

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

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Friday April 8th 1814: This morning Davies came into my room with the *Star* newspaper* in his hand – exclaiming, “It is all over, Hobhouse – *Bounaparte is dethroned!*”

It appears that after a long sitting of the Senate, convened by the Emperor Alexander, that body have declared the throne forfeited by the Napoleon dynasty. Fifty-four names are signed to the document, and the five men appointed to administer a provisional government are Talleyrand, Bournonville, Jaucourt, D’Alberg, and ¹ Paris is deciding against their late Emperor. When the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia entered on the 31st at the head of their troops, the way was cleared for them by the National Guards.

I ride today. Dined at Trinity College with Greenwood.* S.B.Davies with us, and afterwards went into the Combination Room, where I had, as stranger, the place of honour given me. I sat first near Mr Lambert,* and next near Renouard, the Vice-Master,² the first a mild, delightful old man, the last a clever, rough, vulgar, good-humoured personage, particularly fond of a queer³ story. His conversation was, however, agreeable and classical. I felt strange at being treated with so much respect by persons who had once been my masters and punishers. I think I have got on in *their* world at least – my *Travels* are in Trinity College Library.⁴ At Combination Room each gentleman gives⁵ a lady, and if it comes to his turn again, a gentleman. Rennard was a great friend of Porson’s.⁶ The other [] the notorious

¹: Ms. gap.

²: John Henry Renouard, Vice-Master of Trinity.

³: The word could be “good”.

⁴: They still are, in 2002.

⁵: That is, “toasts”.

⁶: Richard Porson (1759-1808) Regius Professor of Greek, famous for drunkenness and bad language. The following anecdote depends on our understanding that he has been dead six years.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

blackguard James Gordon* went into Stevens' coffee-house in Bond Street, and there seeing a student of Cambridge, asked him where Byron and Davies lived. He was in all his be-pissed rags. The Cambridge man was not a little distressed <but to help himself> but to the surprise of everyone, John Collins* gave Gordon a beefsteak and a bottle of wine, and when the guest went out, said, "That is Dr Porson of Cambridge, the great Greek".

In the evening S.B.Davies and played a game of chess, and then went to Dr Clarke's the Traveller,⁷ where was Matthias, the Pursuer of Literature,⁸ and the beautiful Mrs Clarke. We talked about Modern Greek – Matthias listened – Clarke showed he knew nothing of the matter. I laid down the law, and had a right to do so. Clarke is much hurt at Rennel's attack on him in his last essay on ye Topography of Troy.⁹ He was thinking of answering him, but said aloud, "No, after what Mr Hobhouse has said I won't answer him". What I had said God knows, but it was not enough to make him take up such a resolution. Matthias was highly complimentary to me at parting – he is a pantaloon, Clarke a charlatan – good and full of enthusiasm. At my first meeting him he said fine things of my book, and asked if I was going to give another volume on Epidauria.* He feels the public do not like the quantity of his travels, and says that after the next volume on Greece he shall delay his Lapland tour until a fit opportunity.*

Saturday April 9th 1814:¹⁰ News of the hasty defection of the French from Napoleon is arriving – also of the communication of the forfeiture of the crown to Napoleon at Fontainebleau,* when he is with the remains of his army – some 45,000.

Rode out today – dined in S.B.D.'s room – present, Greenwood and Hibbert* – a dull day. S.B.D. and I played chess in the evening – he can almost give me a rook.*

⁷: Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822): Professor of Mineralogy since 1808.

⁸: Thomas James Mathias (1754-1835) Italian scholar and satirist. His dialogues *The Pursuits of Literature* appeared between 1794 and 1797.

⁹: James Rennel (1742-1830) geographer, had just published *Observations on the Topography of the Plain of Troy*.

¹⁰: Byron's journal entry for this day is at BLJ III 256-7. He starts, "I mark this day! / Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world".

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

Sunday April 10th 1814:¹¹ News that Napoleon, after some struggle in favour of his son, has abdicated the thrones of France and Italy, for himself and heirs, and has chosen for a retreat what was offered to him at the instigation of the Emperor Alexander – the island of Elba, with a pension of £240,000 yearly; thus closing with the most extraordinary of all his actions the most extraordinary of all human careers. It appears he said, upon hearing of the sum assigned to him, “It is too much for a soldier like me,” thus recurring to his darling and first choice of life. I can not help feeling affected at this speech – my friends Byron and Douglas Kinnaird own themselves likewise touched. Napoleon has written a farewell address to the army – there must in this also be something to wake sensations very different from exultation at the fall of this great man.

An address signed Lacretelle published at Paris, on the declaration of forfeiture, sums up Napoleon’s enemies, and besides charging him with personal cowardice, ludicrous enough, talks of his having insulted females at his court and taunted them on the decay of their personal charms. That this address is official I know not. The provisional government continues their work – they have passed several decrees securing the ranks and possessions of individuals and of the liberty of press and conscience – they have restored the Bourbons – a deputation is come over to this country to Louis XVIII at Hartwell.

I rode out today as usual – went to St Mary’s church¹² and heard a sermon on the bodies with which we shall rise – Johnny Walker,* the preacher, thought they would be like the transfiguration form of Jesus Christ. Dr Davy told me he heard a Methodist preacher say that our Saviour rose on the third day because if he had stayed in the earth longer, Palestine being a hot country, he would have stunk.

I dined in Caius College, with Dr Davy, Master of the college and physician formerly – he is a clever but paradoxical man – he drinks a good deal – at least he finished his bottle. Kaye and S.B.Davies. and myself were his only guests. Davy said that opium was a narcotic that after some time lost its effects, so that addition might be made to the quantity taken of it without danger. Wilson’s story of the poisoning in Egypt of the French

¹¹: On this day, alone in London, Byron drafts and then adds two stanzas to the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte* (see his journal entry at BLJ III 257). He sends it to Murray the following day, who publishes it (anonymously, and now with fifteen stanzas) on April 16th. The poem gains one more stanza on April 20th, and Byron’s name is added to the tenth edition.

¹²: The university church.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

soldiers,¹³ he says can't be true – the opium is given in delicious viands according to Wilson. “Now,” says Davy, “so strong is opium that one drop will make a glass of wine intolerable.”

S.B.Davies was the delight and [] of the party – he told us that Dr Buchanan of India* told him in a party of Dr Milner's¹⁰ that in India he has seen a man tied over a bamboo, which in a fortnight* has grown through his body. Davy told us that Milner used to get Joett of Trinity Hall* to write Latin for him. Milner is both bawdy and blasphemous.

I took leave of Kaye and Davy in a kind manner. The latter offered me a bed whenever I come to Cambridge.

Yesterday Dr Clarke showed me at his house an autograph of Burke's addressed to Emin the Armenian.* Burke, in speaking of his anxiety for the situation of Emin, who was then with the Army in Holland, says¹⁴ his feelings are unreasonable, and no less unreasonable than those of a hen which he just sees before him fluttering at the sight of her brood of young ducks rushing into the pond. Clarke lent me Rennel's treatise on the Troad* – it is all very good, but there is no such river running into the Mendere as the “Shimar”,* and, as the tailor said of the villa on the Thames, take away the river and there is nothing in it.

I went to bed at twelve, passed a sleepless night and got up at half-past four.

Monday April 11th 1814: At five, set off on horseback for London determined to make the best of my way to Paris whilst yet any vestige of the Napoleon vestiges remain. Rode up [on] my bay mare by half-past one, stopping an hour and a half at Wade's Mill¹⁵ to breakfast.

Called on Byron. He consents to go to Paris with me. Louis XVIII is to set off immediately. I called on Hamilton, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office,* and after kicking my heels for an hour in the waiting room learnt from him that government will give no passport for France immediately.

¹³: Sir Robert Wilson made the accusations about the troops poisoned by Napoleon at Acre in his 1802 *A Narrative of the Expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie* (1802) 67-68n.

¹⁴: “says but compares” (Ms.)

¹⁵: Just north of Ware.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

Dined with Byron at the Cocoa Tree, having refused an invitation to the Cuthberts* – drank too much, especially of punch, and at twelve, walked with Kinnaird to see the illuminations of the late events* – Carlton House¹⁶ was very brilliant certainly, with “Vive les Bourbons!” in front, and a transparency representing the triumph of the Lilies.¹⁷

Tuesday April 12th 1814: Got up with headache – Byron goes not to Paris – he is a difficult person to live with.¹⁸ He has written an ode to Napoleon Bounaparte, and offered to inscribe it to me – this I got off.¹⁹ Wrote journal from last Tuesday – went down on my mare to Whitton – found my father still ill of the gout ...

Wednesday April 13th 1814:²⁰ Rode up to London – transacted some business preparatory to departure. Rode down again to Whitton and dined there. Miss F.Addington and her brother William* were there – the latter told me that Metternich had been doing everything in his power to throw difficulties in the way of Lord Castlereagh, who however, was helped by Schwartzenberg.²¹ This I presume he has heard at home. Burdett has been winning the hearts of the youngsters at Oxford.* I was foolish enough to lay down the law to do against the general fury with which my friend’s poetry is received.²² What I said is true, but I saw my imprudence in the general stare.

Thursday April 14th 1814: Took leave of the good folks, to whom after a thousand real or fancied vexations from my acquaintance and friends, I find it delightful to return and am sure of kindness and respect with them. Rode

¹⁶: London home of the Prince Regent.

¹⁷: The Bourbon emblem.

¹⁸: Byron’s letter saying he will not go is at BLJ IV 96. His reason may partly be financial, partly because Augusta is about to give birth (to Medora Leigh, perhaps his child, born 15 Apr).

¹⁹: *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte* never received any dedication.

²⁰: On this date, Napoleon attempts suicide at Fontainebleau. H. never knows this.

²¹: Karl Philipp, Prince of Schwartzenberg (1771-1820) Austrian Field-Marshal, victor of the battles of Dresden and Leipzig in August and October the previous year. Now occupying Paris.

²²: The reference may be to the politics of the *Ode to Napoleon*, which Murray had set up in proof immediately on receipt of Byron’s Ms., and has perhaps been circulating privately.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

to London – find by a note on my table beginning “My dear Hobhouse”, that Mr Henry Grattan junior²³ will go with me to Paris. I write and say “Yes, if you can go within twenty-four hours”. <he is pleased to say he will> I dined with Mr Vaux* and a large party. sat till eleven.

Friday April 15th 1814: Grattan calls – he knows not whether he will go – he answers by one o’clock that he cannot. I dined with Byron, after fussing about at the Alien and Home Office.

Saturday April 16th 1814: Grattan says he *will* go. I call with Kinnaird upon the Count de Chartres, Minister to Louis XVIII.* I got from him passports for Grattan and myself. Coming home I find a note from Lord Sidmouth,²⁴ and go to the Home Office where he very kindly gives me despatches for Lord Castlereagh, and a courier’s pass. I break up my lodgings, pay off Maurice²⁵ who treats me with unaccountable *fierté*, and go to the Angel Inn Catherine Street, where after taking cold meal I set off at eight in the Dover Mail with my companion. At Dartford a black-looking, dirty young fellow came into the coach and without any preface, in two minutes told us “Yo soy principe in Catalunea.”²⁶ I brushed up my bad Spanish. The Prince was addressed by one on the outside, who asked him, “How goes it?” and other familiar questions. I talked to him of his friend without – he said, “Es mi criado.”²⁷

Sunday April 17th 1814: After much pottering after arriving at the Ship Inn, Dover, I was asked ten guineas for passage to Calais – agreed upon giving six. We got on board at nine, and much against our will listened to advice from the sailors, who asked us to wait for the turn of the tide, and waited until half-past eleven, when we got on board a fishing vessel of thirty tons, with a party of six who paid thirty guineas for the passage. I showed, as well as Grattan, my selfishness at not [wanting] to stay for two late passengers.

After a quick passage of [] hours we came to the low lands of Calais and entered [the] roads. The tide was out – a boat took us out of the vessel [with] our baggages on account of our despatches. A crowd of mer[] boys were on the sands, and some scores of them ran into the water as our boat

²³: Son of Henry Grattan (1746-1820) the Irish statesman.

²⁴: The Home Secretary.

²⁵: Conjectural reading.

²⁶: “I am a prince from Catalonia”.

²⁷: “He is my servant”.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

grounded. We were carried [on] men's shoulders to the beach – the price for this ride [was] a shilling, but I was asked, and paid, two. We scale[d the] pier and walked amidst a crowd of tittering women [into] town. Getting within the fortification we were taken to the [], thence to the Minister of Marine who visa'd out passports for Grattan and myself, as charged with despatches. [We went] to the custom house, thence to the municipal [], where passports were made out for which we had to pay fifteen francs – and we gave our [] 5 francs more.

A napoleon d'or contains 20 francs – a franc 20 sous.

We went to our Hotel de Dessain kept by Monsieur Quillacque,²⁸ whom we found exceedingly attentive – he was shaved and made use of eau-de-cologne which certainly takes away heats. Monsieur Duplessis, Quillacque's partner, seemed not to relish much any allusion to Napoleon[']s government, and generally speaking this was the case with most of those with whom Grattan chose to talk – for I said nothing.

We walked a little about Calais – the women, who were in crowds, seemed very pretty – they recalled to my mind the Viennoises, being dressed in the same high bonnets and chaussées as elegantly. I find that all the well-dressed women on the continent look alike, and the men much the same – the English only are different. The female peasants dress struck me as pretty – short petticoats – and neat, thick-plaited caps flying off from the head – good complexions. We both observed that the manner of the French at Calais, at least as we passed in the streets, was not very aimable – they smiled, and the woman in particular tittered and talked loud.

We dined, hired a cabriolet for 100 francs to Paris of Monsieur Quillacque, and left Calais about seven. This cabriolet is a two-wheeled machine having a drop door in front from which you pull up a glass, which shuts you in. ours was the exact resemblance of the vehicle in which Gil Blas and his servant are represented travelling to Leviais. A great horse was in the shafts, and a bidet with rope traces on the near side – this was ridden by a postillion – the whole set²⁹ was exactly like accounts given of French

²⁸: M. Quillacque takes care of H.'s coach between the end of the Hundred Days (23 July 1815) and the start of H.'s journey to Switzerland to join B. after the Separation (30 July 1816).

²⁹: "set but" (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

travelling by old travellers, and much inferior to what I met with in Germany. Quillacque asked us whether we would give thirty or forty sous to the postillion, and advised the latter as a certain means of getting in quick – we chose the latter, and at this rate paid just five francs for two horses and postillion a post – there are no other charges, no turnpikes, no hostlers – no greasing except twice in 150 miles (we had to pay at Calais what they call *amité* for going out of a [] [] [] []).

Quillacque gave us a paper with all the stages marked, and the exact sum which each variety of stage from one post to two post[s] and a half costs. We had therefore no trouble on the road, and we found the post-boys very accommodating, as they always passed over the overplus from stage to stage when they had no change from our large five-frank pieces. On the road we found our horses changed immediately.

Travelling all night, the road most excellent, we went by Boulogne and Montreuil- ...

Monday April 18th 1814: ... sur-mer to Abbeville, where we arrive by half-past nine. The country open chiefly, treeless and corn land. At Abbeville, a town of 18 to 19,000 inhabitants, we saw part of a Prussian corps – the first we saw in France. We went to the Gothic cathedral, a finely-worked edifice built by the English, who left it unfinished. In it they were performing [a] funeral service for a Baron de —, [a] Colonel killed in the battle of Paris.

At the Tête de Bœuf, our inn, we had a breakfast of tea and sugar like sandstone – the inn was not so good as those in towns of similar size in Germany. The waiting-girls were pretty, and smart in their sayings. One of them, as the teapot leaked, was asked by Grattan what she would do, [said], “Je ne ferai rien – je le mettrai sur une assiette”.

At Abbeville we were overtaken by two in a yellow barouche carrying dispatches, and [had] a sort of race with them for two or three stages. We left Abbeville at eleven. As we advanced the country became more beautiful, and [] and enclosed – not to be distinguished from England. It was a beautiful day and forenoon, and as evening came in we were particularly pleased with the neat and happy look of the peasants in the villages and towns assembled at market – we saw here and there a Cossack. We arrive by seven at Beauvais, apparently a large town, and put up there at the Ecu de

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

France. We were shown into a bedroom and dined – the woman of the house was very well-mannered.

