

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

FALL OF PARIS—ARMY OF OCCUPATION—ATTEMPTS ON THE  
DUKE'S LIFE.

IT was late in the evening when the grand advance of the English line took place. Darkness was settling fast over the field of battle, and still the firing continued. The French, broken and dispersed, either threw away their arms and fled, or fought for dear life in groups against pursuers, some of whom gave no quarter. Conspicuous in front of his own line rode the Duke, and when the enemy broke at last and fled, he mixed, as night closed in, with the skirmishers, and could not be restrained. "You have no business here, sir," said one of his followers. "We are getting into enclosed ground, and your life is too valuable to be thrown away." "Never mind," replied the Duke, "let them fire away. The battle's won; my life is of no consequence now." Thus indifferent to the thousand risks which surrounded him, he pushed on, and drew bridle only when he and Blücher met at the *Maison du Roi*. Here it was arranged that the Prussians, who had fallen in upon the same road with the English, should continue the pursuit. For though the Duke made arrangements to support them with part of his troops, these proved to be so completely exhausted by the fatigues of battle, that they could not go on. A halt was therefore ordered midway between *Rossumme* and *Genappes*.

From that point the Duke rode slowly home, in clear moonlight, and alone. Scarcely one of his old companions



through the war of the Peninsula remained to cheer him with his congratulations. Colonel De Lancy, his Quarter-master-General, had received a mortal wound; Major-General Barnes, his Adjutant-General, was wounded also; Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzroy Somerset, his faithful and attached Military Secretary, had lost an arm, and been carried to Brussels. Of his aides-de-camp, two, Colonel the Honourable Alexander Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel Canning, were both struck down. The latter died on the spot; the former only survived to learn from the chief whom he had long served and dearly loved, that the battle was won. Indeed the losses that day to England, and to the best blood of England, were terrible. Lord Uxbridge, struck by one of the last shots fired, suffered the amputation of a limb. Picton, the hero of a hundred fights, went whither his glory could not follow him. But it would be vain to attempt to particularize, one by one, the brave who purchased with their blood that day a renown which can never perish. The authentic lists of killed and wounded showed a grand total, on the side of the Allies, of 23,185. Out of this enormous multitude the English alone lost 11,678; the Netherlanders, 3178; the Brunswickers, 687; the troops of Nassau, 643; the Prussians, 6999. The loss of the French is not quite so easily determined. According to Colonel Charras it amounted to 31,000 or 32,000. Napoleon reckons it at 23,600 only; of these 7000 were prisoners. If we include the casualties which befell in the pursuit, it was probably 40,000 at the least.

The Duke reached his head-quarters at Waterloo about ten o'clock at night. He had ridden the same horse all day, yet such was the spirit of the animal, that on his master dismounting, he kicked out in play, and well-nigh struck the Duke. The Duke entered, and found his dinner prepared with as much regularity as if the cook had expected him home from a review. He eat little, and eat in silence: indeed grief for the fallen, and anxious thoughts about their relatives, quite broke him down. "I cannot express to you," he wrote to Lord Aberdeen, "the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I

have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me; and I cannot suggest it as any to you and to his friends." In the same spirit he expressed himself when communicating with the Duke of Beaufort. "You are aware how useful your brother has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him, and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broke me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages I have acquired."

The Duke retired to bed, worn out with fatigue and excitement. He slept till an hour which was late for him, that is to say, at seven next morning Dr Hume arrived to make his report, and found that his chief was not yet stirring. Having waited till eight, Dr Hume took it upon him to knock at the bed-room door, and being desired to enter he did so. The Duke sat up in his bed. He was undressed, but had neither washed nor shaved over-night. His face was therefore black with the dust and powder of the great battle, and in that plight he desired the chief of his medical staff to make his report. Dr Hume read on; but becoming himself deeply affected, he stopped as if to draw breath, and looked up. The tears were running from the Duke's eyes, making furrows and channels for themselves through the grime upon his cheek. "Go on," he said, "go on, for God's sake, go on. Let me hear it all. This is terrible." Dr Hume finished his paper, and withdrew, leaving his great chief in an agony of distress.

