

the marshes which lie between the Garonne and the Ariège that to move even infantry through them, far more cavalry and guns, proved impossible. Hill was, in consequence, recalled, and another point of attack chosen. It was nearer to the town, though still on the left of the enemy's position, at a place called Portet. There, however, on trying them, the pontoons proved to be of insufficient span; and Soult, warned by the attempt, threw up works to avert the danger. Nothing now remained, except to assault the heights between the Ers and the canal, and as a preliminary step, to force the passage of the Garonne below the town.

I must refer the curious in such matters to the larger edition of this work, for a detail of the manœuvres which preceded and led up to the battle of Toulouse. They were executed in spite of the hindrances which ceaseless rains and roads well-nigh impassable offer to the movement of troops. But determination and perseverance overcame them all, and on the 10th of April the fight began. It was maintained on both sides with greater obstinacy than any other which had occurred since the opening of the war. Confident in the strength of their position, and well supported by the fire of a superior artillery, the French disputed every inch of ground, and when the evening closed were still in possession of the town, and of the line of the canal. But the redoubts which commanded the town had fallen, and Soult knew that his game was lost. On the other hand the English had expended the whole of their great-gun ammunition, and till supplies could be brought up from the rear, an operation which required time, they were not in a state to renew an offensive battle. Favoured by this circumstance, Soult was able in the course of the 11th to send away such baggage as could be moved without attracting attention, and the same night he withdrew by the only road which lay open to him, leaving, besides his wounded, all his heavy cannon and stores, with a considerable depôt of small arms, to become the prey of the conquerors.

Lord Wellington fought the battle of Toulouse upon a plan which as much as possible guarded the inhabitants from becoming more than spectators of the horrors of war.

Not a shot or shell from an English gun fell within the town. And now his arrangements were made for investing the place, so as to compel the French army either to come out and fight, or else to lay down its arms. His troops, indeed, had begun to move towards the single carriage road of which they were not already masters, when daybreak on the 12th made the fact apparent, that Soult and his people were gone. Not a picket guard stood to their arms, not a sentry showed himself, and presently, while men yet wondered what the cause of such unlooked-for silence might be, the silence was broken by the pealing of bells in the city. Suddenly upon every tower and housetop visible a white flag was seen to wave, and by and by the air rang with the shouts of people rejoicing. Toulouse, freed from the presence of Napoleon's garrison, declared for Louis the 18th, and the British troops were greeted as they drew near, not as enemies, but as deliverers.

With the battle of Toulouse the great Peninsular War may be said to have come to an end. At Bayonne, indeed, four days later, a profitless encounter took place, the garrison making a sortie, by which they gained nothing, and some valuable lives on both sides were sacrificed. And in the Upper Garonne and on the borders of Catalonia, Soult and Suchet hesitated before they could bring themselves to believe the truth; but Lord Wellington's firmness and the preparations which he made to resume hostilities overcame their scruples. They sent in their adhesion to the new order of things, and there was peace everywhere.

In describing these operations I have referred as yet only to the public acts of the great mover in them, and to the consequences of these acts. Let us not bring this chapter to a close without detailing one or two incidents which seem to me to throw a good deal of light upon the character of the Duke of Wellington as a man as well as an officer.

The idea of bridging the estuary of the Adour with Chasse Marées and Schooners sent in from the sea, was entirely his own. The engineer officers whom he consulted on the subject condemned it. And even Admiral Penrose and his gallant captains pronounced the scheme hazardous to a degree.



“If you get the vessels over the Bar,” demanded the former, “whence are we to procure planking?” “Haven’t you just got from England a quantity of timber, sawed, and ready for laying platforms?” “Certainly,” was the answer, “but that we shall require for our batteries.” “Nonsense, take the platform timber for the bridge, we must have the bridge before we can begin the siege of Bayonne.” “And what are we to do afterwards?” “There’s plenty of pine-wood near Bayonne; you can cut and saw that, and till it is ready the guns must be worked on the sand.” And sure enough to the purposes of the bridge the new platforms were applied, without any hindrance or mischief arising in the course of future operations.