At dinnertime two princes, said to be English but turning out to be French, arrived, and whilst we were eating came into our room – Messrs les ducs de Duras and Montmorency – they were going to meet Louis XVIII in England, and were as civil as if they had been couriers and we dukes. They asked us after the King – and one of them, on our mentioning that the King was at Hartwell, appeared to know several places in England and London, and said, “I have had the happiness of being in your country”. We have been repeatedly asked when the King was coming, and this is almost the only sentiment we have heard, except the calling Napoleon “Nicholas,” which, it seems, is his real name, and was discovered to be so about a year ago. The white cockade is not universal by any means, although most of the churches have white flags flying.

We left Beauvais at nine and travelled all night – six stages, or almost eighteen leagues, to Paris, the last thirty miles³⁰ seemed over pitched roads. We changed horses at the Post Imperiale at St Denis,³¹ about half-past six, and travelling between rows of trees over a pitched *chausée*, as we had done for a stage or two before, arrived in the metropolis of France,³² having the suburbs and hill of Montmartre on our left. We saw only one dead horse, one tree shot through with a cannon ball, and palisades entering the city – the only signs of the late action fought on the 30th of last month, in which the Allies lost 8,000 men. We could discern the works thrown up in the side of the hill of Montmartre – it is a[s] close upon Paris as Hyde Park corner upon the Green Park – or rather Arlington³³ Street.

Driving through the town, and entering by the quarter of the Chamonis d’Antin³⁴ we came to the Rue Sarrouty, and enquired in vain for lodgings in two hotels there. A *lacquey de place* belonging formerly to Robert Ferguson,³⁵ “très lié,” as the *lacquey* said, “with milady Elgin”, was in the yard of the Hotel Sarrouty, and I hired him. He trotted before our carriage,

³⁰: “miles” deleted.

³¹: H. normally spells this word “Denys”.

³²: This is H.’s first visit to Paris.

³³: Conjectural reading.

³⁴: Conjectural reading.

³⁵: Ferguson unidentified.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

and at last got us a salon and two bedchambers in the Hotel de Suede, Rue de Richelieu: I grumbling and fretting, and expressing myself before Grattan, who annoys me to death with his Irish étourderie. We are to pay fifteen louis a fortnight, not being allowed to take the rooms from day to day. We can't even get a breakfast in the hotel. Vienna seems excellent as yet. I took my despatches, and left them at Lord Castlereagh's, who lives in the Rue de Capuchins – calling by mistake at Lord Cathcart's, who is lodged at Marshall Berthier's.

I thought Paris like Vienna and Dresden – something between the two – it is lighted in the same manner which struck me at Leipzig – the lamps hanging over the middle of the streets on wires – no *trottoirs*. The population in the streets very great – many carriages – street sweepers and cries like London.

Coming from Lord Castlereagh's, I went to bed about nine and got up at two.

Tuesday April 19th 1814: Breakfasted – as in Germany, breakfast is not a meal you have. What you order from a *traiteur's* – tea green and good, sugar bad, butter good, bread bad. Read the *Journal des Debats, ci-devant Journal de l'Empire* – the advice of the provisional government to forbear abusing Napoleon and his government begins to be neglected – the *Journal* contains anecdotes of the lying and imposture of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We had a carriage for twenty-five francs a day, and at four set out in it and visited Lord Castlereagh, with whom I left a letter of introduction from my father, and called at Cathcart's to enquire about Wherry, and there saw the Crown Prince of Sweden getting into his carriage after paying a visit to Marshall Berthier, who has taken up the new government, and is employed by Alexander in negotiating with Napoleon, who is sick at Fontainebleau. We then drove about several places – went on one of the many bridges of the Seine, to the Faubourg St Germain – saw a piece of architecture representing the victories of Napoleon at the Invalides – there were scaffolds erected for taking down the sculpture of the usurper's victories. In the Colonne de l'Armée there is a white flag, instead of the colossal of the Emperor et Roi, which has been laid up in some magazine, to be taken, it is said, to Russia.

We crossed a train of Prussian artillery over one of the bridges – the town came in complete military possession of the Allies. Russian and

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

Prussian and Austrian sentries are everywhere to be seen – Cossacks were riding in the streets, and innumerable groups of officers of the enemies' armies parade in carriages on horseback and on foot – the National Guard make but a poor figure by them. We passed by both sides of the magnificent Tuileries, and at the entrance saw the Triumphal Arch, with the Athenian powers, the victors, and the gold car in which was a fortnight ago the statue of Napoleon – its emptiness had on myself a more extraordinary effect than if it had been occupied by any fortunate rival of that fallen conqueror (but alas I find there never was a statue there).

The Count d'Artois occupies the same wing in the Tuileries formerly inhabited by Napoleon. The stalls still have inscribed over them, "écuries de L'Empereur et Roi": but the government is busily at work in effacing every memorial of the usurper – numberless monuments and records, also, of his victories I could see in passing rapidly along – and the view of them, seen at the same time with the Russian grenadier and Cossack in arms staring at them with myself, and the white flag over the churches and buildings, some of them raised by the dethroned conqueror himself, produced upon my mind a melancholy veneration, made up of pity and pride, regret and exultation, which subsequent dullness or old age will I think efface.³⁶ Except here and there a lame pale soldier limping about. I have seen no vestige of Napoleon's troops. They arrive in small bodies and are sent off to their houses – his vast armies are out of existence – we met parties of five or six in march without arms on our road.

I called on Stuart, and found Bidwell and Wood. Sir Charles Stuart is gone off to Lord Wellington, who has been beating Soult in a pitched battle at Toulouse, and killing, wounding, captiving 10,000 men. Five French generals killed and wounded, it was announced, in a melancholy tone but generous, in the *Journal de Debats*. "The two armies fought with their usual emulation and bravery," it is said. Colonel Cooke was sent down a long time ago to warn Soult of the dethronement of Bounaparte and the cessation of hostilities, but was stopped at Orleans by a Napoleonist governor of the town.

³⁶: H. may intend "never efface".

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Bidwell told me that Castlereagh has done everything here, and kept the Allies from retreating to the Rhine – that the Allies were in the utmost alarm when they heard that Napoleon was at St Dizier behind them, having thought him in front – that Castlereagh combatted Metternich, an arch-traitor, who has taken in Aberdeen and Schwartzberg and all – that he it was who advised the detachment of 60,000 from the Crown Prince's army at Liège, and putting them under Blucher – that he is hated and feared – therefore that nothing but the will of heaven has brought the Allies to Paris, they being without any manner of concert or courage – that Napoleon never had more than 60 or 80,000 men, and that he and his army have done wonders – the 5,000 who defended the convoy of 100,000 rations³⁷ suffering themselves to be cut down almost to a man when surrounded by 50,000 men, and expected in vain by Colonel Rappatel to surrender – Rappatel was then killed. That Napoleon is now generally despised and by all deserted – his wife has refused to see him. Berthier has left pistols and poison on his table – a grateful present and return for his staff and principality – and yet the only one he can now make him – that he is to be accompanied by my friend Colonel Neil Campbell – and a Russian and [an] Austrian colonel, to Elba, escorted by 1,500 men commanded by General Lefévre Desnouëttes.

Young Dawson has since told me that Napoleon says, “On me veut faire brûler la cervelle – je ne suis pas si bête – je puis être encore Maréchal de France – je suis aussi bon que les autres”. This, whether philosophy or indifference or cowardice, looks like madness.

That the Crown Prince had a correspondence with Joseph Bounaparte according to which he proposed being King and making him constable of the Kingdom (another version says Joseph was to be king and he constable) he is now here having left his army, and in complete contempt.

That when the Allies were attacked at Nogent, Schwartzberg sent a letter to Berthier saying, “What the deuce do you attack us for? – the plenipotentiaries have signed the peace at Chatillon” – but this whether arising from fear or treachery was disregarded – the French beat them on.

We came home. Dined at Beauvilliers, a *traiteurs* which seemed to me no great things – seven francs – then went to the Opéra, or Academie de

³⁷: Conjectural reading.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Musique as it is called, where we saw *Anacreon at the Court of Samos*, and *Paul and Virginia*. We paid seven-and-a-half francs for places in the first row of boxes, and finding them full paid two-and-a-half francs more for the *balcon*, or three last boxes of the first row, where we saw and heard well. The house is large but by no means so handsome as our opera house – it was full of allied officers, and had Russian grenadiers on guard both within and without the house. very few women indeed to be seen. Prince Schwartzberg was in a front box – fat, very and like the Prince of Wales, a little stupid-looking enough. When he went out some other general entered, and Prince Metternich, who has a common countenance and seems young. Madame Talleyrand was in a box, fat and chubby, and with her the Princess of Neuchâtel – not young nor handsome. Of her Duvrian³⁸ told me, that she was a Princess of Bavaria, and that when Napoleon forced Berthier to marry her, he said he would but would never consummate – now Berthier has a son, a bastard about twenty-four years of age the said son took to his mother-in-law,³⁹ and the whole three now live together on the best terms possible.

Lord Castlereagh and his party were in their box, Castlereagh in the Windsor uniform, and looking proud and gentlemanlike above all. In a box over the stage were the young Princes of the Prussian Royal family, nothing but swords and epaulets to be seen. Cathcart, his two sons, Sir William Paget, prisoner of war, and Lady ⁴⁰ Parnell in one box – Burghersh and [his] Lady in another. The theatre was in military possession – a Russian, half-Calmuck, would stand up before me – I said, as the French gentleman next to me would not speak, “Vous aurez la bonté, Monsieur, de vous asseoir” – the fellow moved before the Frenchman, who after a long struggle at last ventured to say, “Monsieur vous a prié de vous asseoir, and je vous fais la même prière”. The French must be very hard-run to come to this.⁴¹

I did not like the opera, nor was so much struck with the dancing as Grattan – old Vestris showed himself to be too old – there were two or three capital female dancers indeed.

³⁸: Conjectural reading.

³⁹: Surely “step-mother”.

⁴⁰: Ms. gap.

⁴¹: The incident replicates in advance the problem Polidori faces with the Austrian officer at the opera in Milan, 28 Oct 1816 – except that the offending soldier is on H.’s side, though not that of his French neighbour.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Came home grumbling at eleven and soon went to bed.

Wednesday April 20th 1814: Up a little after eight. Read *Journal des Debats*, and find there that Marshalls Ney, Marmont, Oudinot, Berthier, Kellerman, Mertier, &c., dined yesterday with Monsieur.⁴² There also is letter from Admiral Villeneuve to Napoleon, dated from Rennes, and written, it appears, just previously to his putting an end to his life. Bonaparte called him “the French Byng”. Villeneuve knew his fate, and predicts the fall of his master. I also read a paper cried about this day, called “*Le Mea Culpa de Napoléon Bonaparte*”, in which is an abusive review of his life, and which contains one or two anecdotes, whether true or not I know not: one that he gave his word to the English in Egypt that he would re-establish the King; another that Lucien, after in vain trying to make him spare the Duke d’Enghien, threw his watch on the ground stamped on it and said, “Thus will you be crushed by the French!” and a third an *affiche* on the gate of the Tuileries, Fabricant de Sires (lire), and alluding to his king-making.

It rains today as it did yesterday, but we are without a fire. Wrote journal from Tuesday week last. Rode in the carriage through innumerable streets, which had a show of outside frippery and wealth, until we came to one of the suburbs, and passed along a boulevard; then went by the side of one of the many buildings left unfinished by Napoleon – this was designed for a granary. We had the Seine on our right – it is a pure river, much larger than my notion led me to expect, and wide, I think, as the Thames at Richmond. We crossed it by the iron bridge of Austerlitz, an elegant work of the usurper, and looking up the river towards Paris had a fine view of the capital, towering above which was seen the black square towers of Notre Dame.

We came immediately to the Museum of Natural History and Plant Garden, and driving to the house, I called on the Abbé Hany, for whom Dr Edward Clarke had given me a letter, Professor of Mineralogy. I found him at home, an infirm, old, polite man. I found him also in possession of Dr Clarke’s sub-sulphate of alumine, newly discovered at Newhaven, which I brought in a box. Mr Faujas de St Fonds, for whom I had a letter, also from the same person, was not at home, nor in Paris. Hany gave me two tickets for the sitting of the Institut next day. We took a peep at some of the animals – the large female elephant – a Frenchman looking at it near me said she had a *bec elastique*.

⁴²: “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

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

The coachman having wandered, we went up a circular mount called the Labyrinth, which though of no great apparent height gives a very distinct view of Paris, although not of its whole immense extent. It appears more beautiful in [] than London, first because it is seen, not being enveloped in smoke, and secondly because it is interspersed with gardens which when we saw them were covered with their earliest rural bloom. The Seine winds onwards majestically and [] the vicinity on nearly every side, and terminates in gentle acclivities, partially covered with habitations. A man has a telescope and prisms at the top of the Labyrinth, which are hired by the moment at two *sous* by the visitor. He showed us through his telescope the Cossacks' bivouac on the heights of Belleville, the wood and castle of Vincennes, and other objects. Some Russian soldiers were amusing themselves with the prospect.

My *lacquey*, Louis, tells me there are 1,400,000 inhabitants in Paris – my book, Reichard, says 600,000. The distresses of the country have certainly augmented the capital, but not in that proportion of course. We walked through the Plant Gardens and joining our carriage proceeded through the suburb on the right bank of the Seine. We came to the quarter in which there are a string of booksellers shops running along the side of the river, and crossed over the Pont Neuf to our []. I observe that the shops of the Parisians have signs, as was once the custom in England – I think it is a muslin seller that lives at the “Triomphe de Trajan”. A cutler lives more appropriately at the “Dieu Mars” – both the Emperor and the god are represented in appropriate pictures.

We dined by mistake at the Hotel de Rome in the darkened Palais Royale, and whilst waiting for our nasty meal amongst a set of dirty Russians and dirtier German officers, walked into the colonnades. The Palais Royale reminds one exactly of the ship part of Exeter Royal Exchange, but it has a square or garden in the middle, and has a number of whores as well as rogues walking about its square. There are a number of bookstalls, which teem with the brochures of the day – these now are chiefly on the downfall of the tyrant, ideas against Napoleon and for the Bourbons. Near the life of Madame Elizabeth de France I saw “La Nature outragé par l’Onanisme”, and doubtless the search of a curious sybarite would be rewarded in these magazines.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Today, Thursday, I was saluted with an infinity of cries, chiefly, “Voilà l’esprit du Moniteur – le superbe discours de Sa Majesté L’Empereur d’Autriche au Senat, qui vient de paraître.” The speech to the Emperor was made by Talleyrand.

After dining dearly with a bottle of hot champagne for twenty-one francs, fourteen sous, we tried to get to the Théâtre Français, lately called “Les Français”, but the place had long been full. A piece relative to Henry IV was to be played, and the Emperor Alexander was expected. Monsieur was there, and enthusiastically received. Unless a whole box is hired, there is no keeping of places, but the door-keepers know when they have issued tickets sufficient to fill the different compartments of the house. We turned away therefore with difficulty, getting through a double row of carriages driving about as in London, and went to the Théâtre des Variétés, where we with difficulty got a place over the orchestra.

The French are wonderfully theatrical. The King of Prussia was in the box, an open one, two from the stage, with his three sons, with his usual simple dress and modest air. He has a very melancholy physiognomy – a long face somewhat marked with the small pox, dark thin hair – on the whole he reminds me of John Galt the Levant Traveller. His sons are not like him, but more resembling Lord John Russell with light bushy hair – the eldest about seventeen. Prince Augustus, the King’s brother, was in the box on his left. The King said a few words to him and once or twice spoke to the Prince Royal, who was sitting on his left in the same box, but was generally intent on the play, and laughed heartily enough – it was impossible to help laughing.