In less than an hour the great Duke was in his business room giving directions about the future movements of the army, as if nothing extraordinary had happened; and long before noon he was on his way, at a sharp pace, towards Brussels.

I pass by all that immediately followed, as described with sufficient minuteness in the larger edition of this Biography. The proclamation that was issued ere the march to Paris began—the march itself—with all its attendant circumstances—the fall of the fortresses, one by one, with or

without some show of resistance, and the surrender of the French capital upon capitulation,—these things are recorded where all who are curious in such details can easily find them. So also is the narrative of Napoleon's attempted escape and of his reception on board the British ship of war *Bellerophon*. So also the tale of Blücher's stern dealings with the Parisians; and of the skill and tact with which the Duke softened him into a policy of forbearance. I may observe, however, in passing, that while these things went on, and for some time afterwards, when the Allied Sovereigns and their suites swarmed in Paris, it was to the Duke that the Parisians looked as their great protector, whose praise could not be sufficiently in their mouths. But a change came by degrees over the spirit of their dream. The Allies began to demand back for their respective countries the spoil which in the composition of 1814 they had unwisely permitted to remain with the spoiler. The Duke was appealed to by the French Government to protect the Louvre, and to hinder works of art from being removed; and on his refusal to commit such a gross act of injustice, popular feeling turned against him. The truth is, that all the flattery heaped upon him when he saved the Bridge of Jena and the Austerlitz Column from destruction was mere lip-service. The marshals hated him; so did the King, and in a very intensified degree so did the other members of the Royal family. They could not forgive or forget the fact that in humbling France he had acted like an honest man. And thus it came to pass that as soon as he ceased to be their tool they turned upon him. He was pronounced far more to blame for the plunder of Paris than anybody else. After signing the capitulation he now openly and ostentatiously broke through its conditions. He consented to the plunder of the galleries and museums, which he had undertaken to protect. No good Frenchman could hereafter remain on terms of common acquaintance with such a man; no good Frenchman did. One day, to his great surprise, he received a note from the Duc Duras, declining in a very curt manner to dine with him. The Duke was surprised, inquired into,

and ascertained the true state of the case, and returned the following answer:—

“ M. le Duc,

“ I have had the honour to receive your letter, without date, in which you return to me a note which you consider to be an invitation to dinner ‘in a somewhat royal style.’ In reply, I beg of you to believe that the note was not intended for you, and I offer you a thousand excuses for its having been mis-sent. It does not contain an invitation to dinner in a royal or any other style, but merely a promise to dine with some one on the 28th. That some one is the Duc d’Otrante; and I very much regret that my secretary should have mistaken your name for that of the individual who wrote to me, proposing that I should dine with him. Such is the true history of this invitation to dinner ‘in a somewhat royal style.’ I send you herewith the note of invitation which you desire to have.”

The conduct of the Duc Duras was silly. It was the act of a pettish man, prompt to take offence where no offence could be intended; but it had its political meaning too. Another outrage might have led to graver consequences, but that the Duke treated it with contempt. He was in the frequent habit of attending the King’s levées; and on such occasions usually found himself beset with civilities. About this time he went as usual, and observed that one marshal after another held aloof from him. At last, as if a common feeling actuated them, they all turned about and walked away. The King saw, and though not himself free from the contagion, affected to consider this a strong measure, for he approached the Duke, and began to make some excuses for it. “Don’t distress yourself, Sire,” observed the Duke quietly, “it is not the first time they have turned their backs on me.” It was a sharp stroke of wit, which, when repeated, obtained great favour even with the French. The marshals, among others, felt its force. There might be little increase of cordiality among them; but they took good care never again to turn their backs upon the Duke when they saw him approaching.

Neither the French court nor the French people ever

cordially forgave the part which the Duke felt himself forced to play in these transactions, and there occurred, not long afterwards, events which increased four-fold the feeling of personal hostility towards him among the people and with the French army.