Lord Wellington’s conduct on this occasion reminds me of the promptitude and decision with which, at the siege of Ciudad-Rodrigo, he applied a sudden remedy to a pressing want. It was necessary, in order to break ground for the trenches, to *brusque* a lunette, which crowned the great Teso hill. There were no ladders at hand wherewith to escalate, and the engineers told him so, and asked for time. “How much time do you want?” “If we had the wood, a few hours would suffice, but we have nothing of which to make either side pieces or rounds!” “What are those carts that I see there? there seem to be some hundreds of them.” “They are the country carts on which the spare ammunition was brought up from Almeida.” “Very well, take them. You see that you have the side pieces ready made to your hand in the beams and shafts, the rounds you can easily make out of the boarding.” The fitness of the project was acknowledged as soon as expressed, and that same night the lunette was carried by means of ladders improvised out of a few bullock-carts.

With respect to Admiral Penrose and his brother officers, they argued reasonably enough, that the Bar alone presented an obstacle which was not to be surmounted in all weathers, and that, granting it to be surmounted, an enemy in possession of one bank of a river must be very remiss indeed if he failed to render the anchorage too hot for such craft as were about to approach it. “I have no fear,” was Lord Wellington’s answer, “but that your fellows will carry the

craft over the Bar, and depend upon it I'll take care that nothing hurts them afterwards." And so it was. A battalion of guards seized the right bank, while a field-battery of 18-pounders held the left, and the craft took up their stations, and the bridge was constructed without the slightest damage done, except by the accidents of navigation.

Lord Wellington's personal activity, especially at the opening of this campaign, astonished even the members of his staff, who knew him best. He rode over and over again from one extremity of his line to another, as much as 60 or 70 miles, and back again, with scarcely a halt. He ate his meals more than once by the way-side, and not unfrequently fasted from dawn till late at night. His aversion to the pomp and circumstance in which the generals of other armies delight, he sometimes carried to a fault. His famous ride, for example, from Gacis to the site of the bridge of boats on the Adour, carried him through a country which was by no means safe, yet he performed it without an escort, Lord Fitzroy alone attending him. Indeed, escorts he entirely rejected except when engaged in the act of reconnoitring close to the enemy's position. More than once he had, in consequence, a narrow escape for his life. When the enemy were falling back from the Gave d' Oleron to Orthez, he shot ahead of his own advanced guard, and made for a hill, whence he conceived that he should command a full view of their line of march. Colonel Gordon, Lord Fitzroy, and several other officers were with him, but no escort. Gordon happened to be well mounted, and rode a little ahead of the rest, by which means he gained the brow of the hill while Lord Wellington was yet a yard or two from the summit. Right in his teeth came a party of French cavalry whom he had just time to escape by wheeling round and galloping back. Down came the troopers upon Gordon, and away went Lord Wellington and his staff, their swords out, but trusting more to the speed of their horses than to their right arms. And by the speed of their horses alone they escaped.

On the other hand, this habit of passing from point to point well-nigh like a private person, gave him opportunities



of seeing with his own eyes what might have been hidden from him had he approached the point of vision in a crowd. He was extremely anxious about his pontoon bridge during the days of preparation which led up to the battle of Toulouse. And perhaps his anxiety on that head was not the less keen, that in consequence of some changes of construction proposed by himself, the pontoons did not appear to possess the same amount of flotation which had previously belonged to them. Twice the bridge was carried away; once, when tried, it proved too short for the span of the river, and once it sank with the weight of a heavy gun.

Of the point where these attempts had been made the French became naturally jealous, and more than one working and covering party was driven off by a heavy fire from the other side. Lord Wellington became impatient, and down he went, absolutely alone, to reconnoitre. He had justly calculated the chances. A French sentry immediately fired, but missed him, whereupon a French officer, seeing only one man, and not observing about him anything to indicate that he was of superior rank, ran down to the river-side and apologized for the outrage in words which the Duke often repeated afterwards with great glee, "Pardon, Monsieur, c'est un nouveau." The kindness was acknowledged, and the two entered into conversation, which Lord Wellington kept up till he had seen and comprehended all that he was desirous of looking into. He then raised his hat and went away, to turn the knowledge which he had thus acquired to excellent account.

The bridge being at length laid, and two divisions, under Beresford, sent across, a fresh came on in the night, and to save the pontoons from being carried away, the engineers were obliged to remove some of them. This rendered the passage impracticable for horses, and not very safe for men; indeed it was only one by one that individuals could cross at all. Lord Wellington, bent upon reconnoitring Soult's inner line, passed the bridge when it was in this state. He went on foot and he went alone. A troop horse was furnished to him on the other side, and he thus took a survey of the enemy's position.

