vicenza that the capitulation of Paris, of which the commission of government got all the odium, was the work of the army. Davoust wrote a letter to the commission stating the insufficiency of their means of defence, and this letter was followed up the next day by a similar protest signed by twenty-two generals: [he] mentioned also that by letters from Rochefort it appears Napoleon is very low – never has he been so depressed. Madame Vicenza, however,

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mentioned that he was of a very sanguine temper, and that any good news would restore him to his wonted spirits.

Also, he said that on the Friday, when the government sent the message to the chamber, as the commission was sitting in the Tuileries, Prussian troops advanced into the court of the Tuileries, an officer entered the council chamber – told them he was ordered to evacuate the chamber of the Tuileries, and presented at the same time a demand of contribution of 100 millions from Blucher. The commission remonstrated, and showed the capitulation, but in vain, so that the members agreed to go each to his separate home, and Fouché said he would leave the contribution as a legacy to the King. The commission did not notify to the King their separation – Lord Castlereagh arrived on the Friday, testified his surprise that the King was not come into Paris, which he said must be done that night or tomorrow morning. The commission stated the Allied Sovereigns to have given assurances of their non-interference, when Castlereagh prevented Pozzo di Borgho,⁷¹⁴ the Russian ambassador, and the Austrian and Prussian ministers, who pulled each a letter from their pockets stating their masters' agreement with the English minister, and their resolution to replace Louis on the throne. This was decisive – although Wellington had not interfered. He had behaved to Fouché in a cold and distant manner, and warned him of the little chance there was of France being left to herself.

Laprey,⁷¹⁵ who was one of the commissioners to the Allied Sovereigns, told Bruce that they did not see their Emperors and Kings, but their ministers, who appointed their plenipotentiaries to treat with them: Goltz for Prussia, Walmoden for Austria, and [Capodistrias] for Russia.⁷¹⁶ Lord Stuart⁷¹⁷ represented England. The conference was in a room round one side of which sat the French, and on the other side the Allies. Stuart put his chair two feet in advance, and treated his *confrères* with a haughtiness quite laughable, telling them they put improper questions. He asked Laprey, who mentioned that the chamber had made Napoleon abdicate, and only hinted at his son – what right the chamber had to make and unmake kings? Laprey put him in mind of the convention parliament, which quite confounded him. He called the army a bunch of traitors – Laprey asked him what he called the army on Hounslow Heath,⁷¹⁸ which went over from James to William. Stuart

⁷¹⁴: The Russian ambassador.

⁷¹⁵: Laprey unidentified.

⁷¹⁶: Ms. gap. In fact the plenipotentiaries were Count Walmoden for Austria, General Knesebeck for Prussia, and Count Capo d'Istria for Russia (*Letters* II 272-3). Ioannes Antonios Capo d'Istria was, as Capodistrias, to be President of Greece until his assassination in 1831.

⁷¹⁷: Charles, Baron Stuart de Rothesay (1779-1845); not to be confused with Charles Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh.

⁷¹⁸: In the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Detail used out of this context at *Letters* I 138; in this context at II 274.

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was again dumbfounded. The plenipotentiaries gave them little hopes in the meeting, but individually Metternich and Hardenbergh⁷¹⁹ were very civil and promised a good deal – as we see by the papers.

The Prussians have despoiled everywhere in a most frightful manner. La Maréchale Ney has had her horses and carriages and harness taken away.⁷²⁰ Vast contributions are demanded. The adjutant of the tenth *arrondissement* has been threatened, if he does not provide 14,000 pairs of shoes, to be sent to a *place forte* – he goes to the Prefect Bandy, who tells him he has a demand of ten millions – they both go to Talleyrand, who advises them to temporise till the King of Prussia comes, and in the meantime to keep out of the way. They talk of blowing up the bridge of Jena – indeed, they have begun to mine it – and of knocking down the column in the Place Vendôme – soldiers are lodged with the citizens – the English are as much liked as the Prussians are hated. Blucher does not recognise Maison appointed governor of Paris by the King of France – he says *he* is king – not Louis – and Müffling governor. Wellington does not interfere in all this. The Prussians think they are the conquerors, and Blucher says Wellington may ask what sum he likes, he shall have what he wants.

Monday July 10th 1815: Called on Bruce, who stayed with Madame Ney till one o'clock to protect her. Great apprehension excited by the Prussians. Hear that Fouché and Talleyrand are conducting themselves well, and advise the King to amnesty. However, the chambers are called “illegal assemblies”.