There were three pieces performed, all farcical and humorous in the extreme, and to my mind perfectly well performed. The first was a farce laughing at an old debauchée cheated by a nephew. A scene about the physician and friend of the old fellow was very good. The denouement was, “Moi, je suis le medecin de Monsieur de Bois!” &c., and “Moi – je suis son ami!” – “Ah, voilà grande différence!” The second piece was the *Chatte Merveilleuse*, a parody on *Cendrillon*. Cinder-buch was acted by Monsieur Brunet, the great favourite and *buffon* by whose name the theatre and performance is known. He has certainly a great ease, and exaggerates not at all. I did not find out the character to be a man, although I thought the voice

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

harsh. There are songs in the piece, the dialogue of which is sufficiently humorous. Brunet's kindness for the cat is infinitely droll – when she sees the fairy and the fairy tells her she is her cat, she says “Je vous aurai rencontré vingt fois sans vous reconnoître”. A good deal of her fun, however, arose from her saying repeatedly, “Oh, par exemple” – “par exemple” seems a provincialism.

My *lacquey* tells me that Brunet is famous for having joked upon Napoleon. In some piece there was a chaise entering a door which was too low for it – a proposition was made to heighten the door – Brunet passes by – his opinion is asked – he says, “Font l'Impériale à bas” – he was imprisoned for this.

The third piece was a singing piece, *Les habitants des Landes* – the characters are, many of them on stilts, even a parson, and a girl – there is a dance in stilts – now it appears this is a representation of the manners of the inhabitants of the department of Landes. The joke turns upon a servant whose master loses his way reading a book, which his master leaves with him and which is a description of the Hottentots – the poor devil thinks it a description of the country in which he is wandering – the appearance of a lady and black servant confirms his alarm, and that of the people in stilts stupefies and makes him act a dead man, which he does inimitably.

We saw at this small theatre many Cyprians⁴³ – but well-mannered, at least comparatively so. Louis tells me they are known here, as in London, by carrying a handkerchief in their hands. Leaving the Variétés we took some ice in the Palais Royale and walked about amongst the bad company in the Colonades, which called to my mind the Strand. In the Palais Royale there are both cellars and garrets. I saw and wondered at the words “estaminet Turc”. Louis tells me “estaminet” means a smoking pot-house.

Came home. No notice [is] being taken of my father's letter to Castlereagh – I like a fool was much annoyed.

Thursday April 21st 1814: This day the National Guard going out to meet the duc de Berri⁴⁴ at his first entry into Paris, and the sitting of the Institut, recurring about the same hour, we debated a long time which we should

⁴³: Prostitutes.

⁴⁴: Charles Ferdinand, duc de Berri (1778-1820) second son of the comte d'Artois; nephew of Louis XVIII. Assassinated by Fauvel at the Opéra, 13 Feb 1820.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

choose and which lose, until at last, we declared in favour of the Institut and *en attendant* determined to go to the Louvre. There we went to see the pictures, &c., but at the door were refused entrance because we had neither uniforms, nor what the guard, taking hold of my button, called “a decoration”. One does not expect this – at least I did not – so we walked about and through the gardens of the Tuileries, admiring their statues and basins and graves – the former superior, the latter inferior, to the things in the same kind at Schönbrunn near Vienna. The terrace of the Tuileries overlooking the Seine is a noble promenade. We did not go into the Champs Elysées beyond.

A little after one we hied to the other side of the Seine, to the Palais des Beaux Arts – we found a body of national horse-guard drawn up at the outer entrance, and within, foot National Guards. I had been desired by Mr Huây to ask for a Mr Lucas, and after some successful efforts was taken up by a member of the Institut, in his dark green uniform frogged with light green and sword, into the library, where Mr Lucas was not to be found. Mr Grattan and myself waited impatiently for some time, until at last a good-humoured little fellow went in to Mr Lucas, on our head to speak, and to our great astonishment returned with the answer that if Mr Huay had come with us we might have gone in at the private entry which he mentioned, but as it was we must go in at the common door.

We made off, and placed ourselves on the steps without the court, where the crowd began to gather, and where we were desired by the guard to stand in queue, an arrangement everyone followed with the greatest quiet and decency. I was never so much struck with the difference between a London and Paris crowd. The *grandees* continued driving in at the court, and the crowd increasing. At two the doors opened, and we got in with very little difficulty, and found ourselves in the upper part of the saloon above the amphitheatre, in which the privileged sat. There were more ladies than gentlemen in the room altogether, which is not large by any means; and where we were, the ladies looked decent people, and the men not gentlemen – indeed the females here have a better air than the men. Guards in their high red feathers stood at the two entrances of the amphitheatre, and also at the end under our alcove. Russian and other officers with members of the Institut, ladies and other visitors continued coming into the seats below. Prince William of Prussia came in – General Lacken, governor of Paris, came in – some people began clapping – he was shown most obsequious respect.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

At last the Emperor of Russia arrived – the guards at the door saluted with their drums and arms – he stepped into the saloon, and was rapturously received with clapping of hands and “Vive Alexander!” The King of Prussia entered a little after him, and as soon as known (which was not immediately, for all were looking at Alexander), was also applauded. The young Princes of Prussia followed. The Emperor, the King and the Prussian Royal family were in army chairs in the midst of the amphitheatre. The Emperor faced the tribune – behind the tribune was a table, and behind that two members of the Institut, standing – one sat down, the other, La Cretelle (jeune, the first man author of the paper on Napoleon) taking a paper with a trembling hand and faltering voice, read a complimentary address to the Sovereigns. He began with a good hit – telling Alexander that he was come to return to France, recalled by his great ancestor Peter in their country. He laid it on very thick on both, and was much applauded. After this rose Mr Villemain, who was to speak his prize oration on the advantages and disadvantages of criticism, and who also gave a prefatory address in honour of the present monarchs, not quite suited to our English ears – he told Alexander that he was a monarch whose youth and whose virtues promised a long peace to Europe. He then began his oration, and spoke for an hour and a quarter. He was applauded at several sentences – the audience never missed anything that had an appearance of epigram or humorous point, of which there was no small share.

It is fair to say I saw no-one looking at the sovereigns during the speech. We bought two copies of his speech at the door for one franc fifty sous.⁴⁵ A lady fainted during the performance, and all kindly rose to make way for her – but I know that Grattan and myself in the course of the day did three civil things towards women – when a man on our right grumbled because we let a lady enter, and nobody seemed delicate on the matter but ourselves.⁴⁶ The speech spoken, Mr Villemain walked up to Lacretille, received from him a medal and two hearty kisses, and then took his place in the amphitheatre.

The sitting was declared at an end. The Emperor and King rose, and the Emperor spoke to Mr Lacretille, and then with Mr Villemain, for some time I believe, though I could not distinctly see. At last Alexander went out, and

⁴⁵: “pence” (Ms.)

⁴⁶: H. does not tell us what the other two “civil things” were which he and Grattan did that day towards women.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

the King, as did Grattan and I. Coming into the yard we saw them get into their carriages, which were very simple vehicles indeed, unattended with guards. The Emperor had one servant on horseback, the King none. The first had on old yellow chariot, the second an old yellow coach.

We walked over the Pont-Neuf. Grattan stopped to buy books at a stall on the bridge, which was much better furnished than our London bookstalls, and I strolled on into the new building of the Louvre raised by Napoleon – most magnificent edifices indeed, of the most finished texture, and on the largest scale – worthy of a great sovereign. The sculptures are in the ancient taste, except that they are disfigured by the perpetual “N”, which will cause their removal. The bust of the Emperor on the middle summit of the figures in the front relief, with the inscription “Napoleon le Grand”, will certainly not be suffered to remain.

From the Louvre I went in the way amongst the ruins in that quarter which have been thrown down to make way for the new buildings designed by Napoleon – towards the Place de Carrousel, and the entrance of the Tuileries there were dancing monkeys and mountebanks, or rather one boy singing and fooling, until he got a sufficient crowd about him to make it worth his while to play off with three pewter cups on a deal table covered with a bit of dirty baize. An unwashed artificer by me, hearing the fellow sing, said “Bêtise!” but laughed and said, “Il n’a pas trouvé ce rhyme lui-même – le foutre!”

Today Grattan and I went into the Salle du Corps Législatif and saw all the saloons but that in which the body was then holding a secret sitting. In the room called the Salon de l’Empereur, we saw the full-length picture of Maria Louisa and the frame of that which represented Napoleon, and which the present government has removed. Between the two was his throne, an arm-chair in the antique model, gilt and stuffed and embroidered. In this we seated ourselves – this throne he used on his annual visit to the legislative body. On each side of his throne in the panelling was the representation of a Roman standard – on the one on the left was “Rome” written, and in that on the other hand “Angleterre” and “Irlande”. Similar standards were in the other parts of the room, bearing the names of various countries of Europe. The *salon* was vaulted and highly ornamented – on the arch of each end of it was drawn a triple rim divided into thirteen compartments, so that on each

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

arch were the inscribed names of thirty-nine different places, illustrated by the victories, either personal or final, of Napoleon – <in all recording seventy eight fields of battle>. The “N” is here everywhere obtrusive.

From this saloon to the Hall of Conference we went, and saw there the large picture representing Napoleon on horseback attended by Augereau, Beauharnais and Murat – with his hat in his hand, gazing upon an Austrian general and others borne wounded before him, after the battle of Marengo. There are other four pictures and an empty frame in the room.

We dined at the Restaurateur Beauvillier; saw there Dr Frank and Dr Woolaston, Sec. F. R. R., whom I saw at the Institut today. Blake and another <went afterwards [to]> Beauvilliers; talked politics, said he wished for a limited monarchy, that the present senate were execrable fellows who would be soon cashiered, and that Talleyrand had “Assez de talent pour se sçavoir tirer de l’enfer”.

We went afterwards to the Théâtre Français. The saloon of the house is curiously supported, or rather encumbered, with heavy yellow pillars. We paid six-and-a-half francs for places in the *premier loge*, or orchestra, and, the first being full, went into the last. The payment takes place through a grill in the street, but there is a change of tickets once within. To my surprise we found there was to be no music, and that there was no waiting between the acts – the effect, I own, was good. The pieces were *Manlius* and *La Suite d’un bal masqué*. I was some time before I found out which was Talma – or indeed which was Manlius; Servilius was a good character and actor, but by degrees I found out, through my ignorance of the language and disgust of the declamation, the superior genius – Talma has less of the art and more of the nature than any other. He is [] more like an English and less like a French actor – he excited my admiration. The expression of his emotions is lively, strong, and natural, but his face and form have nothing to recommend them – he is inclined to be fat. Damas (Servilius) was very violent, but good in his way. Valeria I liked as I went on – St Priest was liked. A fourth actor, a sort of *angelos*, who announced the catastrophe, being a double, or in the place of the proper actor, was by the side of the others insupportable. The audience tittered, although I could not see so much [] [].

Manlius is but *Venice Preserved*. I felt myself, however, much more interested than I ever thought I could be at a play where there are only five

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

characters, no change of scene, and nothing but an un[] flow of turgid declamation in rhyme. The play was followed by a piece delightfully acted, containing also only four characters and having no change of scene, but so artful in the contrivance and so natural in the action as to have all the necessary interest. La première was Madame Myers, Napoleon's mistress once, now Alexander's – crowns and whores go together. She was a charming and easy talker. There was no division of acts to the farce, no music for interlude. Unexpectedly Count Bernsdorff, my Vienna friend, came in, and seated himself before me⁴⁷ – we saluted kindly. He told me my coat smelled of coals, and that all London clothes and goods did. He told me also this was his first visit to Paris, and he hinted that the *mode à Vienne n'était trop bien aisé des derniers événements*.

Lacken came into a side-box, and most pertinaciously exposed himself to be recognised and applauded, which he was by some clapping and "Vive Lacken!" – Alas, poor Paris! Lacken is an old man, like Lambert of Trinity College Cambridge. After the play I saw Sligo – he told me that Napoleon is gone to Elba – that he has written to Castlereagh thanking him for putting Colonel Campbell with him – that Napoleon applied for permission to go to England – that he wishes to have the title of Sovereign Prince, or Emperor of Elba, and to have his flag recognised – that he says "He shall in Elba be a very good Englishman". Bernsdorff told me that it was reported Napoleon wrote to Castlereagh to thank him for Campbell, and said that the others were "peoples", [but] the English "a nation" – perhaps Bernsdorff had this from Sligo – the count hinted he had all from Castlereagh.

Friday April 22nd 1814: In the paper of this morning we read the following paragraphs:

Fontainebleau, 21 Avril.

Bouaparte est parti hier de cette ville, à onze heures du matin (et non pas le 19 comme l'a dit dans nos journaux) suivi de quatorze voitures. Son escorte a employé 60 chevaux de poste. Les quatre commissaires des puissances alliées qui l'accompagnent sont Mr Souwatouw, le général prussien Kolhere, un général Anglais et un autre general que l'on croit

⁴⁷: "him" (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

autrichien. Quatre officiers de sa maison, entre autres son boulanger, sont partie de sa suite. Peu de militaires sont partis avec lui, et tous se proposent, dit-on, de quitter au lieu de l'embarquement. Voici, à peu près, les paroles qu'il a adressées au moment de son départ, aux officiers et sous officiers de la vieille garde qui étaient encore près de lui. "Je vous fais mes adieux. Depuis vingt ans..." (combien restent-il de soldats qui servaient il y a vingt ans?) "... nous sommes ensemble; je suis content de vous. Je vous ai toujours trouvé sur le chemin de la gloire. Toutes les puissances de l'Europe se sont armées contre moi; une partie de généraux ont trahir leur devoir, et la France elle-même l'a trahi". (C'est-à-dire à quitter l'usurpateur pour revenir a ses souverains légitime: quelle trahison!)

"Avec vous et les braves qui me sont restés fidèles, j'ai sù, depuis trois ans, préserver la France de la guerre civile" (en faisant fusiller a Caën, et ailleurs, jusqu'aux femmes qui ne voulaient pas mourir de faim).

"Soyez fidèles au nouveau roi que la France s'est choisi; soyez soumis à vos chefs, et n'abandonnez point votre chère patrie, trop long temp malheureux" (Vérité que personne ne lui conteste).

"Ne plaignez point mon sort: je serai heureux lorsque je saurai que vous l'êtes vous-mêmes. J'aurai pu mourir: rien ne m'était plus facile; mais j'écrirai ce que nous avons fait.

Je ne puis vous embracer tous; mais j'embrasserai votre général" (et il l'embrassa). "Qu'on m'apporte l'aigle; que je l'embrasse auusi" (en l'embrassant) "Ah! cher aigle, que les baisers que je te donne retentissent dans la postérité. Adieu, mes enfants, adieu mes braves! ... entourez-moi encore une fois!"

Alors l'état-major, toujours accompagné des quatre commissaires des puissances alliées, forma un cercle autour de lui. Buonaparte est ensuite monté en voiture. Dans ce moment, il n'a pu cacher son trouble et il a versé quelques larmes. En partant, il a demande Constant, son premier valet de chambre: mais il s'était caché, probablement pour ne pas suivre Bounaparte, quoiqu'il en eût reçu la veille 50,000 francs de gratifications !!

Le m

Journal de Paris!!!

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

The last trait must serve for the instruction of posterity.

Of this Constant my *lacquey* tells me that he (Constant) and his brother entered into the service of an Englishman and robbed him of 1,200 guineas. When he was recommended by Josephine to Napoleon and taken into his service, shortly after he appeared before his master in great trouble, and being questioned as to the cause, flung himself at his feet and asked the pardon of his brother – “What has he done?” said Napoleon – “He has tried to cut his master’s throat with a razor.” – “Oh, is that all? Don’t bother yourself about it.” Constant’s brother was pardoned. Louis tells me that his own hair became white from seeing the Count de Turenne, his master, killed in a duel. He tells me that Napoleon had prepared the Louvre for all the crowned heads in Europe – “The iron doors, a hand thick, show that clearly”, added he. I told him Napoleon had applied to come to England. “Ah! n’admettez pas un drôle comme ça chez vous!” He had taken out horseshoes for his cavalry for four years when he went to Russia – he intended to go to the East Indies, having been crowned in Russia (he took out a crown and mantle on purpose) and [to] dethrone the Grand Turk.