“ Was not Beresford in great danger then, and you also, Duke ? ” “ No, there was no danger. Soult ought to have attacked us, I allow, but we were in a condition to put our back to the river, and he could not have done us any harm.”

Those who saw the Duke pass, as I have just described, were not of that opinion at the moment, and their satisfaction was proportionately great, when he returned the same evening, and they heard him tell over his own dinner-table how the troop-horse had carried him.

The style of his arrival in Toulouse itself, on the morning of the 12th, when the retreat of Soult's army became known, was entirely in keeping with all that went before. While the Maire and municipal body, followed by an enormous crowd, waited at one gate to receive him with all due honour, Lord Wellington rode round to another, with a single aide-de-camp in his train, and entered unnoticed. He made for the Hôtel de Ville, nobody knowing or caring to ask who he was ; and there, by and by, the authorities found him. Then it became necessary that he should show himself, and he stood upon the balcony and bowed to the crowd. The same day he gave a dinner, to which many general officers and all the leading gentlemen of the city were invited. While the company sat at table, Colonel Cooke arrived from Paris, bringing with him the astounding intelligence of Napoleon's abdication. Lord Wellington immediately rose, and glass in hand, proposed the health of Louis XVIII. The shout with which the company received the toast, was soon taken up out of doors, and ran from street to street. Yet it was scarcely so loud, and certainly far less cordial than the greeting which attended the next toast, of which General Alava was the proposer — “ Lord Wellington, Liberador di Espagna.”

Every person in the room sprung to his feet ; some stood on chairs, several upon the table, and there followed in quick succession, uttered in Portuguese and in French, “ Liberador de Portugal,” “ Le Libérateur de la France,” “ Le Libérateur de l'Europe.” Probably on no occasion during his long and varied life, was Lord Wellington so much over-



come; and no wonder. Men shook each other by the hand, or rushed into each other's arms, shrieking, laughing,—some of them weeping from excitement. So tremendous was the revulsion, from a state of chronic war to a state of peace, so unbounded their admiration of the man, whom they regarded as the chief instrument in bringing it about. As to Lord Wellington, he rose to return thanks, but could not utter a word. He looked round at the company with tears in his eyes, and calling for coffee, sat down again.

A performance at the theatre followed the dinner, the piece selected being "Cœur de Lion," and after the play there came a ball. It was given by Lord Wellington at the house which had been assigned to him, and went off, as may be imagined, with great spirit. And so, from day to day, feasting and rejoicing took the place of warlike preparations. But this is not all.

Hostilities having ceased, it was not perhaps unnatural that the inhabitants of a conquered country should endeavour to conciliate the victors by treating them well. But in the present instance, the inhabitants of the invaded country had never, except in very isolated cases, treated the invaders otherwise than well. The rear of the British army, and its followers, were just as safe in the south of France as they had ever been in Spain. It more than once occurred that the sick, the wounded, the commissariat stores, and the military chest were left without a guard in some town removed by three or four leagues from the nearest English division. Yet no attempt was made to rob them, far less to massacre the helpless soldiers and servants, or to carry off the booty. How different this from the condition of the French army in Portugal and Spain! Yet both facts are easily accounted for. The strictest discipline prevailed in one army; the loosest moral in the other. No British officer or soldier ever took from a French civilian an article of any kind without paying for it. No French officer or soldier ever thought of paying for anything which a Spaniard or Portuguese civilian might own, of which he stood in need. In the south of France women and children passed to and fro through the English lines unmolested, and were treated by the officers

and men, when quartered upon them, with the utmost kindness and respect. How the wretched inhabitants of Spain, and still more of Portugal, fared, when Junot and Massena and Marmont and Soult were their masters, it is not necessary to say. Indeed, so confident was Lord Wellington in the good-will of the people, whom his justice and the excellent conduct of his troops had conciliated, that he caused his hounds to travel in the rear of the army, and had more than one day's hunting in the intervals of battles. They were regularly kennelled in Toulouse, where many a French gentleman saw for the first time—himself vainly striving to keep pace with the field—what English fox-hunting was.