Dined at Massinot's. At Dame Wallis in the evening I meet a chevalier d'Aubigny,⁷²¹ who told me the army had sent to the King to make submission – the answer not known. Dame Wallis said the bridge of Jena was blown up,⁷²² and that Blucher had given three days to have the contribution paid, in default of which the fauborg St Germain was to be given up to pillage – this shows the fright – the sight of the Prussian bivouacks, as I saw them in the place de Carroussel, is enough to inspire every terror – the royalist journals begin to complain of their lighted matches, and their piled arms in front of the King's palace.

Tuesday July 11th 1815: The Baron calls. He tells me the Emperors and Kings are arrived, that the Bridge of Jena is not blown up, but has changed

⁷¹⁹: Karl August, Fürst von Hardenberg (1750-1822) Prussian statesman and reformer.

⁷²⁰: They were taken by the Prussian General Thielman, who was quartered upon her – *Letters* II 249.

⁷²¹: Unidentified, but probably descended from the Stuart-d'Aubignys, a fifteenth-century branch of the Stuarts.

⁷²²: The pont d'Jena – Blücher had expressed an intention to destroy it on the evening of Waterloo – was not blown up, because Wellington put a sentry on it who would not quit his post until he was properly relieved – see *Letters* II 248-9.

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its name to Bridge of the Invalides – also that the army demanded the King to take the national cockade, and to keep its present organisation, which the King has refused. The aide-de-camp of Valmy, going back, was averted by the Prussians, and forced to sleep one night on the floor between sentries until an answer arrived from Paris. This the Baron had from the aide-de-camp. Mr de Souza came, and said he had from the best authority that the army agreed to take the white cockade, and only asked for entire amnesty, which was also refused.

I called on Lady Kinnaird, and saw her and him. They were full of Lord Wellington's praises. The Duke says they were quite right in staying if they were amused at Paris. The Duke says that Ney's story, *à quelque exagérations près*, is very true. He was at a ball at the Duke of Richmond's⁷²³ when the intelligence was brought to him that the French were advancing – he turned to his aide-de-camps and said, "Those who want to get any rest tonight had better go to bed early – we shall be busy tomorrow." The bands of the regiments which were in the room were sent away – the army marched at daylight.

When the list of the killed and wounded was brought to the Duke of Wellington, he burst into tears. In my eyes this does him no less honour than his victory. He told Kinnaird yesterday, "Well, I think I have saved the bridges. I sent a sentinel to each – they did not dare to blow my men up". He is much vexed at the Prussian excesses, "But," says he, "what can I do? Would you have me fight him? Must I go to war with him?"

The Kinnairds tell me that Whitbread has killed himself. He has cut his throat.⁷²⁴ Doubtless the weak will attribute this to political disappointment – I hope to God it is not commercial derangement.⁷²⁵

I dined at Very's – very full of red coats – went to Dame Wallis's in the evening – I can do nothing.

Wednesday July 12th 1815: There is a report that Napoleon is taken.

Wrote to Sir Benjamin and Byron.⁷²⁶ Went on the limosine mare to the Bois de Boulogne, where a Frenchman rode with me who said he wished and expected France to be a colony of England. I am sorry to see our soldiers are cutting down the trees there. At Poissy I called on Captain Barlow of the 69th – he told [me] that he expected there would be a division of the army sent to observe the French on the Loire. I rode thence to St Cloud, and across the country to St Germain, a beautiful ride.

⁷²³: To be immortalised at *Childe Harold* III stanzas 21-5.

⁷²⁴: Sir Samuel Whitbread (1758-1815) brewer, Whig politician, and manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, cut his throat on July 6th.

⁷²⁵: Depression at the state of the Drury Lane finances was said at the time to be the cause; but H. is worried in case Whitbread's brewery business has failed, for the Hobhouse family has large quantities of shares in it.

⁷²⁶: BB 219-20.

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I dined with Mr Tyler, who has a lovely situation for a hundred a year. He and his family saw the battle of the bridge of Pec just under him. Road which joins St Germain has been gutted and pillaged by the Prussians. I rode home over the bridge through the wood – crossed Seine again at Chateau and Neuilly – asked my way several times in English, and was answered in English – a phenomenon to one who had dropped into France. Got home by half-past ten.

Tyler was robbed of his watch and money by three men who threatened to kill him. He ran out, and complained to a general, who happened to be Blucher, in the town, and who gave him this answer: “Ne parlez pas si haut – vous êtes fou”. To bed tired.