Soon after the arrival of the King, and the settlement of a constitutional government, a proclamation of amnesty to all who had taken part in the late rebellion was issued. From that amnesty certain individuals were excepted by name; and among the rest, Colonel Labedoyère and Marshal Ney. The first, it will be remembered, had set the example of defection, by going over with his regiment to Napoleon. The last, after undertaking to bring back the invader in a cage, had joined him with the corps of which he was at the head. Both of these gentlemen were in Paris when the capitulation was signed; and both, had they remained in it, would have had a right, so far as the English and Prussian Generals were concerned, to claim under it exemption from arrest. Both, however, apparently convinced that from the Bourbons they had no mercy to expect, fled from Paris before the allied troops entered. They were both provided with money by Fouché, at that moment the head of the Provisional Government, and might have escaped, had they chosen, into Switzerland, and been safe.

They were believed to be safe beyond the frontier, when, on the 24th of July, the decree was published which specially excluded them from the amnesty. It was counter-signed by Fouché, the very person who, on the 6th, had sent them away with money in their pockets. The deed was never intended to signify more than the King's determination to draw a line between the crowd and the leaders in the late defection. But Labedoyère committed the folly of appearing in Paris, after he had been proscribed; and being recognized, was, of course, imprisoned, tried, and executed. Ney was scarcely more wise, and equally unfortunate. After arriving within a stage of the Swiss frontier, he turned back, and took up his residence at his own house in the country. He had been there some months, no one in Paris caring to inquire about him, when an over-zealous local

magistrate arrested him, and made a report of what he had done. The French Government was annoyed, but could act only in one way. He was sent to Paris; and after considerable delay, put upon his trial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. It is a remarkable fact that neither at the time of his outlawry, nor after his arrest in the country, was any appeal made by him, or by the members of his family, to the Duke of Wellington, or to the treaty of capitulation which he had signed. As soon, however, as the trial came on, the Duke was importuned to interfere; and as far as it was possible for him, in his private capacity, and circumstanced as he then was in his relations with the French Government, he did interfere. But when the friends of Ney went farther, and demanded that the 12th article of the treaty of capitulation should be applied to his case, the Duke refused to admit the justice of the claim. He pointed out that the capitulation was a military convention, and nothing more, entered into between the commanders of two hostile armies; that it neither was, nor could be, binding on the Allied Sovereigns, and still less upon the King of France. Besides, Marshal Ney, by fleeing from Paris before the Allies entered, had excluded himself from the privileges, whatever these may be, which the article in question conferred. But this was not all. Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay, now represented England at the Court of France. If the English Government had felt itself at liberty to interfere, such interference would have taken place through him. The Duke was the commander-in-chief of the English army, not the English ambassador. Besides, the position in which he stood towards the French Government and the French people in consequence of his straightforward proceedings in the matter of the museums, rendered it impossible for him to ask as a personal favour what he could not demand as a right. For one or other of two results must have followed. Either the Government would have refused to spare Ney, in which case the unpopularity of the execution must have been deepened; or else sparing Ney they would have been charged with yielding to an enemy what they refused to the French people. The results

are well known. Ney died as he had lived, a brave man ; and of the Duke it was said that he had permitted the execution because he was envious of the military reputation of one whom he had often defeated in the field.