Today I heard from Dr Frank an account of Colonel Campbell’s first interview with him at Fontainebleau, of which he has given account in a letter to Lord Castlereagh. The three commissaries were introduced by General Flau – each separately. The Russian and Austrian stayed with him two minutes, the Prussian half a minute, Campbell a quarter of an hour. He was very polite to the Colonel – he asked him where he was wounded, what were the military orders he wore, and what the English military orders – he then asked if he was to go in an English ship to Elba, and said he should have no objection. “Je suis sous votre protection. Je suis votre sujet”, were his very words. He then said of England, “Je l’aime – <elle a du caractere> – c’est une nation pour laquelle j’ai toujours eu la plus grand estime – je voudrais aussi monter la France” – here he became agitated, and changed the subject, to Lord Wellington: “Il a du vigueur, et il faut cela dans la militaire”. He spoke then of the defences of Burgos, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz as being very masterly. Of the Spaniards he said, “Je les ai estimé aussi – ils ont du caractère”. Finally he talked of the affair at Bergen-op-Zoom, and said that General Graham had behaved perfectly well and the English soldiers

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

perfectly well – but they were unacquainted with the number of French troops in the town.

We spent this morning entirely at the Napoleon Museum in the Louvre. The effect produced upon me by the Apollo Belvedere and Raphael's Transfiguration convince me that all the vice and dissipation⁴⁸ of many years have not made me insensible to the sublimity of the arts. Not only the collections but the monuments of the galleries bear the mark and superscription of Napoleon. The "N" is every where. A bust of Claudius is very like him – Napoleon – the picture of Brutus and his sons by Le Thiere is wonderfully striking.

We dined at Beauvilliers. This man, for all his republican talk to me, put in his lantern, "*de Beauvilliers*".

We went to the Vaudeville, a little house attended by modest whores. The Vaudeville is a sort of comic opera. They played *The Keys of Paris* for the sentiment, and, Lacken coming in again, played [it] again for him in spite of great opposition, notwithstanding which it was as much applauded the second time as the first. The *Femmes Tyranmarines* followed, full of vulgar double entendres which were received with rapture – a girl, talking of billiards in a song said, "Et moi j'aime la Carambole."

In the streets tonight I was taken hold of by a girl ...

Saturday April 23rd 1814: Went to the review of 4,000 National Guards within the gates of the Tuileries, where Napoleon used to review his troops. The guard was in very good [order] for new troops, and their cocked hats and coats, as Mr Simple has said, certainly give them a military air. They were reviewed by the Count d'Artois, Monsieur, and the duc de Berri, his son who passed the two lines on foot. There was a good deal of acclamation, but not so much as might be expected. Hats were not very readily pulled off, and both that mark of respect and the acclamations were prompted by the Horse Guards, who rode in front of the Princes crying "Chapeau bas Messieurs! – Vive le roi!"

We went to the Luxembourg Gallery today and to the Monument Français first. There are collected the sepulchral statues of celebrated French character. The porter pointed out the many figures of "Le Bon Henri" The enthusiasm of the French for this monarch is at this time most lively. Napoleon used to call him "le Roi de la canaille". In the pretty garden

⁴⁸: *Recollections* (I 106-7) has "dissipation of mind".

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

attached to the building are the tombs of Abelard and Eloïse, Molière, Boileau, &c. This reunion has been made at the expense of every spot in France which formerly possessed the memorials of the [] brothers.

In the Luxembourg Gallery we saw the famous collection of Rubens' pictures representing in allegory the history of Mary of Medicis, the gallery of Le Sueur containing the life and caractère of St. Bruno, painted for the Chartreux founded by that saint, and the superb set of Vernet's ports of France. I was most pleased with the last, although in the collection is a picture representing the sole triumph, almost, that the French navy has to boast – the taking of the Ambuscade. In the same room is a picture of Boulogne or Brest, in which Napoleon is represented on horseback, relieving a sailor on one leg.⁴⁹

Over the gate of the Luxembourg is placed "Palais du Senat Conservateur". The apartments of that Senate are to the right in entering. We visited them, mounting by a magnificent flight of steps in a quadrangle, the sides of which are adorned with the statues of generals and other heroes of the revolution. There are Kleber and Mirabeau, &c. The apartments attached to the room of sitting are ornamented with large pictures, which as they all of them represented Napoleon in some attractive moment of his life, are now covered with green silk. There is an apartment called "The Chamber of the King of Rome". The room of sitting is semicircular like a lecture-room, by no means handsome, except the canopy under which Napoleon's throne was placed may be admired. The chair in which he used to sit – so the conductor told us – is not that which he used to hack with his pen-knife,⁵⁰ but that in which he presided at the Council of State.

We dined at Beauvilliers, where entered during dinner Sligo, Lord Lowther, Lord and Robert Milnes. Afterwards I went to the Variétés, where was played *Le Souper d'Henri Quatre* – the house was full.

Tonight I had a dreadful opportunity of seeing the horrid debauchery of the French prostitutes of the lower class.⁵¹

⁴⁹: H. may intend "with one leg".

⁵⁰: This chair is at Fontainebleau. H. sees it, and the hack-marks, on 14 June 1815.

⁵¹: Whether H. experienced the debauchery in a participatory capacity, as opposed to a voyeuristic, is unclear.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Sunday April 24th 1814: (Peace signed yesterday, i.e., the preliminaries between France and the Allies)⁵²

Went to Nôtre Dame, which is a large but not a magnificent church. I saw there a young woman at confession, which lasted at least twenty minutes. Was shown the regalia of Napoleon when he was crowned at Nôtre Dame.⁵³ The robe is purple embroidered with gold flowers, eleven ells in circuit, eighty pounds weight, and employing 6,000 ermine skins. The chair in which he sat is simple of white satin, with small gold springs. Here I saw the sword of Charlemagne, in astonishing preservation, together with its scabbard of embroidered green velvet, which was carried before Napoleon – the Hand of Justice of the same monarch – the Hand of Justice of Napoleon – a long thin wand which he held two-thirds from the bottom – his sceptre – and his crown, which is a beautiful work of laurel in gold. The box in which it was taken to Italy in order to crown him⁵⁴ is also in the *armoire*, and has the inscription “Couronne de Napoléon”. A small elegant crown which was placed on the head of Maria Louisa is also amongst the treasures. It is not true that any attempt was made to take away these precious ornaments. I have forgot to mention Charlemagne’s crown, which is likewise to be seen – [sketch] – and the gold globe which Napoleon held in his hand when he mounted the throne.

In other compartments are ornaments worn by the Pope on the same occasion, and the great candle sent from Rome on the baptism of the King of Rome. A very large piece of the True Cross is kept with them, and in a gold globe the real Crown of Thorns, which is opened once a year for the adoration of the faithful.

From Nôtre Dame I drove to the Hotel de Montesquiou and called on Bidwell, with whom I found Harris and Wood. When Harris came out of Lord Bathurst’s office after bringing the news of the taking of Paris he was accosted thus by the mob – “So you’ve done him at last – and how’s old Blucher?”

⁵²: Added later.

⁵³: Napoleon was crowned Emperor on 2 Dec 1804. He wears this regalia again at the ceremony of the Champ de Mai, on 1 June 1815. It no longer fits him.

⁵⁴: Napoleon was crowned King of Italy in Milan Cathedral in 1805.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Bidwell told me that two days after the meeting at Chatillon, Caulaincourt was willing to sign the peace, but matters going on well with the Allies the plenipotentiaries hesitated. Afterwards Napoleon was just as eager not to commit himself until he had seen how far his fortune would carry him. He told me the Crown Prince had 64,000 men at Cologne, and might have been the conqueror of Paris, but he hesitated, and Winzensgarde and Bülow were detached from him by letters from their respective sovereigns. It appears that Bernadotte wrote a letter to the Emperor Napoleon recommending him to concede, and that this letter was sent by Napoleon to the Emperor Alexander; hence perhaps the story of the correspondence between the Crown Prince and Joseph Napoleon. When it was determined to advance upon Paris, Schwarzenberg in a manner gave up the command to the Emperor Alexander. He looked upon himself for lost, and the generals of the Austrian Army held the same language openly.

From Bidwell I called upon Count Bernsdorff, who was not at home at the Hôtel de l'Europe, rue Richelieu, and then on Kinnaird,⁵⁵ my old fellow – he had been to court, and introduced to Monsieur and the duc de Berri, which latter knew him in London, and asked him after *la petite*, meaning his Maria.⁵⁶ He said that my friend S.B.Davies was *très fort* at tennis. He talked with a French officer who told him in a manner *très empressé* that Napoleon had the art of attaching those about his person that [was] to a degree almost magical, and that Colonel Campbell, after living with him a month, would not be able to speak of him but with tears in his eyes. Kinnaird heard Campbell's letter read. General Bertrand, who was present at the interview between Napoleon and the Colonel, was exceedingly affected. Napoleon called England "la plus grande nation du monde" Had he been refused Elba he should have applied for a refuge in England: "C'est un pays que n'a jamais refuse un refuge aux malheureux".

The Empress Maria Louisa regrets leaving the Tuileries, saying she was never so well lodged, nor in apartments so *bien meublés* – she is a fool – she would not see Napoleon after his fall.

Mr Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth's son, told me that Le Chevalier – *the* Le Chevalier – told him that Napoleon would send for any lady whom he

⁵⁵: Douglas Kinnaird.

⁵⁶: Kinnaird's mistress, the singer Maria Keppel.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

frequented, and received her [while] writing, saying, “Deshabillez-vous” – which when she did he still [continued] writing, and when he saw her prepared, saying “Couchez donc.” – He would jump into bed, and after one heat jump up and resume his task. Le Chevalier told the following horrid tale: a young woman who was affianced to an officer in the army was seen by the Emperor, sent for and of course subdued – she wrote a deprecatory letter to her lover, then on service. This was intercepted, and handed over to Napoleon, who sending for the girl ordered her to strip, and then applied to her a horsewhip [so] that she ran screaming into the antechamber amongst the guards.

Kinnaird, Grattan, Mackenzie, and M. Merritt dined at Grignan’s hotel. Merritt is a fat, scally, red-faced fellow – the Trojan – and owner of Rokeby – he has nothing spiritual in his appearance, but is admired by Kinnaird. He told Mackenzie that all the antiques in the Musée Napoleon lately brought from Italy were in our possession. Lord Nelson took them lying in chests at Cività Vecchia. and not liking to be encumbered with them. sold them to the King of Naples for £60,000. The money was never paid, and the King gave them to Napoleon. The Venus de Medici and other pieces from the Florentine gallery were lying also at Cività Vecchia, and left on the pier, because the officers would not encumber their ships with them. When some officers subscribed to carry away Cleopatra’s Needle from Egypt, and had made every preparation for doing it, Lord Keith would not let them have a ship to transport such a useless treasure!!!

I walked this day with Kinnaird and Mackenzie in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, which was open to all and crowded with all classes of the lower order.

In the evening I went to the opera – paid for the first boxes – and was obliged to go to the pit. The duc de Berri was there, and tolerably applauded, but not with half the enthusiasm which such an appearance would make in England.

Today they cried about the Crown Prince’s letter to the Emperor Napoleon – I suppose it was handed over to the hawkers by some friend of this personage. Yesterday they had Augereau’s proclamation to the army under his command, which to my mind is very base, as he accuses Bounaparte violently, especially “*parce qu’il n’a pas sù mourir en soldat* –

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

now what does this mean? No-one denies that Napoleon exposed himself, even unnecessarily, in the last campaign.

The *gouvernement* in the name of Monsieur, or Monsieur in the name of the *gouvernement*, is by daily decrees quietly changing the order of things – yesterday was an order that the exercises at the university should no more be performed to the sound of drums, but of clocks and bells as formerly. The restored family have a difficult task to perform – they cannot seize upon any of the common topics of glory and dominion to which alone the French have been inclined to listen, but have to unlearn them their passion for military fame. There is something painful in the parallel between Henry IV victorious and Louis XVIII especially when compared in presence of a Russian governor of Paris. The recollections of past glory would be unbearable to any but a Frenchman under the present circumstances of France.

Monday April 25th 1814: Wrote two days' journal – visited the Invalides – saw in our way a brigade of Prussian cuirassiers filing over a bridge. Drove up to the gate of Hospital⁵⁷ and, saying we were English officers, were admitted. We went first to the church, which is not particularly worthy of remark, but the dome behind is admirable – the gilding on the outside of it was added by Napoleon. The tomb of Turenne is in this building. We saw a chapel in it hung with black, in which was the coffin in state of Marshall Bessières, and in a compartment within that of Marshal Durre, besides those of other generals in a similar chamber of the same chapel. These were to have been removed to the Pantheon. From the Church we went into the corridors of the hospital and the dining room – all very neat. The establishment contains 400 invalids, and in the Empire under Napoleon were refugees of the same time for 50,000 soldiers. We went into the library, a small but well-furnished apartment, in order to see the picture of Napoleon on horseback scaling Mont St Bernard by David. It had been taken down four years before. Three or four old veterans were sitting in this room. One was dusting some books which had been given to the invalids by Napoleon. "Ah," said he, "I hope we shall do well under these people – the Emperor was very good to us at least – he doubled our pay, gave us use of this library, and the little gardens in front of this library".

Quitting the interior of the building, we looked at two of the four chained bronze statues at the corners of the hospital, which were formerly in the Place des Victoires under Louis XIV statues, and removed hither by Napoleon. We saw a brigade of little artillery horses with Prussians driving

⁵⁷: "Invalides" anglicised.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

into the gates for the purpose of taking away the two remaining figured bronze guns on the platform, which together with ten similar ones were brought from Lubeck, and are to be taken away by the King of Prussia. There was a disturbance, for the French officer at the gate would not let the guns be touched without an order from Marshall Serrier, governor of the hospital. The poor old fellow was in high disorder, and talked very angrily with the guard for letting the horses into the enclosure, until the Prussian officer very civilly came up and in German told him that the train should stay there until he came back, to which the other humbly acceded, and when his guard proposed to remedy the mistake by turning the *deutschlanders* out, said, "No, puisqu'ils sont entrés ils peuvent rester – they are going to disarm France altogether". Said our Louis, "Tant mieux!"

I should have mentioned that we saw, in the Church of the Invalides, the nails to which the colours were attached, all of which were burnt by General Halin before the entry of the Allies into Paris. We saw also the red rope from which depended the sword of Frederick the Great, brought by Napoleon from Potsdam, what is become of it I could not learn, nor have I been able to find out what has been done with the horses taken from the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin.

Without the enclosure of the Hospital we saw the neat little gardens which are cultivated by the officers amongst the pensioners. Without is an open space, with rows of trees on each side and secluded by a wide gravel road – under the trees on the left we saw a bivouac of Cossacks. Their horses were tied to the trees – at the bottom of the gravel road is a fountain and a stone pedestal on which stands the famous Lion of St Mark, brought by Napoleon from Venice and thence from Athens. It is a *green* bronze and a noble figure – on two sides of the pedestal are inscriptions, one Latin fronting the hospital and the other French. The first they have begun to efface, as its first line is "Neapolio. Imp. Aug." and the remainder states that the monument, brought from Venice, was raised by him to his "merites" soldiers. The other, in French, runs somewhat in this manner: "Napoleon Bounaparte, Empereur des Français, à ses braves guerriers dont il atteste les exploits".

We drove to the Palais du Corps Législatif, to see what we had before missed – the hall of sitting. It is much handsomer than that of the Senate and

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

larger, semicircular like that, and like that, like a lecture room. Over the vaulted niche [on] which was the Emperor's throne, there is the president's raised seat, and ornamental eagles with shields or similar little compartments containing the names of the spots illustrated by Napoleon's victories, formal or otherwise – these they had begun to efface. Some eagles over the orators' tribunes they had already blotted out – the government (Counsellors of State) were seated on the bench to the floor in the dwarf semicircular range of seats, and the tribune whence they spoke was immediately under the speaker's chair. The place in which the Emperor, as a visitor to this assembly, used to sit, is a little on the left of the door of entrance, opposite the President's chair, now marked by some relief or other tapestry. Behind the place where the throne was placed is the pedestal which a few days before supported the statue of Napoleon – this was covered at first after the late revolution, and at last taken away, it is said, by the King of Prussia. On the side of the room are statues of legislators and the ancient heroes.⁵⁸

We came home. I walked about the Palais Royale and brought home several brochures, amongst them two little volumes containing an account of all the ceremonies and verses made at the marriage of Maria Louisa and Napoleon – in supposed letters between the Müller family. Also a sheet or two against the Act of Constitution, and one solitary attempt to prevent the violent abuse of the fallen tyrant, which in spite of the *ordonnance* of the government, is now the order of the day.