Thursday July 13th 1815: Up late. I read and re-read the *Siècle de Louis XIV and XV*. Recalled little or nothing.

Dined at Very's. This day the *Moniteur* ceases to be official, and in its place twice a week is published a gazette official (this is to be sent with the *Moniteur*). Bruce calls, and tells me that the Princess Hortense is ordered from Paris, and she will not be suffered to go to Switzerland, because the garden of her house there is in France. Read some of the histories of Tacitus today – *delightful*.

Friday July 14th 1815: Up late – read Tacitus. Called on several. Saw Captain Hillier, my cousin in some sort, and attached to Lord Hill's staff. In this day's *ordonnance*, the names of the bridges are changed – the prefects of departments are named – all men “de”. The contribution for Paris is reduced to eight millions. Russians and Austrians are now at Paris, as last year. The latter must guard over the Emperor at the Hotel de Wagram. G[] St. Cyr is Minister at War, as Fouché of Police.

Dined at Very's late. Was at the Princess Jablanouski's last night, and there heard part of a proclamation of Alexander I to the Poles, proclaiming a kingdom ending. Tac Alexander – yes. Autocratically today her fat Polish friend came to me with his specimens of paper and mosaic.

Saturday 15th July 1815: Read Tacitus. Hillier called. He told me news of the battle of Waterloo – our cavalry behaved shamefully. He was rode over by the 15th trying to stop them from running. It was as much as Lord Hill and all his staff could do to prevent another regiment from running. They ducked regularly at every shot. At half-past six it was a drawn battle, except that the English kept their ground. The officers were glad to think they were off for that, when at half-past seven the last attack was made. The Light Brigade 52, 71, and 95, now in the Elysian boulevards, made an attack on the flanks by Adam's order. Hillier was ordered by Hill to command this attack, and saw it had been done. Hill then ordered up another attack to support the Light Brigade. This settled the day, for the guards then attacked the Imperial Guard, who stood at first, and then ran. It was a very near thing

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indeed. It is true that the French cavalry had turned all the positions and were in the rear of our squares, but they were not supported by the French infantry, to the astonishment of everybody. This Napoleon owns to be a fault.

Hillier told me that Lord Hill told him that Wellington told him that the sentinel whom he placed on the bridge at Jena was advised to go off by those who were going to explode the mine, but answered *he could not go until relieved by the corporal*.

The army have sent in their *unconditional* submission, it is said in the *Moniteur*. I walked about the Tuileries with the fat Pole, who told me that the 100 millions borrowed by the last government were furnished by Ourrad,⁷²⁷ who got them in England, and only got fifty-one millions, which with the advantage of exchange might be sixty, so that Baron Louis, by shutting up the exchange and declaring those bargains null, will only cheat the *English* at last.

The Pole told me some curious anecdotes of Colonel Pollen,⁷²⁸ who used to go duck-shooting with his wife and two spaniels. The latter stripped when the dogs were useless. He would fling his shoe for his wife to mend off his foot. He rowed her in company, because he would be peaceable when alone with her. We went to see pictures of Mr Du[],⁷²⁹ and saw two of Napoleon – very good. I called, and then dined with, Madame Souza, who says the army is right to send in its submission.

Went to the Coigny's – found the old party there all in despair, except Le Tort's brother, who says honest men should endeavour to get into the new Chamber of Representatives, which is to assemble soon. The *Convocation* of the *Electoral Colleges*, after new modifications, appears in today's gazette.

Lafitte the banker⁷³⁰ has had a Cossack sent to guard him against the violence of Blucher by the Emperor Alexander. Mr de Chabrol,⁷³¹ the prefect of the Seine, came to offer him assistance, and he showed the Cossack – !!! The contributions are very large in some places – Versailles pays two millions.

Passed the remainder of the evening with Lady Kinnaird, who told me the Duke of Wellington told her he believed he was protected by providence, for the balls turned from him, or killed those to his right and left. He had no horse killed under him that day, and rode Copenhagen the whole twelve hours. Madame Argenson, above us as we were sitting in the balcony looking at the moon, was saying she was so employed in this merry time all day.

⁷²⁷: Ourrad unidentified.

⁷²⁸: Pollen unidentified.

⁷²⁹: Name illegible.

⁷³⁰: Jacques Lafitte (1767-1844) director of the Bank of France 1814-19.

⁷³¹: Christophe André Jean de Chabrol (1771-1836); in fact Louis XVIII's prefect of the Rhone.