It is well known that among the continental sovereigns a general wish at that time prevailed to dismember France. It is equally well known that to the Duke of Wellington alone, and to his influence with the English Government, it was owing that so iniquitous and unwise a policy was abandoned. On the other hand, both the Duke and the British Government acknowledged the justice of making France pay, at least in part, the expenses of the war. A certain amount, to be disbursed in annual subsidies, was fixed upon, and it was settled that till this debt should be liquidated, and some certainty of quiet under the existing regime established, an army of occupation should continue to hold the country. The strength of the army was fixed at 150,000 men, of whom England was to furnish 50,000, the rest of Europe 100,000, and the command of the whole was by universal consent conferred upon the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke so disposed his force that Paris was left to the King, and France to her own people. The army of occupation held all the principal frontier fortresses, with easy communication between its several divisions. He himself took possession of the Château of St Martin, about 16 miles from Cambrai ; because the country was favourable for field sports, which were forthwith resumed. He had a house, likewise, in Paris, where he spent a good deal of his time in the elucidation and settlement of accounts, and in rendering, when applied to, clear and valuable advice on all the political questions which came up. With respect to the accounts it may suffice to observe that they related to the claims and counter-claims which the French and the Allied Governments brought against each other. Special commissioners had been named to examine these claims. They worked according to rule, and drew their salaries ; but the settlement appeared as remote as ever, when the Duke was requested to take the matter in hand. In three months all was made clear. The French ministers themselves were



forced to admit that his decisions were just; and they threw themselves on the consideration of the conquerors, which, at his suggestion, was extended to them. Strange to say, all this only tended to aggravate his unpopularity. He was hated on account of his integrity. He was disliked because he could afford to be generous. He was the only man in Europe who could neither be cajoled nor frightened. The great benefactor to France, when she stood most in need of a benefactor, he received as his reward the unmitigated hostility of all classes. The King alone understood his value to the cause of order, and respected, if he did not personally love, the man. But almost every other Frenchman, except perhaps Talleyrand, probably for this reason, hated him with all his heart.

But the Duke was hated elsewhere than in France. There were scattered all through Europe at this time, knots of republicans, whom recent events had driven into exile; and who made common cause with the discontented, wherever they settled themselves, and got up or encouraged the growth of secret societies. Belgium became the head-quarters of this revolutionary body; for Belgium was one of the capitals of a constitutional state which guarded, with almost excessive tenderness, the liberties of individuals, and laid itself open, in consequence, to the hostility of its more despotic neighbours. The grand idea which seemed ever present to the minds of the leaders of this party, was how to get the army of occupation removed from France. They persuaded themselves that if this were done, a new revolution might soon be brought about; and the conduct of the French Court, if not of the King, gave considerable show of plausibility to the argument. For the Court had gradually weeded out of the ministry whatever liberal statesmen had originally belonged to it. Fouché was sent into honourable banishment, Talleyrand was disgraced; the Duke de Richelieu, an ultra-royalist, guided the helm of state, under severe pressure from the King's brothers and the ladies of the family. Numerous proscriptions of suspected persons followed; and it was generally understood that an attempt would be made to recover the

estates which the first Revolution had confiscated. The Republicans believed, or professed to believe, that the Duke of Wellington was favourable to this policy. They established newspapers, in which they openly charged him with conspiring against the liberties of France; and spoke of him as a public enemy whom it would be lawful to destroy, as men destroy wolves. Yet all this while he was incurring the bitter hostility of the Royalists, in consequence of the remonstrances which he made to the King against the reactionary policy of his ministers.

Extremes meet in politics as in religion. Royalists and Republicans equally abhorred the man who opposed himself with the same honesty of purpose to the devices of both; and both endeavoured to get rid of him by the same means. The Duke gave a ball at his hotel in the Rue Champs-Élysées, on the 25th of June, 1816. It was just after he had been with the King, and warned him of the mischief which his brothers and their friends were doing. Angry as they were, the Princes could not refuse to be present at the ball. But they retired early, leaving the rooms still crowded with guests, when an alarm was given that the house was on fire. It appeared, upon inquiry, that in a cellar, of which the window opened to the street, a barrel of oil had been placed; shavings also had been scattered on the floor, in which some bottles filled with gunpowder were mixed, and the shavings were on fire when the discovery was made. A few minutes later, and the whole house must have been in a blaze.