We dined at Grignons and had a bottle of excellent White Hermitage. I observe that the time of dining at Paris by the shop-folks is five o'clock. I sat at home all the evening – read the account of the marriage – strange contrast with the sentiments of the present day!!! From Branau to Ulm – the French flatterer calculates that the Empress Maria Louisa travelled at the rate of eleven feet a second. The spot where Napoleon unexpectedly met Louisa was at Courcelles, a little village five leagues from Soissons – if the dethroned Empress passed through that place the other day on her way to Vienna?!!

Dawson came in at night and took tea round my fire, for I had one for the first time in our rooms (my room). He told me that Colonel Cooke, who is

⁵⁸: The foregoing paragraph is a chaos of deletions and interlineations, showing H.'s determination to make his description accurate.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

just arrived from Bourdeaux, had seen Marshal Soult, who had said to him that the government of the Bourbons would never do for France, that the French must have a stormy tyrant. Soult had asked him if it was true that Marshal Wellington was killed in the last affair at Toulouse, and hearing that it was not, said he was glad of it – the Marshal was too great an honour to the profession of arms, and to the age in which he lived, to be killed. He spoke in the highest terms of the English army, said it was the best in the world under Wellington, and renewed all the chivalrous principles of honour which distinguished the *preux chevaliers* of former times.

The last affair at Bayonne happened in this way – the commander of the garrison made all the men drunk, and prepared for the *sortie* – a deserter went over to the English, and informed General Hay, who commanded the siege immediately – he sent for orders to General Hope – in the meantime he is attacked – and finally⁵⁹ 5,000 English destroyed and himself killed. Sir J. Hope arrives in time to save the army with the guards and be taken prisoner. Had not this disastrous affair taken place with that at Toulouse the end would not have been for us a very honourable [] of our warfare.

Tuesday April 26th 1814: I read in this morning's *Journal de l'Empire* that Louis XVIII, after a tender parting with our Prince at London, at which he told him that he should always consider his family's restoration as due, principally, next to Providence, to his efforts, and those of his happy country, landed at Calais yesterday.

In the same paper I read an exculpation of the Duke of Vicenza, late Grand Master of the Horse to Napoleon, or "Monsieur de Caulaincourt", as he is now called, from the charge of assisting in the execution or seizing the Duke d'Enghien, from which he appears completely cleared by the letters he publishes – for it was no doubt his publishing. One of them proves that he had a mission to Strasbourg, under orders from Berthier to seize the British agents concerned in Drake's attempt, just at the same time that General Ordenner had the order to seize the duc d'Enghien. The command to bring him to Vincennes was dispatched by telegraph to Strasbourg. A letter from Caulaincourt to the Emperor of Russia, deprecating the suspicion, and another from the Emperor to the general, allowing his innocence, are added to the dispatch from Berthier, and altogether make the matter no longer a

⁵⁹: Conjectural reading.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

subject of doubt. This accounts for what Kinnaird told me on Sunday last – Caulaincourt wrote to Monsieur to ask for an introduction – Monsieur told him by letter that he would not refuse him a first introduction, which he had granted to all the French generals, but that as to a second, he must say he should hold himself prepared to refuse until the conduct of the general respecting the death of the duc d'Enghien was completely cleared. Monsieur did receive him – and very coolly – and is said to have told him personally much what he had communicated in writing.

We drove out at twelve through the Fauxbourg St Antoine, up an ascent, through the barrière de Vincennes, between the two unfinished pillars called the barrière du Fosse, to Vincennes, which is not two miles from the suburb. The road between trees, which have been a little damaged by the shot in the late attack. The barricades at the barrier still remain – the guard there was partly of the National Guard, partly of the allied troops. Grattan got in the box, being driven out by my sulkiness,⁶⁰ and at his instigation, when [we] arrived at [the] little town of Vincennes, the coachman drove over the draw bridge into the courtyard of the chateau. We got out of the carriage, and walked over the drawbridge of the fort, and asked if we could get admittance. We were refused, upon which Grattan trotted off to the governor's house – whilst he was up the stairs, a captain of artillery came up to me, who was lounging about, and soon gave me and Grattan, who joined, to understand that we not only could not get into the fort, but must get out of the castle yard immediately, and said that the guard at the gate would be imprisoned for suffering us to come into the place without an order. We stepped, in grumbling, and drove out – the guard asked Louis how he came to think of taking us in, getting him punished. Louis said, "I followed my orders, and if you had followed yours you would not have got into a scrape!"

Both the residence and the fort of Vincennes seem in decay – they stand in a high plateau, from which there is a gentle declivity to the city. The wood of Vincennes scarcely deserves the name – it is low, and then intercepted by straight roads or paths. In the castle we saw only a few tattered-looking soldiers – the debris, apparently, of the Grand Army.

We returned to Paris, and passing the Fauxbourg St Antoine came to a square, la Place Royale, where once was a statue of Louis XIII, and where is

⁶⁰: H. missing B.?

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

a strong fountain. The square looks like that of King's in Bristol.⁶¹ It was initiated by the lawyers and persons attached to the Courts of Justice formerly.

Thence we went over the pont to the island covered with houses in the Seine, and crossing the pont ⁶² to the other bank, drove to the Panthéon. This is one of the noblest, to my taste, and most beautiful buildings in the world, both in the interior and exterior. The former would be more beautiful if two of the intercolumniations of the pillars supporting the main dome had not been filled up with wall to give strength to the supporters of the vault, which from some sinking of the columns it was feared might come down. It was designed to be a church dedicated to St Genevieve by Louis XV, as well as his successor, who continued to work at it. Napoleon converted it into a temple in which were to repose the ashes, as well as to be perpetrated the memories, of the illustrious French – an intention which is shown by the inscription on the frieze in front. Part of the flooring, which is marble, had been completed by Napoleon, and his “N” in black letters we saw worked into the stone. These signs, however, workmen were busily employed in chiselling out, and I brought home a fragment of the Imperial initial. The “N”s likewise are seen on the walls in certain amounts, either added or completed by the Emperor, and against these we saw scaffolding posted preparatory to their demolition. This appropriating inscriptions is most unfairly applied in this, as well as in many other instances, and perhaps as foolishly effaced. It would mark an epoch.

After admiring the beautiful interior of this unfinished edifice and its marble columns and cornices, worked to a richness I never saw paralleled, we went into the vaults, or rather arched chambers, below them, and there stand the wooden coffins of Voltaire “and Jean-Jacques”, as our concierge told us, as well as the later sarcophagi, one over the other in small compartments, of several generals, chamberlains, senators, and members of the Legion of Honour of “S.h. l’Empereur et Roi” – what will they do with these inscriptions? Amongst them I observed the General Ordenner, who seized the duc d’Enghien. The dead are seldom so comfortably lodged.

⁶¹: One of the few references in the diary showing that H. remembers his home town.

⁶²: Ms. gap.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

We ascended the church, and from the highest of the outside galleries to which we could go, had a delightful view of Paris. The winding of the Seine under the woods of Charenton or Parc de Bercy, which I had before admired from the Pont d'Austerlitz, is not unworthy of the Thames. A lady who went up with us began talking of Louis XVIII, and said he had received more honours in London than he would at Paris – the English were better persons.

From the Pantheon we drove to the little eminence near it, which is the church of the Sorbonne, and there went away to the other side of the river to the Louvre picture gallery. There also we saw them employed in effacing three painted medallions placed in the arched compartments in the middle of the gallery, representing the busts of Napoleon and Louisa, their marriage, or two figures swearing on an altar, and a bust of the young king of Rome. The innumerable “N”s on the monumental painting and sculpture in this Louvre must be an eye sore to those who think it worth while to efface the medallions. After gazing with delight upon the Transfiguration we walked home.

Dined at Grignons. Went to the Français and saw *Andromaque*,⁶³ Talma in Orestes and Mademoiselle Georges⁶⁴ in Hermione.⁶⁵ The latter is very large, but has a face fine and strong tones with expressive action so as now [and] then almost to remind me of Mrs Siddons – she was one of Napoleon’s flames, and at his last return from Leipzig he is said by Le Chevalier to have slept between her and her sister in a room above that in which was the Empress.⁶⁶ She was wonderfully applauded, but did not please so much as Talma, whose action and expression is superior to anything I ever saw – his madness in the close terrified me, and produced every effect of the sublimest poetry, although I scarcely heard distinctly a single line. He occasionally dares being so loud, sudden, and vehement, as a London audience would not bear. His declamation I do not like, but that is because I like no declamation.

⁶³: Tragedy by Racine, 1667.

⁶⁴: Mlle. Georges’ real name was Joséphine Weimer. She had been a mistress of Napoleon was now – like Giuseppina Grassini (see 28 Sep 1817) – the mistress of Wellington, whom she described as *de beaucoup le plus fort*.

⁶⁵: *Recollections* (I 107) confirms our worries about Lady Dorchester by having “Andromaque-Talma in Orestes and Mlle. Georges in Hermione”, as if there were an actor called “Andromaque-Talma”, and two plays called “Orestes” and “Hermione”.

⁶⁶: “Emperor” (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

After *Andromaque* we saw the *Barbier de Seville*⁶⁷ – I did not like [it] so well as the suite *D'un Bal Masqué*.⁶⁸

Wednesday April 27th 1814: After breakfast I called on Kinnaird, who was not at home, and going to the Hotel de l'Europe rue de Richelieu for Count Bernsdorff, found him not there. Thence I walked to the Imperial Library, nearly opposite our hotel – an old building, 300 years old, suites of long, high apartments encompassing a quadrangle three sides of, of two stories, filled with books of many parts, fully ranked. Over the gate of entrance is the word “Bibliothèque”, with the holes where the word “Impériale” was seen a few days ago. The rules of the institution, pasted up in the chambers still, wear the sign of the fallen dynasty. There were in the principal chamber eight or ten long tables surrounded by students reading or copying. A lady and a little girl were researching out volumes in one of the cases. There is nothing magnificent in the appearance of the apartments. The cases are of wire net.

Grattan joined me – we looked at the immense spheres which rise from the first storey in one of the chambers, through the floor, into the higher range of apartments. Grattan was most pleased by the celestial, I by the terrestrial, sphere – returning, we were addressed, or we spoke to, a secretary or attendant or librarian, who showed us some of the old first editions – the Boccaccio, for another copy of which Lord Blandford laid out his enormous sum – the Mayence Grammar (of eleven leaves) for a similar copy of which Lord Spencer's agent at Frankfurt gave the other day 1,900 florins – two or three Caxtons, one supposed the first book printed, in England, in which I saw a letter from Clifford of Lincoln's Inn to the owner of it. In this letter Mr Clifford remarks that the chapter in the work entitled “Peccata Britannicum” makes mention of crimes for which our country was not distinguished in the fifteenth century. I looked, and saw that this chapter, page 130 something, charged the English, amongst many other crimes with “peccatum sodomiticum” – “That”, Goldsmith's dreamer says to Dame Quickly, “is vastly true – as far as vice is concerned one age is pretty much

⁶⁷: Comedy by Beaumarchais, 1773. To have *Andromaque* and *Le Barbier* on a double bill is excellent value – plus a ballet!

⁶⁸: Presumably a balletic interlude.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

like another.” The librarian showed us the first edition of Shakespeare’s minor poems.

He told us that it had always been the habit to say that there were 900,000 volumes in the Library and that he had said so himself thirty years ago, but that in 1791 the books were numbered and found to be 150,000 only – since that time, however, no doubt the collection has been increased to 400,000, as besides various other resources, and the addition of every new book printed in Paris, the library had had the pickings out of 400,000 volumes found in the libraries of the monasteries of the capital. The revenues annually amount to 50,000 francs. The spoil of the Vienna library amounted to 200 books and Mss. and all. The librarian told me that the librarian at Vienna was the cause of the fifty oriental Mss. being brought to Paris – Denon, who knew no Arabic, asked for twelve Mss. Volumes, which the German hesitated to point out, and threw such difficulties in the way of selection that Denon said, that the case being so, he would take all and make the choice at Paris. The librarian cited the taking of Tippoo Sahib’s library by the English, and a similar robbery by the regent Bedford, as an excuse for the conduct of the French in seizing literary treasures. I made our interlocutor an offer of my *Travels*, which to my surprise he said the library was in possession of, and had lent out [and] read, they being much admired. Mr Dibdin had transmitted the work.

Leaving the library, I walked into the Palais Royale and amused myself with the advertisements pasted upon the pillars: “*Repas modeste, déjeuner* 1 franc, *diner* 1 franc 30 sous” – also with the little apartments in which several well-dressed men were very gravely seated in a row on high benches, having their boots blacked and reading papers or pamphlets.

I bought an abusive life of Bounaparte, went home, read part of it, and then drove in the carriage with Grattan to the Elysian Fields – a poor place to be so named, vastly inferior to Kensington Gardens. The alleys⁶⁹ of trees thin and scanty. We saw the Elysée Bourbon, the favourite residence of Napoleon, not very unlike in kind to the Rangers House in Green Park, now inhabited by the Emperor of Russia, whose giant grenadiers we saw stationed at the gates looking into the suburbs on the other side. Walking down the street of the suburb we came to the hotel inhabited by the Emperor

⁶⁹: “Allies” (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

of Austria, and passing a street to the right by the superb hotel, which has the inscription "Hotel du duc d'Átrantès", crossed again into the Champs Elysées, taking a look to our left at the grand range of buildings, formerly the guard *meubles* lining one side of the Place de la Concorde, once the Place de Louis XV, now the Place Royal between the end of the garden of the Tuileries and the entrance of the Champs Elysées. Part of this building on the left of the Rue de la Concorde is now the Hotel de la Marne, and has the telegraph on the top of it – that in the right is inhabited by individuals – the treasures were all pillaged in the revolution.

The spot on which stood the guillotine of Louis, and his family, and of Robespierre, is a little higher than the surrounding ground – in the middle of the open space – Napoleon intended to have erected a statue there. Louis, like Charles,⁷⁰ was executed in sight of his own palace.

The Place de Grève was between the pillars which we saw yesterday at the barrière St Antoine – there fell the greater number of victims. We went into the Elysian Fields and, seeing a crowd, crossed over the main road, or Avenue de Neuilly, to enquire the cause, [and] found a guard of Russian grenadiers escorting two of their fellow-soldiers bound with cords. They had just been quarrelling at a wine-house and abused the woman. The vultures of the National Guard had endeavoured to secure them, and were disarmed themselves. The Russians with the taken muskets severely bruised one of the guard, and gave the woman a mortal wound in the head. They will be shot directly. A Russian the other day stole a cow – he was taken, tried, and in half an hour shot in the court of the *corps du garde* in the Place de Vendôme.

We walked up by the Avenue de Neuilly to the barrière, where was a Russian guard. On our left we saw two or three summer *traiteurs*, and tea- or coffee-gardens, and a woody park belonging to a Monsieur Marbeuf, formerly, now to Monsieur Breteuil. From the barrier is a fine view down the avenue of part of the capital – crossing through it a little above, we saw the unfinished work of the great triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, intended to be called the Arc des Chariots. It is raised two-thirds of its intended height or more from the ground, and both from its present

⁷⁰: Charles I, executed in Whitehall.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

appearance and the vast quantity of stone cut lying about it, seems to have been intended for an enormous structure. Wall work had been raised in and about with loop-holes for muskets, towards the projected defence of Paris.

From the height of the arch we saw, beyond us to the left part of the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, the ride of the Parisian cockneys. We returned partly down the avenue of Neuilly, but struck off to the right, through a suburb to the banks of the Seine, and had a view of the new bridge of Jena, and of the unfinished building intended for the palace of the King of Rome, opposite to the Champs de Mars on the other side of the river. We came back by the avenue called the Course de la Reine, because it had been sanded for the convenience of the Queen when travelling in labour towards the Pont de la Concorde, and had a striking view of the palace of the legislative body (an ancient temple) rising through its grove of trees!!! – a little spoilt by its slated roof. We then crossed the Place Royal into the Tuileries Gardens and saw the assembly of male and female gendarmes⁷¹ in the semicircular bench under the bank, called “La petite Pologne”, and farther on the readers of newspapers under the trees near the fountains and statues.