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Sunday July 16th 1815: They cry about the streets in the *Journal du Soir*, the “depart de Napoleon Bonaparte de Rochefort”, but no-one knows where he is exactly.

Walked about today, after Tacitus. The King paid an audience to the Duke of Wellington this morning, and thanked him for his kindness to *his poor people*.

Bought the last *Nain Jaune*, which is rather better than ordinary, I hear – Bory St Vincent and Bassano write in it. Dined at Massinot’s. Passed the evening at Mrs Crowley’s – made up my mind to go home to England.

Monday 17th July 1815: <read Tacitus> Went to the police and the *bureau des relations extérieures* – the same clerks there as before. By an *ordonnance* of today the *féderés* and *térailles* of the guard are abolished, and ordered to depose their arms. I see Alopeus⁷³² is named Governor-General of Lorraine – is France to be dismembered? There is a letter from the Prince d’Eckmühl, today by which it does not appear that the army have surrendered at *discretion*: he talks of “serrons nous” – many places hold out, amongst others Valenciennes. The Prussians have left the Carroussel. I called on lady Kinnaird – came home, read Tacitus, and slept.

Dined at Very’s late. Drank tea with Lucius Concannen. Overtake Hillier, who tells me Erlon is arrested and Madame Erlon has been with Lord Hill to ask him to intercede for her husband – they were opposed in one hour, it is said. Labedoyère is arrested, likewise a Marquis de Clermont. A *mousquetaire* owned to Hillier the “impuissance” of the King. The army is to be entirely disbanded – how does this accord with d’Eckmühl’s letter?

Went to Dame Wallis – found a party, and heard Clermont, the ex-representative, say he had heard from Rochefort, date 11th, and Napoleon was there and well received – the court are frightened. Parsons was ill tonight.

Tuesday July 18th 1815: Went to the *bureau des relations extérieurs* and got my passports – came home.

Dined with Madame Souza, who told me after dinner that she and de Souza had received an order express from Talleyrand, her old flame, to leave France – poor de Souza is engaged in an edition of Camoens, and has never been to the Imperial court since Napoleon’s violence against Portugal.

Madame Souza told me that Napoleon said to Flahaut at Malmaison the last time, “Je ne me tuerais pas, parce que je trouve mal qu’on change à sa destinée”. However, Caulaincourt said with tears in his eyes, “He owed it to us not to be taken by the English”. – “He should have taken laudanum,” said Madame Souza. This was said upon the occasion of the final news in the *Moniteur* of today – that Napoleon took refuge on board the *Bellerophon* off

⁷³²: Alopeus unidentified.

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Rochefort, being pursued there by two prefects in a boat. The observations in the *Moniteur*, which is now under the control of Mr de Vitrolles, upon this, are denunciatory, and very singular.

I took leave of Madame Souza, and visited Madame Coigny. There I saw Lascour, who told me that it was said the Allied Sovereigns had demanded of the King three guarantees – one against Napoleon – well, *he was taken* – another against the army – that was to be dissolved entirely – another against the Jacobins – this was not so easy, but two hundred were denounced, a number diminished by Fouché to 127.

Madame Hortense has had an order from Müffling – she is gone – the Duke and Duchess of Bassano went this morning – Fouché protested against spilling blood – it is pretended. Alexander is as angry as any man. I took my leave of Lascour, whom with every Frenchman I sincerely pity. They are not French – they say “les français”, as if they were another nation. Evening with Dame Wallis.

Wednesday July 19th 1815: Went to Colonel Barnard’s⁷³³ Hotel Bureau, and got my passport visaed *in Paris by an English commandant*. Saw there a man who came to complain against an Austrian officer for flinging a leg of mutton out of the window. Coming back, met the Emperor Alexander in an Austrian uniform with fat Schwartzberg and a large suite – he looked fat and grim (the Emperor).

Came home, and went with Nonsarewki,⁷³⁴ the fair Pole, to another Pole, Count Bastowitz,⁷³⁵ or some such name, who showed me most curious letters from Napoleon Bonaparte to Josephine⁷³⁶ – one a note when she was Madame Beauharnais,⁷³⁷ most passionate and fond, as all were, but in a natural and original style, full of heat and truth, like Rousseau. He writes from Italy when Commander-in-chief, and the heads of the letters are in print: “Bonaparte – Commandant en chef de l’armée de l’Italie à Josephine”.⁷³⁸ Yet, with all his fondness, his opinion of women breaks out – he tells her to get as many lovers as she likes, and to let the world know it. He says, “I do not pretend that you should prefer me – to your *marchande tailleuse*,⁷³⁹ to your spectacles, and a dinner with *Barras*.”⁷⁴⁰ He is in some

⁷³³: Barnard unidentified.