The Duke paid very little attention to the occurrence. If he did not himself believe, others certainly did, that the oil, and gunpowder, and shavings, had been placed where they were found, for his destruction; and suspicion, not unnaturally, fell upon the heads of the party with which he was then at enmity. Of the source in which the second attempt on his life originated, there could be no doubt. The Republicans, or Bonapartists (for they were now united), gradually wrought themselves up to a state of rabid excitement. They received great encouragement from the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who, raised to the throne under appalling circumstances and married to an amiable princess,

with whose tastes his own could never agree, fell, as years grew upon him, into a morbid state. He sought relief from his own despondency in devising schemes for the moral regeneration of mankind. It was in one of these fits of philanthropy that his project of the Holy Alliance originated, which, though long misunderstood, is now known to have been as harmless as it was impracticable. It aimed at connecting the princes of Europe in a chain of brotherhood; binding them to govern their respective countries upon Christian principles, and inviting them to acknowledge, as their common head, Jesus Christ. His, too, was the idea, that the affairs of the world might be managed by meetings, at fixed periods, of kings and their ministers, while to the peoples as much of liberty was given as should be compatible with the maintenance of order and the due authority of patriarchal government. The policy of the Ultra-Royalists in France was peculiarly distasteful to a prince so disposed; and he took every opportunity of condemning and endeavouring to counteract it. Hence, though the most absolute sovereign in Europe, he became the centre towards which all the discontented spirits of all nations gravitated; and listening to their complaints, and expressing sympathy with them, he created the persuasion, that from him, at least, no opposition to the restoration of a golden age would be offered.

The Prince of Orange was married to the Czar's daughter. He was not on good terms with his own father, and felt sore at the treatment which he had received from England in the matter of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Partly, perhaps, for these reasons, partly because he entertained profound respect for the Emperor, the Prince took the same line in politics; and protected, if he did not associate with, the chiefs of the republican refugees in Belgium. Now, the Duke of Wellington, while he averted from the Low Countries the threatened violence of Prussia, was urgent upon the Government to rid the country of these fomenters of mischief. He became, in consequence, a special object of their detestation; and writing in their newspapers against him, they wrote at the same time

what gave pleasure to men of all shades of opinion in France.

The Duke paid a short visit to England in 1816. On his return to the Continent he found that an angry spirit was fermenting between the French people and his troops. Insults were offered, and assassinations attempted, against both officers and men; and it was necessary to interfere with a strong hand to stop the evil. This he did, increasing thereby the bitterness of the grudge which was borne him. But the climax of his unpopularity was reached when it came out that an application made by the French Government and supported by Russia, to reduce the army of occupation by 30,000 men, had, through his influence, been rejected. The circumstance befell at a time when, the crops having failed, the pressure of a foreign army could not but be severely felt by the people; and on the plea of relieving the people the proposition was brought forward. But the Duke's superior sagacity showed him that unless the Allies were prepared to relieve France entirely from the obligations which they had imposed upon her, it was exactly at such a time that good policy required their hold upon the country to be firm. The army, it was demonstrated, had not been too strong to effect that purpose. Weaken it by 30,000 men, and bread-riots, which were pretty sure to occur, might grow into insurrection. But insurrection, if it once gained head, would end in war; and war, besides involving Europe in difficulties and expense, must lead to a third conquest of France, with all the evils attendant on it. The Duke's reasoning prevailed. No troops were withdrawn at that time, and the French Government loudly complained, while the republican press pronounced him to be the enemy of the human race.

The Duke, though he resisted the measure in question when first proposed, withdrew his opposition some months later. There was no famine in the land, and the people were, or seemed to be, as little discontented as usual. Accordingly, in April, 1817, 30,000 allied troops quitted France, which experienced, in consequence, a considerable diminution of the burthens to which the Treaty of 1815 had

subjected her. But the Duke's popularity was not thereby restored. On the contrary, events occurred, almost immediately afterwards, which brought down upon him, most unfairly, a very storm of public odium. Russia had, at this time, a policy of her own. She was exceedingly anxious to conciliate France; and her representative in Paris intrigued with the French Government for getting rid of the army of occupation altogether. It seems difficult to believe that either he or his master could entertain any serious expectation of effecting that object. The Treaty of Paris had fixed the limits of the occupation at five years, of which two were not yet expired, and of the conditions to be fulfilled by France many were still in abeyance. But Russia gained something—or her representative persuaded himself that she did—when the rumour got abroad that such a proposition had, by him, been brought forward, though he had not succeeded in obtaining for it the approval of his colleagues.