## CHAPTER XXV.

THE DUKE IN PARIS—AT MADRID—IN ENGLAND—RETURNS  
TO FRANCE.

OF the course of events which preceded, elsewhere, the first abdication of Napoleon, and the return of the princes of the house of Bourbon to France, I am not required to give an account. They have taken their place in the history of Europe, of which they cover one of the most interesting pages. They were scarcely complete, so far as the restoration of Louis XVIII. could complete them, ere Lord Wellington was urgently requested to transfer himself to Paris. The Allied Sovereigns were there, in delicate and difficult circumstances, and they desired to take counsel with the conqueror of the Peninsula. This invitation reached Lord Wellington through Viscount Castlereagh, who represented the Prince Regent at the Congress; and who in conveying it, announced to his correspondent, that he had been selected by the English Government for the important post of ambassador at the court of the Tuileries. It was not an appointment which Lord Wellington would have sought. He had been long absent from home; and would have rejoiced had he been allowed a little time to superintend the education of his sons, and to arrange his private affairs. Personal considerations, however, weighed with him in the present instance, as little as they usually did, when placed in the scale against public duty. He accepted the charge which the Government laid upon him, and made the necessary preparations for entering upon his new duties.

To break up the fine army which he had so long commanded, and bid farewell to troops who had served him so faithfully, was no agreeable task to a man of his temperament. He was proud of both officers and men, and in spite of the sternness which characterized many of his general orders, they were personally attached to him. But he habitually concealed his feelings; and now sent back his Portuguese and Spanish regiments to their respective countries, with as much apparent indifference, as if he had been putting them into winter quarters. The English were broken up in the same spirit; the infantry and artillery marching to their transports; some to Passages, others to Bordeaux. The cavalry he moved to the Pas de Calais, whence the voyage to England was short. Meanwhile he found himself in a position of something like antagonism with the Duc d'Angoulême. Anticipating the course of events, that prince had ventured to modify by proclamation the existing customs levied in the south of France; and was not without difficulty brought to understand that neither law nor policy justified the proceeding. Lord Wellington's firmness prevailed, and the obnoxious proclamation was withdrawn; though the act of interference with the Divine right of kings could never afterwards be atoned for.

After putting these matters in train, Lord Wellington, on the 1st of May, quitted Toulouse. He reached Paris on the 4th, the journey having been remarkable for only one occurrence, of which I have often heard him speak. He had never seen Soult, except through his telescope, first from the hill above Sauroren, and again during the battles near Bedart. Their carriages stopped to change horses at the same post-house, on the night of the 2nd, Soult being then on his way from Paris, Wellington towards it. But Lord Wellington was asleep when the incident occurred, and only heard of it from Lord Fitzroy Somerset at a latter stage in the journey.

Lord Wellington reached Paris on the morning of the 4th of May. He proceeded, immediately after calling upon Lord Castlereagh, to pay his respects to the Allied Sovereigns, with whom, as well as with the French Government,



he entered at once into confidential communication. They were anxious about many matters, but none gave them greater uneasiness than the general condition of Spanish affairs. These seemed to the congress to be in absolute confusion. Now to no living man was Spain and the character of her people more intimately known than to Lord Wellington. He was, therefore, better able than any other to advise concerning them. Yet advice, however sound, offered from a distance, was not likely to carry much weight with it, under existing circumstances. Lord Wellington therefore proposed, and the Allies gladly acceded to the proposal, that he should undertake a journey to Madrid; and there, upon the spot, exercise such influence as he possessed, in bringing the King and the contending factions among the people, to understand the true nature of their relative positions. The case was this :

The government of Spain during the late struggle, if government it deserves to be called, first by Juntas, and latterly by a Cortes and a Regency, had never been cordially approved of by Ferdinand. He pledged himself, it is true, to maintain whenever he should be restored to the throne, the privileges of the Cortes; but he probably never intended to keep his word; he certainly broke it as soon as he found himself strong enough to do so. The priesthood and the peasantry were generally with him; of the nobles, perhaps, a majority took the same side; but a large portion of the army desired free institutions; as did almost all the trading classes, with the professional and middle orders of society. The King found it necessary, therefore, during his journey to Madrid, to temporize. But he no sooner reached the capital, and saw himself surrounded by crowds of flatterers, than he threw aside all disguise. A violent reactionary policy began. The Cortes was dissolved; all its previous acts of liberalism were reversed; the chiefs of the liberal party were imprisoned or driven into exile, and old abuses in Church and State were restored. The populace shouted and threw up their caps; the nation was dismayed; and civil war—a curse everywhere, but in Spain a more terrible curse than anywhere else—seemed on the eve of breaking