⁷³⁴: Nonsarewki unidentified.

⁷³⁵: Bastowitz unidentified.

⁷³⁶: I have used *Napoléon, Lettres à Josephine*, ed. Jacques Bourgeat (JB: Paris 1941).

⁷³⁷: Could be any letter before their marriage on 9th March 1796.

⁷³⁸: JB does not give printed headers.

⁷³⁹: In fact, “Madame Tallien”.

⁷⁴⁰: H. misreads, for Napoleon writes in jealousy: *Comme si une jolie femme pouvait abandonner ses habitudes, ses amis, sa madame Tallien, et un dîner chez Baras, et une représentation d’une pièce nouvelle, et Fortuné, oui, Fortuné! Tu aime plus que*

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cases a little too warm. He sends her a “baiser sur la bouche sur son cœur, sur le petit enfant” – he thought her with child.⁷⁴¹ In another place, he kisses “la petite forêt”.⁷⁴² I did not see this. I saw he sends her two hundred louis in one place.⁷⁴³ The Pole told me that in another place of his indecipherable letters he talks of his fortune. He says in one letter, “I am more content with Beaulieu than his predecessor. We are trying who shall the soonest deceive each other. I shall beat him.”⁷⁴⁴ He talks of his family braving all dangers with pleasure, but since his love for Josephine he is not so bold – he fears to leave her behind.⁷⁴⁵ He talks of lying twelve hours in her arms⁷⁴⁶ – says little of the army – he recommends his brother Lucien to her in the fondest terms.⁷⁴⁷ The love of his brother has always been even a fault with him. These letters should be published. They show Napoleon in an extraordinary light – the Pole would part with them for 1,000 guineas.⁷⁴⁸

Walking about after, heard the criers rowing about an *ordonne* of Desolles against wearing *pinkes*, on account of the disturbances of yesterday and the day before, between some *gardes de corps* and others who carried pinkes, a new sign of *ralliement* – brights, shawls, &c.

Went to Bruce. Saw Colonel Stanhope⁷⁴⁹ there, who told me that Count Lobau told him that Napoleon, after the Old Guard had failed in their attack on the English line, said, striking his forehead, “L’infanterie Anglaise est invincible!” All other actions, Stanhope said, were skirmishes to this battle.

ton mari ... (Fortuné was her dog: JB 43, undated).

⁷⁴¹: *Un baiser sur ta bouche, ou sur ton cœur* ... (JB 30, 29th April 1796: there are no references to “le petit enfant” except those to the Beauharnais children).

⁷⁴²: *Tu sais bien que je n’oublie pas les petites visites; tu sais bien, la petite forêt noire. Je lui donne mille baisers et j’attends avec impatience le moment d’y être* (JB 60, 21st November 1796).

⁷⁴³: *Je t’envoie par Murat deux cents louis dont tu te serviras si tu en as besoin* ... (JB 30 31, 29th April 1796).

⁷⁴⁴: *Je suis assés content de Beaulieu; il manoeuvre bien; il est plus fort que son prédecesseur. Je le battraï, j’espère, de la belle manière* (JB 24, 3rd April 1796).

⁷⁴⁵: *Il fut un temps où je m’enorgueillissais de mon courage, et quelquefois, en jettant les yeux sur le mal que pourrait me faire les hommes sur le sort que pourrait me réserver le destin, je fixais les malheurs les plus inouïs sans froncer le sourcil, sans me sentir étoné. Mais aujourd’hui, l’idée que ma Josephine pourrait être malade, et surtout la cruelle, la funeste pensée qu’elle pourrait m’aimer moins, flétrit mon âme, arrête mon sang, me rend triste, abatu, ne me laisse pas même le courage de la fureur et du désespoir* ... (JB 23, 3rd April 1796).

⁷⁴⁶: H. misreads romantically: ... *je me bornerai à te voir, à te presser 2 heures sur mon sein et mourir ensemble* (JB 39, 15th June 1796).

⁷⁴⁷: Reference to Lucien untraced.

⁷⁴⁸: The questions is, how did the Pole obtain them in the first place?

⁷⁴⁹: *Perhaps* Colonel Leicester Stanhope (1784-1862) subsequently to know Byron in Greece.