Whatever went wrong at home or abroad, the Republicans laid to the door of the Duke and of the Bourbons. The failure of the Russian scheme supplied them with an admirable topic; and they made their own use of it. In August, 1817, a placard was posted on the walls of Dunkirk which called upon the people to rise and free themselves at once from the Bourbons and their foreign supporters. Of this placard a copy was sent to the Duke, who transmitted it to Sir Charles Stuart; but he wrote at the same time, and advised that no public notice should be taken of it. "I don't purpose," he added, "to make any personal communication of this paper to the principal officers of the army of occupation, as it appears very unnecessary to create what I think a groundless alarm. We are all sufficiently on our guard—not against assassination, certainly, and I don't see how we could be so—but against surprise. A few straggling officers or soldiers might be murdered in their cantonments in the winter, certainly; but nothing could prevent our collecting, if necessary; and then, I confess, I don't see what could injure us."

The Duke divided his time a good deal between Valen-

ciennes, where the head-quarters of the allied army was stationed, and Paris, to which he made frequent visits, in order to advise and assist at the deliberations of the council of ministers. In these deliberations all the affairs of the world were discussed. Austria and Spain were at variance about certain Italian principalities. They accepted, on the Duke's suggestion, a compromise, and their differences ceased. Spain and Portugal, likewise at strife, were reconciled; and an attempt was made, without success, to mediate between Spain and her revolted colonies. It was while he occupied himself in these laudable efforts, that the Duke narrowly escaped the second attempt upon his life. He occupied a house in the Champs Elysées, the same from which, in 1848, Le Grange fired upon the troops the pistol-shot which may be said to have begun the revolution of that year. The entrance to it was under a covered passage, the gate of which stood square towards the street; presenting a somewhat awkward means of approach, except to a skilful driver. It happened that on the 11th of February, 1818, the Duke dined with Sir Charles Stuart. He retired from the party about half-past twelve o'clock, and drove straight home. The night was dark, and the streets were not lighted, as they are now, with gas; but by oil lamps, one of which hung in the courtyard of the house. The light which it shed discovered a man who darted across the street in front of the carriage, and took up his station within the gateway; and the coachman, suspicious that all could not be right, flogged his horses and drove rapidly. No sooner was the carriage well under the arch, than a pistol was fired, but without effect. The Duke heard the report, looked out, and saw the person who had discharged it turn and run away. Before the horses could be stopped, and a pursuit undertaken, he disappeared in the darkness: he was safe for the night.

The police was at once communicated with, and an active search for the assassin began. It was known that a knot of suspected persons had arrived a few days previously from Brussels, and among the rest a person named Cantillon, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the Imperial army.

Upon him suspicion fell, and being arrested and shown to the Duke's servants they immediately identified him. He was committed to prison, and an assurance given that no means would be omitted of discovering his accomplices and bringing them likewise to justice. There is nothing to show that the French Government desired to push its inquiries in that direction very vigorously. Cantillon was understood to be an agent of the society which had its chief seat in Brussels, which had repeatedly, in its publications, recommended the use of the dagger, and with which a confidential aide-de-camp of the Prince of Orange was known to be connected. A peremptory demand for the arrest of these persons could scarcely, under the circumstances, have been evaded. But the French Government, by what motive actuated I cannot pretend to say, made no such demand. The consequence was that all who lay open to suspicion wisely fled; and Cantillon was left alone to answer for the attempted murder.