out. Now, if there was one prospect more hideous than another to the chiefs of the confederacy, which had put down the revolutionary spirit in France, it was the reappearance of that spirit elsewhere, whatever form it might assume; and Lord Wellington was charged by every means in his power to stop, if possible, the King and people of Spain from coming to blows.

He had arrived in Paris on the 4th of May, and on the 10th was ready to quit it again. It was a brief interval, yet it brought him two pieces of gratifying intelligence. The Prince Regent had raised him to the dignity of a dukedom, and Parliament had voted, for the maintenance of the title, a sum of half a million, to be laid out in the purchase of a landed estate. He acknowledged, as became him, these munificent recognitions of services past, and departed on his journey to add to their numbers. He succeeded in staying the outbreak of a military revolt, which had been fully matured. The third and fourth Spanish armies, which he saw at Torbes and Mondragon, were on the point of declaring for the Cortes; when the appeal of their old commander to their loyalty as soldiers, restrained them. But matters had proceeded too far to leave any hope of permanent good. The Duke arrived in Madrid on the 24th of May, and was in constant and intimate communication with the King and his ministers, up to the 8th of June. The tone of his correspondence, never very sanguine, became more and more desponding as days passed. "Those to whom I have talked," he writes on the 25th of May, "who pretend and ought to know, say that his Majesty will certainly perform the promise made in his decree of the 4th of May, and will give a free constitution to Spain." "I told him" (the Duc de San Carlos), he says on the 1st of June, "that he must expect the King's measures to be attacked and abused in all parts of the world, particularly in England, and that till some steps were taken to prove that the King was inclined to govern the country on liberal principles, and that necessity alone had occasioned the violent measures which had attended the revolution, he could not expect much countenance in England. Nothing, however, has as yet been done,



and I hear that nine more persons were imprisoned the night before last." Finally, just before quitting Madrid, after having expressed his views fully on all the questions of home and colonial administration, and on the reorganization of the army, he writes thus:—"I think there will be no civil war at present." Beyond this his expectations did not go, and even thus far they were by no means either settled or expansive.

The British army, or a considerable portion of it, still lingered at Toulouse; and in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux a large camp was formed. He saw both sections of the force on his way back to Paris, and took leave of them in a general order. It contrasts, in a remarkable degree, with similar essays from the pen of his great rival; but it went home, in its simplicity, to the hearts of British soldiers. This done, he pursued his journey; and after a few days spent in Paris, crossed the Channel, and took the road to London. He had not set foot in England since his embarkation at Portsmouth in 1809. He had quitted the country a man generally looked up to, surrounded by the halo of Indian victories, a Lieutenant-General, and a Knight of the Bath. He now returned laden with all the honours which a great soldier can acquire; a Field Marshal in each of the principal armies of Europe, a Portuguese magnate, a Spanish grandee, and an English duke. His reception by his own countrymen was enthusiastic in the extreme. With difficulty he made his way through the crowds which thronged the pier at Dover, and clustered round him up to the door of his hotel; and when, travelling post, he reached Westminster Bridge, the people took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him through the streets. He was thus conveyed to Hamilton Place, where the Duchess then resided—the crowd lifting him in their arms when he desired to alight, and scarcely leaving him after the hall door had been opened. Little business was done in London that day, so mad were the inhabitants with joy at the return of him whom they then regarded as the preserver, not of England only, but of Europe.