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Dined at Very's with Bruce, who told me that Andreossy, after his first meeting with Wellington, wrote to Latour Maubourg that they must take the King – there was no help for them.

There is a report, so Alvanley tells me, that six are to be shot next week, Erlon [and] Allemand amongst them.⁷⁵⁰ A notion has got about in our army that this is the only way to save the King – others say that he is to withdraw, and *justice* is to be administered in the name of the Allies – alas for France.

Thursday July 20th 1815: Up at six. Shaved my head by Carron,⁷⁵¹ who tells me he had a plan for taking off scalp and hair, and did get several dead heads to try experiments upon them.

At half-past nine I left Paris for the last time now, and on the place Louis XV, my wheel came off. Passing the Champs Elysées, saw the Light Brigade drawn up to be reviewed.

Went by Nanterre to St Germain-en-Laye, where I saw Mr Tyler – thence to Criel and Meulan, crossing the Seine – a beautiful drive, rich country – producing everything, and picturesque in the highest degree. Thence to Mantes and Bonnières, where were Prussians quartered to Vernon on the Seine, a lovely spot. At Vernon I slept. Walked out by moonlight – we are now in Normandy, having entered it not long since – vineyards in the sloping ground to the left, corn to the right – cattle in abundance, but we saw no sheep – there is an old castle at Vernon – the town is decent. Being the only good one before Rouen, I stopt there for the night.

Friday July 21st 1815: Off at five in the morning. Went by Gaillon, Vaudreuil, [and] Port St Ouen to Rouen, a most beautiful drive, and arrived by a little past ten. The Seine most magnificent, the country luxurious. The quay at Rouen very fine. Breakfasted well and dear – at past eleven, left the town. Went up a hill and had a prospect of it beneath – it is one of the finest scenes I ever saw, hill, wood and meadow, the Seine widening as it runs. Rouen is put down at 87,000 habitants by Reichard. We have got out of the vine country and the country of Napoleon, for in Normandy, chiefly, white flags abound. The *cannaille* here, however, are said to be against the King – that is, the people. From Rouen we went, about eleven posts, by towns I recalled not, through Neufchatel, Folercarnot, Blangy, and Huppy, to Abbeville. From Blangy to Huppy we passed through the forest of _____,⁷⁵² belonging to the Orleans family in the county of Eu, which extends twelve leagues in length, and is a league in breadth. The fine road we travelled was made in the time of the revolution. At Huppy, a lone house,

⁷⁵⁰: Generals François and Henri Lallemand, Lefèbvre-Desnouëttes, and d'Erlon, had mounted an unsuccessful coup against Louis just after Napoleon landed from Elba (an event of which they had known nothing: referred to at *Letters* I 48-9).

⁷⁵¹: Sanguinary-sounding barber otherwise unidentified.

⁷⁵²: Ms. gap.

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we were told that the gates at Abbeville were shut at half-past nine, and had some discourse thereupon – however, we whipt on, and arrived just as they were shutting. Put up at the Hotel d’Angleterre, which is much improved since last year. The Allies are not so far down as Abbeville. The joy here for the King’s return seems great – crowns of green boughs and lillies the order of the day – the country from Rouen to Abbeville most rich, but latterly not quite so picturesque in Picardy.

Saturday July 22nd 1815: Up at six. Travelled the usual road, and arrived at Calais by between seven and eight in the evening – determined about nothing. Put up at Quillacq’s.⁷⁵³ *Mem:* Montreuil is a good place to stop at – Varenne hotel, where Sterne got La Fleur⁷⁵⁴ from the present man’s father, whose ancestors have kept the inn a hundred years. I hear that Lille and Valenciennes are besieged though the white flag is hoisted.

Sunday July 23rd 1815: Determined to leave my carriage in Quillacq’s service at six francs a month.⁷⁵⁵ Went over in a packet, the *Princess Augusta*, and had a bad passage from six to half-past nine, when I put foot on English ground again, and went to Wright’s hotel as usual. Supped, and went to bed.

Monday July 24th 1815: Up late. Got my goods from the Custom House with a small duty – smuggling some things – set off half-past twelve – and went to the Bull, Dartford, where I slept – a bad inn.

⁷⁵³: Monsieur Quillacque kept the Hotel de Dessain at Calais. H. last stayed there on 17 Apr 1814.

⁷⁵⁴: The valet in *A Sentimental Journey*.

⁷⁵⁵: When H. returns to Calais, following Byron, on 30 July 1816, he finds his carriage safe at Quillacque’s.