From the gardens we walked through the town to Erignon’s, where we dined and had variety of viands and a bottle of Vougeant and White Hermitage, in ice, for twenty francs, waiter included. At the next table was a party talking against the Bourbons. One pock-marked young man mentioned “that poor creature of a king”, but his discontent was soon accounted for by his owing he had not 100 louis.

Grattan went to a theatre, I come home.⁷² Wrote a letter to Byron and the journal of today. Cold – fire.

Thursday April 28th 1814: We went to the Museum of Natural History, the Garden of Plants on the other side of the Bridge of Austerlitz. Called on the Abbé Häny, and found him at dinner at two o’clock on a simple repast of bread, radishes, and fruits and oranges, with a small glass of liqueur or wine, from which he rose as active as if he had not dined. He did not recollect me. After dinner he went with us into the pot-houses of which there are many suites. Meeting Lord Sligo, I introduced the Abbé to him and his party, Sir W. Cummings and Mr King – two naturals, apparently. The Abbé took us into the Galleries of Natural History The collection of stuffed animals is very

⁷¹: This word looks like “quidrunes”.

⁷²: H. and Grattan may be finding one another’s company a strain.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

great. We saw Cuvier, a vulgar-looking man, arranging some of the cases. In one case is the petrification of an animal totally unknown, found in the quarries of ⁷³ near Paris. The mineralogical specimens – the Abbé Häny's work – are in one room, and amount to 5,500, about, in value 15,000 francs. They were arranged last year in six months by the Abbé at the wish of the Emperor. There is not a duplicate in the collection – nothing can be more explicit and exact than the disposition and description of each specimen. Napoleon added a gallery to the museum, and increased its funds. He came but very seldom to the gardens. The rooms were full of soldiers and other visitors, it being one of the open days of the Museum. We took leave of the Abbé.

Lord Sligo told me some curious stories of Lady Hester⁷⁴ Stanhope, who has been thrice into the desert, and entered Palmyra in triumph, a fête having been prepared for her, and being continued by the Arab chief several days. It seems she was recognised as the daughter of the great Pitt. The Pasha of Cairo entertained her in his harem.

Lord Sligo was at Munich last Christmas.⁷⁵ The King⁷⁶ had him to live familiarly with him, and treated him with the greatest kindness. He would not even receive the title due to his rank – he invited him to breakfast with him, in order to show him his medals in his cabinet, and said “Venez en frac ou je vous chasserai”. Lord Sligo dined with him en famille, and then said, “Si je puis le dire, Sire, il me semble que vous n'étiez parfait pour être roi”. – “I'll tell you the truth,” said the King. “I feel much embarrassed with my situation – I can't help recollecting that I was formerly a private man – I began a Captain in the French service”, (he was son of the duc de Deux Ponts) “and have risen gradually to my kingly rank”. He showed Lord Sligo a frame in which were set the pictures of six of his children. He made these six enter and make obeisances to Lord Sligo – “Voilà,” said he, “mes six precieuses!”

Lord Sligo was shown by him the portraits of his younger children, and a young man in a green uniform, who, he was told by the king, was his son-in-law the Viceroy, and asked His Majesty if there was no hopes of his taking part in the governance. “Why,” replied the King, “I will tell you the fact. I sent my aide-de-camp to him with propositions of the most flattering nature,

⁷³: Ms. gap.

⁷⁴: “Esther” (Ms.)

⁷⁵: H. writes the word in full! Normally he'd have “Xmas”.

⁷⁶: The King of Bavaria.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

to which he answered that if he had a foot of land of his own he would not hesitate to declare against Napoleon, whose fall he was convinced was necessary for the peace of the world; but being only the Emperor's servant and soldier, he would die sooner than desert his standard – "And this", said the King, "I am sure he would do". The Viceroy was offered the Duchy of Parma – he is now to have something – he has beaten Bellegarde and taken 180 cannon in two engagements. Murat has held back until the news of the last great reverse of Napoleon. The King asked Lord Sligo to visit him on his return from Vienna – and this Lord Sligo did, and was received with the same kindness as before. His Majesty showed him his stud, and being persuaded of Sligo's taste by his selecting three horses which were the King's favourites, begged him to choose for himself twelve horses, ten mares, and two stallions in England.

Mr King had accompanied the armies in their march upon Paris. He related some horrible instances of barbarity on the part of the Cossacks. Bidwell tells me that from Chatillon to this place the ground is as bare as the palm of his hand. At Basle Lord Sligo knew Colloredo, who was there convalescent of a wound in his thigh. He told Lord Sligo that he was determined to quit the Prince of Hesse-Homburg, under whose command he was, and marching with his corps across the country, put himself under the command of Lord Wellington – this was his greatest ambition. So far from having any jealousy, he should obey him if told to leap out of the window.

We looked at some of the beasts in the Gardens, and amongst others at the bears – a large brown bear climbed up a tree before us. The same animal killed a man the other day, who, seeing something he took for a franc, descended by a ladder into his court. The bear in the most dextrous manner placed himself between the man and the ladder until he caught his captive, squeezed him to death, and there ate him. These gardens must be a delightful lounge for citizens and strangers.

We dined at Grignon's, and in the evening, taking a *premier*, but getting into the gallery by some trick or mistake, I went to the Français and saw the first representation of a play, *Ulyssé*, which in spite of Talma, Georges, Mlle Duschenois,⁷⁷ who played Telemachus, and some *mots de circonstances*,

⁷⁷: Both Georges and Duschenois had been mistresses of Napoleon, a fact which H. probably does not know.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

was very near being hissed. The audience did break out in the fourth and fifth acts, when Telemachus spoke a poem relating to the deaths of the Suitors. Whistling, it seems, is the most decided proof of damnation. A woman who sat next to me, old, stinking, talkative, and warm, in her manner personally to me, who had been in England and knew Talma and others, told me that a bishop a friend of hers had been at Nouverre in the Bouborinis⁷⁸ when Napoleon passed by – he was recognised by the people, who cried “Vive l’Empereur Napoleon!” but were repressed by his putting out his hand with a motion of commanding silence. She told me that of the soldiers in some department, only two had mounted the white cockade.

I was tired, and went home before the farce was over. Vaux arrived today.

Napoleon passed through St Supplice attended only by four dragoons in a carriage with General Bertrand followed by a carriage with the four commanders.⁷⁹

Friday April 29th 1814: I rose at seven, and set out early with Grattan in our carriage for St Cloud, two leagues distant. We went by the side of the Seine, by the beginnings of the palace intended for the King of Rome, and passing over the new stone bridge of Jena, built by Napoleon, drove along a stone *chausée* between trees to St Cloud, before entering which we crossed over a stone bridge over the Seine a second time. We breakfasted dearly at a *restaurateurs* in the village upon the parade, after walking along the avenues on the bank, and being reminded a good deal of the situation of Richmond.

The chateau rose before us in a sort of hanging grove, embosomed in trees. We ascended the slope and entered the gates of the palace, being in uniform. The Austrian grenadiers on guard at the headquarters of Prince Schwartzberg, now established at this place, presented arms. We spoke to the concierge, and were accompanied by him into the mansion, which has nothing at all magnificent in its exterior and runs round three sides of a rectangle. The view, however, which it commands of the city of Paris and its environs, is most delightful. The exterior court within the rails is called the Place d’Orleans. It belonged to the duc D’Orleans who parted with it to the Queen Marie Antoinette in 1782. Cardinal Mazarin composed the building of three houses belonging to financiers and it was inhabited by Monsieur,

⁷⁸: Conjectural reading.

⁷⁹: Last sentence added later.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

brother to Louis XIV. At the revolution it was partially unfurnished, and made national property in 1795. A *restaurateur* lived in part of the rooms. On the 18th brumaire – 10th October 1798 – the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred were transferred to it. The first sat in the large salon adjoining the Apollo Gallery, the second in the Orangery. Murat guarded the stone bridge, and when Napoleon, upon his first rebuff, rode furiously down the hall crying out “Je suis le dieu de la guerre, je suis le dieu de la guerre!” was the first that stopped his flight and caused him to turn back.

In 1800 Napoleon made St Cloud his mansion, and removed his court there, where it has usually remained from May to November. He furnished all the apartments, more of which have yet been disarranged but remain as he left them. The famous Apollo Gallery is a long room with thirt⁸⁰een windows on each side and two at the end, richly painted and ornamented with representations of the royal chateaux of France. At the end was a magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain, blue, of an immense size [] with gilded handles &c.

The apartments inhabited by the Emperor and Empress are in the last style of elegance as to furniture. We saw the saloon adorned with pictures of all the female branches of the Imperial family, excepting the Emperor's⁸¹ mother, and some of his children. The handsomest were Hortense queen of Holland and the Queen of Naples – Buonaparte's connection with his sisters is generally known – my old woman at the play last night alluded to it.

In another room is the picture by David, of Buonaparte ascending Mount St Bernard on horseback. On the rock beneath the horse is written “Karolus – Annibal – Bonaparte”. In the background are troops dragging up cannon. Louis our *lacquey* said that Bonaparte's cannon on that occasion were only wood *bronzed* – that he had been twenty times on the path, and that it could not be ascended by more than one man or mule at a time. The picture is a masterpiece, and is the original of the one that was at the Invalides. The horse is in the act of rearing – the feet of the rider are sticking to his flanks – his cloak is wrapped round him by the wind, so that his face is inclined

⁸⁰: See previous entry, penultimate paragraph.

⁸¹: “Empress” (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

downwards as if by an effort to resist the tempest. The hero looks young and thin.

In another apartment we saw a set of designs representing the fête given at the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, and here also, I believe, was a gilt car with light blue relief cushions, in which the King of Rome was formerly drawn about the park by two sheep. A crown was on the canopy above, and the Imperial arms were nicely gilt in the diminutive panels. The “N”s, with “L” and “M”, were frequently observable in the rooms.

We were taken into Napoleon’s library, a room which not even any of the servants ever approached, but which was cleaned out by the *garde du porte feuile*. The room was very simple and the books and bookcases like what might be met with in the library of a private individual; very few finely bound volumes were discernible. A catalogue of the collection, by no means a numerous one, was upon the table. The number of volumes may be about 5,000. The cases had no net roofs or other coverings. One department seemed to consist entirely of histories of campaigns and treatises on military subjects – this kind of reading indeed was dispersed in every part of the library. Of history there was a great variety, chiefly modern. I did not see one Latin or Greek author, and only [one] Italian, which was *Annali d’Italia*. Histories of England and Ireland were frequent – there was also in two little volumes with dirty covers duodecimo, Grattan said much thumbed, an account of the disturbances and dissensions between England and Ireland. One of the newest books there was *L’Art de Manier la Lance*, a thin quarto. Several collections of maps were lying on the table. A Plutarch’s Lives in French was almost the only classical author that I observed. A French life of Queen Elizabeth of England by a woman was in his collection. *Les amours du grand Alcandre*, 2 vols duodecimo, was there, and had evidently been read. I found the ribbon and a leaf turned down at a place in which mention is made of the son of Louis XIII – Louis XIV. It is now said that Napoleon wished to give out that he was descended from the *Masque de fer* – *Gil Blas* and *Don Quichotte* were in another case.

It was either in this library or in that at Grand Trianon that I saw the 2 vols duodecimo called “History of the Descents made in England”. There were on the chimney-place on each side of the clock a bust of Scipio and a

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

bust of Hannibal – but there was not a picture in the room except a small one painted at Constantinople of Sultan Selim III.

Our attendant told us that Napoleon had not his meals at any regular time – that when he sat up very late with his ministers he never disturbed the Empress by going to bed to her – that he was usually up by five in the morning even when he went to bed at two – and sometimes at three – always employed with his ministers – we heard the same account at Trianon.

There was a portion of the park near the palace railed off for the Emperor's use, and this no-one except of the Imperial family approached.

In another room we saw a pretty plan in wood of the *Batterie Napoleon at Cherbourg*.

We were much pleased with St Cloud, although, as an Imperial residence, it is, the prospect excepted, nothing very admirable. Getting into our carriage, we drove to Versailles, through woods chiefly, and having views of the great *chasse* belonging to the crown of France. As forest scenery it has nothing comparable to Windsor, although it may be more expensive, as we were told the great park wall is twenty leagues in circumference and that of the little park seven.

Arrived at Versailles, we drove through the town to the *Grand Hotel des Reservoirs*, which was formerly the house of Madame de Pompadour, and immediately set out with an old emeritus marine, who had been prisoner in England at the coronation of King George!!! We walked through some of the straight wide alleys of the park and ascending a little through vistas in the woods, for a mile and a half perhaps, came to the Grand Trianon. This mansion, which was the favourite retreat of Madame de Pompadour and her captive King, having been entirely neglected at the revolution, was refitted and entirely furnished by Napoleon, who inhabited it in the spring five or six different times, but never more than seventeen days. It was intended for his residence and that of the Empress when on hunting parties. Mansard was supposed to have been the architect of this palace, as well as Versailles. It is well-situated, on a height commanding fine prospects of the neighbouring woods and gardens. In the chief saloon are many pictures, and one very beautiful of Mlle de Fontanges. The furniture is in the same exquisite taste as that at St Cloud – they show an apartment in which every pattern was chosen by Napoleon himself – it is in the first taste and elegance. One only carpet is

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

old and preserves the *fleur de lys*, another carpet has the fly (or bee) the emblem of Napoleon in his arms – representing activity. we saw “N.”s and “M.L.”^{s82} enough.

A large body of curious, who were with us and had with them a distressing atmosphere, prevented our researches being very patient. We went through, however, all the numerous rooms – the Empress’s suite, and the Emperor’s suite – we saw his library and his cabinet, which contained also books. These books were better bound than those at St Cloud. They were many of them voyages and travels, Millin, for example, *Le Jeune Anabasis*, *Bonaparte’s Expedition to Egypt* and [an] account of that campaign by General of Siverin^{s83} Berthier. *Tableau de l’Empire Ottoman*, 2 vols folio – Vancouvre’s voyages – the little book *De Fleuris Europe*, by Louis XV, in which was written on the title page “e dono Lud XV authoris” and underneath in French, “Les mots ‘e dono’, &c., sont de la propre main de Louis XV”. This book I might have stolen, and had a mind to steal. Berthier’s book and Bonaparte’s Egypt were in red morocco, all bound – either here or in the cabinet was a French Machiavel. One case in the library contained large folios and thick quartos – *Le Moniteur Universelle – Corps de diplomatie*. In another place was *Les Droits des Gens*. His cabinet had a red bound copy of Voltaire, some light reading, *Contes de la Fontaine*, several volumes of *comptes rendus* upon the decrees of his courts addressed to himself (“Sire” – “Votre Majesté Impériale”) – five essays on the Code Napoleon, and other books connected with his own government, all of them in morocco, with the Imperial arms upon them – Treatises on the Finances of the Kingdom. The cabinet was a small room; either here or in another apartment were prints of naked nymphs not in the most decent posture and a Leda – and an Antiope.

I observed here that the concierge and a French soldier of the 56th regiment did not at all relish a foolish question of Grattan’s, who asked, “Est-ce que l’Empereur se battait [] a sa femme?” The officer looked a deal of silence – the servant said, “Parbleu Monsieur – ou est-ce que vous allez?”

Leaving the Grand Trianon, we went a little distance to the Petit Trianon. This is a small house which was in the possession of a *traiteur* during the

^{s82}: “L.M.s” (Ms.) This would signify “Louisa Maria” rather than the correct order.

^{s83}: Conjectural reading.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

revolution, but has been refitted and refurbished by Napoleon, who, however, never came there. I forgot to mention, in the Grand Trianon, a slab and basin of malachite, very large and precious, which Alexander gave Napoleon at Tilsit. The Jardin anglais, as well as the Jardin français of the Petit Trianon are truly delightful. We wandered about then some time, by the winding gravel walks, by the side of the pieces of water, and near the rustic houses built to adorn the spot. The grounds have all been put into order by Napoleon – the Empress used to walk in them. That which distinguishes them from English gardens is meeting with a tower, cottages, boats, and theatre, and an open pavilion with a statue in the midst. The names of the trees are attached to many shrubs. The fruit and herb gardens of Trianon seemed extensive and in great preservation.