Cantillon was in due time brought to trial, and in the teeth of evidence which, anywhere except in the Paris of 1818, would have proved his guilt, was acquitted. I might here close my account of this discreditable affair, did not the truth of history demand that its sequel, both immediate and more remote, should be placed on record. The news of the attempted assassination no sooner got abroad than every member of the royal family of France waited upon the Duke, with one remarkable exception. Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, paid him no visit of congratulation; but, by and by, after he ascended the throne, bestowed upon Cantillon the place of gamekeeper at Fontainebleau. Nor were either Napoleon I. or Napoleon III. unmindful of the patriot. The former, by a codicil to his will, executed at St Helena, and proved in Doctors' Commons, bequeathed to Cantillon, in approval of the act, a legacy of 10,000 francs, which the latter, a quarter of a century afterwards, paid, with all the interest accruing thereon, to his representatives.

There was, however, a person on whom these occurrences wrought with terrible effect. The Prince of Orange felt

overwhelmed with grief and shame. He wrote to the Duke, entreating him to believe that he neither was, nor ever could have been, a party to such proceedings. His associations with the Republicans had never, he protested, been more than a sentiment, of which he now acknowledged the weakness. As may well be imagined, the Duke entertained no suspicion of the complicity of his old aide-de-camp in the crime of assassination, and he hastened to reassure him on that head. He even promised to visit him, in order to convince the world that a perfect understanding still subsisted between them, and suggested that an excellent opportunity was afforded of becoming reconciled to the King his father. It does not appear that the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Wellington met, either at Cambray or at Zœstdyke, on that occasion; but the Duke was soon afterwards gratified by hearing that the reconciliation which he had advised had been effected, and that the Prince ceased to entertain any more unnatural leanings towards ultra-liberalism.

It will be seen from these details that the time of the Duke, while he remained at the head of the army in France, was much more given to the management of civil than of military affairs. For the exercise of his talents as a general no scope, indeed, was afforded. Broils here and there occurred—personal quarrels between the French and the foreign troops, or between the foreign troops and the inhabitants. But no attempt at an armed rising occurred, nor was occasion given, so much as once, to concentrate in order to suppress it. Occasional reviews, some of them on a large scale, with the steady maintenance of discipline in quarters, alone called for the exercise of his soldierly abilities. For the exceeding regularity with which supplies came in, and the systematic manner in which accounts were kept and settled, soon obviated the necessity of mediating between the troops and the country people. There followed upon this a far more kindly spirit than had at first been manifested on either side. Private quarrels grew rare. British and German officers began to mix in a friendly manner in civic and rural fêtes. Conspirators grew weary



of conspiring. The French people became reconciled to their Government—the Government seemed more and more to trust the people. Even the adjustment of claims appeared to be acquiesced in, and the terms of the treaty of 1815 were either fulfilled or put in the way of fulfilment. What need could there be for a continued occupation of the French soil by foreign bayonets? The Duke conceived that there was no need. In the congress which met in the winter of 1818 at Aix-la-Chapelle, he delivered in a written memorandum to that effect, and it was immediately acted upon. The army of occupation broke up. The Duke voluntarily relinquished a post of great political importance and large emolument, which a word of remonstrance would have secured to him for two years longer, and France was left to her own resources, with every prospect of becoming again a great and prosperous nation.

All this while the Duke's life in private differed little from what we have seen that it was, when carrying on the war in Portugal and Spain, and in the country between the Bidassoa and the Garonne. His hospitalities might be on a larger scale, his guests were undoubtedly more varied, but whomsoever he received at his table his manners continued to be as simple and as kind as in former years. He was waited upon as a matter of course by every stranger of note who from any part of the world found his way to Paris. His English visitors included Sir Walter, then Mr, Scott, Moore, Rogers, Siddons, John Kemble, Madame Catalani, all of whom partook of his generous fare, and were charmed with his conversation. But although the Duke himself was invariably kind and considerate, the young gentlemen composing his household appear sometimes to have disapproved of the company which he kept. Like children spoiled by too much indulgence, they ventured more than once to make this sentiment known by retiring from the salon before the party broke up, and leaving him to entertain his friends single-handed. Good-natured as he was, that measure proved rather too strong even for the Duke. So one day the aides-de-camp were a good deal startled by receiving each a copy of a written circular which required