The reader will perfectly understand that the Duke's stay

in England, which did not exceed six weeks, was one continued succession of triumphs. In spite of the presence of the Allied Sovereigns and their suites, he was the observed of all observers. The University of Oxford conferred upon him its highest academical honour, the degree of Doctor of Laws. The Lord Mayor and all the corporate bodies of London feasted, and elected him to be a member of their several guilds. The Commons of England stood uncovered while the Speaker conveyed to him, in an address of consummate eloquence, their thanks. And the Lords received him into their august body as baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke, by accumulation. There is not in history a parallel instance of an English subject on whose head have been showered so many tokens of royal and of national gratitude, all bestowed, so to speak, in one day. To say that the Duke of Wellington did not feel such distinction, would be to charge him with a nature less than human. He was overwhelmed, not with the sense of his own merits, but of the nation's gratitude; and showed by his manner of receiving each fresh mark of respect, as it came,—calm, collected, modest, and, therefore, dignified,—that the least prominent feature in the picture thus presented to his view was himself.

So passed the time till the beginning of August, when the Duke of Wellington set out again for the continent. He was about to represent the British Government at the Court of the Tuileries; but other duties devolved upon him at the same time, and these he discharged as he went. Belgium and Holland, after having been annexed to the French empire, were separated from it again. Instead, however, of restoring the former to Austria, the Congress of Sovereigns determined to erect the two into one kingdom, which might, they persuaded themselves, become, after a while, a barrier on the north to French ambition. But the old frontier fortresses of Belgium had ceased to exist. The few that survived the reforming propensities of the Emperor Joseph, Napoleon had dismantled; and it was now to be determined whether, and to what extent, they should be restored. The Duke carefully surveyed the entire line from Liège, along the



Meuse and the Sambre, to Namur and Charleroi, and thence by Mons and Tournay to the sea. He recommended that most of the fortresses which guard it should be put in a state of defence ; and he selected, in rear of them, positions where, in the event of another war, armies might assemble. It is worthy of notice that among the positions so marked out was that of Waterloo, on which, within less than a year, the fate of Europe was to be determined. But he did more for the Low Countries than this. A strong party in England, supported by the highest naval authorities, were urgent for the destruction of Antwerp ; on the plea that Antwerp, in the hands of the French, must become, with its works entire, a standing menace to London. The Duke set himself against the adoption of views at once so illiberal and so short-sighted ; and his reasoning prevailed, much to the advantage of the Low Countries, and still more to the honour of his own nation and Government.

The Duke reached Paris on the 22nd of August, and remained there about five months. It was an interval devoted rather to endless details than to the arrangement of great plans, or the confirmation of great principles. He had the battle of the abolition of the slave trade to fight ; and he fought it as gallantly as circumstances would allow. Questions of compensation for private property destroyed during the war came continually before him, and were weighed and discussed with exemplary patience. But his correspondence with the Home Government shows clearly enough that other and graver thoughts were not absent from his mind. He saw, with regret, the growing unpopularity of the Bourbons, and the cause of it. He deprecated their conduct, both to the army and to the people, without, however, attributing either to the French army or the French people virtues which did not belong to them. And already he began to speculate on a probable outbreak. "I believe the truth to be," he says to Lord Bathurst, on the 17th of December, 1814, "that the people of this country are so completely ruined by the revolution, and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot go on without it ; and they cannot endure the pros-

pect of a peaceable government. If this is the case, we should take care how we suffer the grand alliance to break up; and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet anchor."

Of the private life of the Duke of Wellington all this while few records remain. He appears to have been joined by the Duchess soon after his arrival in Paris, and occupying the Hotel de Borghese in the Rue Fauburg St Honore, dispensed there a liberal hospitality. By this process many acquaintances were formed, and some friendships which lasted till the close of his life; among the latter of which none deserves to be more specially noticed than his intimacy with the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot. That gentleman, who had formerly represented England at the Ottoman Court, and held office, at a later period, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, visited Paris in 1814, with his young and accomplished wife. It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than was presented by the gentle—I might almost say, the effeminate—manner and turn of mind which characterized one of these gentlemen, to the frank, open, and manly temperament of the other. Yet such was the attachment which matured itself between them that, in after years, when both had become widowers, they lived together till Mr Arbuthnot died, at a very advanced age, in the apartments at Apsley House which the Duke had made over to him.