From Trianon we walked downwards towards the Chateau of Versailles. We had before passed the piece of water from which the famous *jets d'eau* sprang⁸⁴ – they were now not in motion, but I cannot help thinking too much is said of them. We turned down a broad straight alley to the large piece of water, or rather the two large pieces of water which are seen from the grand terrace of the palace. The second is an immense sheet spreading in a straight line nearly as far as the woods allow the eye to reach. The grass and gravel walks are kept in excellent repair. The regularity of the alleys is indeed distressing, but the trees are very fine and the underwood very thick. The nearer basin is set round with marble statues, and the grand vista from the terrace to the water is lined with statues and marble vases on each side – this has a rich but bizarre appearance.

The *bosquets*, as they are called, are enclosed groves, to which the entrance is through a wicket or iron rail, of which some gardens have the opening perquisite. One is the *bosquet de colonnades* – so called on account of an open circular colonnade with a group of statues in the midst – and another, *le bosquet d'Apollon*, in which, under a thick grove in a large artificial rock, there are three excellent groups of figures, men and horses. The colonnade is from a plan of Mansard by La Pierre, the role of Proserpine in the middle of it by Girardon. The three nymphs in front and the Apollo in the rock [are] by the same sculptor, the three nymphs behind Apollo by

⁸⁴: “sprung” (Ms.)

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Regnaudin, the tritons with the horses in each side cavern by Gurin and Marry, the setting of the sun is represented by the whole set of figures. When the waters stream down the rock the effect must be superb.

We now mounted upwards to the grand terrace, and saw the immense facade of the palace, the length of which, including the two sides of the projecting square in front, is 3,600 feet. The whole of this front, which was going fast to ruin, has been cleaned and scraped by Napoleon. It produced on us a strong effect, and gave a true notion of an imperial mansion. I presume no other palace was ever constituted on so vast a scale – the statues on the entablature of the building add to the magnificence of its appearance.

Here it is, indeed, “*proud Versailles*” – the view which it commands over parks and woods with the long line of water in front, the four ground[s] embellished with gardens and a handsome tower, &c. &c. &c. &c.

We descended the steps of the terrace towards the town, and then turned into the great orangery beneath the terrace, through the ranges of whose orderiferous trees we walked, accompanied by an old woman who told us that there were 800 orange trees in the conservatory and that 400 had been taken away to St Cloud and the two Trianons – that they were bitter oranges, and that the flowers were annually sold by the government, producing last year 4,000 *livres* at forty-eight *sous* the pound. One tree, she said, was 4, another 500 years old. We went to the front of the palace now in ruins, the left wing of which Louis XV had intended to build on a handsome plan, and the whole of which was this year to have been begun by Napoleon – the stones are now lying on the ground in readiness for the workmen. We got into the palace and were led through immense suites of apartments, large and lofty but in utter ruin. The revolutionists converted it to a barrack – the gilding, which adorns every apartment, except in one or two rooms, is from the pictures and structures torn and faded. Napoleon’s artists have been trying their hand at repairing both the one and the other, and have succeeded very tolerably after the specimen of their capacity. The Emperor intended to repair the whole of the ornaments, and begin this summer. The windows were to have been filled up with grand squares of glass, of which there is also a specimen shown.

We saw the gallery room in which Louis XIV died. From the balcony of this room [we] were told that Louis XVI presented himself to the fishwomen

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

of Paris – it is part of the ruined front looking on the town. Our conductor said there were more than 5,000 chambers in the palace – so indefinitely do folks talk.

We left the palace, returned to the town, Thence to Paris where we arrived by six o'clock – dined at Grignon's. I came home and wrote yesterday's and today's journal.

Grattan went to the opera. He is the most wrong-headed, perverse *étourdi* I ever met, and the most good-natured. I keep no terms of civility with him, but break out into constant fits of abuse, and so in another way show myself as great a fool as himself. It would never do to live with a man who should encourage this habit.

I find a letter from Castlereagh inviting me to dinner.

Saturday April 30th 1814: Vaux called on me – I went with him, and his pupil Sturt and a Mr Hincks, to Montmartre, the heights of which were carried by the Russians in the battle of Paris, and on which four pieces of cannon were placed only. On Belleville the great range of French artillery was planted, and there the Allies were repulsed. The plain between the two eminences, interlaced with ditches and garden walls and houses, seemed to me perfectly accessible. There are no signs of a battle having been fought on the spot, except a fine layer of straw and other tokens of bivouac on the sides of the hills. The cossacks lately encamped on these heights and those of Belleville have been marched away, but Cossacks are the most numerous troops now seen about the town.

From Montmartre we had a bird's eye view of the plain towards St Denis, which appeared close to us. Our lacquey told us that after the battle it was covered with dead - but he said at the same time that the number of French defending Montmartre was not more than 800.

We walked from Montmartre across the corner of the suburbs and town to the place of the corps legislatif. The scaffolding which I saw there the first day I now find was used only in taking down the inscription of Napoleon le Grand – the reliefs are left and the word "Austerlitz" on the standard. Louis tells me that until two years ago, on the sculptures on the triumphal arch in the Place de Carrousel, Napoleon was represented with his hat on taking the keys of the conquered towns from suppliants with their hats off. Every one cried shame, and the alteration was made in favour of politeness.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

We looked at the interior of the palace of the legislative body; asking when the assembly would sit again, we received for answer “nous n’en scavons rien” – the common reply here to political questions.

We went to the Louvre gallery where I saw Stratford Canning, Wellesley Pole and others and admired again the picture of the transfiguration. Returning by the triumphal arch and of the Place de Carrousel, saw that they had taken down the inscriptions under the different reliefs – “Capitulation d’Ulm”, “entrée a Munich” &c. This is certainly the most wise and moderate scheme for the abolition of Napoleon’s memorials. For the first time to day I saw that there is a figure of Napoleon crowned by fame in the concave of the arch.

In the passage between the Louvre and the Tuileries we saw a man haranguing on the efficacy of his oils and powders for encouraging whiskers, moustachios, and hair in general. A poor little fellow with his hair powdered and tied in a tight thick *queue* was standing before him as a living monument of the efficacy of his nostrums, which he presented to the smell of sundry of his auditors. The man himself had his hat off, his short hair powdered and clipped, and his whiskers frized out to aid the imposture. Whilst I was looking on a fellow with some pamphlets in his hand addressed me – I told him I wanted none of his wares – when he added, “Monsieur, vous ne m’entendez pas – voudriez vous des livres de poliçonnerie?”

I went home. Meeting with Colonel Cooke and he not speaking, I called on him in our carriage and on Sir Charles Stewart, then returned went to Grignon’s and dined.

Grattan told me of Corry that he went out like the snuff of a candle, quite unlamented, whilst at Brighton. Corry called on his father, with whom he had fought. Mr Grattan determined on letting him in, although his family were against it: “the stage on which they had contended,” said Grattan, “was sunk - the constitution which had been the question of their quarrel in the grave”. Now my fellow traveller said this quite quietly and easily – he convinces me that speaking is a decisive habit, independent of talent or other application. A man who sets himself to excel in oratory must collect a sufficient number of [] to succeed. Young Grattan tells me he got medals for classical and mathematical learning at Dublin College – now he said the plural number of *regnum* was *regni*, and he couldn’t work out a common

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

multiplication sum. He went to a lady this evening – I came home and talked politics with Louis, who tells me there are 60,000 people in Paris who ought not to be here.

Today in the paper I read the adieu of Eugene Beauharnais to the French troops in service, and the memorial of respect presented to him by the French generals before their departure from France. The Viceroy still seems to think that part of the Italian states will stand by him. His proclamation is from Mantua, 10th April. Venice, Palma, Nava [?] and other strong places are given up to the Austrians, and a suspension of arms is agreed upon for ten, or a certain number of days.

Soult's proclamation to his soldiers and adherence, or adhesion as they call it, to the new government, appeared two days ago. It is reported that he would have been declared a rebel had he delayed. In the paper of today is a programme of the fête on the king's entry – Louis is at *Compiègne* – one of the state carriages went out to meet him today.

The man who showed us the salons of the palace of the legislative body today told us that the Emperor of Austria, on seeing the portrait of Maria Louisa, said, "Ah, voilà ma fille!" – "Il avoit les larmes aux yeux," said the man.

I see looking at the accounts of the fêtes given on Napoleon's marriage that Monsieur Rougemont wrote a piece for the Salle de l'Odeon entitled "le mariage de Charlemagne". I presume this is the same person who wrote the *soupir de Henri quatre* the other night, which I saw delivered at the Vaudeville.

Sunday May 1st 1814: This morning at eleven o'clock, Grattan and I put on our regimentals and went to the Tuileries. There were many English there. We were shown through several magnificent apartments filled with regimentals – the Salle des Maréchaux, where are full length portraits of all the marshals of the Empire and the busts of some generals. All the marshals look like ruffians. In the antechamber I saw the originals of some of these worthies – Macdonald, and General Dupart, the present minister of war – he did not look like a gentleman. Dupart had breeches and topped boots with his gold uniform. The marshals had red and blue ribbons.

In the long gallery next to the saloon are pictures of Napoleon's battles, in most of which the Emperor makes a conspicuous figure. One of the entry into Cairo is dreadfully minute as to representation of slaughter – a naked

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

savage is fighting with a French cuirassier, and supporting a handsome boy who is dying from a wound in his neck; the gash is completely true and horrid to the life. The taste of having such pictures in such a place was fairly enough canvassed by some near me. One of the old paintings on the ceiling represents a nymph in the act of succumbing under her shepherd. I was introduced by Lord Castlereagh to Monsieur, but had not a word from either minister or Prince – H.R.H. was however exceedingly affable. He has a lively eye and a great expression of softness. He passed from the Salle des Maréchaux to the gallery through a *haie* of us – many gave him petitions. He spoke to everyone as he passed, and some of his old adherents (apparently) would hardly let him go, but held him by the arm with an affectionate force. Methought the French marshals and generals looked sour upon us English “soldiers”.

A gentleman who conversed with a Mr Crawford, Grattan and myself, told us that he had met Napoleon at Moulins – three carriages were before him, which was accompanied by thirty or forty cavalry. The post-boys – he had two or four horses – cried out to the stranger’s carriage to draw up, which was done, and as they passed, cried repeatedly “Vive l’Empereur Napoleon!” – which was answered by the post-boy of my gentleman. Napoleon had General Bertrand and no other in the carriage with him. His eyes were intent upon a book – a mile behind were 200 hundred Cossacks. He did not pass through Lyons, but changed horses by the road a little out of the way – ten carriages followed him – General Druot and another general besides Bertrand were of his suite. This gentleman flattered us English as the saviours of Europe – this is the common language from friends – the military look upon us askance.

After the *levée* we drove to Bagatelle through the Bois de Boulogne, which disappointed me. The bucks riding were miserable horsemen, and some of them in cocked hats – the wood is a good deal of it shrubby – the Prater of Vienna is vastly preferable. The English garden of Bagatelle is very beautiful indeed – it was repaired by Napoleon. It is no great size but is excellently laid out. It fronts the hill and house called Calvaire. Below winds the Seine. The House is small and contains nothing worth seeing.

Returning, we went into one of the suburbs to an English garden called Mossu or Musso – this is in a larger scale than Bagatelle, and is thrown open

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

to everyone. It has pieces of winding water, temples, ruins, vistas, and statues, and is laid out in the best taste – some Russians were washing themselves and clothes in one of the streams. There was some decently dressed company lounging about the walks, and amongst them was to be observed a certain *propriété* to which the lower classes in England are a stranger.

We dined at Grignon's and afterwards went to the Feydeau comic opera. The Emperor of Austria was there. A gentleman in a box where I was sitting told me he had been at Neverre when Napoleon passed, and that the cries in his favour were excited by his guards, but that they had been partial. There was a good deal of acclamation tonight – I saw tonight another proof that as to actual surrender of individual interest the French are not so polite as the English.

Monday May 2nd 1814: This morning I was fussed about getting a place for tomorrow's ceremony. The king Louis XVIII is arrived at St Ouen, about a league from the barrière of the Faubourg St Denis. We went to Malmaison. As we were going, we met a large body of French troops, horse and foot, headed by the duc de Berri and the marshals, who had been reviewing them in the Bois de Boulogne. Regiment after regiment of cavalry passed us – amongst others the corps of cavalry composed of sons of the noblesse and the richest noblesse. called by Napoleon the Guard of Honour, whom he raised after making them individually pay for substitutes to the conscription – some as high as 1,200 francs. They were well-mounted and fine men, but had no appearance of gentlemen. They are, it is said, to continue in service. We saw also some of the old guard horse and foot of Napoleon – the eagles were in their buttons, &c. They were fine-looking men, as indeed the generality of French troops appear to me to be. Several thousands of these troops of the line are to be centred in and about Paris tonight for the ceremony of tomorrow. The duc de Berri pulled off his hat passing by us, Grattan being in uniform.

We crossed the bridge of Neuilly, which gives the most beautiful view on both sides of the Seine with its woody islands and green banks. We arrived at Malmaison – it is a small house with ugly pointed slate roofs. A sentinel was at the gate. The approach to the house has nothing magnificent – it is a

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

complete country spot of an English citizen. We were shown into the picture gallery and one other room – the Empress Josephine and Madame Louis Bonaparte with her son the grand duke of Berg being in the House. The gallery, though not large, is handsomely furnished, and contains some excellent pictures [including] four statues by Canova. The next room was an antechamber – the pianoforte with music books was in the gallery – the other chamber looked upon the lawn. Our conductress was an English woman who had been fifteen years in the Empress' service. She told me that Napoleon had been to see Josephine twice only since the separation – that Josephine was the most amiable of women, and that she talked of going to England. The Emperor of Russia had dined twice with her and stayed once till half-past eleven at night. She is to have, Kinnaird tells me, 1,000,000 of francs per annum secured to her.

From the gallery we went to her green- and hot-houses and plant garden, which is annually improved by a visit from Kennedy of Hammersmith. It is not very extensive, except the tulip bed. The grounds are tastily laid out in the English stile with windy walks and a serpentine piece of water. They are well-wooded, and adjoin a park on a declivity, which is also well stocked with trees.

From the walks of Malmaison we had a fine view of the aqueduct of Marly, and also of the chateau of St Germain. The rooms of the ground floor open upon the lawn. Malmaison was bought by Josephine whilst Napoleon was in Egypt – the pictures and statues are all purchased by herself.

We returned to Paris and I walked about, looking at the few preparations for the next day. I called on Baron Denon the traveller, to procure tickets for the Museum Napoleon to see the procession and troops in front of the Tuileries. He lives number 5 Quai Voltaire. He was not at home – in the evening I wrote him a polite note, which procured me the tickets in question.

I dined at Robert's, a restaurateur, the Jacquier of Paris, where dinners are dressed for parties only in private rooms. I was too late, but the party was well served for twenty-two francs, wine included. Knox, Doctor Davenport, Maddox, Crauford, Grattan and myself were the party. I sat drinking until twelve, and had an opportunity of seeing further proofs of the depravity of the Parisian females.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Thursday May 3rd 1814: I was up by eight, breakfasted, and went with Kinnaird,⁸⁵ Vaux, and Sturt his pupil, to number 3, a house opposite the Porte St Denis, up three pair of stairs, for a window for which three of us gave seventy-five francs. The Porte St Denis is the triumphal arch created with the prefect and ædiles of Paris to Louis XIV, *quod Trajectum as Mosam XIII datus cepit*. A painting of the arms of France supported by two Fames was on the top of the structure, and a large pasteboard painted and gilded hung from the centre of the arch upon a string, which appeared unable to support its weight, and which ran upon a pulley so as to elevate or let down the ornament. The windows were full of people decently dressed and chiefly females – carpets, sheets, and here and there a piece of embroidery hung in front of the houses under the casements of each storey. The narrowness of the streets reminded me of a Dutch picture.

About nine, or before, the national guard began to march through the gate towards the barrier where the King was to receive the keys of the town. These troops passed along for more than an hour without any intercession, and a portion of them proceeded to line the streets as far as we could see, towards the barrier on each side. The picquet of Russian grenadiers changing guard and marching along across the ranks was a strange, and to the French must have been an unwelcome, sight. The crowd began to thicken – the Paris municipality passed up the street towards the barrier – and also a procession of sixty or seventy girls, in white, of the bourgeoisie, with banners and flowers to compliment the duchesse* d'Angoulême.

It was not until past two o'clock that the first signs of the procession began to appear. The guard and the *gens d'armes*, on horseback exactly like our old blues, then began to form the *haie* on each side. Next was a good deal of pushing and squeezing and fighting in the crowd, and we had much laughter at seeing the ineffectual struggling of the folks on horseback and foot, who out of uniform tried to push up with the many military strangers and others that rode up the street. There came by next then an unconcerned Cossack. Two diligences from the city were unable to get through the gate. I could not help thinking how unhappy the travellers therein must feel themselves at leaving the capital on such a day.

Monsieur had told Lord Castlereagh at the *levée* on Sunday that he wished to spectacle to be entirely French, so of the English missions none of

⁸⁵: Lord Kinnaird, not Douglas.

⁸⁶: H. normally spells this word "Dutchess".

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

them went to the ceremony. Several English in uniform did, however, get forwards – amongst others Grattan, who hired one of our coach-horses.

National guard, *gen d'armes*, and cavalry of the line part of the old Imperial guard now began to march through the gates. The cries of “Vive le Roi!” were general enough and the waving of handkerchiefs cheering when the National Guard passed and recognized their friends in the windows – but the other soldiery were silent, notwithstanding the faint cries of “Vive la garde!” when Napoleon’s grenadiers of the guard and chasseurs passed by. There was something extremely military in the appearance of all the troops, and very much in that of the National Guard – their long coats, high cocked hats, and tall feathers of red produce an excellent effect. Eight of the carriages which held the provisional government and the grand almoner with others had each eight bay horses, and were very magnificent. One body in the procession was composed of the returned nobles of France – these were in the National Guard uniform, and were intoxicated with joy. The hints to applaud seldom came from any of the spectators. The King’s open carriage passed the gate at ⁸⁷ after two. It was drawn by eight white horses, each led by a groom. Marshal Berthier preceded it on a white charger – he looked old and undignified. Marshal Moncey, behind, was little-looking. A crowd of marshals and generals plastered with gold attended the carriage, also in the rear. The King was in the National Guard uniform – he looked well, but pale. His hat was off for the most part. On his left was the duchesse d’Angoulême in white – pale, long nose – face like Lady Westmoreland’s. Opposite was the Prince de Condé and the duc de Bourbon – a good-looking father and son. Monsieur rode at the right of the carriage, the duc de Berri at the left. A man in a uniform stepped out of the crowd and threw or put a petition into the carriage. It was received by the duchess, who placed it on the seat, which was covered with flowers. The King bowed at the acclamations, and put his hand to his breast – “Vive Henri Quatre” was played by the band and trumpets on the summit of the arch. The enthusiasm was nothing to that of a London mob.

After the King passed we were tired by the remainder of the procession, and whilst the regiments of the National Guard brought up the rear of it, fell

⁸⁷: Ms. gap.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

asleep. I wished to get to the Louvre, and took Kinnaird with me, but we were stopped at the end of the rue de Richelieu, and there mounting on a tub saw the cortege, King and all, again pass through the Rue St Honoré. We saw Madame Garnin's balloon in the air, which was let off as the King passed the Pont Neuf. Madame d'Angoulême, it is said, fainted twice during the ceremony. The King did not reach the Tuileries until nearly six o'clock. The troops were drawn up within the rails – His Majesty mounted on horseback – he bowed to the people when on foot.

Kinnaird and I dined at Beauvilliers. There I saw my friend Prince Reuss, who is going to England, and there spoke with an officer of the National Guard who spoke English, and had served with General Donne twenty-four [??] years. He told me that they were to have risen in La Vendée on the Sunday last but one in April, against Napoleon – all was fixed – nothing but the change prevented it. He said that a fortnight ago things were very uncertain at Paris – it was thought the King would not accept the constitution. Had he not, there would have been a civil war. He wished Wellington was in Paris with 25,000 men. He owned the Old Guard and many of the late Emperor's soldiers were for Napoleon still. Kinnaird tells me that there are 63,000 officers of the French army to be provided for – he has lately been giving away nought to Talleyrand! This man is so he says, despised by every body – and never lets go an opportunity of getting money. Kinnaird says that Metternich and the Emperor of Austria were always against going to Paris, and that the Emperor Alexander took the opportunity of Bonaparte intercepting the Austrian court [??] from headquarters to march to that capital.

Today at, St Ouen, Louis XVIII accepted of the constitution with a reserve of some articles – those relative to the Senate, which he says, were drawn up in too great haste to be fundamental laws of the Kingdom. It is said that he never accepted the constitution at Hartwell but only admitted the base of it.

After dining Kinnaird and I walked about the Tuileries – the facade of this was illuminated, and produced a good effect, the lights being reflected in the basin of water before it. The great walks were also illuminated, and the *jet d'eau* at the end of the garden played, its spring glittering in the lustre produced an agreeable effect - the fall of water streaming downwards looked

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

like a weeping willow of silver. The great show was the front of the Palais du corps legislative, which was illuminated in green and looked like a faery palace. A little before ten the fireworks on the Pont Louis XVI (formerly Pont de la Canard), in front of this palace, began to blaze out, and the mass of fire at the end of the exhibition was superior to anything I ever saw – *the river beneath was on fire with reflection*. Vast crowds were on the terraces of the Tuileries and in every neighbouring spot. There were letters-out of chairs in every walk, but by what right they introduced these commodities into the gardens I could not make out – yet a man who called himself “ancien officier” quarrelled with me for stepping over the rank of chairs and the people sitting on the ground and told me I was impertinent. Two ancient gentlemen took my part, and told me the man was a favourer of the fallen party – this is what every angry person now says of his antagonist. These gentlemen were from the south, of which part of France they said that one 1,000 could beat 3,000 Parisians, and that the Southerners were decidedly in favour of the Bourbons. They did not see how it was possible for an ancient noble to sit down with one of the new men.

I went home to bed, very much pleased with the day’s work.

Wednesday May 4th 1814: Began settling bills for leaving Paris – got 700 francs for £40 at Perrégaux.

At four, walked out to the Tuileries and came home in time to put myself nearer the Pont des Arts, just opposite the ground window of which the duchesse D’Angoulême was sitting in an armchair to the left, the King of France in one opposite to her. Standing between both and a little behind, the Emperor of Russia – behind the King, the Emperor of Austria standing – behind the duchesse, Monsieur – behind these the King of Prussia not visible, with the duc de Berri and some of the suite, about 30,000 – horse and foot – chiefly Russians, and all of the Guard passed with their music before the window – nothing could be more magnificent and striking, both as to their actual appearance and the extraordinary circumstances of the occasion of these fine troops.

I observed that almost all the officers of the Russian foot guards appeared very young boys. The Grand Duke Constantine headed one of the regiments. The cuirassiers made a warlike show – fifty pieces of artillery also passed. The troops were one hour and thirty-five minutes defiling. The

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Emperor Alexander seemed completely the master of the feast, and to feel the pride of conquest. He talked to the duchess repeatedly. "Vive le Roi!" was loudly and repeatedly shouted forth – and sometimes "Vive les Allies!"

But the curiosity of curiosities was Lord Wellington, on a white horse in a plain blue greatcoat and a white neckcloth and round hat, with his face nearly black with the sun. He was riding between General Stuart and Lord Castlereagh. His presence was known, and there was a great bustling and whispering – some French were, as I heard, going to cry "Vive Wellington!" I heard some woman say "Vive les Anglais!" Mr Leigh told me that when it was first known he was there the Kings and Emperors were prying to look at him. The duchesse d'Angoulême was pointing him out to them – many of the Russian officers were introduced to him – Platow and Lacken would hardly let his hand go – Platow said, "Had you been here we should have done this sooner". Wellington answered, "the business could not be in better hands." I felt for my own part an insatiable desire to see him, and ran many chances of being kicked and trampled to get near him. His cheeks are much fallen in – he wears a continual smile – some Englishmen, two, showed the most violent eagerness to get a look at him, and said as they pushed past me, rather roughly, "Oh for God's sake let's see him – I know you'll excuse us, Sir, for this" – they could hardly speak for emotion – two, *en bourgeois*, were introduced to him, and almost kissed the ground before his horse's feet. A gathering crowd followed him to his house. He is just (an hour ago) come from Toulouse, having travelled four nights successively. The English cavalry are, if permitted, to come through Paris. Lord Wellington said of the Russian cavalry, "Well, to be sure, we can't turn out anything like this. Sir Charles observed very truly that all the men were picked for the occasion.

I dined at Massinot's, the corner of the Place de Vendôme, with a party one of which was Wilmot, who married Lord Byron's cousin. At eleven, putting on regimentals, I went to Sir Charles Stewart's ball at the Hotel de Montesquiou, where was an assemblage of the most noted characters now on the stage of the civilized world. Lord Wellington, the Emperor of Russia, Marshall Blücher, Platow, the Prince Metternich, Schwartzberg, Barclay de Tolly, Stadion, the Prussian royal family (all but the King who is ill), the Bavarians royal princes, Wrede (a common-looking fellow) Lord

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

Castlereagh, and innumerable generals, Marshal Ney and many French officers of rank

I saw Blücher introduced by Sir Charles Stewart to Lord Wellington. They held each other's hand and there was a great deal of hearty smiling, but Sir Charles Stewart served to interpret between them, and I could hear nothing said. Blücher looked a little fuddled – he is thinner and taller than his picture would make one think, and has by no means an intelligent face – his mustachios he is fond of twirling – he kissed Lady Castlereagh's hand with *empressement*. There were French dances, English dances, and waltzes. The Emperor was in red – he waltzed⁸⁸ with the Maréchale Ney and la Maréchal Augereau, both nice-looking women. A French lady, seeing him with the first, said “Quoi? toujours elle? est-ce que il n'y en a pas que pour une!!?” He waltzed well. He took la Maréchale Augereau from Czernichef, who retired from his partner before his Czar, backwards and with a respect and fright truly oriental. To see the Emperor of all the Russias, the master of Caucasus and Paris, dancing at a ball given in the French capital by Sir Charles Stewart with the wives of two French Marshalls – !!! This was something, but my time was spent in vexation of spirit on account of the real or fancied scorn of some paltry acquaintances of mine.

I came home in Lord Sligo's carriage at five o'clock.

Thursday May 5th 1814: Headache. Vaux called, but forgot to pay me my fifty francs. I like a fool did not ask for them.

After much bustle Grattan and I set off from Paris at half-past five. We dined at St Denis the first stage, and whilst dinner was preparing, took a sight of the cathedral. This is a very superb building. It was gutted and unroofed and entirely pillaged at the French revolution, but Napoleon repaired it – it is not quite yet finished. The steps leading to the altar are of Carrara marble. In a case of wood is the altar at which Napoleon married Maria Louisa in the gallery of the Louvre. The whole work cost only two years labour – a striking evidence of the omnipotence of wealth. We went to the vaults beneath, and into that vault where was placed the coffin of Henry IV, whose body was found so little changed that a mask was taken of his face, and also fifty-four of the French Bourbons since that time of that

⁸⁸: Could be “walked”.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

monarch – all these were burnt in the yard of the cathedral in a pit with quicklime. The vault has been repaired, and a new opening been made to it by Napoleon.

He, with Cardinal Maury and Marshall Durve, visited the vault accompanied by our conductor and another sacristan, our man, who told us that Napoleon asked him where the body of Henry IV had been found, and on receiving the answer said, “C’est ici que j’ai fixé ma sepulture”, and indeed in the interior of the same vault in a right-hand angle of the walls we saw the very spot in which he then said he would be laid – the wall of the arch is there painted a light yellow, dotted with bees – his fleur-de-lys – which are half effaced by the damp. Napoleon remained a quarter of an hour in the vault, leaving the Empress in the church above – he made Maury speak to him concerning Henry IV, and also Louis XIV – both of whom he highly eulogised, but on the whole seemed to prefer Louis XIV. This visit to the tomb of Henry took place on the 5th of August 1811 – what is become of the party? one killed in battle – the other ejected from his cathedral chair – the hero himself dethroned.

We went into the sacristy and there saw the pictures by a French artist which represent the history of St Denis, beginning with the death of Dagobert, who founded it. Three only of the pictures are finished. The one at the head of the room was to have represented Napoleon amidst the ruins of the church giving orders for its restoration.

Leaving the abbey we went to the inn and dined poorly in the miserable coffee room. The Poles, who have been collected at St Denis by the order of Alexander, amused us during dinner-time by talking smut to the waiting girl. After dinner I spoke to one in the kitchen, who told me that the Grand Duke Constantine was to be made King of Poland.

We set off at eight – travelled all night.

Friday May 6th 1814: Breakfasted at eight – travelled all day delighted with the lovely country – the green meadows and belts of woods. Arrived and dined at Montreuil-sur-mer, a walled and ditched town. Had wretched wine. Travelled all night, and at daybreak changed horses at Boulogne. This is a large town in a hollow semicircle by the seaside.

Paris, April 8th-May 7th1814

Saturday May 7th 1814: On the left hand of our road, on the heights above the town, we saw the frame of the intended column of Bounaparte. He raised it to the Grand Army. Passing through Marquise and Bouisson we arrived at Calais by nine o'clock, and there found Lord Lowther, Robert Milnes and the Duke of Leinster, with many others, who were going over in a lugger which was to sail before the packet. Lord Lowther told me that Platow told him he was sorry he had not burnt Paris, and that he had disliked the French so much he would never touch a French girl. Also that Blücher told him he only wished before he died to see Wellington and *the Prince Regent!!!* The ridicule of the pairing burst out so violently that I was going to laugh in spite of the G.P.R. on his Lordship's button. Lord Wellington is made a Duke – Graham, Hope, Hill, Beresford, Sir S. Cotton, Barons. Lowther told me that Metternich had said he would keep peace with Napoleon for three years to recover the Austrian states and then fall on him – also that he was in correspondence with the British government.

We breakfasted and agreed for a guinea a piece to go on board the lugger, which we did at one o'clock after little or no trouble at the custom house. The wind was fair at starting, but veered afterwards, and we anchored. We got under weigh, however, again, at four, and arrived at Dover by half-past seven.

The ambassador from Würtemberg to our court was on board – he told me that Napoleon, when at Stuttgart, paid great attention to the Queen, but said to her, talking of the war then pending in 1809 with Austria, “On ne peut pas repondre du sort de la guerre – sa Majesté seroit chassé d'ici - il seroit singulier de voir une fille du roi d'Angleterre se refugier chez nous a Paris!!” The Ambassador was a count and general, and had a servant and secretary, besides sundry presents for the Queen of England. He was to an English eye an ordinary personage, but sufficiently civil.

On board also with us was a Captain Milnes, with the dispatches bringing the account of the fall of Genoa. He was introduced for the first time in his life to Robert Milnes, his nearest relation. At landing a scuffle ensued, between Lord Lowther, who had a red treasury-box in his hand, and the custom house officers, and my friend Grattan, who had a little deal box under his arm. Lowther was dispossessed of his box and pushed down – Grattan drew a sword stick – the Duke, Robert Milnes, and myself put ourselves into sparring attitudes – but the affray terminated without coming to blows. What must have been the surprise of his Würtemberg excellency at the sight of our nobles in the arena with the rabble. Lowther prudently

Paris, April 8th-May 7th 1814

forebore to strike – he recollected folks having been trounced for resisting the delegates of the douane – but he and the Duke and Milnes and myself trotted off to Stowe the collector, who received the peers with the utmost servility, but told me it was impossible to know men of any rank coming in an open boat, an avowal which moved the virtuous indignation of his Grace, one of the most spirited unaffected young fellows in the world. With Stowe I met my old friend Colonel Ford, who called me Hobson, and said that his friend Mr Stowe had every consideration in the world for people of rank.

Our party supped together, and I went to bed in a fever having caught cold crossing the water ...