The Duke's personal habits while representing his Sovereign at the Court of the Tuileries differed little from what they had been when, at the head of a great army, he conducted a great and difficult war. He was still an early riser, still dressed with care and simplicity; was still industrious as a man of business, and lively and affable in general society. His own hounds he had disposed of in England,—they would have been an encumbrance to an ambassador in a foreign country,—but he hunted occasionally with those of the King of France, and seemed to enjoy the sport. It was different from that to which he had been accustomed, for a deer generally constituted the quarry; the quarry coming to grief when the run grew slack, by a bullet from the gun of a witty keeper, who always assigned the credit of the shot to the



Duc d'Angoulême. For the Duc assumed the right of giving the *coup de grace*, and the keeper, knowing what a wretched shot his Royal Highness was, fired at the same time, exclaiming as the animal fell, "Monsieur tire à merveille."

On one of these occasions, but only once, out of compliment to French Royalty, the Duke made his appearance at the corner of the cover arrayed in a gold-laced coat, and jack boots, with a cocked hat on his head, and a *couteau de chasse* at his side. This was at Rambouillet, but as he could not be persuaded to cumber his horse with a velvet saddle and heavy French trappings, so quaint a figure astride upon a common English hunting-saddle, presented a very comical appearance. Neither the Duke himself, nor any Englishman that day present, could keep his gravity. The Duke never put on the disguise again.

And here I may mention that the Duke's horses were in those days excellent. He paid large prices for them, and treated them well, yet he was liberal to excess in lending them to such of his young men as could not very well afford to mount themselves. He sometimes suffered for this liberality, as the following anecdote will show. The Duke got from England a remarkably fine horse, to which, as it was purchased from a dealer so called, he gave the name of Elmore. He had never ridden the animal, but proposed to do so on a certain occasion, when the Royal hounds were to meet at Versailles. A press of business prevented his fulfilling that intention, and it so happened that Lord William Lennox, being the *aide-de-camp* in waiting, ought to have remained at home with his chief. The Duke, however, was aware of the young man's passion for hunting, and as Lord William was one of those whom he was in the habit of mounting, he felt doubly reluctant to interfere with the day's sport. When Lord William appeared at the breakfast table, therefore, booted and spurred, the Duke first alarmed him by saying, "No hunting to-day, William, I must write despatches," and then seeing the lad's countenance fall, added with a smile, "But you need not stay, I can do without you; and, by the by, you may as well ride

Elmore, only take care of him, because I mean to ride him myself next week."

Delighted to be set free, and especially gratified by the nature of the mount, Lord William set off, and went through the day's sport much admired by the field, and greatly to his own satisfaction. But returning quietly in the evening towards Paris, Elmore stepped upon some rotten ground, and his rider became immediately aware that the horse was injured. Indeed Lord William was obliged to dismount and lead the animal the rest of the way. Terrified as well as grieved, the boy said nothing about the accident, hoping that it might turn out after all to be a trifle, and that a little skilful treatment would in a day or two bring everything right. But it was not so to be. Elmore's case proved to be a bad one, and at the end of a week, when the Duke required him, the secret could no longer be kept. "Well," said the Duke after Lord William had stammered out his confession, "that's rather a bore. Accidents will happen to be sure, and this can't be helped, but it won't do to have all my horses lamed; so for the future you must confine yourself to the bay mare and the brown gelding, and if you lame these, then you must mount yourself."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## CONGRESS OF VIENNA—RETURN OF NAPOLEON TO FRANCE.

HISTORY has recorded how all this while a Congress of Sovereigns and their Ministers sat in Vienna, to readjust some, and explain others, of the articles which had been agreed to in the Treaty of Paris. Lord Castlereagh, then minister for Foreign Affairs, represented England at that Congress, till the meeting of Parliament recalled him in January, 1815, to London. The Duke was thereupon required to take his place, and found, on arriving in the Austrian capital, that no very good spirit prevailed among the Allies. They had held together tolerably well so long as a common danger threatened, but now having achieved a victory, they quarrelled over the division of the spoil. Before angry words led, however, to blows, tidings of the escape of Napoleon from Elba reached them, and the tempers of the most irritable calmed down in a moment. It was from the Duke of Wellington that the Allied Sovereigns received the first intimation of that event. A *grande chasse* in the park near Schönbrün had been arranged, and on the morning of the 7th of April, princes and statesmen mounted and set out. The Duke, when his horse was brought round from the stable, desired it to be taken back again. He had received letters which must be answered immediately, and could not therefore go with the rest. His letters were important indeed. They came from Lord Burghersh, and announced that the great State Prisoner was at large, and that he was expected from hour to hour to land at